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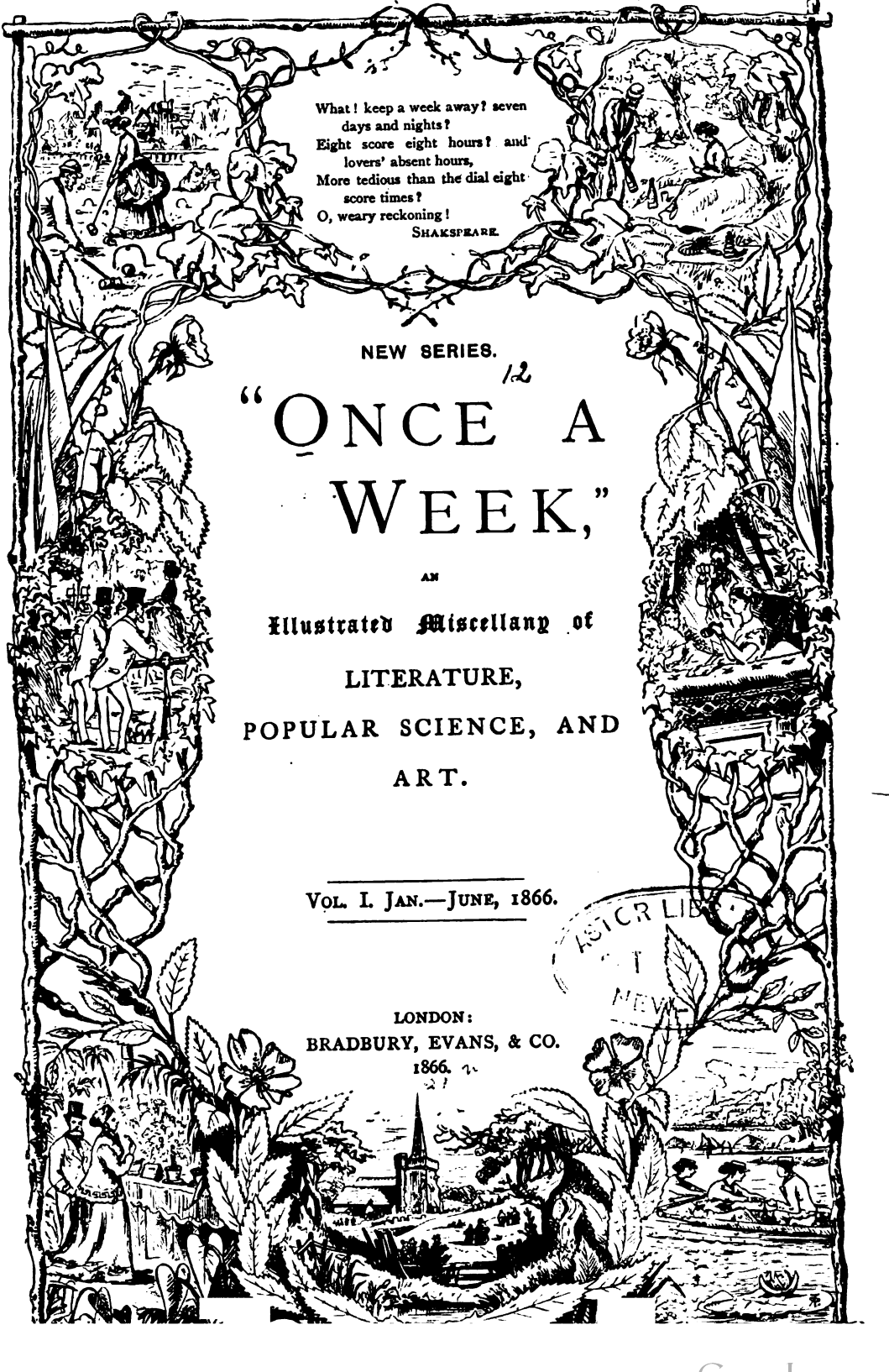


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Once .

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What! keep a week away! seven
days and nights?
Eight score eight hours! and
lovers' absent hours,
More tedious than the dial eight
score times?
O, weary reckoning!
SHAKESPEARE.

NEW SERIES.

12

"ONCE A WEEK,"

AN

Illustrated Miscellany of
LITERATURE,
POPULAR SCIENCE, AND
ART.

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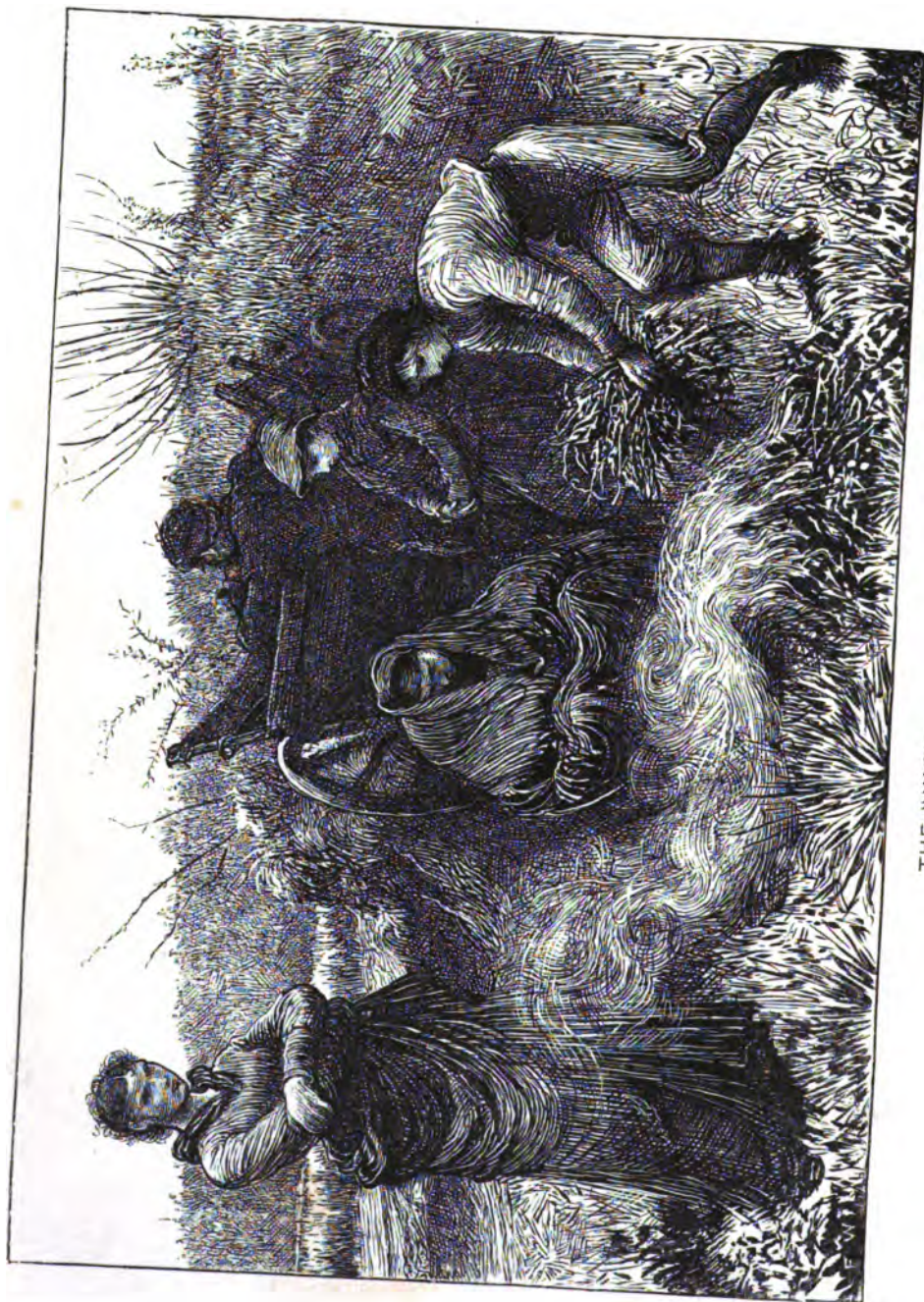
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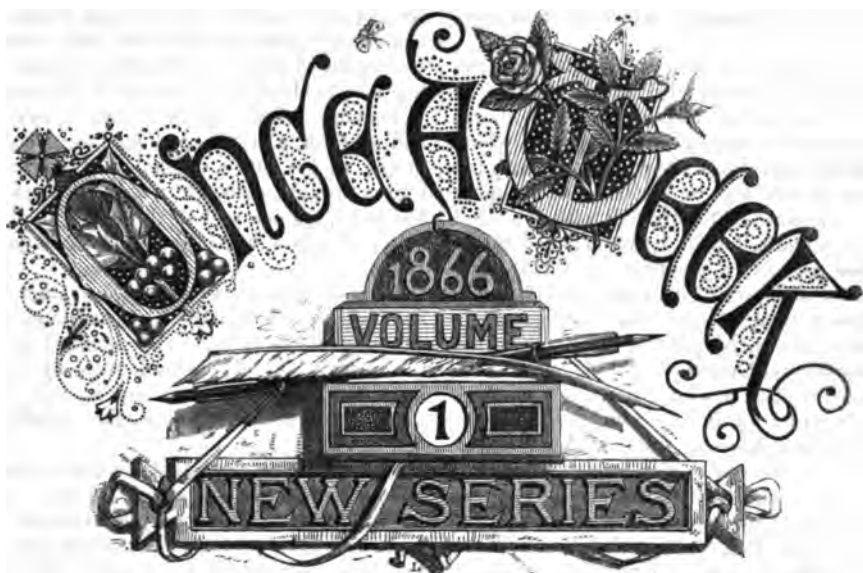
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THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER I. DUE EAST.

MANY years ago, in the dull cold light of a February afternoon, a stranger in London wended his way Due East through the city.

He was very young; he was very hopeful; he was very confident of himself; very sanguine as to his own future; he had entered the great Metropolis not an hour before, with the intention of conquering it, if such an expression be sufficiently intelligible; in the pages that are to come will be found the tale of his failures and his successes, of his faults and virtues, of his errors and repentance. Whatever of interest this book may contain will be centered in him and his; and for all these reasons it is fitting that the story which has still to be written should commence as he sets foot in London for the first time, and follow his steps till the chronicle is ended and the volume closed.

It is a strange home which he is seeking; a singular locality in which he is about to pitch his tent—East, due East, in the Christian Babylon, in that great city whose inhabitants are as the sands of the sea-shore.

Will you trace his route on paper, most courteous reader? The way is not hard to find, even although your knowledge of London extend no further east than Gracechurch Street.

Perhaps, however, it is assuming too much to imagine that you can know anything of a street which is always full of vans and omnibuses; probably you have merely a vague recollection that the landmark I have chosen is somewhere in the city. Let me, therefore, refresh your memory as to its whereabouts.

From Charing Cross east you will find (if you consult a Directory map) a continuous line of streets running parallel with the river for a distance of a couple of miles or so; thus commencing at the point above indicated, and marking out the way, child-fashion, with the tip of your finger, you have first the Strand; secondly, Fleet Street; thirdly, Ludgate Hill and Ludgate Street; then a sweep round St. Paul's; after that Cannon Street, the handsomest thoroughfare in London, though it is in the City; while, at the extreme end of Cannon Street, comes King William Street, which we cross at the statue, and which brings us at once into Gracechurch Street.

Were we to continue our route up it we should, in due time, get into a truly delectable neighbourhood, bordered on the right-hand by Spitalfields and Bethnal Green, and on the left by that strange land lying to the north of Barbican, and all about Moor Lane and Curtain Road. As it is, however, we turn our faces southward, and speak more

fully of the territory in which we find ourselves.

Down there you perceive, slanting to the river, is Fish Street Hill, at the bottom of which runs Lower Thames Street, a classic spot rendered sacred by Billingsgate, in which men knock up against the passers-by, with big baskets of fish and bigger boxes of oranges; where the air is literally foul with the smell of foreign fruits, for in Lower Thames Street oranges are more plentiful even than salt haddocks and fresh cod, and the side paths are lined with open shops, that seem overflowing into the dirty gutters, with nuts, and shaddocks, and lemons.

Yes, my dear madam, it is indeed from Thames Street, by Billingsgate, that many of the fruits you have at dessert, and the delicate lemons wherewith you season your puddings, are originally procured; it is from Thames Street that the cod-liver oil which the great Doctor Belgravia declares your consumptive daughter must either take or die, is to be had in its integrity; it is from Thames Street that the lemon juice and the lime water which you find so valuable in a sick room, make their way into genteel society; and it is from Thames Street that the bloaters the Londoners eat at breakfast, and the oysters they swallow for supper, and the salmon milder has at a fabulous price per pound, and the turbot you order from your suburban fishmonger, are all had "first hand," as it is called.

Prawns, shrimps, soles, mackerel, salmon, trout, sturgeon, whelks, winkles, are all brought to Billingsgate—are all sold from Billingsgate—and scattered north, east, south, and west, on marble slabs, or costermongers' barrows, from whence they find their way to the dinner-table of his grace the duke, and to the four-o'clock tea of the housekeepers who live high up, next the sky, in city attics.

The piles of salt herrings and cart-loads of oranges, the great flabby cod-fish, and the equally sickly-looking "forbidden fruit," are enough to make one loathe the sight of food for a month—to say nothing of the dirty women and the drunken men, the elfish children and the shouting fishwives, the boys who will persecute one to buy flag baskets, and the respectable-looking old gentlemen who are racing to the railway-station, carrying to-morrow's first course, in one of those identical baskets, home; the narrowness of the foot-paths, and the everlasting jamming-up of carts, and the swearing of the drivers, and the filth, and the misery, and the ecstasy of the street Arabs, and the pushing and elbowing required to force a passage through

the impatient crowd—verily, dear reader, this is a strange place in which we find ourselves—this Babel where the Easterns congregate together to cheat the Westerns if they can.

Leaving behind us Billingsgate, however, and proceeding eastward along Lower Thames Street, we get into a still worse atmosphere—into a locality redolent, not of oranges and haddocks, lemons and fresh soles, but of salt fish and rotten vegetables, and decomposing heads and tails.

Peep up that narrow street, or rather lane, for it is paved over the horseway, and opposite neighbours might shake hands from the top-story windows; do not turn up it, for your nose's sake, but look up it, and try to imagine in what business the inhabitants can be engaged.

Through those basement windows whiffs of a terrible odour are wafted to the sense; glimpses are to be caught of baskets piled high, one upon another. You stand and look, and look again, and yet you are unable to tell me, as I am unable to tell you, what manner of men carry on business in this vile-smelling lane with a sweet-sounding name—which swarms with children—where the gutters are full—where the air is foul—where fish warehouses abound—where the poor congregate together—and where it almost seems as though human and animal life were striving together to produce a pestilence.

And yet the men and the women who have their homes here do not die quicker than their wealthier fellows; further, they love London, and would not go to live in the country at any price. They like to get among the green fields up about the New River and Hornsey Wood House on a fine Sunday in summer, or to go down the Thames as far as Woolwich or Gravesend, or to make their way down to the marshes beyond Plaistow when the proper season arrives; but it would break their hearts to leave the city, for all that.

There are very strange anomalies to be met with in this region, and it may be that some of the *gamins* in Lower Thames Street love the smell of fish and sewage as you who live far away in the country love the perfume of the rose and the hawthorn. They may, when they grow to manhood's estate, have as tender memories awakened in their hearts by the odour of a stale mackerel or the sight of a mildewed orange, as are aroused in other breasts by the scent of the jessamine or the gift of a bunch of pale blue-bells.

Spite of this possibility, however, it can scarcely be considered high treason to repeat the fact that the majority of the lanes, alleys,

courts, and entries debouching into and leading out of Lower Thames Street do stand grievously in need of a thorough purification.

I wonder if in this respect the East End be better or worse than in the days when all this neighbourhood was as genteel as lords and ladies could make it, and whether the street lads now, are not in some matters better off than were the sons of earls and countesses then.

It is strange to think about nobility ever having lodged, clothed, and entertained itself down here; but nobility did hold great state east of the Monument once upon a time. It lived, it intrigued; it married in these old, old churches; the best in the land crowded the aisles of those now deserted buildings. Dukes and lords stood sponsors for the children of their friends and relations—kings and queens lived Due East in the Tower—plots were hatched in these dingy lanes—the oldest blood in England has dyed the ground in sight of those houses in Trinity Square. This is the part of London to which is attached the most historical interest, round which linger the memories of the most pathetic stories; youth, beauty, rank, valour, wit, royalty, treason, suffering, cruelty, romance,—all have the scene of their story here. The streets may be narrow, the air may be foul, the old buildings may be gone, the former inhabitants may be mouldering into dust, but what matters that? This is the stage where the actors played out their tragic or pathetic, or tyrannical, or loving parts; here the young gallants ruffled in their gay attire among the citizens—here the pageants swept by—here were priories—here lived the dignitaries of the Church—here the wealthy citizens had their fine houses—here kings pawned their jewels—here citizens insulted their kings. In the Tower, hard by, a Princess of Wales was kissed by the rabble; in the Tower Lord Lovat, the day but two before his execution, made that sharp answer to the Major of the Tower, who came to ask him how he did,—“Sir, I am doing very well, for I am fitting myself for a place where hardly any majors go, and very few lieutenant-generals.” In the Tower were enacted such horrors as seem well-nigh incredible to modern ideas. In these streets Elizabeth was exhorted by Noailles not to complain of the weight of the crown she was carrying for her sister.

“Be patient,” he said, “it will seem lighter when on your own head;” which no doubt she discovered five years after as she rode through London, receiving homage and congratulation while she passed along.

There is no part of London—none—so full of interest as this; and we may never forget that

truth as we walk slowly over its stones, talking as we go.

Still slowly, over the stones likewise, Lawrence Barbour bends his steps Due East. He missed his way when he wandered so far south as Thames Street, but he asked the road to Limehouse from a porter, and is proceeding all right now.

He has not seen much of London yet; he entered it but an hour since, and walked straight down from the Great Eastern Railway Station,—or, as it was called in those days, the Eastern Counties,—to the street where we commence to follow him.

He has left Thames Street, and walked round the Lantern Church, and thence along Tower Street, and so on to Tower Hill. After pausing there to look on the Tower as it breaks upon him for the first time, he proceeds leisurely as ever across the square, and enters Ratcliffe Highway. It is not a nice route that he has chosen, not one a Londoner would select if he desired to give a stranger a favourable impression of the Metropolis, but Lawrence Barbour knows no better than to proceed straight through Shadwell to his destination. He is in no haste to reach that destination, which was the reason he elected to walk instead of proceeding thither in a cab. The February wind is keen and cutting, the pavements are not over clean, the streets are not over dry, the evening is beginning to close, and the long night is drawing on the short winter day. The neighbourhood in which he soon finds himself is neither interesting nor respectable, yet still he never quickens his steps, but, the first excitement of entering London over, walks on more slowly than ever, thinking of the great future that lies before him: of how fine a thing it is to be free at last to carve out his way in the world, at liberty to earn his own living,—to make his own fortune.

Hard and fierce had been the battle between the Barbour pride and the Barbour poverty, before he was suffered to try what he could do for the relief of the family necessities in business. The Barbours were great people, or, at least, they thought themselves so, and Mr. Barbour shed natural tears at the idea of one of his sons demeaning himself by entering trade.

When Lawrence first mooted the question, his father desired him never to mention such a project again; but as the Barbour poverty became greater, Lawrence did recur to the matter, time after time, until at length he wrung a reluctant consent from the old “Squire,” as he was styled, “to drag the Barbour crest into the mire of commerce,”—so Mr. Barbour put it.

"I should like better to draw the Barbour crest out of the mire of beggary," Lawrence answered stoutly, whereupon the old man declared, "That he was not a Barbour at all, that he was a Perkins, that he had cast back to the only low drop of blood which had ever entered into the veins of the Barbours since"—

"Since the first of our name trimmed the beard of William the Conqueror, I suppose," interrupted Lawrence; then noticing the flush that came into his father's cheeks, he went on passionately,—

"What does our family do for us now? What is the use of blood without money? What is the good of birth unless a man have gold also? What is the use of being a gentleman if one can't stoop without losing caste? I thought it was only parvenus who needed to be cautious about going on foot. Anyhow, I am certain of one thing, that no pride of birth will fill a man's stomach, and it is coming to want with us. I don't desire to run counter to your prejudices, but I'll not stay here and starve."

"You are not asked to starve: your god-father wishes you to enter the Church."

"If I must be a beggar, I should certainly prefer not to be a clerical one," was the reply.

"And I have offered you time after time to write to my old friend Sir Charles Harrison, who would, I am sure, obtain a commission for you," went on Mr. Barbour.

"Could I live on an ensign's pay?" was the retort. "Could I live like a gentleman on an income no larger than a clerk's? Could I spend my life considering sixpences, and planning how best to keep out of debt? Look here, sir," and Lawrence laid his hand resolutely on the table; he did not strike it, because he was not at all of a vehement, impulsive nature, but he laid his hand down resolutely. "Look here, sir, I mean to leave home the day I am one-and-twenty. Shall I waste the year between this and that, or shall I go out and make money now? I will adopt either course you please; only tell me whether I am to stay or not, and let us argue no more about the matter."

Then the old man, looking away towards Mallingsford End, towards the house, and the trees, and the lands, and the park that were his no longer, answered,—

"You shall choose your own future, Lawrence; you shall select your own road in life; and then whatever harm comes to you will not be of my making; you may go into the Church, or the Army, or to London, or——"

Mr. Barbour's temper was getting the better

of his parental feelings, so he prudently stopped short, and Lawrence replied,—

"I'll go to London."

"Very well," said his father; "only, should you repent hereafter, do not blame me."

"I am willing to take my life on my own shoulders, and carry whatever burden I make for myself," was the reply. "Thank you, sir;" and the young man's tone grew softer, and he put out his hand a little way, as if expecting his father to do likewise.

But Mr. Barbour answered,—

"It is not necessary; there can be no unanimity of feeling between us in this matter. As you have decided to disgrace the family, be it so; only you can scarcely expect me to shake hands and wish you God speed on such an errand."

Before Lawrence started for London, however, his father relented so far as to hope he would do well and keep well.

"And remember," were his last words, "so long as I live you can come home when you please. I will not shut the door on you, though you have disappointed me. Though you have low tastes, still I have no reason to doubt your being my son." Having concluded which speech, Mr. Barbour turned back to the son who was left to him, while Lawrence walked out a prodigal into the world.

CHAPTER II. DISTAFF YARD.

THUS it came about that the young man entered London as described in the first sentence of this story, and walked due east to the residence of the only relative he had in the whole of the great city, said relative chancing to be connected with him in manner and fashion following:—

When the Barbours were really the Barbours of Mallingsford End—wealthy county people with horses in their stables, rare exotics in their greenhouses, deer in their park, servants at their beck and call—Stafford Barbour, Lawrence's great-grandfather, married a Miss Perkins, daughter and heiress of Isaac Perkins, Drysalter, Crutched-friars, London.

The lady had plenty of money, which was in due time spent by her sons, Lawrence's grandfather being one of those who assisted in wasting the golden hoard.

All the gold Isaac Perkins had scraped together in the course of a long and industrious life took to itself wings and fled away, when the young Barbours came to lay hands upon it. Mrs. Stafford Barbour's fortune proved indeed a perfect curse to her descendants. On the strength of it they gambled, they betted, they trained horses that always lost, they purchased pictures—they married paupers.

From the time Mr. Stafford Barbour brought

home his bride, the race downhill began, and the race was only finished outside the gates of Mallingford End, when, ruined and soured, Augustus Barbour, esquire, widower, and the father of two sons, found himself with nothing intervening between his pride and the work-house, save a modest homestead and a farm of some fifty acres, which having fortunately been settled on his late wife and her children, afforded a shelter, albeit an humble one, to the gentleman pauper in his extremity.

Had Mr. Barbour been a man possessed of one single strong quality excepting pride, he might still have done something with even the little territory which was left; as it was, he and his boys only lived, and but for the kindness of the rector and his curate, who taught the lads gratuitously out of pure compassion, Lawrence and his brother would have grown up totally uneducated.

All the day long, Mr. Barbour wandered round his land, or sat over the fire, reading books of heraldry, and those county histories which contained any mention of the former greatness of his family, and of the high people who had intermarried with the Barbours of Mallingford End. All the day the boys either studied or ran wild, whichever they pleased—Edmund Barbour generally inclining to the latter amusement, while Lawrence pored over his lessons, and thought and thought, till he was tired and weary, of the properties his ancestors had once owned, but which they now owned no more.

When the crisis of their affairs was publicly known there came a letter to Mr. Barbour from a very distant connection of the family—a certain Mr. Josiah Perkins—who, dating from Distaff Court, John Street, Limehouse, stated first the fact that he might be considered in the light of a relation, inasmuch as his father and Mr. Barbour had been cousins; secondly, that having heard of the reverse of fortune Mr. Barbour had experienced, he thought it possible he might wish to put one of his sons to business; thirdly, that if such should be the case, he, Josiah Perkins, could make room for a boy in his office, and would do his best to push him on in the world.

Mr. Josiah Perkins further proceeded to explain that he was a manufacturing chemist; that he lived on his own premises; that the boy could live with him on those premises.

Moreover—and Mr. Perkins evidently considered this the moral feather in his cap—his partner, Mr. Sondes, had a separate business altogether—to wit, a large sugar-refinery in Goodman's Fields.

It was a very straightforward epistle; the letter evidently of an honest, well-meaning

man, who knew nothing of the world—as Mr. Barbour understood the meaning of the phrase—who looked upon the “smash up” at Mallingford End as he would have looked upon the bankruptcy of any very wealthy merchant, and who, having been all his life rather proud of the relationship existing between himself and the Barbours, felt that as a matter of gratitude for the satisfaction the connection had afforded him, he ought now to step forward and offer to do something for the family.

How this letter was received may easily be imagined. Mr. Barbour anathematised every Perkins who had ever existed since the beginning of time. He cursed his great-grandfather and his great-grandmother, and the drysalter and trade, and the city and Mr. Sondes, and Mr. Josiah Perkins, and all chemists and all sugar-refiners, and all presumptuous business blackguards who had the impudence to thrust their confounded shopkeeping under his very nose.

By dint of very abuse he made the contents of the letter so public that Lawrence, whom he did not intend to see it, could have repeated the substance of the epistle off by heart.

Nay, he did more; he took upon himself to answer the proposal, which his father said he should treat with silent contempt, and at the age of fourteen entered into a clandestine correspondence with his relative, which never dropped, until six years afterwards the young man entered London, and wended his way due east to Distaff Court.

There was nothing romantic about Lawrence Barbour—nothing specially hard in the fact of his coming to London to seek his fortune. Money he had never owned; luxuries he had never known; good society he had never mixed in; and yet in so far as he had the prejudices of his class on many subjects, as he had not been born among business people, as he had not been trained to work; as he had never known what it was to call any man master, as he had not been brought up to labour, there was a something rather interesting in seeing how willingly he submitted to the curse of our race; how almost triumphantly he stepped forward and thrust his neck into the world's collar; how bravely he faced the fact that the choice he had made would harness him for life to the business car—would take him away from the hunters and the racers and the wild steeds of the desert, and turn him into a cart-horse, a drudge, a worker, till he had earned his rest, and was turned out into that green paddock, which is the *Ultima Thule* of so many merchants and tradesmen, for the remainder of his days.

It was growing dark as Lawrence Barbour found himself in High Street, Shadwell; but

the gas-lights and the not over-reputable crowd that kept surging past amused his country eyes. There is a great charm in the gas-light; the London streets at night—that is, the streets where there are plenty of shops, which are full of the stir, and hum, and excitement of life—must always have a charm for a stranger. Take even the lowest neighbourhoods—take Whitechapel and Shoreditch, and the Hackney and Bethnal Green Roads, St. John's Road Hoxton, John Street Clerkenwell, the Goswell Road, in fact any thoroughfare where the gas flames out from the butchers', and grocers', and drapers', and jewellers' shops; it would be impossible for any one new to London to pass through those streets without feeling both astonished and interested—astonished at the stream of human beings that flow ceaselessly along the pavements, interested by the light, and the bustle, and the life, and the unwonted aspect of the great city in which he finds himself. All at once it occurred to Lawrence that he might as well see how time was going; and accordingly he felt for his watch, but the watch was no longer in his possession. His chain dangled uselessly over his waistcoat; it had been cut, and the one solitary article of value the young man owned in the world was probably on its way to the nearest receiver's.

For a moment Lawrence stood still and looked back. He had some vague intention of retracing his steps—of tracking out the thief; but that instant the vastness of London came home to his understanding; the hopelessness of seeking for one man among millions of men was made plain to him, and at precisely the same minute there crossed his mind a doubt whether he should find the road to fortune so smooth a one as he had in his inexperience imagined it would prove.

He had come to London to conquer it, to make money out of its inhabitants, to earn a place for himself among the merchant princes of the Modern Babylon. He had walked along building castles and dreaming dreams, and, behold! a hand had dexterously appropriated the one possession on which he prided himself, the one thing his mother had left him—a jewelled and most valuable watch.

Somehow he did not enjoy his walk so much after this little incident, and he enjoyed it all the less, perhaps, because he soon found himself in that end of the Commercial Road which is wide and dark and desolate by reason of its blocks of respectable houses that show few gas-lights, and all stand back disdainfully from the pavement. On till he came to Three-Colt Street, down which he turned;—ten minutes more brought him to John Street, and

an errand-boy obligingly informed him which was Distaff Court.

"It's inside that there gateway," remarked the juvenile Londoner, "and if you ring at this here door somebody will come to you."

Having imparted which piece of intelligence the lad went off, swinging his basket, and whistling, "So you're going far away," which was at that time a popular melody, in the streets, as well as in the drawing-room.

Lawrence rang, and in a short time the door opened, and a man demanded his business.

"Is Mr. Perkins in?" asked the descendant of all the Barbours; whereupon the other answered that he believed he was, that if he, Mr. Barbour, would sit down in the counting-house, Mr. Perkins should be informed that he was wanted.

As matters turned out, Mr. Perkins was in the counting-house, and there Lawrence found him seated on a high stool, engaged in looking over a file of accounts for some receipt or memorandum which he needed.

"What can I do for you, sir?" asked the chemist, pausing in his employment, and turning round to survey the new comer, while he kept his fingers between the bills examined,—and the bills on the lower part of the file,—a man of business in the minutest action of his life!

"I am Lawrence Barbour," was the reply.

"Bless my soul, you don't say so!"

Mr. Perkins doubled up one of the receipts to mark the page, so to speak, jumped off his stool, and shook his kinsman's hand till Lawrence's fingers ached again.

"Welcome to Limehouse!" and Mr. Perkins, still holding the youth's hand, stepped back a step or two, so as to get a better view of his face.

If the two had spoken their thoughts then, Mr. Perkins would have said,

"Well, I don't think much of the look of you;" and Lawrence would have echoed his words.

They were both disappointed. The chemist had expected to see a dashing young swell—a tall, handsome fellow—enter Distaff Yard; and when he turned round on his stool it no more entered into his mind that Lawrence Barbour was his expected cousin than that he was a prince of the blood.

He had rather boasted about this cousin to his business acquaintances. He had expected to find something above the common in a Barbour of Mallingford End, and now there stood before him a middle-sized young man, with lank black hair, with a pale face, with irregular features, with deep-set eyes, who talked with a slight country accent, and

who had not the slightest pretension to being a fine gentleman.

Mr. Perkins did feel disappointed, but his disappointment made no difference in the heartiness of his welcome.

"I am right glad to see you," he said. "I hope you will make your fortune before you are as old as I am."

Lawrence hoped so, too; but he only thanked his cousin for his good wishes, and for his kindness in offering him a situation.

"Nonsense, lad," was the reply. "I mean to have my value out of you yet. But now, come along, and let me introduce you to my wife and children;" and saying this, Mr. Perkins led the way out of his office and across the yard into the house, which was to be Lawrence Barbour's home.

(To be continued.)

QUEEN BERTHA.

A Tale of the Mediaeval "Gesturs."



T was soon after the middle of the eighth century that King Pepin, according to ancient story, at length enjoyed the crown of France in that peace and tranquillity of which, during the earlier part of his reign, the turbulence of his barons had effectually deprived him. His first queen had died childless, and he was anxious to

provide an heir to his kingdom. Under these circumstances, he called together his council in haste, in order to consult them on the choice of a queen. Their voices were unanimous in favour of the beautiful and virtuous Bertha, only daughter of the king of Hungary.

The king and queen of Hungary at this time were Floire and Blancheflor, personages no less celebrated in mediaeval romance than Pepin himself, and both they and their court, according to the story, were as well acquainted with the manners and language of France as if it had been their native land. When the Frankish messengers, sent to demand the hand of this princess, after traversing the numerous petty states into which Germany was then divided, reached at length the Hungarian

Court, their embassy was received in the most favourable manner; and Bertha was entrusted to their care to be escorted to the kingdom of her future husband. She was accompanied only by a female serf belonging to her father's court named Margiste, Margiste's daughter Aliste, and their kinsman Tybert. Margiste had been taken into the special favour of the king and queen of Hungary, and had been charged by them with the care of their daughter; and Aliste, who bore a striking personal resemblance to the princess Bertha, had been educated rather as her companion than as her servant.

Great was the rejoicing when the princess Bertha entered Paris, and grand the display for her reception; the wedding festival was magnificent, and King Pepin's palace resounded with the strains of the most skilful minstrels that could be gathered together from all parts. Everything seemed to denote lasting prosperity and happiness.

But, if we accept the teaching of mediaeval romance, a mind of slavish origin, however high the individual might be raised in honour and dignities, always betrayed in the sequel its original baseness, and so it was in the present case. Amid the rejoicings and festivities which welcomed the arrival of Bertha in Paris, her confidential attendants, aware that they formed almost her sole credentials, were plotting treason and murder in order to substitute Aliste for the princess in Pepin's household. It has just been stated that Bertha and Aliste bore a close resemblance to each other. By a stratagem which was in accordance with the manners of former days, but which will hardly bear relating at present, the princess was induced to permit Aliste to take her place in the royal bed on the night of her nuptials, while she herself slept with Margiste in an adjoining chamber. Before daybreak, Bertha entered the chamber of Pepin silently to resume her place, as had been agreed, when the slave who had been personating her rose suddenly from the bed, and, having stabbed herself unperceived sufficiently to draw blood, and placed the knife in the hand of her unsuspecting mistress, awoke the king with her screams, and told him that Aliste, the companion of her youth, had penetrated into the nuptial apartment and sought to murder her. At the same time Margiste rushed into the room, burst into imprecations against her pretended daughter for the meditated crime, and, with the assistance of Tybert, who was at hand, and accessory to the plot, dragged Bertha, speechless with astonishment and confusion, from the

royal presence, and bound and gagged her, so as to deprive her of the power of speaking.

The treacherous Aliste was now master of the king, who had not known them long enough to distinguish the slave from the princess, for the nuptials had been celebrated on the day of their arrival. At her instigation, Pepin gave orders that the pretended murderess should be immediately put to death; and, under the pretext of avoiding scandal, it was further resolved that the whole transaction should be kept in profound secrecy, and that the unfortunate princess should be delivered to three of the king's servants in whom he could place the greatest trust. These, under the direction of Tybert, were to carry her privately to the vast wilds of the forest of Maine, and there put her to death and leave her body exposed to birds and beasts of prey. Placed on a swift palfrey, Bertha, bound hand and mouth, and her person concealed under a capacious mantle, was carried farther and farther into the forest during five days. On the sixth day they reached one of its wildest solitudes, and there they halted, and, taking the princess from her seat, drew away the mantle, and the cruel Tybert prepared to strike off her head with his sword. But her beauty and dignity excited to such a degree the compassion of the three attendants, that they not only pleaded for her life, but, while one of them kept Tybert at bay, the two others unbound the lady, and she disappeared from their sight amid the thickets of the forest. As it would have been a vain labour to seek to recover their victim, Tybert and his three companions invented a story, by which they convinced Margiste and her daughter, the false queen, that they had duly performed their errand.

The cries of the night-birds, and the distant howl of the wolves, struck terror into the mind of Bertha, as she fled through the leafy wilderness, not knowing whither. The weather, too, seemed to conspire against her, and the storm broke over her, rain and hail, and thunder and lightning. On Bertha fled, and if she thought of anything, it was of the happy court of Hungary, and of her kind mother Blanche-flor, until, cold and wet and weary, her feet bleeding, and her clothes and skin torn with thorns and brambles, she fainted and dropped on the ground. When she recovered, she fell on her knees and prayed to heaven for protection, and heaven heard and protected her. She then continued her flight, still ignorant as before of the route she was taking, until nightfall came, and then, shivering with cold and hunger, she made herself a bed of leaves under a bush,

her only protection against the inclemency of the weather, and lay down to rest. Here a new danger threatened the unfortunate princess. Two robbers of the forest came suddenly and found her, and seized her for their prey; but a dispute for priority of possession led to a sanguinary fight, in which both were mortally wounded, and Bertha again took to flight, till at length she was arrested by a stream, which she could not pass, and she laid her down under a thick thorn-bush on its banks, and wept till she fell asleep. She awoke at midnight. The weather had then cleared, and the moon shone so bright, that she thought it was day, and, after praying devoutly, she continued her flight. She found a well, drank at it, and felt refreshed. Soon afterwards, she met with faint traces of a path, which brought her to a lonely hermitage, and she knocked at the door, and asked for shelter. But the holy hermit, astonished to see a beautiful woman in the forest at that hour, concluded that it was the evil one, who had come in disguise to tempt him to unchastity, so he made the sign of the cross, and refused her admittance. Her entreaties, however, so far prevailed upon him, that he gave her a portion of his coarse black bread, and showed her a path which led to the house of the good farmer Symon and his wife Constance.

Symon, whose house was in the forest, happened to be out early that morning, and was not a little astonished to meet in his way a beautiful damsel, whose delicate features and rich garment bespoke rank and wealth, while the state in which she appeared told of the great sufferings she had undergone. He stopped, and asked her who she was, and whence she came. She chose to conceal the truth, and told him a plausible story, how she was the daughter of a gentleman of Alsace, which was then suffering under the ravages of war to such a degree that they had been obliged to seek safety in exile, and that she was herself flying from the cruelty of a stepmother; and she added that she had been recommended by the hermit to the favour of Symon the farmer. Symon immediately took her to his house, and presented her to his wife.

This excellent household consisted of Symon himself, his wife Constance, and two young and fair daughters, named Isabel and Aiglente, all honest and worthy people, under whose hospitable care Bertha soon recovered her usual cheerfulness. Constance took her into her own chamber, placed her before a blazing fire, rubbed her benumbed limbs, and served her with food. The princess confessed

her name was Bertha, and rather shrank from the remark which followed, that it was the same as that of their new queen, the daughter of the king of Hungary. Constance and her two daughters became greatly attached to her, and attended upon her with affectionate care. A new circumstance soon increased this friendship. Symon's two daughters passed their time in working on embroidery, an accomplishment which was then valued highly; and one day, soon after her arrival, Bertha saw them at work, and offered to teach them something which they had not learnt. In those days it was a special portion of the education of a princess to excel in embroidery, and other work of a similar description, and the two damsels were astonished at excellence such as they had never seen before. From that time Bertha was a greater favourite than ever, for she had become a valuable as well as an agreeable companion, and her work and her example were worth more than her board. Thus she remained with her friendly hosts nine years and a half, advancing ever in their esteem and love.

During this time, how went things in the fair city of Paris? The slave Aliste was believed by everybody to be the queen Bertha, and no inquiry was made as to what had become of Aliste herself. She had two sons by the king, Rainfrois and Heudri, whose conduct in life betrayed the baseness of the blood from which, on one side, they were derived. The false queen, who never went to church, and occupied herself chiefly with the care of amassing treasure, soon made herself hateful by her tyranny and extortion.

Meanwhile changes had taken place at the court of Hungary. A sister and brother of Bertha died a few months after she left her home, and she and her descendants remained the only heirs of King Floire. The latter had no suspicion of the treason of Margiste and Aliste, and supposed that the personage known as Pepin's queen was his daughter Bertha. He held counsel one night with his queen Blanchefflor, and it was resolved to send a messenger to Paris to ask that Heudri, the youngest of Pepin's sons by Bertha, should be sent to Hungary, to be brought up there as the heir to the Hungarian throne. Under the influence of Aliste and Margiste this demand was refused. The trouble of mind which this refusal caused to Floire and Blanchefflor was increased by an ominous dream of the latter, and Floire consented that his queen should proceed to France to see her daughter, and that she should endeavour to bring back with

her one of her grandsons, either Heudri or Rainfrois. Blanchefflor proceeded on her journey with great pomp; the king accompanied her part of the way, and she carried with her to Paris an escort of a hundred of the best knights in Hungary. When she entered France she found no welcome from the populace, and she heard nothing but words of hatred against the queen her daughter. All this was strange news to the queen of Hungary, who knew that her child had been nourished in high and noble sentiments, and could not believe that she had degenerated from the blood which ran in her veins. Yet everywhere, as she continued her route, she met nothing but complaints of queen Bertha's tyranny and injustice. These complaints increased as she approached king Pepin's capital, and she wondered more and more how a princess so good and so fair as Bertha had been could have been changed into an object of universal hatred.

But the approach of Blanchefflor raised another sort of agitation in the royal palace. In those days news travelled slowly, and the queen of Hungary was already near Paris when Pepin received intelligence of her visit, and he immediately announced it to his queen. Aliste—the false Bertha—knew well that Blanchefflor could not, like Pepin, be deceived in her identity, and in secret terror she hurried to her mother, and they held counsel with Tybert. Various plans were suggested, one of which was to murder Blanchefflor by means of poisoned fruit, but it was finally resolved that Aliste, under pretence of sudden and dangerous illness, should take to her bed, that her room should be darkened, and that it should be insisted that her life would be endangered by the agitation of an interview with her supposed mother. Thus it was hoped that Blanchefflor might depart without seeing her, and the danger would be averted.

Meanwhile Blanchefflor arrived at Montmartre, where Pepin with his two sons met her, and she was conducted into Paris in state. When she inquired for her daughter, she was informed of her dangerous illness, of which none had heard before, and when the king presented his two sons to her, she experienced an aversion to them which she could not explain, and felt unwilling even to embrace them. Sadness took possession of her heart. Her first desire was to visit her daughter, but Margiste appeared, and did all she could to prevent her. Margiste had formerly enjoyed her confidence, and she suspected no deceit in her. When she inquired for Aliste, Margiste informed her that her daughter had died suddenly, soon after the

royal marriage. Blancheſlor now inſiſted on having an interview with her daughter, and ſhe was conducted into the chamber of Pepin's queen, in profound darkneſs, and, at her bed ſide, had a ſhort converſation that was ſo little ſatisfactory that her ſuſpicions were excited. At laſt, in great agitation, ſhe called in her own attendants, tore away curtains and ſhutters, and let in the light, and ſaw that Pepin's queen was not her daughter Bertha, but Aliſte, the daughter of the ſlave Margiſte. It is unneceſſary to deſcribe the aſtoniſhment of Pepin and his court when this unexpected diſcovery was announced. Margiſte and Tybert were immediately ſeiſed and thrown into priſon. The former, under the preſſure of torture, firſt confeſſed, and Tybert told all, with the further revelation that Bertha had not, as Margiſte believed, been put to death, but that ſhe had eſcaped into the foreſt. Margiſte was burnt and Tybert hanged. Aliſte, who had been to ſome extent a tool in the hands of her wicked mother, and had borne children to Pepin, was ſpared to repent, and became a nun of Montmartre. Blancheſlor, believing that her daughter was dead, returned diſconſolate to Hungary.

But all this time, where is the true queen Bertha herſelf? We left her at work on her embroidery in the humble houſehold of the farmer Symon, where ſhe ſeems to have become contented with her lot, reſolved on paſſing the reſt of her life in this humble retirement. Symon heard of the ſtrange occurrences juſt deſcribed, and of the ſuppoſed fate of the beautiful queen, and, comparing one thing with another, he had his ſuſpicions, and communicated them to his wife Conſtance; but when they queſtioned Bertha, ſhe denied that ſhe was the queen. The three men who had ſet her at liberty from Tybert came before the king, told him all they knew, and he ſent them to the foreſt of Maine to ſeek information on the fate of their victim. Fifteen days they wandered about the foreſt, making fruitleſs inquiries, and then all hope of obtaining further information was abandoned.

One day King Pepin was with his court at Mans; it was Whitsuntide when kings and their courts always ſought recreation, and Pepin and his barons went into the foreſt to hunt. In the heat of the chace, Pepin became ſeparated from his companions, and loſt himſelf in the intricacies of the wood. At length, he came to a little chapel, where he found a beautiful maiden occupied in prayer. He addreſſed her courteouſly, told her he was one of the king's attendants who had loſt his way,

and begged her to ſhow him to the neareſt houſe. She replied with the courteſy of a lady, and was conducting him to the houſe of Symon the farmer, when the king, ſtruck by her beauty and manners, took her in his arms, and prayed her to grant him her love. She reſiſted, but in vain, and it is hard to ſay to what length he might have gone, had ſhe not exclaimed, to protect herſelf againſt his violence, "I am Queen Bertha, the daughter of Floire and Blancheſlor!" It was, indeed, Bertha herſelf, and the chapel was a little cell where Symon's family, whoſe houſe was diſtant only four or five bow-ſhots, were accuſtomed to attend maſs, and that day ſhe had been accidentally left there alone. Who was ever aſtoniſhed like King Pepin, when he thus unexpectedly found his long loſt wife? He called Symon before him, queſtioned him on all the circumſtances of his firſt meeting with the lady, and his answers, compared with the information previously given by the three companions of Tybert, left room for no further doubt of the truth. It is enough to add that the loſt queen was carried to Paris in pomp and triumph, that the Courts of France and Hungary were filled with joy, and that Queen Bertha lived long and happily with her royal husband, and became the mother of Charles Martel, who in his heroic career ſent ſo many ſouls of unbelieving Saracens to —, I will not imitate the old "geſtour" in naming the place.

The history of romantic literature is allied far more intimately than is commonly imagined with the history of nations. The progress of this literature in each nation ſeparately is diſtinguiſhed by peculiarities of a national character, but bears a conſtant relationship to the ſame progress in other nations, and this relationship exhibits itſelf ever more ſtrongly as we trace it backwards to the remote ages of antiquity.

In the earlier history of every people, before its conversion to Christianity, or its ſubjection to ſome other influence which overthrew its primitive belief, its romance was literally its mythology. This had been formed at a very remote period, and conſiſted of a combination of the religious belief of the people with the fabulous history of its "heroic" ages. When we inſtitute a comparison between the Eddas of the North, the Niebelungen Lied and the ſtories of the Heldenbuch of the Germans, and the remains of Anglo-Saxon romance, as exhibited in Beowulf, &c., we ſee that the primeval romance of the various branches of the Teutonic ſtock was eſſentially the ſame. If we

knew the popular details of the cycles of romances which are represented pictorially on those numerous and beautiful Etruscan vases, which belong to a poetical age antecedent to that with the literature of which we are now acquainted, we should probably find them closely analogous to the mythology of the North. The Iliad was to Greece exactly what the Niebelungen Lied is to Germany, and Beowulf to the Anglo-Saxons: an episode of its mythic history, worked up and polished according to the ideas of an age which was already much advanced from that of what we consider primæval barbarism.

There is, however, a period in the history of the civilisation of all nations, at which the original national mythology loosens its grasp upon people's minds, and then it makes a sudden step towards our modern notions of the character of romance. This change is generally the result of great national revolutions, of an intermixture with races of a higher degree of intellectual culture, or of conversion to a new religion. Among the Anglo-Saxons, who preserved their national individuality through a long period after their settlement in this island, their primitive romances seem to have remained very little modified to the latest period of their monarchy, and they only experienced the change alluded to after the Norman Conquest; while among the Franks, who were thrown into more immediate and sudden contact with Roman civilisation, the original mythic romances seem to have been entirely lost long before we know anything of the literature of the people which was formed from the intermixture and fusion of the ancient and mediæval races which took place so extensively in Gaul and Italy.

The first consequence of these changes was the involuntary confusion of the older mythic legends with places with which they had no relation, and with more recent history from which they were altogether distinct. In this manner arose a new mythic age—the heroic period of the Christian middle ages; and thus were formed the *national* romance cycles of the different nations of modern Europe. The heroic age of France embraced the earlier reigns of the Carlovingian dynasty—those of Charles Martel, and Pepin, and Charlemagne—and the domestic feuds of turbulent chieftains, the bold crimes of a reckless and barbarous age, or the greater wars against the Saracenic invaders, took the place of the primæval myths of the Frankish race, and became in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries the subject of a very extensive class of French metrical romances,

which, from the belief that they were really historical, and that they related the *gesta* or deeds of real personages, were distinguished by the general title of *Chansons de geste*. The number of these romances which still exist is very great, although but few have yet been printed. Many of them consist of long, wearisome details of imaginary wars and battles, which only interest us as pictures of mediæval manners; others paint to us more briefly scenes of domestic crime and treason, or the loves and gallantries of an age in which people took little pains to conceal or restrain the passions by which they were agitated. One of the least complicated in its plot of this latter class is the story of Queen Bertha, as given above, which has been printed in France under the title of the *Romans de Berte aux grans piés*. Although the primitive representative of Bertha belongs to the mythology of the northern peoples, and no such adventures ever happened to a queen of Pepin, yet her story, as given in the romance, was no doubt more or less that of many an injured lady in the middle ages.

THOMAS WRIGHT.

SNOW FLOWERS.

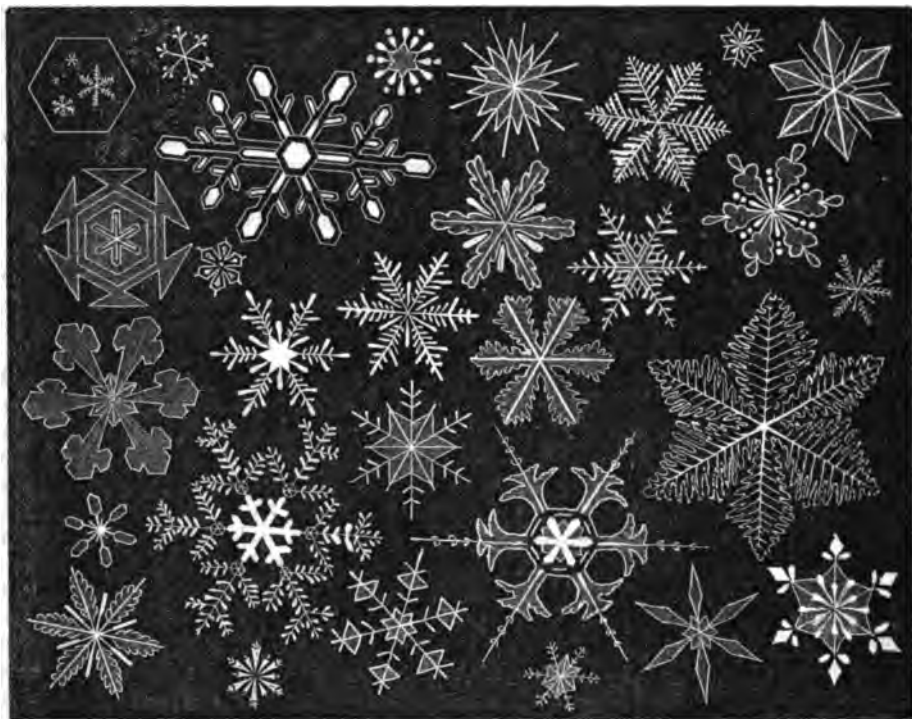
WHAT! flowers! flowers at Christmas-tide; when every aspect of nature repels the idea of their existence; when the earth dons its white vesture that *seems* a shroud but that is a warm raiment shielding the ground with its embryo fruits from the biting frost; when plants and trees have laid aside their verdant garments, and their nourishing saps—the blood of their lives—have descended to their earth-bound hearts; and when no vestige of floral blossom is to be seen. Flowers, too, whose forms rival in beauty those of the pampered ornaments of the garden; whose hue is pure and spotless as that of the lily.

And yet the botanist knows them not; they do not fall within his category, and he would doubtless disown them as objects of his study. For they are not the offspring of the earth but of the air; their seeds are tiny rain-drops, their nursery is the cold wintry sky. They strew our snowy paths in myriads, we crush them by thousands beneath our feet, and brush them by hundreds from our garments. For our flowers—the flowers of our story—are the beauteous blossoms of the falling snow.—In scientific language they are known as *snow crystals*, but we have preferred a name that more accords with the floral forms they assume. Ever since men's eyes learnt to look for nature's finest handiwork in her smallest

creations, these beautiful formations have been the subject of wonder and admiration; they were food for the speculations of Aristotle, Kepler, and Descartes; the Arctic voyagers, seeking for ought to wile away the tedious hours of their protracted winters, found in the observation and delineation of them a charming pastime; and meteorologists have attentively studied their varied forms as a branch of their complicated science.

And yet they are but little known beyond the sphere of "the enlightened few." Although they gently tap at our windows or light on our

shoulders, as if to court the admiration they deserve; they nevertheless pass unnoticed, and uncared for; as the desert flowers that are "born to blush unseen." Possibly their modest dimensions may account for this, for many of the prettiest of them are no larger than that popular standard of magnitude—a pin's head. But this need not be a bar to our acquaintance with them: a magnifying glass, magnifying some half a dozen times, such as well-nigh every household contains, or such as any optician will supply for a shilling or two, is all that is required to familiarise us with these feats



A Bouquet of Snow Blossoms.*

of fairy handicraft, and the kaleidoscopic yet ever lovely forms and features they exhibit.

Furnished with this small instrument, the observation of these snow flowers is simple and easy enough. We have only to walk out when the snow is falling in a cold calm atmosphere—for wind breaks up and destroys the blossoms—and catch the flakes on the coat sleeve, or any other dark substance; and, provided the air and the sleeve be not so warm as to melt them too suddenly, we shall find them composed of aggregations of delicate flowery

forms; while single flowers, isolated from the flakes, will ever and anon come pattering down, to charm us for a few moments with their short-lived beauty, and then to melt and vanish; returning to the element from which they sprang, and leaving no other trace of their existence than a little bead of water. These single efflorescences will best repay our careful scrutiny; to the naked eye they will appear but as little hexagonal or star-shaped particles, from a quarter of an inch downwards in diameter; but under the greater eye of the magnifier, a multitude of structural details of infinite variety and of most delicate tracery will be revealed. Some notion of what may be expected may be

* The natural sizes of these bodies are approximately represented by the little figures enclosed in the hexagon in one corner of the cut.

gathered from our illustration, which is a random collection of a few of the varieties of form these interesting objects present to our view. Those we have selected are by no means picked specimens; they are only a fair sample of what may be seen during any ordinary fall of snow; thousands more elaborate even than any we have depicted will be found, and, as their variety is next to infinite, seldom will two be found precisely similar. Within the compass and upon the scale of our engraving, we have been unable to show much of the delicate marking to be found on many of them when magnified to a sufficient degree, for the best and only just illustration of their beauties we must refer to nature herself, who has here, as elsewhere, put some of her fairest work into her most insignificant productions.

But, varied as are the details of these ice-jewels, there is a striking characteristic uniformity, a sort of prevailing family likeness pervading the whole of them. It will at once be seen that the flowers are all six-petalled, and that the petals invariably incline to each other at an angle of sixty degrees; further, that the spiculae, shooting from the petals, and the still smaller shoots from these, all diverge at the same angle; in fact, that every form of detail is hexangular.* For a long time the cause of this regularity of form remained an enigma, even to scientific minds; it was not till the curious laws of crystallisation came to be studied and known that the key to the mystery was found. The science of crystallography teaches us that when the integrate particles, of which we must suppose every substance is composed, are left free to arrange themselves in their own way, they take up certain definite positions with regard to each other, and build up a mass of the substance according to an order of architecture peculiar to itself; and it is one of nature's sublime schemes of order that the stones or bricks, so to define these particles, of any one substance shall have a shape exclusively their own, and differing from that of the particles of any other material; and that when they combine or aggregate, they shall produce a pile or heap whose form is similar to or derivable from that of the individual atoms themselves. The resulting piles of particles are crystals, and it is pretty well-known that the crystals of any crystallisable material have a form peculiar to it and to it only. The crystal's form is deter-

mined by the shape of its sides or facets, and the angles at which they incline to each other. Water, in solidifying by cold, i. e. in freezing, forms itself into crystals whose facets are hexagons and incline to each other at a constant angle of sixty degrees. The little globule of water, then, that would ordinarily constitute a rain-drop, in falling through an atmosphere of a lower temperature than the freezing point, passes to the solid state, and its particles, piling themselves into their appointed hexangular forms with geometrical precision, produce these exquisite crystalline flowers; thus obeying that supreme order of the universe which ordains that even ice shall put forth its blossoms. But why these blossoms should assume the complicated and varied forms in which we find them;—whether these variations are due to electrical conditions of the atmosphere, or to the chemical constitution of the water from which they are formed,—are questions yet to be solved.

The graceful ice-ferns that ornament our windows in frosty weather are produced, from moisture condensed on the cold glass, by this same regular crystallising process; their sprays and leaves form the same constant angle with each other as the parts of the snow flowers. At the edges of ponds and lakes similar flagree work is to be seen at the commencement of a frost, and before the whole mass of water is consolidated. Hoar frost—frozen dew—presents the same fantastic, though symmetrical arrangement of its spiculae; but nowhere are the phenomena of water crystallisation so attractively manifested as in the pretty objects that have formed the subject of this paper.

We have no desire to invade the territory of a lady's newspaper, or to usurp its privileges by recommending "patterns for ornamental needlework;" but we think we may, without jeopardising our dignity, or that of our subject, venture to suggest the objects we have been describing for the consideration of our fair friends, as affording excellent designs for their embroidery work. Any amount of variety, with the necessary foundation of uniformity, can be obtained by copying these snow crystals; they may be magnified to any extent without sacrificing an iota of their beauty. A rather quick eye and hand will be required, at first, to catch the details before they thaw away by the radiating warmth of the body; but a little practice will soon make perfect, and their geometrical formation will be found to greatly facilitate their delineation: besides, it is only necessary to draw one petal of the

* It will be noticed that some of the specimens in our illustration have rounded edges; this is due to a partial thawing of the crystal. We inserted them for variety, although they are departures from the true formation; they are faded flowers.

flower from nature, for as they are all the same in any one flower, they can be repeated the remaining five times at leisure. If we may be permitted to go a step further, we would suggest as the materials to be used in working them, pure white and transparent glass beads upon a black or dark ground of velvet or cloth; the white beads forming the outline and opaque parts, the transparent ones the more icy-looking portions of the crystal. The effect cannot fail to be successful, because so close an imitation of nature can be secured. We hope at some future "Industrial Exhibition" or bazaar to see some "snow crystal" ottomans, or banner-screens, or a pair of "snow-flower" slippers.

J. CARPENTER.

DESIDERIUM.

DORA! I quaff'd enchanted wine
From those cerulean eyes of thine.
Each chalice in its crystal dew
Mirrors the soul's celestial blue;
And in the light that plays amid
The long dark lashes of its lid
A fount of truth and love is hid.

How vapid seem life's dearest pleasures,
How poor its most commended treasures,
Compared with those that tranquil lie
In the fond lustre of thine eye,—
As an Aurora streaming bright,
With mystic thrill and fitful light,
Beneath the dusky brow of night;

Or as the star that sets at morn,
Glad harbinger of golden dawn:
For I, who see thy face no more,
Am happier, freer, than before—
Sad for thy absence, Dora; yet
Thy memory silvers o'er regret;
'Twere only darkness to forget.

Refresh'd, not sorrowing, upward still
I breast life's steep and cloud-topt hill,
Trustful that, whatso'er befall,
Thy memory will transfigure all;
As sunlight, when the sun has set
Behind a fortress dark as jet,
Still glorifies its parapet.

For aye I bless that presence bright
That fill'd my spirit with delight,
Like those delicious spots that stand
As islands in a sea of sand,
Whose streams the Arab's thirst allay,
Whose herbage green and flow'rets gay
Gladden him on his sultry way. C. M. I.

BILLY BLAKE'S BEST COFFIN.

A Lancashire Sketch.

BILLY BLAKE was the best—indeed at one time he was the only joiner in our village. Whatever it was that might be wanted in the shape of woodwork, Billy had it to do. Nor was his work restricted to the requirements of the living; he laboured also for the dead—he made coffins. This I have the best of reasons for remembering.

When I was about eleven or twelve years of age, my little cousin Jim, who had been my favourite playmate, and towards whose home in the neighbouring village of Mawley I frequently turned my steps in the pleasant summer time, fell sick, and died.

I cannot tell you how great was my grief; nor can I say what were my simple notions of the shadowy King who robbed me of my companion.

Jim had been ailing for some time, then became so weak that he was not able to walk, and I remember that often on long summer evenings he was carried out of the house, and seated in a little chair just before the door, where the pleasant light of the evening sun could fall upon him, and where the gentle evening breeze, laden with the sweet perfumes gathered from garden and hedgerow, could fan his wasting cheek. We healthy children would amuse him with our play, would fetch and carry for him, and do all we could to win him for a short time from the sense of sickness.

As the light faded from the sky, our boisterous play was checked, and we gathered about my cousin, who begged his mother to let him sit out a little longer, and we talked together in our own infantile way, our talk always becoming more serious as the gray of the sky deepened more and more towards the darkness of night. We looked up into the sky, and watched the coming of star after star, and our dawning imaginations were busied with speculations, which rarely found larger expression than is summarised in the simple verse which we now and then said or sung:

Twinkle, twinkle, little star,
How I wonder what you are;
Up above the world so high,
Like a diamond in the sky.

Many of those evenings do I remember, and I remember, too, that as the summer faded, Jim faded with it, and, on one gusty night in October, died.

Billy Blake had to make my cousin's coffin, and as he was too busy to spare the time necessary for a journey so far as Mawley to measure little Jim, and as it was known that I was about the same age and size, Billy measured me. The coffin was made, and one night I went into the workshop to have a look at it. There were several people present, the "shop" being a sort of lounging-place for many of Billy's chums. One of these suggested that the coffin should be tried on to make sure that it would fit, and, though I shuddered a little at the time, I was prevailed upon to lie down in it, and then one of the men, carrying the joke rather too far, took the lid, and shut me in. I don't think I shall

ever forget the terror which was mine just then. My senses were preternaturally quickened. I heard the night wind, now rushing through the crevices of the closed

door with shrill angry voice, now dying away with sad moan-like sounds; and I noticed that even the chained dog in the yard changed his usual short sharp bark for a long terror-speak-



ing howl. And then I seemed to feel all the horrors of being buried alive. Cold damp sweat oozed from my temples; there was a dull heavy pressure upon my chest, as if there was the weight of a graveful of earth upon it; and if I had been capable of action

at all, I should have torn at my throat in very madness, so much so did I seem to gasp for breath. My senses left me, and when the men took me out, I seemed very likely to have real need of the coffin into which they had put me for fun. When I had somewhat re-

covered, they carried me home; but I did not get rid of my terror that night, and have, ever since, had a lively idea of Billy Blake's coffin-making.

Why I thus turn aside from the story of Billy's Best Coffin to relate an incident in my own early life, I can scarce tell, but as it is written it shall stand.

It had always happened that whenever any of the big folks of the village died, all that was needed to put about them before they were laid in the quiet lap of Mother Earth, was obtained from the somewhat distant town. The village undertaker was not grand enough, and Billy Blake's skill was supposed to be unequal to the making of a coffin for a person of quality. Billy was often offended at this neglect, and just as often as there was a grand funeral at our parish church, did he rail at the pride which was not satisfied with the time traversed between life and death, but must needs exhibit itself when its poor object had done with the things of this world. On such occasions, Billy had a keen scent for contrast. A man's life and the epitaph cut on his gravestone did not always agree the one with the other, and Billy would tell the reason why. He then liked to call a spade a spade.

Squire Walker, the rich man of the village, was all in all to most people. His word was law. If a poor vagrant, who had been tired with his or her tramp through the day, chanced to fall asleep on the cold village stones at night, he or she was taken to the lock-up, and next morning was taken before the squire at his own house; and, after the constable's brief evidence, and the long lecture of the squire, was sent to prison as a rogue and vagabond, and one whose great crime was being found without having any "visible means of subsistence." The poor, too, had peculiar notions respecting the poor of his own neighbourhood. Tom Nokes, with his long lanky body, his heavy boots, and weak ankles, might meet the squire in lane or "fowt," and acknowledge the dignity of the presence by pulling the tuft of hair which stuck out from under the brim of his battered hat, and it is possible that the great man would stiffly respond to the salute. But let Tom be seated at the head of some stile, and gazing down the field, then straightway the squire would see in that evidence of Tom's having some design on the game.

The squire's social creed seemed to have suspicion of the poor for its principal article. Poor men's children were "brats." The poor as a class seemed to him to be a sort of human vermin, whose existence was permitted for some purpose or other, but to whom the Divine mandate, "increase and

multiply," was so obviously a mistake that it was the duty of all rich men to adopt a stern policy of repression towards them. It seemed to be the special business of the squire's life to keep the poor within bounds. On the bench, at the board of guardians, in his village, he had continually to complain of the troublesomeness of the poor.

Of course he pooh-poohed the new-fangled notions that spread so rapidly in his old age. The talk of education, of raising the poor to a higher moral and intellectual level, was all nonsense to him. He had known them so long, he said, yet had never seen anything good about them, and therefore, he reasoned, no good could come from them. It never struck him that there were faults on his side, that he purposely shut his eyes to the good that was in the class he detested, and that his notions of their unworthiness came quite as much from his imagination, heated unhappily by his own wrong-doing towards them, as from any induction based on facts which he or others had collected.

The longer he lived the more stubborn he became, and his anger at the changes which he could not help noticing, increased. Of course his name had no sweet-smelling savour about it for the people amongst whom he lived. The poor hated him cordially indeed, and those of his own rank and condition had frequently to take such steps as would prevent the scandal which would surely follow the unchecked development of the evils which he was perpetually sowing. At last the end came. He died in a fit of rage at being balked in one of his purposes.

The fact that the squire was dead was soon known to all the villagers, and the importance of the event was attested by the immediate suspension of business, and by the congregation of people at the various places of gossip. The chief of these was the Golden Lion, where, as an exception to the general rule, traffic was very considerably increased that afternoon and night, and on the few following days.

The Lion stood at the head of the village, and was a noted hostelry. It had been famous for many generations. Its occupants for a very long time had been of the same name and family. Indeed, to the villagers it would have seemed as queer to see any name except Ogden on the sign, as it would have done to have had a squire whose name was not Walker. Of the Ogdens more than one had spread their fame far beyond the boundaries of the village. The present occupant of the house was chiefly known for his fondness for outdoor exercises. He could traverse hill and moor the whole day without feeling weary, and would trudge a-foot after the hounds with an eagerness which

showed that few enjoyed the sport so much as himself. Once or twice this passion for sport had brought him into serious dispute with the late squire, but as he held his house on lease, and was pretty well to do, he did not care much for the scolding he received.

On the morning after the squire's death, the landlord was standing at the front of his house, watching a team of fine horses which were just then slaking their thirst at the trough, and as he so stood, Billy Blake and a few of his cronies came in to discuss the news. Of course they couldn't do so without having a pint-pot at their side, and, entering the huge kitchen, they sidled towards the dresser, upon which Billy perched at once, whilst the others settled themselves as they could. The landlord followed them in. As soon as each had taken a pull at the beer which had been brought, Billy opened the conversation.

"Well, Ogden, thae sees he's gone at last," said he, addressing the landlord.

"Ay," replied the landlord, "an' aw hope he'll be betther wheer he's gone to nur he has been here."

"He'll find it hard wark t' be wuss," said a poverty-stricken little fellow, who had just edged his way into the kitchen, in the hope of getting a "sup" gratis.

From this start the conversation took many a turn, but never ran far from its main subject. Whatever the relatives of the squire might have to say respecting him, it was evident that this self-appointed court in the Lion kitchen were severe enough in their judgments. More than one had suffered the weight of the squire's displeasure, and remembered it. To others he had only spoken chance words, but they were words which, winged with unmerited scorn or contempt, had sunk deep into the hearers' hearts. All remembered how less than nothing they had been when the squire was present. Many stories were told which illustrated the life that had just ended. Some of these stories told of the time when the subject of them was a wild and reckless youth; and each of them was but the record of one more ill which the poor had to score against the memory of the squire.

The talk had lasted some time when Billy's little flaxen-headed girl came to say that he was wanted at home.

"Whoa wants me?" he asked.

"It's a felly fro' th' Ho', an' he says yo' mun be sharp, feyther," replied the girl.

"Aw wonder what anybody fro' th' Ho' con want wi' me," said Billy, and then, slipping from his perch, he went out to learn.

By-and-by he came back, with a face made comical by its puzzled expression. All stared at him a minute, and one asked—

"What's up, Billy?"

"Yo' winno' believe me if aw tell yo', aw'm sure," said he; and then, after a moment's pause, he proceeded, "Yon fancy footman at they han up at th' Ho' has bin to caww heawse, an' he tells me 'at aw am to mak' t' squire's coffin. He talked a great deal abeawt owd oak, and lead, an' aw know nor what, but aw wur so gloppent at aw hardly yerd him. Ther' has no' a Walker deed these twenty yer past, but aw've grumblet abeawt ther sendin' to th' tsawn for th' coffin, an' new ut they've axed me to mak' 'em one, aw'll be hanged if aw dunno wish they'd gone to wheer the geet th' tothers. Dost think aw'st do reet to mak' it, Ogden?"

"Ay, to be sure, mon," said the landlord, "an' thae mun mak' it so as he conno' get cawt on't again."

"By th' mass aw'll tak' care o' that. An' aw'll show 'em what aw con do when aw get a nice bit o' timber i' my hands. It shall be th' best coffin ut's ever bin seen o' this counthry side, that it shall."

"Well, then, we'd betther weet it a bit before it goes whoam, had nor we, lads?" asked a crony of Billy's, whose ingenuity was always equal to finding an occasion for tippling.

His present proposition met with so immediate and so unanimous an assent that Billy was fain to let his voice chime in with the rest.

Ere long he left the inn again, and busied himself about his work. He visited the Hall, and in the richly-furnished room in which lay all that was mortal of the late squire, he ascertained what should be the size of the coffin which he had to make. For a couple of days his work was so engrossing that he was not seen outside his own home. But on the evening of the third day after the squire's death, he sent for several of his chums, and pointed with pride to the completed work, which lay in all the gloss of its newness on a low bench in the "shop." After giving his friends time to admire the workmanship to the full, Billy rolled down his shirt-sleeves, said briefly that he should "goo have a spree," and at once stepped out to the Golden Lion, whither, of course, the others followed him.

That night his spree lasted long.² He was, as some would say, "gloriously drunk," and most of those who sat with him were almost as drunk as himself. To one man who was there occurred a thought which tickled him amazingly, and which, being communicated to two or three others, seemed to give the prospect of considerable fun. It was a noteworthy thing about Billy that his coolness in all sorts of circumstances was such, that he had ever been a stranger to surprise. At different times

attempts had been made to frighten him, but they had never succeeded. Now there was another chance, and some of the men present determined to avail themselves of it. That they might the better effect their purpose, they continued to ply Billy with drink until he was unconscious; then the two or three who had concocted the plot went out, and found a few other men, who they knew would enter into their scheme heartily. Two of these men went off to the shop—it was now near midnight—and brought out the squire's coffin, lid and all. They carried it on their shoulders, and taking the least frequented road, bore it to the churchyard. Here another couple of men joined them, armed with spades, with which they at once commenced cutting up sods, and then dug a hole sufficiently deep to take in the full height of the coffin.

Whilst these things were being done the other schemers were looking after Billy. They managed to get rid of all those whom they did not want, and then, taking hold of their man, they half-dragged, half-carried him, towards the churchyard. This was not by any means an easy task. The night was almost pitch dark. Huge masses of clouds, driven by high winds, so frequently obscured the stars, that it was only at long intervals, and then but for brief moments, that they were visible at all. The men, excited by the mad freak with which they were engaged, had a keener sense of the solemnity of the night than they had ever before experienced. The dim outlines of barn and cottage, the fantastic shapes taken by the trees that stood here and there along their path, the white-faced stump of some newly lopped off branch,—staring at them like the blanched face of a ghost,—all these things made them rather regret that they had started at all, and seemed to prognosticate that whatever might be the result as regarded Billy, they at least would be frightened most completely.

But, as they had gone so far, they could not turn back. They screwed their courage to the sticking-point and went on. Billy, at times half wakened from his drunken sleep, would mutter something which they could not understand. By-and-by they reached the churchyard, and as they did so, one of their number, catching sight of a veritable human face peering at them from the other side of the wall, let go his portion of the burden, and was starting off at a gallop, when he was recalled by a comrade calling out, "Thae foo' it's nobbut Gallows Jack"—Jack being one of the amateur grave-diggers. Pushing their burden through the narrow wicket gate,—through which these men did not often pass

on Sundays,—they made a survey of the ground. All being quiet, and the coffin already in its hole, they laid Billy in it, and then softly laid the lid a-top, taking care to put a stone between it and the coffin-side, to afford breathing space for their victim. Drink had taken too fast a hold of Billy for him to be at once conscious of what was being done, and the men, finding this to be so, went and hid themselves behind tombstones, behind trees, and wherever else they could obtain easy and near shelter from which they might watch for Billy's waking, without his being able to see them.

And now that they had done with action, now that it was theirs simply to watch, they found something for which they had not bargained. The intense silence oppressed them. They did not like this close contiguity to the church at night time. To one or other of them came unbidden all sorts of weird stories of which they had scarce ever thought since their youth,—ere the love of the marvellous had been killed by the dull routine of their lives. If they looked towards the church, they could not help fancying that a face was staring at them through the diamond-shaped panes; the rush of the wind through the trees became a voice; the involuntary motion of one of themselves startled the rest; and even the continued silence of Billy in his scant grave added to their terror. Indeed, so completely had they been punished by their own scheme, that I believe they would have scampered home, if it had not happened that just at the time when their position was becoming positively unbearable, they heard signs of motion inside the coffin.

Staring with eager eyes, they saw the coffin-lid first lifted slightly, and then dropped again. In another moment it was fairly pushed off, and Billy, evidently puzzled by the narrow space in which he was confined, half rose; he looked round, saw first one grave-stone, then another, and then the outline of the village church, and seemed puzzled still more. Getting fairly out of the coffin, he stumbled about for a pace or two, and bent down to feel his nether limbs, which, no doubt, had a touch of cramp in them. Then he rubbed his eyes, as if there was something unreal in what he saw; but even this action did not lessen his perplexity. Alternately scratching his head, and digging his knuckles into his eyes, he seemed at last to make up his mind as to his position, for, sitting down on a near grave-stone, he said in a tone the quietness of which considerably astonished the watchers,—

"Well, aw guess aw mun be t' fust ut's rizen!"

This rather singular confirmation of the

truth of the doctrine of the Resurrection, was dispelled by the sudden rush of his chums, who, still half-frightened, soon made all clear to him, and confessed that they had been most completely beaten by him.

I need not tell how, after it had been carried to the shop, re-polished, and sent to receive its proper burden, the villagers took the last opportunity afforded them of seeing Billy Blake's best coffin.

To this day Billy's coolness is proverbial in our village.

JOHN WHITTAKER.

ODIN.

UP the wide chimney roared the Christmas fire
And lighted up a group of living sculpture,
Rose, Lily, Blanche all gathered round the hearth.
Rose, tall and stately as a forest pine,
Lily, all drooping, pale as marble statue,
Blanche, with the weird-like eyes and tiny feet
That fairy might have envied. Little Blanche,
Wild restless Blanche scarce e'er a moment silent,
Clappeth her hands with glee, "'Tis Christmas-tide;
Tell us a good ghost story, granny, dear,
To make us shiver as we creep to bed—
Tell how at midnight ghostly forms appear
With blood-stained sword, or wailing as in woe;
Tell of dark deeds, or point out hidden treasures—
Tell us," but here a deep voice hushed her prattle,
"Hush, little Blanche, granny's stories now
Are old as the old hills. I'll tell you, child,
Of grand old days when Norse gods ruled the earth,
Days of the Jötuns and of magic runes,
Of fables wild and wonderful." Then Blanche
Lifted her weird-like eyes, and earnest gazed
Upon the speaker. "Is it true or false,
This wondrous story that you promise us?"
"Half true, and yet unreal, mythical,
Half folly and half wisdom deftly twined
Into a legend wherein lies a lesson."
"Lesson!" quoth Blanche, "my lessons are all done;
I do believe the story is your own,
Or 'tis some college theme to make us think
That Leonard is a poet."—"Have your way,"
Said he, "yet listen to me while I speak,
And if my speech be good, grant me your praise.

"In the first dawn, when, like a new-born babe,
Earth oped her eyes, nor realized as yet
Her own existence, mighty Jötuns dwelt,
Who ever with the gods waged deadly war.
Greatest of gods was Odin, fierce, untamed,
With strong, stern heart, and soul too great to lie
Inactive in the Norse gods' paradise,
Though beauteous Friga pleaded, 'Leave me not.'
'Nay, urge me not to stay, O gentle wife,
I must go forth with giant foes to fight,
Until I bend them to my mighty will,
And at my feet they fall. I feel so strong,
The knowledge of my strength oppresses me;
I cannot bear the greatness of my being—
I must have labour, hardship, discipline,
To teach me what I am. 'Tis hidden now—
I see and I am blind. First wondrous light,
As of the sun at noon in all his glory

Of swiftest lightning darteth through my brain,
And for a moment partially reveals
That which I long to know. And then succeeds,
Black night, and wild confusion, and the peal
Of heavy thunder rolls on every side.'
'O stay at home with me,' then Friga said,
'And I will charm thee with the sweetest songs
That e'er in Asgard rose, like summer winds
Stirring the silver strings of Balder's lyre—
Or I will bathe thy brow with magic dew
Offered by star-crowned night at Mimi's well,
And cool its burning; it will make thee wise
To know all secrets, whatsoever thou wilt.'
Then Odin spake, 'The time hath not yet come
When Odin shall content in Asgard dwell,
Peace must be gained by strife, and rest by toil;
Then, when my warfare victory hath crowned,
Shall Odin and his wife united be:
Thou art too beautiful and gentle now
For such a wild and rugged god as I.'
So Odin left her, and the silver moon
Found beauteous Friga all disconsolate,
And when the sun rose o'er Valhalla's towers,
And shone upon the gleaming roofs of gold,
Yet was the queen in sorrow.

Days passed on,
And weary nights on heavy wings took flight,
And still her cry was, 'Wilt thou ne'er come home,
Odin? my life is very sad and lone.'
She called to Heimdal on the topmost tower,
'O Heimdal, watchman of Valhalla, say,
Hearst thou the tread of Odin on the earth?'
For Heimdal, watcher on the topmost tower,
Was gifted with such sense of hearing rare,
That he could hear the leaves burst forth in spring,
And robe the shivering trees in dainty dress,
Or the fair lilies by the water side
Unfold their golden cups; or the queen-rose
Do battle with the mossy net that strives.
To hide her budding beauty from the sun,
Or tiny blades of grass on tiptoe stretch,
Until their height is crowned with fairy blossom;
Or he could hear the wool on silly sheep
Growing when nights turn cold, or the fair locks
That northern maidens braid with loving care,
Put forth the smallest portion of an inch.
And Heimdal answered, 'Odin's step I hear,
But it is e'er from Asgard turned aside.
The king came in the night as thou didst sleep,
And gazed upon thee, and did kiss thy brow,
And stood awhile exceeding sorrowful,
As though his heart were torn with conflict sore.
Thrice he essayed to go, and thrice he failed.
Fain would he go, and yet he fain would stay,
When in thy dreams thou soft didst murmur "Odin,"
And mighty Odin started at thy voice,
Unnerved, nor dared to look again, but sighed,
And as he went away, he muttered low,
"Not yet, not yet—the battle is not o'er."
Then Friga wept, and as the legend runs,
The tears that welled up from her azure eyes
Were turned to drops of gold. And her lament
Was still 'O Odin, I am sad and lone,
Why dost thou leave me? Evermore I weep,
And ever hope with hopeless constancy.
When from the giant's huge unshapely mass
The mighty gods the beauteous earth called forth,
Shaped his rude bones into vast granite rocks,
Formed of his skull the boundless firmament,
And of his flesh so firm the solid ground,

In bubbling rivers whose dark turbid waves
 Rolled on and on until their meeting streams
 Formed a great silent ocean. Then they drew
 His breath from out his nostrils, and on thee
 Did breathe it forth. Stronger didst thou become,
 And at thy new-born strength exultant smiled,
 And at thy smile the cold white firmament
 Caught the clear sapphire of thy gladsome eye,
 And flung it on the sullen flood below,
 And the dead forms of earth sprang into life,
 And ocean heaved and raged as though it owned,
 And yet defied thy master-spirit's power.
 "The earth is thine, subdue it to thy will,
 And thou art earth's," the gods approving cried,
 But the fierce Jötuns shook their clumsy spears,
 And answered, "Nay, the life-blood of our race
 Was drained that so the gods might fashion earth.
 We claim it for our own, our flesh, our blood:
 None shall our right unfought-for take away."
 And so the new-gained strength, the new-found life,
 Gave thee no rest, but bore thee far from me;
 Thou art too mighty now; thou carest not
 To dwell with Friga.' So she grieved and grieved,
 And Heimdal heard her grief and answer'd her,
 'If thou dost grieve, thy lord doth no less grieve
 To be with thee. When victory is won,
 His life and thine in one fair tide shall flow
 God-like and perfect.' 'That will never be,'
 Said Friga. Yet as time on steady wheels
 Sped on, and Odin was a conqueror,
 And men bow'd down all reverent as he pass'd,
 And hail'd him 'god' and 'hero' wonderingly,
 He thought of Friga in her loneliness,
 And Heimdal, watcher on the topmost tower,
 Call'd to the weeping Friga, 'Hark! I hear
 The footstep of the king, he comes this way!'
 Then Friga rose and listened, and afar
 She heard the clanking tread of warriors' heel,
 Nearer and nearer, till the golden lamp
 That Balder hangs without fair Asgard's walls
 Shone upon dancing plume and quivering mail,
 But Friga did not move to open the door,
 Though on the threshold Odin's step she heard,
 And Friga did not speak one greeting word,
 For joy had left her not one word to say—
 She felt the clasp of Odin's arm, nor knew
 If she were in a dream, or if awak'd,
 In life or death, naught knew she but that joy,
 O'erpowering joy, had swallow'd up her grief,
 And swept all other sense and thought away.
 So stood they mute and speechless for awhile:
 At last spake Friga, 'Thou shalt go no more;
 Valhalla's halls shall echo with the song
 Of triumph for great Odin's victories,
 And mingling with the deafening shout shall rise
 One note too low for every ear to hear,
 Yet reaching thine, and creeping to thine heart,
 Shall tell thee Friga cannot part with thee.'
 'Nay,' Odin said, 'the victory is not won,
 The day of rest and pleasure hath not come,
 Thy beauty ill becometh thus rugged spouse
 All worn with toil and reeking from the fight.'
 Then answered Friga, 'Yet the twining plant
 That twists and clings around the rough gnarled tree,
 Guards it from summer's heat, from winter's frost,
 And lends it grace and beauty. O, my lord,
 I would be such a tender plant to thee.'
 'Not yet, alas! The struggle is not o'er,
 The Asa yet must tread the path of death.
 My soul hath grown prophetic, and mine eye
 Beholds no present, but all time to come—

I see afar a dim grey shadow lower,
 That ever deepens, ever nearer spreads
 Darker and darker, till the awful day
 Shall turn to awful night, when might with might
 Shall strive, and all created powers that be
 In one fierce deadly battle waste their strength—
 Then torn by Fenrir's fangs shall Odin lie,
 And o'er his corpse fond Friga wildly weep.'
 'O, hush! O, hush! It is a vision false,
 Thou art deceived; the gods can never die.'
 'Not so, fair wife; the vision is too true.
 Yet death but strikes me down to raise me higher,
 The god-like passes through the change unscath'd,
 And pours his spirit forth in living fire.
 The old Norse Odin, he shall never die,
 He shall live on through all heroic time,
 His falchion gleam upon the battle-field,
 His sceptre sway o'er every peaceful land;
 God-parent he to every cradled babe
 With aught of hero written in its heart,
 On its fair infancy shall Odin smile,
 Whether or wealth or poverty its lot:
 And Odin's kingdom, it shall never cease;
 He shall have subjects wheresoe'er the sun
 Shines upon earnest souls in anxious strife,
 Or flushed with victory, or bowed with toil,
 Or on a throne, or in a prison cell—
 True hearts in every circumstance and clime
 Are loyal subjects of the old Norse king.' "

Here Leonard paused, and granny oped her eyes;
 "How late is it? I must have been asleep."
 And Rose half-yawned and said, "I think your tale
 Is not well suited to these modern times."
 "No," murmured Lily, "I can't understand
 What people see in such fantastic myths."
 But little Blanche sat still as in a dream,
 And spoke unconsciously her thought aloud,
 "I wonder if old Odin smiled on me?"
 Whereat her sisters laughed, but Leonard said,
 "The poet well hath earned his meed of praise."

JULIA GODBARD.

"A SERMON ON PRECIOUS STONES."

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—In No. 337 of "ONCE A WEEK" there is an article entitled "A Sermon on Precious Stones," wherein an anecdote is told of a titled lady, who, from impecuniosity, had substituted in her *parure* a false stone for a very valuable sapphire, which the writer A. W. observes, he doubts not is often done, in the case of jewels, by ladies in the fashionable world. May the following *fact*, then, be considered worthy a corner among the "Anas" of your amusing serial? An extravagant baronet, well-known at the Clubs in St. James's, being, on one of very many occasions, hard pressed for money, bribed his wife's waiting woman to procure for him her ladyship's casket of diamonds, with which he forthwith proceeded to the family jeweller, expressing a wish that he would substitute the best paste for the real article, when her ladyship would be none the wiser; to which the lapidary unhesitatingly replied, "Why, Sir Charles, I did that for my lady more than twelve months since!" thus showing that "my lady" was quite as fast as her "lord," and in nothing was he her "master."

G. M.

"SANS MERCI;"

OR, KESTRELS AND FALCONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY LIVINGSTONE."

CHAP. XXVI.—MINE—WHATEVER HAPPENS.

IN this tale of ours there are threads not only of soft gay silk, but of dark rough wool: these last must needs be gathered up sometimes, to keep the woof even. So, let us turn our faces towards Mote, once more.

The state of things there was anything but satisfactory. The social *cordon* drawn round the precincts of Bessie Maskelyne's home was still rigidly maintained: the rare civilities of the county were dealt out in niggard formal fashion, with as many sanitary precautions as are used with coin passing through quarantine. You may make almost any animal savage with confinement; and 'confinement' was hardly too strong a word to apply to Mrs. Maskelyne's manner of life at this period.

The few members of the clergy and squirearchy who came to her set dinner-parties did not cheer her a whit: they ate and drank plentifully, but evidently under constraint, and resolutely declined to be amused or amusing. It was worse still when she was alone in the drawing room with their wives and daughters: these worthy dames and damsels used to break themselves up into small detached knots and carry on whispered converse amongst themselves, which converse invariably ceased—without signs of trepidation—as soon as the mistress of the house drew near. Occasionally, two or three soldiers from Torrecaster came over to shoot, dine, and sleep; but the visits of these military angels were few and far between; and they too, seemed rather on their guard with their handsome hostess; treating her with a studied ceremony and distant courtesy. They meant well; but—had they been insolently familiar, they could not have marked more plainly their sense of the fact, that they were consorting with a woman not of their own order.

It was no wonder that Bessie's temper—never of the mildest—should chafe under the monotony and comparative solitude that she was forced to endure. And Brian, with the best intentions, could help her but little. He had never sufficiently recovered from the shock of his mother's death to be quite his old self again: a morbid disinclination for society grew on him daily; and, daily, he seemed less able or willing to make head against the difficulties that beset him, indirectly, through his fair wife: he took to sitting a good deal alone, in those rooms of which he still kept the key; and at such times it was understood that

none of the household were to approach him, unsummoned. He was always ready to attend Bessie in her long 'constitutionals' on horseback, or to drive her if she felt so inclined: but the shadow of her discontent fell heavily over Brian; they would ride, sometimes, rapidly for miles, scarcely exchanging a dozen words, and these only of trivial import. Yet did he not love her a whit the less; or slacken in his tender care, that her every whim and fancy should be provided for: indeed it was almost painful, to see his nervous anxiety to smooth away anything that could possibly be a stone of offence, to the temper that was only too prone to stumble.

At last, in sheer despair of seeing things improve as they stood, Brian proposed a year's travel on the Continent. Bessie seemed to catch at the idea quite eagerly at first: but, two mornings after it had been mooted,—they had been discussing routes and plans, till late on the previous evening—she suddenly professed herself unwilling to move just at present: alleging as an excuse, her father's health, which, indeed, was breaking rather fast; but concerning which, till that moment, Bessie had betrayed a very temperate solicitude.

Mr. Standen was present at this sudden parade of filial affection; and his face was quite a study. Bewilderment, a faint gleam of intelligence, a decided sense of the ridiculous, and a certain awe of the imperious speaker, were all mingled there.

"You're a good girl, Bessie," he said, with a cunning twinkle in his watery eyes; "a very good girl—to think so much of your poor father. He won't hamper you much longer, I fancy, either. But don't you mind me. I'll do well enough, if you'll let me take care of the place for you while you're gone, in my own rooms up there. I don't think I'm strong enough, to be turned adrift, just now. Your housekeeper said only last week, that she wouldn't know I was here, for all the trouble I gave: she did, indeed, Mr. Maskelyne."

The cunning look had faded from his face, as he whined out the last word; blinking the while, piteously, at his son-in-law, whom he always accosted, now, with a timid ceremonious observance. Brian had begun to compassionate the unhappy old creature a good deal of late; and—though he could not manage a sustained conversation—had a kind or courteous word for the other, whenever they chanced to be together. But he was fairly taken aback by this sudden outbreak of Bessie's piety; and stood looking from father to daughter in a sort of puzzled way, till he felt himself bound, in humanity, to re-assure the former.

"Don't think of that Mr. Standen. You're

more than welcome to your quarters here, as long as you like to keep them. They're almost a hermitage, as you use them, I'm sorry to say. But I don't quite understand. You're not worse than usual this morning, I trust? And Bessie seemed so keen about the travelling last night. She knows best, of course. I shouldn't think of taking her away, against her will."

Brian checked himself before the last sentence, which was spoken with an abrupt change of manner; for he had caught a quick warning sign from his wife, intimating that he had better say no more at present, but wait for an explanation.

When they were alone Bessie did explain, that she had spoken that morning with the servant whose special duty it was to attend on her father, and had learnt enough from him of Mr. Standen's state of mind and body to make her loth to leave home, yet awhile. With this Brian was fain to be content; but, had the excuse been less plausible he would hardly have cavilled or questioned: such was not his way. No man ever carried out, with more chivalrous abandonment, the grand old principle of—

Trust me all in all,
Or trust me not at all.

About a week later, as they were riding together, Bessie opened a fresh battery, still harping on her father.

"Brian; I wish you'd let me ask my cousin here, for a few days. Papa's affairs are in the most dreadful muddle, as I happen to know; and Kit is the only man alive who can set them straight. Poor Kit! I'm afraid you never liked him. But you won't mind his coming here for a short visit?"

Maskelyne's countenance fell. There were turns of expression, every now and then issuing from his wife's rosy lips, which grated disagreeably on his delicate ears; but, of all others, he hated that familiar shortening of her cousin's Christian name.

"You're thoroughly right, Bessie;" he said, after rather an awkward pause. "I never did like Mr. Daventry, and I never shall; and I like the set he lives in still less."

Bessie had been in an unusually gracious humour all that morning; but the storm-cloud came over her face now, swift and dark.

"He won't bring his set here with him," she said, under her breath.

"He'll bring their manners and customs, though"—Brian retorted, more sharply than he had often spoken. "And they don't improve on acquaintance: at least, I find it so."

Mrs. Maskelyne reined in her fretting horse to a steady foot's-pace with a firm skilful hand; but she was less successful in curb-

ing her own temper: it would show itself, despite the forced levity of her tone.

"Look here, Brian," she said. "It's just as well to be straightforward, and not to play at cross-purposes. We were not swells, when you first knew us—it's no use biting your lip; I mean to talk in my own way, for once—and we didn't pretend to be better than we were; there was no sham about it. You took me with all my faults—pedigree included. It's very good of you, to shelter my poor old father; but—mind—I never asked him here. And I've never coaxed you to be civil to a single other friend or relation of mine. But, if you think I'm going to cut Kit Daventry, whom I've known from a child, and who has helped me and mine when we were hard set for daily bread; why—you're very nearly as much mistaken, as a man can be."

She certainly looked marvellously handsome at that moment; with her soft cheek flushed not unbecomingly; and her great sapphire eyes gleaming; and her ripe scarlet lip all a-tremble.

There are right few occasions in this life of ours, when we should "do well to be angry, even unto death." This was one of them. It had been better for Brian Maskelyne to have spoken ever so harsh or tyrannically, than to have relented as he did then. If he had set his foot down firmly there, he would not have avoided much present and future misery; but he might possibly have staved off dishonour.

Even from the imperfect sketch of his character that has been set before you, you will have realised the lack of moral firmness that caused many of his strongest impulses to come to naught. The spell of his wife's rare beauty held him now—as it had held him before—helplessly fascinated: he was moved, too, with a certain admiration, at seeing her stand forward so boldly to do battle for the absent; he could hardly find it in his heart to blame her, though the absent was so unworthy of her championship. Moreover, he could not but remember, how little countenance and encouragement Bessie had met with from the society into which he had tried to force her; in spite of all that he could do, her life must be very dull at times: that made it seem harder, that she should be cut off from her own people. Besides all this, he despised Daventry so heartily, that he could not—for shame—make him the subject of a grave conjugal quarrel. There is but one end, as a rule, when a man admits the possibility of surrender: so, as might be expected, after a few seconds of reflection, Brian hung out the flag of truce.

"You take it much too seriously, Bessie. I don't get on well with your cousin, cer-

tainly. But he's not a bit more distasteful to me, than half-a-dozen men who dine here, may be to you. If you want me take a last-ing aversion to him, you'll go on frowning for two minutes longer. Ask him by all means; and pray let him stay as long as it suits his convenience. Now, let the sunshine come back again, darling: I'm beginning to shiver in the shade."

A hard and coarse nature was Bessie Mas-kelyne's; made harder and coarser by her evil training; but it was not bad to the very core.

She would scarcely have been proof against the influence of her husband's manner even if it had not been her policy to be gracious; she had thoroughly got her own way. Her laugh rang out musically through the keen clear air, as she smote Brian lightly on the shoulder with the tiny jewelled toy in her whip-hand.

"It's all your fault, you cross old thing! I believe you like to see me in a pet, sometimes. Well—we'll say no more about it: it's so tiresome to quarrel about trifles. Let us have a good stretching gallop now. There's a long mile of turf before us; and Challenger is pulling my arms off to-day."

The Lawyer arrived in due course. He was evidently on his best behaviour; his manner was much chastened and subdued; and he answered Brian's not very cordial greeting, with an attempt at formal courtesy, strangely different from his wonted free-and-easy style of address. It is possible he may have received a private hint from Bessie; but it is more likely that his uncle's sensations affected Daventry in a lesser degree. Even to him, the master of Mote, in his own house, was another personage from the modest lodger at No. 3, Trasteverine Terrace. For the first week of his stay he was virtually inoffensive; spending the greater part of his mornings in Mr. Standen's rooms (to which conferences Bessie was not unfrequently summoned), and strolling out with his gun after rabbits or ducks in the afternoon; so that he and Brian scarcely met before dinner; at which meal Daventry seemed disposed to enjoy himself thoroughly. But he was moderate in his public drinking; though the butler could have told some curious tales of strong liquors consumed in the smoking-room, and upstairs to boot.

During that week, two of the soldiers from Torrcaster came over to dine and sleep; Daddy Goring, and a late-joined cornet—a great acquisition to the corps; for he was very handsome, exceedingly wealthy, and too wicked for his years.

Now the Princess's Own were rather a horsey regiment: without being slaves of the Ring, or gambling desperately, they wagered pretty freely on most important events; and, if the

distance was anywise practicable, their drag was never missed at a race meeting. Neither Goring nor Armytage (that was the boy's name) were sufficiently versed in turf-chronicles to be familiar with Daventry's antecedents, though they might have heard his name repeatedly. So they listened to his after-dinner talk with much satisfaction; purposing to make their profit therefrom, or at least, to come out strong before their less learned comrades. It is hardly necessary to observe that the Lawyer did not part with one iota of really good information: but he made his remarks sound confidential, which did quite as well.

So it came to pass, that, before they parted next morning, Goring had invited him to dine on the following day.

The mess of the Princess's Own was exceptional good: you might feed there for a fortnight together, and never know when it was guest-night, unless you augured it from the presence of the band, or a little extra pomp of plate: not one detail of table-arrangement would have been neglected, had Lucullus, in the absence of all his comrades, been forced to sup with himself, as officer of the day.

And the credit of all this was mainly due to Daddy Goring. From the moment that he came on the mess-committee he began to work at convivial economy, with the energy and perseverance that is only bestowed on a labour of love; drilling the waiters more diligently than he even drilled his troop; and making the ears of butler and cook to tingle. A pleasant sight was that portly *arbitrator bibendi*; beaming on the fruits of his pains, from the presidential chair, which none other, in his presence, thought of usurping; and listening with twinkling eyes, to the approving comments of a stranger, on a peculiarly successful *ealmsi*, or a beaker of 'dry' iced to a turn.

It was not a guest-night, when Daventry dined there; and only two civilians besides himself were present, neither of whom he had met before: so he took his place at the president's right-hand, with agreeable anticipations—he was a great epicure in his way—and no sort of misgivings. The colonel was absent; and the major senior officer.

Turnbull had been pursuing that day; and had got home late, after one of the long tedious hunting-runs peculiar to that country, beginning and ending in woodland. The soup had been removed before he appeared in the mess-room. He was just taking his seat, near the centre of the table, with a few muttered words of apology meant for the strangers present, when his eye lighted on Daventry.

The latter had never seen the major before, to his knowledge. It was clear the ignorance

was not mutual : for Turnbull started perceptibly ; and for a moment, seemed as though he would have spoken : he thought better of it apparently, and sat down. But all through dinner his brow was dark and lowering ; and he was very taciturn, replying as briefly as possible to the queries about sport, &c. ; and never volunteering an observation. His comrades would scarcely have noticed this—for the major was subject to fits of silence sometimes—had it not been evident that there was some positive cause for his discontent. The Princess's Own kept up the good old-fashioned custom of taking wine, at least with the strangers present : this Turnbull omitted to do now, for the first time within the memory of the scandalised mess-butler. Perhaps, indeed, the only soldier present who was not struck by Turnbull's strange demeanour was Daddy Goring ; who was too immersed in his presidential duties to give any single individual more than a moment's attention : none of the three strangers chanced to be conversant with the particular point of mess etiquette.

So everything went on smoothly enough—if not very festively—till they adjourned into the ante-room ; with the exception of the major, who disappeared as soon as the move was made.

Whilst they were drinking their coffee, Goring and his guest began to talk about *ecarte*. The subject seemed to come up quite accidentally ; *apropos* of a certain doubtful point in the rules, which had lately been discussed in most of the sporting papers. Daventry took occasion to observe, that the question ought never to have been settled in England ; for the simple reason that no Englishman was really a master of the game : he himself, he said, had learnt all he knew from a French celebrity ; and that was enough to give him an advantage over any ordinary Britisher.

Now, ever since the Daddy spent three weeks at Ostend, he had rather fancied himself at *ecarte* : indeed he did play very tolerably in dashing hap-hazard sort of way ; in camp and elsewhere, when they were brigaded with other regiments, he was always put forward as the champion of his corps ; and had reaped no small profit and renown from some of these mild tournaments for nearly nominal stakes : as was aforesaid, the Princess's Own didn't gamble. It was next to impossible to make him angry ; but he was rather piqued, now, at the cool way in which Daventry ignored native talent. So he took up the glove readily enough, when the latter cast it down ; proposing to play the best of eleven games "for something moderate ; just enough to give one an interest in it ; say—a tenner

a game, and a pony on the rubber." These points were far beyond Goring's usual mark ; but he could not bring himself to object, when the other fixed them in this matter-of-course fashion : so the table was set out ; and the battle began.

The wily Lawyer knew right well that, when the sympathies of the 'gallery' set strongly on one side, the original stake at issue, is the merest trifle compared to the bye and outside bets that may be got on. He foresaw exactly what would happen now. The Daddy was such a favourite in the corps, that very few, if any, of his comrades would have had the heart to wager against him, even if they had thought he was safe to lose. On the present occasion there were no such misgivings : the stranger's manner had rather prejudiced the company against him : they thought "he swaggered too much to be safe." So, before a card was dealt the regimental money went on in earnest—Leo Armytage heading the plungers, with bets that doubled the stakes at once ; and the civilians followed, more modestly, their entertainer's lead. So Daventry found himself in the very position that he desired ; facing all the others, with no one overlooking his hand.

The confidence of Goring's backers seemed to be justified : he won the first game in a walk ; his adversary only scoring one point. They were too well-bred a lot, to exult aloud over a stranger ; but a low murmur of satisfaction ran through the gallery ; and there was interchange of meaning smiles, whilst six to five on the rubber was proffered freely. Daventry booked every bet as it was offered—they were not playing 'money down'—with a muttered word of assent, or a careless nod : he was shuffling the cards in preparation for the next deal, when a quiet voice said,—

"I think we have had almost enough of this."

The Lawyer looked up with a savage scowl ; and met the stern grey eyes of old Alec Turnbull, who stood in the midst of the group gathered round Goring's chair, with a face that might have been carved in granite.

"I've seen a good many pleasant rubbers on our guest-nights," the major went on—"and every one was satisfied with our regimental points. But in twenty years' service I've never seen anything like this. See now, boys : if you want to gamble there are plenty of places to do it in, without turning your own ante-room into a 'hell.' No stranger has ever lost, or won, a heavy stake amongst us in my time ; and never shall, if I can prevent it. I beg that this may be stopped at once."

Goring paused for a minute in some perplexity. It wasn't that he was much wrapped up in the match, now ; indeed he felt rather

sorry that it had ever been begun; but he did not like that a stranger should go away, and boast that he had cowed the Princess's Own with high wagering.

"It's only for once in a way, major," he said, apologetically.

"Once too often," was the reply. "Look here, Daddy. I might speak as the senior officer present; perhaps I ought: but I don't. I speak only as the friend, who was an old captain when you joined. As a personal favour to me—stop this at once."

His hand fell on the other's shoulder as he spoke:—a hard heavy hand enough; but its touch was light and persuasive as a woman's now. Goring rose up with his honest face all aglow.

"Don't say another word, major. It's all over, if you take it in that way. I'd oblige you on a bigger thing than this, as you know right well. I'm very sorry, Mr. Daventry: it was entirely my fault, for going against regimental rules. The other fellows only followed my lead. I'm glad I won the first game: though it goes for nothing, of course. It makes it easier to draw stakes, when I've a little the best of it."

A little the best of it! The poor Daddy spoke in perfect simplicity and good faith. He had no idea of the talents of the man who sat over against him. I believe, that adroit conjuror, could have made the King appear, not alone in any given part of the pack, but in the frame over the mantel that held the hunting-card, or between the quarters of a fresh muffin had he been so minded. It was no wonder that the Lawyer's face should lower so savagely, when he saw the assured booty slip from his grasp. It was as much as he could do to control his temper, even partially.

"A match is a match," he growled out at last. "Of course you must do as your commanding-officer bids you, here. But I'll play it out whenever you like, elsewhere. At Mote, for instance."

With all his invincible good-humour, Goring had plenty of spirit and firmness: he was as little likely to be bullied into acting against his principles, as the most cross-grained martinet in the service. He did not like his visitor's tone at all; and his own manner showed this plainly enough, as he made a cold and curt reply, to the effect "that he should make no appointments at Mote without consulting Mr. Maskelyne; and that he considered the match postponed indefinitely; or rather—definitely at an end."

Daventry gnawed his lips in bitter anger: but he was cunning enough to see that he could not possibly make a decent quarrel out of the matter as it stood. So muttering—

"Have it your own way: it's all one to me—;" with a hoarse taunting laugh, he wheeled the chair round again to the fire; and reverted to strong drink and tobacco.

Of course, a great awkwardness and constraint hung over the whole party. Turnbull made an effort to carry on a conversation with the other strangers—he had scarcely glanced at the Lawyer since their eyes first met—and in this he was seconded by one or two of the captains; but the boys broke off into small groups, and spoke low amongst themselves; being evidently in much bewilderment. It was a great relief to everyone, when Daventry—after resisting a mild attempt or two on the part of Goring to draw him into turf-talk—rose, and nodding a sulky adieu to all around, prepared to depart. It was a clear moonlight night; and he had already announced his intention of walking to his inn.

"I'll go with you as far as the gate—" Goring said.

His conscience, exceedingly tender on the point of hospitality, was smiting him at that moment. He was sorry he had asked the man at all; but felt that the latter had been rather cavalierly treated.

As the other two went out, Turnbull threw on his cap, and followed; merely remarking to the man who sat next to him, "that he would be back directly; and they might have a quiet rubber after all."

"There's something devilish odd up, to-night—" Leo Armytage murmured to his bosom friend. "I don't half like the looks of the Daddy's guest. I shouldn't wonder if the major has gone to have it out with him. What fun! I should so like to see old Alec give him pepper."

Turnbull caught up the others before they had crossed the barrack-square; but he walked on, silently, by their side; never opening his lips till they had passed the guard-room, and the gate had been opened. When they were fairly in the road without, he addressed Goring—not in the familiar tone that he had used a while ago; but in a measured formal voice, as if he had been giving an order on parade.

"You are not, of course, aware whom you have been entertaining to-night? I hope this will teach you to be more cautious in the selection of your guests. I never heard the Princess's Own accused of undue fastidiousness: but you must draw the line somewhere—for the regimental honour's sake, if not for your own. I knew that person the instant I came into the mess-room. But he had eaten of our bread and salt, and my mouth was closed whilst he was within the barrack-gates. Do you consider a ring-man of indifferent repute, who has been more than suspected of card-

sharpening, a fit associate for your brother officers? I know you better than to suppose, that our opinions could differ here."

The Daddy was more thoroughly taken aback than he had ever been in his easy-going life. Before he could answer, Daventry broke in—his face black and convulsed with passion.

"By G—d, I'll have the law of you for this! Do you dare to insinuate——"

The change in the major's manner was absolutely startling, as he turned rudely on the speaker.

"I insinuate nothing. I state my belief, plainly, that you are no better than a common card-sharper and swindler. Don't snarl and show your teeth, at me, you hound, if you want to get to kennel with whole bones. I tell you, that I was at Chester, sleeping in the same inn, the year when you and your gang won three thousand of young Halkit, at the very game you were playing to-night. I heard all about your sham colonel (he was a broken army-surgeon); and the looking-glass; and the rest of it. You might have won the boy's money without hoccussing his drink, and half-murdering him. And you want to practise your infernal sleight-of-hand tricks, in the ante-room of the Princess's Own? Not—while I am to the fore. I went to my quarters to refresh my memory, from a diary, about that Chester business: but I got back in good time, you see."

"You shall prove your words;" Daventry said huskily.

"Prove them?" Turnbull retorted in huge disdain. "I can't prove them, any more than Halkit could prove that he was robbed and poisoned. He don't scruple to express his opinion though, about you and your confederates: neither do I. Proof? Look at his face, Daddy; and tell me if the proof isn't there—plain enough for any judge or jury?"

In truth, the Lawyer's features, unnaturally livid in the clear cold moonlight, told a tale easy to comprehend: conviction would not have been more complete if the working lips had confessed the villany. It was a face terrible to look upon, with its bitter malignity, and shrinking cowardice, and faint remnant of almost forgotten shame.

Goring did look as he was bidden; but he looked not long. That good fellow could not abide the sight of punishment or misery—however well deserved—any more than he could watch the handling of a surgeon's knife.

"Yes; I see you're right, major;" he muttered: "Right all through. I'm awfully sorry; it's all my fault. But for God's sake come away. I can't stand this."

Turnbull linked his arm in the speaker's,

and followed him, not unwillingly, through the gates which still stood open. The dialogue had not been loud enough greatly to edify the stolid sentry, pacing backwards and forwards on his beat close by. And Daventry stood staring vacantly, long after the gate had closed behind them—for the first time in his life too stunned to blaspheme.

Now this episode does not seem materially to bear upon the main story. Yet it does so, more than would appear. For Daventry returned to Mote, on the following morning, in a frame of mind so thoroughly fiendish, that the working of mortal harm to *some one*, became a matter of simple necessity. Thenceforward he was less guarded in his demeanour towards Mrs. Maskelyne; even in her husband's presence he was not careful to abstain from a familiarity scarcely warranted by kinship; and daily engrossed more of her society. It is true that there was some pretext for this; for they were generally together in her father's apartments; but the unhappy old drunkard, even if he chanced to be present, was no more of a check on the freedom of converse than an ugly piece of waxwork might have been.

With Brian too, the Lawyer seemed inclined, of late, to stand on scant ceremony: he was sometimes almost aggressive, in his coarse sarcasms, and insolent assumption of intellectual superiority. It is not to be presumed that he acted thus deliberately or of a forethought. But a savage vindictive devil was raging within the man, and would have vent whether he would or no, when not restrained by personal fear. It is the same with all the Carnivora, whether they go on two feet or four. I suppose, if the King-brute could once be thoroughly tamed, he would be safe enough, so long as you treated him fairly; but the whip must be shaken, everlastingly, at the wolves and jackals.

The change in Daventry's manner towards her husband was so marked that Bessie took occasion to remonstrate thereon. The two were sitting late one afternoon, in the deep, bay-window of Mr. Standen's presence-chamber; who was sleeping off his morning drink over the fire, in a stertorous doze. The Lawyer did not attempt to deny the imputation.

"I can't help it, Bess—" he said in his harshest tones. "I do hate him so. Even when he's at the pains to be civil—that isn't often—he's a way of looking out of his great melancholy eyes that makes my nerves tingle. I feel sometimes as if I'd give anything to leave my mark on that smooth white forehead of his. I believe I shall, before long."

And, as he spoke, his glance went down—

ward to his own left hand where sparkled the sharp bright diamond.

Now with all her subjection to Daventry—a subjection dating from childhood—Mrs. Maskelyne was not a whit afraid of him: he could coax her to do anything on earth: but even by him she was not to be cowed. She knew that something had gone wrong, though she guessed not at the truth (for of the scene in Torraster Barracks not a whisper had reached Mote, or was likely so to do); and she felt no more alarmed than if her cousin had shown signs of slight biliousness. It was a mere question, of having the proper remedies ready. So she shrugged her shoulders rather contemptuously, as she answered him.

"I do think your temper's getting worse every day, Kit. It's the old story, I suppose. You've been losing money, and want supplies. Well—it's just as easy to ask pleasantly, as to make yourself disagreeable beforehand. You can have that at all events: there's no difficulty about it, now."

There was a careless confidence in her manner that took the Lawyer rather by surprise, though he was careful not to betray this.

"You're wrong"—he said, still sullenly. "I'm not particularly hard up, just now. But it's strange, to hear you talk in that *millionaire* style. Do you mean that you hold the purse-strings, and have blank cheques given you, that you needn't account for?"

"I mean just this. When we married there were no settlements, of course. You know, some were executed last year, and on a grand style too. But you *don't* know that, since then, Brian has settled 1500*l.* a year on me—not pin-money, mind; but absolutely for my own use, with trustees and all the rest of it—for ever and ever. Poor boy! He never thinks of stint or counting, where I'm concerned. I told him, I couldn't spend a quarter of it; but he wouldn't listen. Now, perhaps you see why my own bank is good for a few hundreds, when they're wanted."

Daventry's face was sullen no longer; but, during the last few seconds it had grown very grave and thoughtful.

"And, you never told me of this?" he muttered.

"I didn't know it would have any particular interest for you"—she answered, with an indifference that was rather over-acted. "Besides, I fancied you'd have heard it from him."

A side motion of her head designated the sleeping figure by the fire.

"He tell one anything worth hearing?" the other retorted, with intense scorn. "Why, he'll forget his own name, before he's much older. Well, I never believed, till now, that husbands and their money were so soon parted.

So that 1500*l.* a year is yours, for life, Bess—*whatever happens?*"

"Mine—whatever happens."

Her voice never faltered as she spoke; yet her cheek flushed painfully. She knew well enough what those last words meant.

A blacker-hearted scoundrel than Christopher Daventry has seldom tainted this upper air; and Bessie Maskelyne was worse a thousand-fold than many who have died at stake or block. Shame or remorse could deter that pair, no more than the wave of crozier could avail, when—

L'autel, et el Christ, l'abbesse et sa crosee,
Tout evanouit dans un eclat de rire feroc.
Et ceci fut l'exploit de Blas el Matador.

Yet, at that moment, neither cared to meet the other's eyes.

So there ensued rather an embarrassing silence; during which Bessie moved away and began to set the fire in order; whilst the Lawyer gazed out into the deepening twilight, whistling a low monotonous tune. After a while he too rose; and—muttering something about "letters to write before post-time"—went his way, without more words. Nor was the subject of their last discourse alluded to by either of the cousins during the two days which brought Daventry's visit to an end. He departed not without a hint as to the probable necessity for his return at no very distant date. Those 'affairs' of Jem Standen's seemed a web marvellously hard to unravel—if, indeed, the process were not the reverse of Penelope's.

A great weight seemed lifted from the domestic atmosphere, when that evil presence had removed itself from Mote. It may be doubted, if even Mrs. Maskelyne did not feel a temporary relief. It is certain that her manner towards her husband was, for some time, unusually gracious and caressing. She could not be quite insensible to the forbearance he had displayed of late, entirely for her sake; a forbearance, too, very foreign to his real character, which—wilful by nature—had waxed more so from perpetual indulgence. So she was disposed to reward him, after the careless desultory fashion in which certain very wealthy persons display their liberality—sowing charity broad-cast out of a granary too vast for handfulls to be missed from the store.

Richer, surely, than the ruler of all earth's treasures is he, on whom a true woman—be she widow, wife, or maid—hath bestowed, from a free heart, the precious mite of love. How many men, I wonder, like Brian Maskelyne, having striven earnestly through life to attain that most excellent gift, die paupers, after all?

(To be continued.)



"Out in the Snow."

A WILLING mind, a northerly wind,
And a resolute frost the pool to bind;
For here's our wild Prince Runagate,
And Dreadnought Duke who never will wait—
Both of them sworn, we can see, to skate!

The rest of us come, and the rest of us go,
To make a plaything of the snow;
A cold cannon ball, and a monster tall,
Or anything else that may befall—
Yo—whoop—hallo! and the place we know!

Let us arrange our operations:—
The trunks of those trees might be fortifications;
But bold, unsheltered skirmishing
Is, most of us fancy, a better thing.

Hallo! you sharp-shooter up in the bough!
Come down, there, or else we'll show you how:
And all the queen's horses and all the queen's men
Won't put you up in that fork again!

Our snow-giant there, we ought to mention,
Is hollow inside; a new invention.
'Tis dinner-time now, and before we sup,
Of course we propose to build him up.

O Robin! O Robin! high up on the spray,
Singing in that monotonous way,
Why don't you enter into our plan,
And throw your snow-ball like a man?

But the innocent Robin maintains his note—
Look at his beak and his little throat!
And hark! from the village the glad church
bells!
How sweet they sound o'er the snowy dells.

Well, the years they pass, and the days they go;
And the west wind comes; and the waters flow;
The day it dies, and the tall church spire
Shows dark against the sunset fire:

But is there a church-bell in all the land
Would grudge a sprinkling of its chime
To the bold merry boy with a bold merry hand,
Who merrily flings, in the cold grey time,
And makes a plaything of the snow!

Come, Dreadnought Duke! come, Runagate!
Prince, how long are we to wait?
Come, one fling more—yo—whoop—hallo!
A beautiful plaything is the snow!

R.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER III. AT HOME.

TAKEN as a whole, Mr. Perkins' career had not been an astonishingly prosperous one. He had not done ill—but neither, on the other hand, had he done well.

Success is comparative, consequently men's views of it are different. Some are satisfied with a very small measure, others deem their object still unattained even when the bushel is full and running over.

Success to one is a living of five hundred a year, with a pretty church to preach in, pleasant society near at hand, no poor, and a good house; to another, it is a fair salary, a semi-detached villa, a strip of garden containing a piece of grass about the size of a table-cloth, a piano purchased by instalments in the front parlour, a suite of walnut-wood furniture covered with green rep, a dining-table, a set of spirit-decanter, and a cruet-frame, with various other articles too numerous to mention dispersed about the suburban mansion.

To a third, success is compassed when he has got his sons out in the world, and his daughters married or engaged. Up to that point there may have been a struggle, but for the future he sees his way plain, and binds the laurels of victory round his brow; while to a fourth nothing short of a title seems satisfactory, nothing under a patent of nobility worth striving for.

Success is what we make it for ourselves. The result of the social game, whether gain or loss, must depend, not on the opinions of others, but upon the magnitude of the stake that we have placed upon the board; and, therefore, when I say that Mr. Perkins' prosperity had been of the most moderate description, it must be borne in mind that I am gauging his condition by the ordinary conventional standard, rather than speaking of it as Mr. Perkins will be heard in due time to speak himself.

According to his own idea, he stood before the world a living example of the comfortable position any individual willing to work hard may achieve without the assistance of a large money capital to start with. Lawrence Barbour's notion was, however, widely different to this. Mr. Perkins became in due time a living example to him of how long a man

may walk through existence without making anything of his opportunities; and, allowing for the over-hopefulness of youth, for its impatience at delay, for its proneness to ignore the possibility either of failure or obstacle, Lawrence's view of the matter was sensible enough. There can be no doubt that, had not Mr. Perkins been so easily contented his success would have been greater; but then, he might not have felt so happy. So there are two sides to that question also.

He had worked hard,—like a horse in a mill, he was wont to declare, when he talked about himself, a calamity of not unfrequent occurrence. He had not been extravagant, he had not been ostentatious, he had not squandered his earnings; and yet, supposing Josiah Perkins had died, his estate would not have yielded five thousand pounds net. Is this success? Mr. Perkins thought so, and was a very well-contented man; who never had any qualms of conscience as to the honesty of the trade in which he had embarked; who never, or at least rarely, regretted having left the more legitimate branches of his profession in order to engage in others which were, to use a mild term, questionable.

As the world goes, Josiah Perkins was a just and an honest man, and yet his trade was a lie, his business a delusion, every article he sent out of his yard a sham. Never a better fellow breathed than the manufacturing chemist: he stood by his friends, he loved his wife and children, he never forsook the people he employed when sickness or death entered their doors; but still, as I have said, his mode of earning money was not strictly legitimate, for Mr. Perkins was less a manufacturing chemist than a manufacturing grocer.

Had he not, however, been in the first instance a chemist, he could not as the years went by have turned grocer.

Science, experience, practical knowledge, all these were brought to bear—not on perfecting valuable discoveries, but on producing all sorts of rubbish. Nutmegs that had never seen a foreign shore; coffee-berries that had never grown on a tree; arrowroot extracted from potatoes; rhubarb useles as a medicine; pepper-corns made out of molasses and pea-flour; these were a few of the articles manu-

factured in Distaff Yard, and distributed thence through the length and breadth of England.

Doubtless there is no such thing as adulteration now; our tea is all from China; there is no starch in our ground rice; our raisins are not besmeared with molasses; our vinegar is free from all suspicion of pyroligneous acid; no trace of barytes can be detected in calomel; the bark of the alder-tree is never decocted into quinine; glass flies are not sold for genuine cantharides. All the wine made in England is labelled "British," and would not dream of appearing at table in cut decanters, still less of being solemnly poured into coloured and frosted glasses by stately footmen. Everything men and women eat and drink now is, of course, pure, and there are no profits made illegitimately at this present time; but in the days when Mr. Perkins did business due east, matters were differently managed; some chemists did not profess to be particular, and their customers were less particular still.

If the grocers did well, the chemists did well too; if wages were good, and the poor flocked for little luxuries to the cheap shop in the main street—ay, and for that matter to the dear shops, too—Mr. Perkins' share of profits was satisfactory.

If, on the contrary, coffees, and spices, and farinaceous articles were not in demand, the half-year's balance in Distaff Yard was a thing to be wept over.

What would ye have, reader? The world is not all honest. There is knavery in the innocent country, as well as due east in London.

When in a facetious and confidential mood, Mr. Perkins was wont to declare, "There is roguery in all trades except ours;" and in the main, perhaps, Mr. Perkins was right. He was no more a rogue to the grocer than the thief is to the receiver. The latter knows the goods are stolen. The people who repaired for nutmegs made of bean-flour and grease, and coffee-berries made of bean-flour likewise, flavoured with coffee, knew precisely the nature of the articles they were buying. So far there was no deception, no roguery.

"I am as honest as any man in London," said the manufacturer. "I try to cheat nobody but the analytical chemists!" But then Mr. Perkins was continually trying to cheat those gentlemen; and it may safely be affirmed that he felt as proud of inventing any new process likely to delude them, as Watt did of his condensing steam-engine or Arkwright of his spinning-jenny.

Into all these mysteries Lawrence Barbour was in due time to be initiated. As the years went by, he tried his hand at adulteration

himself; but on that evening, when he walked from Mr. Perkins' office into Mr. Perkins' parlour, he had no more idea of the actual nature of the trade in which his relative was engaged, than you, reader, have of the best mode of extracting Prussian blue out of old boots and shoes.

By the light of the gas-lamp burning in the yard, he could see that he had travelled far to find a very humble home, in a very strange place; yet he was not daunted—he would not have turned back if he could.

He had chosen; and having chosen, Lawrence Barbour was not the person to let obstacles affright him, to permit small discomforts to influence his decision.

"My house is not quite so grand a one as Mallingsford End," remarked Mr. Perkins, as he led the way to his modest residence.

"It is a long time since we lived at Mallingsford End," answered Lawrence, "and I did not expect to find a palace in Distaff Yard."

This reply, not being exactly the kind of observation Mr. Perkins expected, caused him to take rather a curious look backward towards his relative who followed him into the house, which was not much bigger than a good-sized packing-case.

"I hope you'll make yourself at home," said the chemist, hanging up his hat in the hall and motioning Lawrence to do the same; and as he spoke he threw open a door to the right of the passage, and introduced the new comer to his family.

Then for a moment Lawrence did receive a shock: such a small room, such a large family, such a paper, such furniture! He could scarcely help showing in his face some part of what was passing through his mind, and Mr. Perkins consequently volunteered the remark, that though the house wasn't a castle, still they were heartily glad to see him in it, and would do their best to make him comfortable.

"And when you've made your fortune and have got Mallingsford End back again, we will all go down and see you there, and talk about the night you first came to our little crib in Distaff Yard."

Lawrence Barbour laughed; the secret desire of his soul was to buy Mallingsford End; but he was not going to proclaim that fact among these strange people.

"I have a notion," he answered, "that though the losing of Mallingsford was an easy matter, it would prove a more difficult affair to gain the property once more. At any rate, that is not one of the tasks I have set myself," and he shook hands with Mrs. Perkins, and, the civility seeming to be expected of him, kissed a variety of children who were seated round the table, each with a cup of weak

tea beside it, and a wedge of thick bread-and-butter in its hand.

"Make yourself at home," Mr. Perkins repeated, and Lawrence accordingly essayed to perform this feat by "drawing up to the table," as Mrs. Perkins begged him to do, and accepting a cup of tea from her fair hands.

Let me try to sketch that interior as it appeared to the stranger's eyes.

A small room containing a large table, which left bare space for a dozen mahogany chairs, and a sofa covered with horsehair; there was an old-fashioned grate piled high with blazing coals; there were two windows, draped with faded crimson curtains; there were Mr. Perkins in his office-coat, brown in parts with coffee, white in others with bean-flour, Mrs. Perkins, in a dark stuff dress, and five children, arrayed according to their age and sex in garments curiously fashioned, and evidently home-made—evidently, by reason of the bagginess of the nether habiliments of the little boys, and of the generally patchy appearance of the dresses of the girls. No one, looking even for the first time at the delft tea-service, at the children, and at Mrs. Perkins, could doubt the fact of the mistress of that household being a "capital manager," who had in a cheap sempstress, who affected charwomen, who washed at home, who liked grubbing in the kitchen, who locked up even the mustard-pot, and who, having a general idea that success or ruin hung on the saving or using of an extra pound of sugar a week, tried to do her duty according to her light faithfully.

While she was engaged in pouring out his tea, Lawrence employed himself in wondering where on earth Mr. Perkins had picked her up, and when he had exhausted his astonishment on that subject, he directed his attention to the eldest child, a girl of ten, who, seated opposite to him, was staring with all her might at the new arrival.

Miss Ada Perkins was one of those young ladies who would seem to be in great demand in creation, since nature turns them off by thousands; she was fair, she was fat, she had a broad face, a small *nez retroussé*,—not piquant in the least, but simply flat at the bridge and turned up towards the tip,—a large mouth, good teeth, light hair, in curls, of course, with perfectly azure eyes, that possessed a power of opening wider than any eyes Lawrence thought he had ever seen before.

"Have you any more children?" asked the young man, thinking that some observation on Mr. Perkins' small grapes would seem only polite under the circumstances.

"Do you not think there are enough?" demanded Mr. Perkins, who was seated afar

off on the sofa, stirring his tea at arm's length from him; at which remark Mrs. Perkins laughed, and Miss Ada giggled.

"There would be quite enough for me," answered Lawrence; "but I did not know whether you——"

"Thank you," interrupted Mr. Perkins; "it is no such easy work to feed, clothe, and educate five children that I should desire any more."

"You do not know anything about such matters, Mr. Barbour," observed the lady; and once again Lawrence marvelled where his relative had picked her up, while Mr. Perkins answered for him—

"Time enough—he has his life all to come yet—and his fortune to make, and his wife to find."

Whereupon Lawrence mentally registered a vow that he would never find one like Mrs. Perkins.

At this juncture it suddenly occurred to the chemist to ask the young man whether he had dined, and upon Lawrence answering in the negative, Mr. Perkins became clamorous for cold meat.

"I'll get you a chop in a minute," said the mistress of the house—an offer which Lawrence won her eternal gratitude by declining.

"We have supper at nine," she went on; "but I am sure you must be hungry after your long journey. Let me get you a chop. Ada, run and tell Jane to——"

"Let me wait till supper, if you please, Mrs. Perkins," interposed Lawrence. "I would rather wait, indeed, if you allow me. I have been feeding on London to-day, I think," he went on; "at any rate, I know I have walked about till all appetite has gone," and forthwith he plunged into the conversational abyss, and told them how he had come from the station, and asked about the places he had passed, and regretted the loss of his watch, which loss roused Mrs. Perkins' keenest sympathies.

"Was it gold?—dear, dear!—and oh, law! you don't say so—are you listening, Josiah?—enamelled and set with stones—I wonder you can talk quietly about it—it would have driven me mad to lose such a watch—look how the chain is cut," and Mrs. Perkins poised the chain Lawrence took out of his waistcoat pocket in her hand, guessing at its weight and value. "Well, I never! it was a dear walk—what a pity you did not take a cab," and the chain was exhibited to the children, who, open-mouthed, contended for a sight of the gold, while Mr. Perkins, still seated on the sofa, looked at Lawrence, and tried to comprehend him.

There are such things as instinctive an-

tipathies, and Mr. Perkins felt in his heart that he did not, as he mentally phrased it, "cotton" to the new arrival.

Why he did not care for the young man he could not have told; but the antipathy was none the less strong because he was unable to trace its origin.

Mrs. Perkins, on the contrary, took a fancy to Lawrence, partly because he did not put the "house out" by taking that chop, partly because he had lost his watch, partly because he had had a watch to lose, and greatly because when she rose to leave the room he got up and opened the door for her to pass out.

"A most genteel, well-bred young man," she stated to Jane, in one of those moments of confidence that occur in the day of even managing mistresses, "and thoroughly at home already."

Which was true. Lawrence Barbour, seated on one side of the fireplace conversing with his relative, who now occupied a chair on the other, did feel thoroughly at home. Feeling at home is not always synonymous with feeling happy, so that is a part of the subject into which we need not enter at present. He talked, and Mr. Perkins talked, and the children disported themselves after a very quiet fashion (they were allowed to sit up for supper in honour of the stranger's arrival), and any person might have imagined that Lawrence had been an inmate of the house for the last dozen years.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Perkins was "on household cares intent" (when, indeed, was Mrs. Perkins not intent on them?), and the chemist had ample opportunity afforded him for studying his companion's character at his leisure.

"You are not in the least like the lad I expected to see," he said at last. "You are older, steadier, more manly, for your years, than I thought to find you. Do you resemble your father?" he asked, abruptly.

"No," answered Lawrence, who had a terrible knack of reading people's thoughts, and of replying to them, rather than to any form of spoken words. "I am like my great grandmother. The Barbours were all hand-some."

Upon receiving which piece of information Mr. Perkins broke out into a hearty fit of laughter.

"I suppose your father did not feel uneasy about sending you off to London by yourself," he remarked; "at any rate, if he did, he need not have done." And Mr. Perkins laughed again.

"Thank you for the compliment, if it be one," said Lawrence, gravely; and as the door opened he inwardly thanked heaven also,

at the prospect of getting something substantial to eat, for he was famished.

"Long-wished-for come at last; isn't it, Mr. Barbour?" said Mrs. Perkins, pointing to a chair beside her, which Lawrence, nothing loth, took possession of. "Now I do hope you'll make yourself at home, and—oh, my goodness, Josiah! there is the bell, and it is Mr. Sondes, I'm positive. Now you'll see Mr. Perkins' partner," she added, in a confidential aside to Lawrence; and as she spoke, Mrs. Perkins drew up a little and settled herself in her chair, after the manner of a person who felt for the new comer no love, but much fear.

CHAPTER IV. MR. PERKINS' PARTNER.

ALMOST before Mrs. Perkins had finished telling Ada to put down her shoulders, and Alfred to take his fingers out of his mouth, and Jessica to leave off rolling the tumblers "directly," the door opened, and gave admittance to a tall man, who came in leading a little girl by the hand.

The assembled company Mr. Sondes honoured by a slight bow; Lawrence, being a stranger, he favoured with a surprised scrutiny. "That's the young man, is it?" he said, turning to Mr. Perkins; and receiving an answer in the affirmative, he told the new comer that he hoped he would like London and business; after which speech he sat down on the chair nearest the door, and began to talk to Mr. Perkins on the matter which had procured the pleasure of his company for Distaff Yard.

"Won't you have a bite of supper, Mr. Sondes?" nervously inquired the lady of the house—"a bit of mutton, or a mouthful of cheese, or——"

With a gesture almost of horror, the great man declined the proffered civility. "You know I never eat supper, ma'am," he said; "nor Olivine neither, thank you all the same." And the little girl, at the words, looked shyly towards Mrs. Perkins, and in a low, sweet, timid voice added, "No thank you," but made no movement to come forward and shake hands, or be kissed, or anything. Silently she stood by Mr. Sondes' side, till Ada, equal to that, or any occasion, slid off her chair, and going straight up to the little creature, began to embrace her.

That was a performance Lawrence Barbour never forgot: he laid down his knife and fork to contemplate it.

For her years, Ada Perkins had the thickest legs of any child with whom he had ever been thrown into contact, further she had the clumsiest figure and the largest waist.

The fresh arrival, on the contrary, was slight and fragile, and when Ada put her

fat red arms about her neck, and went through a ceremony of kissing and stroking the new child, who submitted herself to the infliction with the air of a martyr, Lawrence could have laughed aloud.

"Come with me, do," Ada whispered, trying to lead her victim off captive, and Mr. Sondes chancing to pause in a sentence at this crisis, heard the entreaty, and released Olivine's hand. "Come with me," repeated Miss Perkins, and she led the little girl up towards Lawrence, and saying, "Speak to him, Olivine, that's our cousin who has come to live with us," covered not merely Miss Sondes, but also Lawrence, with unspeakable confusion.

"She's such a dear, she's such a dear," and Ada executed a miniature war dance round her, and kissed Olivine again—who unceremoniously wiped the kiss away next minute—and put her arms round her neck, and looked uglier all the time than Lawrence had ever thought it was possible for a child to look.

"Will you shake hands with me?" he asked, and Olivine put out a little hand, and placed it shyly in his.

"How are the cats, Olivine?" inquired Mrs. Perkins, with an effort at seeming at ease, which signally failed.

"They are very well, thank you," and the child lifted a pair of lovely eyes—oh, lovely!—to her questioner's face.

"She has got two cats and a kitten," explained Ada, and Lawrence sincerely pitied Mr. Perkins for owning a daughter with such a face and voice.

"And I have a dog, and a parrot, and four rabbits, and a pair of doves," added the child, taking courage, and addressing herself to Lawrence.

"And the doves say cock-aroo, cock-aroo, all the day long, and the parrot calls himself prutty Poll, prutty Poll, that way," mocked Miss Ada, opening her mouth wide, and settling her head down in her short neck, "and the rabbits go so" (making a feint of leaping), "and the dog comes down stairs bow-wow, wow-wow," proceeded the young lady.

"My dear." It was Mr. Perkins who spoke, and Mrs. Perkins immediately desired her daughter to hush, while Mr. Sondes rising suggested that he and his partner should repair to the office.

"We are only keeping Mrs. Perkins from her supper," he said, with what Mrs. Perkins called that spiteful sneer of his; "and he knows as well Josiah never gets a comfortable meal in the day but this, as you do, I was going to say, only that you don't know it. But, however, he does know it, and two nights out of the three in he walks, and takes him away

from his hot chop, or steak, or roast, as the case may be. I should like to give him a piece of my mind, I should," and Mrs. Perkins, who would sooner have marched off to Buckingham Palace, and given the Queen a piece of that undesirable commodity, proceeded to "cover down" her husband's supper in an access of virtuous indignation.

"Because he's the monied man he thinks we are all dirt," Mrs. Perkins was proceeding, when she caught Lawrence's glance, which fled swiftly from her to the little girl.

"Bless you, we never mind what we say before her," exclaimed Mrs. Perkins; "do we Olivine?"

"No," answered the child, plaintively; but she raised her eyes to Lawrence's with a look which had she been older he would have translated into—

"I wish they did."

"You see, he never pumps and she never leaks," explained the lady, with elegant terseness; "that is one thing I'll say for Mr. Sondes; if he is scornful he is not mean; he does not go behind your back asking questions and encouraging spies, though often as not I think he is so careless because he fancies we are not worth being curious about. Well, the Lord is the judge of us all, both great and small," finished Mrs. Perkins, a little irrelevantly, as it seemed to Lawrence, who was beginning to think that his relations made him feel very much at home indeed.

"Will you tell me your name?" he said, turning to the child, who answered with that sweet gravity which seemed so charming—

"Olivine Sondes."

"Olivine—how singular, how pretty! It is almost as pretty as you are."

"Well, I'm sure; what would your uncle say to that if he was here!" exclaimed Mrs. Perkins, while Ada performed another *pas seul*, and laughed and giggled till Lawrence could have choked her.

"I shall be the death of that brat, to a certainty," he thought to himself; but his further reflections were cut short by the entrance of Mr. Sondes, who, saying, "Now, Olivine—good night, Mrs. Perkins," took the little girl into custody once again, and was departing without further leave-taking when, remembering Lawrence, he requested the young man to "step this way for a moment."

Greatly wondering, Lawrence walked into the hall, where, under the gas-light, Mr. Sondes surveyed him at his leisure.

He looked him all over, up and down, from his head to his boots, from his boots up to the hair of his head again.

Then—"You'll do," said Mr. Perkins' senior partner, the proprietor of many shares,

of numerous houses, and of that sugar refinery in Goodman's Fields, already mentioned—"you'll do," and he held out two fingers, which civility Lawrence, as in duty bound, thankfully accepted.

"Let me see you at Stepney," proceeded the autocrat, and Lawrence bowed acquiescence.

To have heard Mr. Sondes' tone, anyone might have supposed that Stepney was Carlton Terrace, and the senior partner a peer of the realm; indeed, in his ignorance of London, the new comer fancied Stepney must be some very fashionable locality, and Mr. Sondes a millionaire at the least.

"Don't forget, Perkins. I wish him to come over," the head of the firm repeated; and Mr. Perkins looked both surprised and nettled as he answered, "I will not forget; he shall go to you." Having received which assurance, Mr. Sondes departed, satisfied.

"That was more than he ever said to me," remarked Mr. Perkins, as he and Lawrence walked slowly back, after seeing Mr. Sondes safely out of Distaff Yard.

"Now I wonder—I really do"—and at this point the manufacturing chemist paused, having found at last a product which it puzzled him to analyse—"whatever he can want with you."

"It is natural that a master should wish to see his servant, is it not?" asked Lawrence; and this matter-of-fact solution of the enigma so astonished Mr. Perkins that he did not recover from his surprise during the whole of the evening.

"So, he's gone at last!" exclaimed Mrs. Perkins, when they re-entered the parlour. "Anybody, to see the airs he gives himself, would think we were all his servants."

"This young man says Mr. Sondes is his master," observed the chemist, indicating Lawrence.

"And so he is, and so, for that matter, are you. I have come here to do what I am told, to learn what you can teach me. We may as well call things by their right names; and if I am not your servant, and if you and Mr. Sondes are not my masters, I do not understand English, that is all."

"There are not many Londoners who would care to speak such very plain English, then," answered Mr. Perkins; "and from all I have heard about the family, I certainly never expected to listen to it out of the mouth of one of the Barbours of Mallingsford. You must be very different from the rest of your people, I take it."

"If more of my people had been like me, perhaps the Barbours might never have lost Mallingsford," retorted Lawrence; on receiving which reply Mr. Perkins opined that some

day he should understand his kinsman better, and his kinsman understand him.

"I want to do the best I can for you," he said.

"And I will do the best I can for you," Lawrence answered, and involuntarily almost his heart went out towards this plain, business man, for whom he had conceived a great respect and liking.

"Then don't let there be anything more about servant and master between you and me," said Mr. Perkins, grasping his kinsman's proffered hand. "We will work together if we can, and I'll teach you all I know; and I hope you will succeed no worse than I have done."

After the children were dispatched to their innocent slumbers—after even Miss Ada had (with much difficulty) been induced to relieve society of her presence—after the supper things had been removed by Jane—after Mrs. Perkins had retired for the night—the chemist and Lawrence sat talking together for hours, about Mallingsford, about Distaff Yard, about London and business, and the money which can be made in business.

As a matter of course, Mr. Sondes' name would obtrude itself occasionally, and at last Lawrence asked some question about the senior partner, which led on to the further inquiry as to what sort of woman his wife was supposed to be.

"He never had a wife," answered Mr. Perkins; at which piece of intelligence his companion looked aghast and murmured—

"That little girl."

"Olivine. She's not his child at all; she is his niece; and a queer, old-fashioned little witch is that same Miss Olivine. They are both alone in the world, and they live alone together in a great house over at Stepney, where there is a staircase so wide you could drive a coach and four down it, and a hall so large you could turn the horses round. Ay, now, that is a singular establishment if you like; and there is a sad story hanging to it also. Mr. Sondes had a brother, a clergyman, and wherever they met her I don't know, but they both did meet Olivine's mother in some place, and both fell in love with her at the same time; but she fell in love with the parson. She had a fortune, and people said while she was fond of him he was fond of her money. Anyhow, they married, and a wretched life he led her, if all accounts be true. He drank, and he beat her; and though they had lots of children they all died when they were babies, all excepting this Olivine, who was born in the big house where she is now. I remember the night she came into the world better than I can remember last

night. Mr. Sondes sent for me in a great hurry, and bade me bring one of those great west-end doctors back as fast as ever I could.

"I don't care what the fee is," he said, "only, tell him the lady is dying."

"Lady," I repeated, "what lady?"

"It's Olivine—it's my brother's wife—she was forced to leave him, he treated her so shamefully; and she has come to me; and the fool I have got in from the neighbourhood says she can't get over it,—and, if you believe me, he began sobbing like a girl.

"Well I went, and I brought back the great man; and before the next morning this child was born, but the mother was dead. I should not care to witness another scene like that," Mr. Perkins proceeded, after a pause.

"Had she been his own wife fifty times over he could not have gone on worse, and then all at once he settled down into the man you see him now. The child has never been away from him since her birth. He won't send her to school—he won't let her have any companions—he won't get her a governess—he teaches her everything himself, and takes her out with him wherever he can."

"But her father," suggested Lawrence.

"Oh! he died abroad; there is no one to meddle between Mr. Sondes and his niece now, and I confess I should like to see the person who would try to meddle," added Mr. Perkins. "It is a strange mystery to me," went on the chemist, "how it happens that so often men can't marry the women they want, and women marry men who make them wretched,"—and he looked straight into the fire, which was now burning low in the grate as he spoke, while Lawrence fell to marvelling whether the office coat and the business manner of his companion covered any romance, whether Mrs. Perkins had been "first love," or love at all, whether—but here the chemist struck in—

"Some men when they cannot get what they want, take what they can get. Mr. Sondes has not done that, and I think it would be a wonderful woman who could induce him to marry now;" having finished which statement, Mr. Perkins rose, and, saying it was time they were thinking of getting to bed, led the way to a small room at the back of the house, where he once again expressed a hope that Lawrence would make himself at home. "I sent after your luggage, and there it is all right," he added, pointing to his kinsman's belongings; "if you want anything, don't be backward about asking for it, and sleep on in the morning till I give you a call. No need for you to turn out at six till you get used to the ways of the place." And Mr. Perkins departed; but he returned again

in a minute, and, putting his head round the door, said, "By-the-by, does not Mr. Alwyn, of Alwyn and Allison, own Mallingford End now?"

"Yes," replied Lawrence, "and a con-founded snob he is, too."

"He does business with Mr. Sondes."

"He may do business with Lucifer, if he likes, for all I care," retorted the young man, in a tone which told how much he did care about the matter.

"Ay, that shows what friends and capital joined can do for a man," said Mr. Perkins.

"He is as rich as a Jew."

"And as insolent as a Christian," finished Lawrence. "Look here, Mr. Perkins," he went on, "I hate Mr. Alwyn, and I hate his daughter, and I hate every man, woman, and child I ever saw enter his gates; not," he added, "that I have spoken to the fellow twice in my life."

"That is a pity," answered the chemist, regarding the question from a purely commercial point of view, "for he could make a man of you."

"I hope to be one without his assistance," said Lawrence shortly; and when Mr. Perkins left him, he sat down on his box, and looked over the prospects of his new life.

Many a time, subsequently, he recalled that first night in London, and the projects that had filled his brain. Many a time afterwards he could see a lad full of youth, and health, and hope, sketching out the story of his existence.

He had thrown off his coat and waistcoat, and in his shirt sleeves fought the fight of years mentally. He learned, he worked, he battled, he conquered, sitting there all alone in his little chamber! He recalled the events of the day—could it be only one day? He thought about his new home, and his new relations; about Distaff Yard, and Mr. Sondes; about his walk through London; about his father and brother; about Olivine, and Olivine's mother; about that large house in Stepney; and then he went to bed, and lay thinking through the darkness, till at length, worn out and exhausted, he fell fast asleep.

(To be continued.)

ALSACIAN SKETCHES.—No. I.

HERE in South Germany, whatever may be the case elsewhere, the summer of 1865 will be one long remembered, both pleasantly and unpleasantly. It began on the first of April, winter having lasted to the end of March, and at the present date, in the middle of October, the sun has not declined in vigour in any very sensible degree at midday. It is a truly

Bacchanalian summer, for it has not only given wine unprecedented in quality, but it has curtailed the supply of water. The poor cattle, who are total abstainers, are in a sad plight, and from want of herbage are fain to browse on the fast-fading leaves in the woods. There has been no rain worthy of the name for two months, and old Father Rhine appears to have shrunk into "the lean and slippered pantaloons." It is some comfort to know that the glaciers in Switzerland, though by the accounts of tourists much diminished, contain a supply of water for some time to come, for the matter really looks serious if, as appears to be the case, the equinoctial gales have come and gone having only brought a supply of rain-clouds as far as the Atlantic shores of Europe.

As for our trickling Dreisam, he is grown so attenuated that the grass is growing knee-deep in his bed; and to the horror of the faithful, the famous fountain of St. Ottilie in the Black Forest, never known before in the memory of man to fail, has ceased even to drop, and the sore eyes for which it is supposed to possess a miraculous efficacy must remain unhealed. The priests, no doubt, teach that it is a judgment for the threatened abandonment of the Holy Father by the eldest son of the church, or for the action of the Baden government against the Ultramontane party. They do not see that if rain should revisit the earth without the defeat of their antagonists, their position will be considerably weakened. Tourists are the only creatures to whom a drought brings unmingled good; for even the wine-growers, though delighted at the quality, grumble at a deficiency in the quantity of their produce. It is not yet too late for a visit to the skirts of the Vosges mountains, which extend their picturesque outlines, culminating in the Ballon d'Alsace, 4417 feet high on the French side of the Rhine valley, and our way lies past Alt-Breisach; a place whose beautiful site always makes one glad of an opportunity to revisit it.

On the road which the post-omnibus takes, skirting the Kaiserstuhl hill from Freiburg, the church of Alt-Breisach on its eminence stands out in russet-grey, and the hills beyond Colmar, at the entrance to the vale of Münster, famous for its cheese, glow in the red haze of sunset; the three towers of the castle of Egnisheim shimmering conspicuously on one of the nearest heights.

As the sun falls, the moon rises, now nearly full, and lights the swinging-bridge over the Rhine, and the way past Fort Mortier to Neu-Breisach distant about two miles. On the wayside there is a monument erected to a French general who fell in an action near the bank of the river in 1813. Neu-Breisach is

an uninteresting fortress, with streets crossing each other at right-angles; a large place d'armes, and surrounded with fortifications on Vauban's plan.

From Neu-Breisach to Colmar the distance is sixteen kilometres, a dull walk or drive along a road almost straight, and passing through a wood for about four miles. Colmar at once announces its high antiquity. It is entered by a long street and the eye is at once struck by the number of inscriptions in Hebrew. The Jews appear to have settled in great numbers in old times in this part of the valley of the Rhine; and at Ihringen by the Kaiserstuhl on the other bank they form a large part of the population, and have built a fine new synagogue. About the middle of the town there is a handsome arcade and an ancient Rathhaus; and leaving this on the left, up a side street a remarkable old house with a tower, now in the occupation of a grocer in its lower storey. It is easily distinguished by the green and red tiles which form the roof of its turret. A few steps further the cathedral is reached, a large bodied church, with a tower of later date and incongruous shape.

Colmar dates from the eighth century A. D. It was one of the numerous royal farms or demesnes belonging to the Frank emperors, and is known in ancient records by the name Villa Columbaria, or Columbria, and appears to have been occasionally inhabited by Charlemagne. Tradition says that his son "le Debonnaire" died here, having been forced into a cloister at Soissons by his unnatural sons, who did not scruple to bear arms against their father in the year 833, defeating him in the plain by Colmar. Pope Gregory IV., who assisted their cause by treacherous negotiations, caused this plain to receive the sinister name of "La plaine des mensonges." Colmar was fortified at the beginning of the 13th century, and soon became a town of importance: in 1248 it sustained a war with the Bishop of Strasbourg, aided by the inhabitants of Rauffach. In 1261 the men of Colmar, commanded by their provost Jean Rosselmann, united with Strasbourg to attack Bishop Walter of Geroldseck, who headed a body of feudal nobles. Rosselmann was eventually sacrificed to appease the hostility of the nobles and exiled; but he fled to the camp of Rudolf of Habsburg, and returned in arms like a second Coriolanus, and forced his fellow-citizens to receive him again. In 1262 the episcopal soldiers having got into the town by surprise, Rosselmann lost his life in conducting the defence, which was nevertheless successful. In 1282 his son led the forces of the town in a war against the emperor, which terminated in

disaster. Colmar had to pay 4000 marks in gold, and its provost was condemned to perpetual imprisonment. After the death of Rudolf, Colmar was taken and obliged to make its submission. In the war between Ludwig of Bavaria and Frederick of Austria, Colmar was twice besieged and taken by the Archduke's troops.

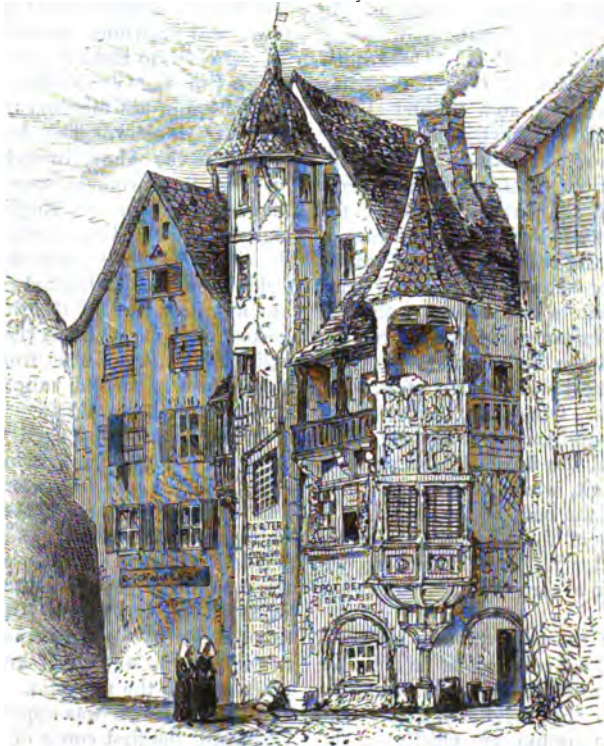
In the times of the Reformation Colmar mostly adhered to the new doctrines, and provoked the rage of the emperor, who sent the Archduke to close the temples of the Reformers. In 1632 it was invested by the Swedes commanded by Horn and the Rhinegrave Otto; while a garrison of 800 imperialists held it. The clamours of the inhabitants forced the garrison to a capitulation, in negotiating which, Vernier the commandant dated his letter from Columbiere or the dove-cote, as a sarcasm on the spirit of the citizens.

The Protestants opened their temples again, and the Catholic burgomaster was deposed, and reduced to beggary. When the Swedes after their defeat at Nordlingen evacuated Alsace, Colmar fell into the power of France, and its fortifications were dismantled in 1673. At the end of the century it was saved by Turenne from the imperialists, who had been twice within its walls, which had been again rebuilt, but were again destroyed after the peace of Ryswick 1680, by which Elsass became Alsace, and French, never again to be restored to Germany, though a most favourable opportunity occurred after the fall of Napoleon; but at that time the interests of legitimate dynasties were considered in the councils of Europe as of more weight than popular affinities. It

would have been more chivalrous if the late Schleswig-Holstein agitation in Germany had turned its attention rather to the alienated provinces of Elsass and Lothringen, and the valiant heroes of Düppel had sought an enemy more worthy of their steel in the zouaves and chasseurs. But they preferred safe laurels, won by the massacre of a few helpless Danes.

Colmar was in ancient times the second city of the Decapolis, or ten imperial cities, and it

now contains more than 20,000 inhabitants, a great proportion of whom are engaged in various manufactures, which, indeed, throughout the whole of Alsace seem to absorb the interest of the majority of the population; leaving the upland pastures neglected, and the hill-country a comparative desert, and presenting in this respect a strong contrast with the high cultivation and even level of agricultural prosperity to be



Old House in Colmar.

seen in the Black Forest. The change introduced at the peace of Ryswick, suggests that a few words touching the history of the province would not be misplaced.

Elsass, or Alsace, was inhabited in Cæsar's time by Celtic Tribes called Bauraci, Tribocci, and Nemetes. These were pushed into remote districts, or swallowed up by the wave of Alemannian invasion, at the time when the power of Rome began to decline. The Alemanni had to accept the domination of the still stronger Franks in A. D. 496. The name of Elsass occurs in the seventh century, united with the Frank empire as an Austrasian duchy. It was divided into the Nordgau, and the Sundgau, one under the ecclesiastical rule of the Bishop of Strasbourg, and the other under the Bishop of Basel.

The powerful family of Eticho gave dukes to the province in the seventh century, and when deposed by the policy of the Carolingians, they still occupied a great part of the country, as vassal counts. By the treaty of Verdun, Elsass formed a part of the Lotharingian empire, but by Lothair II. was given as a separate duchy to his natural son Hugo, after whom the Etichos or Athics, the supposed ancestors of Rudolf of Habsburg, bore sway. It seems afterwards to have been connected with the duchy of Alemannia, but the dukes appear to have had less power here than elsewhere. In 1460 the province became Burgundian, having been pledged to Charles the Bold by Duke Sigismund; though it shared in the emancipation effected by the Swiss through the defeat and death of that potentate at the battle of Nancy.

The Minster church at Colmar was built in the fourteenth century, partly by extraordinary gifts of the faithful, and partly by imposts: the best suit of clothes was levied on the decease of rich persons, and the best horse in the stable. The horse could be commuted at a fixed price of 100 florins; while a cuirass was estimated at four florins. The portals of this church are finely carved, and the lancet windows of the choir are in the finest style, and contain some good coloured glass. Otherwise, the interior is rather bare. The southern tower alone is partially completed, and was finished hastily with a sort of crown-work, which raises it not far above the level of the body of the church.

The architecture of the Dominican convent church, turned after its sack by the French Revolutionists into a corn-store, is somewhat more interesting.

The museum of the town fills the principal buildings of an old convent, whose fine cloister is devoted to the reception of the Roman antiquities found in the neighbourhood. The paintings in the museum are chiefly of the hard old German school. There are some *chefs-d'œuvres* of Martin Schön, or Schöngaur, who died 1488; and a great Altar-piece by Grünewald, life-like and horrible, representing the crucifixion. There are some small works of Dürer, and a few statues; amongst them one of Pfeffel, a poet of fables, who died 1807, and of the French General Rapp, also a native of Colmar. At the door there is a notice to say that the bell must be vigorously rung, as the lodging of the custodian is distant. When the old man appeared it was not without some difficulty that he was persuaded to show the museum, as his twelve o'clock dinner, a great institution in Alsace, was waiting. In the place d'armes or park between the town and the railway-station, General Rapp's memory is further honoured by a fine statue, and that of Admiral Bruat, who commanded at Navarino,

by one of still greater merit, surrounded by allegorical figures of the different aborigines with whom the sailor was brought in contact in the course of his wanderings. The railway-station at Colmar is utterly unworthy of the importance of the town; a remark which is applicable to the railway-stations in Alsace generally. There was not even a time-table fixed to the wall—at least I looked for it everywhere in vain.

Towards the mountain the most conspicuous object is the castle of Egnisheim, with its three tall towers, distant about a league from the town, and crowning a considerable eminence. To get close to them I passed the night at a rough inn, the Cheval Blanc, at the village of Wettolsheim, not far from the entrance to the vale of Münster. The landlord, who had fought at the Alma, brought out a bottle of his best new wine as soon as he discovered that his guest was an Englishman. The village was separated by a ravine, as I found, from the site of the castle, and the shortness of the October day only admitted of a rapid survey, but a nearer view of the three towers, which looked like phantoms in the twilight, did not belie their striking effect from a distance.

On the way an old ruin is passed, nestling in a nook of the mountain. This is Hageneck, a fortalice which belonged to the knights of St. John of Jerusalem, probably intended as a stronghold in case they were driven in troublesome times from their house in the town of Colmar. It was sacked and destroyed by the Swedes. It gave its name to that Hageneck, the tyrannical governor of Charles the Bold, whose hand, cut off at Alt-Breisach by the executioner of Colmar, was carried into his native city as a trophy, and preserved in a glass case in the museum. The castle of the three towers itself was apparently founded by Eberhard, the first count of Egnisheim. The names of the towers were Weckmund, Wulburg and Tagesburg, and the communication between them was apparently kept up by aerial galleries, now destroyed. It may be said of most of the donjons of Alsace that there is no visible way of getting into them except at a considerable height. Eberhard of Egnisheim was a grandson of Duke Athic, one of a stem from which sprouted the princely houses of Zähringen, Habsburg and Lothringen. By the female line the princes of Hohenlohe sprang from them, and by a countess of Egnisheim who in the ninth century married Robert the Strong who was ancestor of Hugues Capet, they are the ancestors of the Bourbons of France, Spain and Naples, though they became extinct in the main stock as early as the middle of the twelfth century. They had a deadly feud with the citizens of Colmar,

called the "Plappert-Krieg" or war of the six oboles, occasioned by one Pierre of Egnisheim buying a debt which a rascally miller-lad alleged was owing to him by his master, as a pretext for attacking the burghers of Colmar; an incident which brings to mind strongly the relations between the patricians and plebeians of ancient Rome. Oddly enough the chivalry of Egnisheim on this occasion suffered themselves to be commanded by Hertman Rhe, the ill-conditioned miller's apprentice; but in 1466 the citizens of Colmar burnt the castles, and hung Rhe and three of the gentlemen (?). The castle appears to have afterwards remained in a ruinous state, for in 1568 a witch was accused of marrying her niece to the devil in the ruins of Egnisheim. According to the evidence the principal *pièce de résistance* at the wedding-feast consisted of bats, and the wedding was celebrated with a regular witches' sabbath. Pope Leo IX. sprang from the Egnisheim family, and was connected with the Abbey of Marlach, which has since disappeared.

On the hill above Wettolsheim is the castle of Hohen Landsburg or Trois Epis, whose origin is involved in obscurity; in 1237 Albert duke of Austria gave it in fee to the Count of Ribeaupierre. It was ultimately taken by the Swedes, and then dismantled by the armies of Louis XIV.; the king of France restored it to a member of the Schwendi family who had formerly held it, and lastly it was handed over to the city of Colmar in exchange for the priory of Trois Epis at the entrance to the Münsterthal.

These Rhine-ward slopes of the Vosges are as thickly studded with castles as the lake-like loop of the Rhine by Oberwesel, and a notice of each of them would demand much time and space. They greatly enhance the picturesque value of the mountain lines, which are of themselves superior in delicacy and variety to those of the opposite Black Forest. The Vosges mountains appear geologically to correspond to the Schwarzwald. They attain to nearly the same elevation, but instead of expanding inland into a great plateau, they form a comparatively narrow chain, which descends rapidly towards Lorraine. The valleys are deformed by factories, but the heights are much more left to nature than those of the Black Forest, and the summits are mostly bare of trees, while the sides of the hills are covered with deciduous underwood instead of sedulously cultivated pine-forest.

The life is all in the valleys, instead of being, as on the German bank of the Rhine, pretty evenly distributed between highlands and lowlands, so that if there is a similarity, there is also a contrast between the parallel mountain-chains.

G. C. SWAYNE.

THE PHANTOM SHIP.

HER Majesty's ship Spitfire (six-and-thirty guns) had been now four months on the south-west coast of Africa, looking out for slavers as keenly as any terrier watching a rabbit-hole when the ferret has been put in.

This smart vessel's favourite anchorage was in Elephant Bay, Benguela, an inlet of the Atlantic, lat. 13 deg. S., long. 12 deg. 55 min. E., the highest land in all the Benguela coast, being a hill commanding the bay on the south side, which Captain Willoughby had found very useful for the purpose of a look-out.

Captain Willoughby was a little fragile man, with a long thin face and only one eye. He had seen a great deal of service, and lost an arm at Acre; he was as brave as a lion, totally insensible to any such mean sensation as fear, and a stern disciplinarian, heeding no more the heat and danger of Africa than he would have done the shot and shell of the enemy, and hating all grumblers at climate or any other hardship.

The dull monotony of African service, the mere daily routine of plank-scrubbing, rope-splicing, and sail-mending, was broken into on a warm September morning of 1860 by the arrival of H.M.'s brig *Racoon*, with despatches from Sierra Leone. The captain of the *Racoon* had been invited to lunch by Captain Willoughby, and H.M.S. Spitfire was in an unusual state of bustle with the preparations for that meal.

Abernethy, the grave old Scotch steward, was arranging some silver-topped bottles of champagne in a fan shape, round a small tank attached to a refrigerator, and even that was all but tepid with the heat of Africa. At the foot of the cabin-stairs three young midshipmen, one of whom, named Powis, was the "Pickle" of the vessel, stood watching him from above with eyes sparkling with fun and mischief. The under-steward and his boys were every moment descending the steps with piles of plates tucked under their chins. A distant savour of soup spread from the distant galley, where red-faced beings in white stirred and sipped at simmering stew-pans.

"Dobson," said the head-steward, under breath, "just watch this wine while I go and get up some more coffee-biscuits. The captain's boat will be here directly. Keep your weather eye open, Dobson; there's that Mr. Powis there, as full of mischief as an egg full of meat."

"Ay, ay, Mr. Abernethy," said the under-

steward, sitting down on the lower steps, a very Cerberus, with one foot planted on the great metal-lined chest of the refrigerator; and as Abernethy plunged into the store-room, Powis and his companions ran up on deck.

Five minutes after there came a violent shout of "Dobson! Dobson!" from the direction of the store-room, and Dobson, forgetting for the moment his charge, ran to see who it was called him.

Three minutes afterwards there was a running together of sailors amid ships to the gangways, a shout below, a sound of voices, and the next moment Captain Willoughby and his guest, Captain Martlock, a stiff, precise, old officer, followed by several officers of both vessels, followed each other, one after the other, over the ship's side. A guard of marines, drawn up in military order, received them with presented arms. The midshipmen, headed by Powis, the eldest of the lot, were there in full uniform to do honour to so unusual an occasion.

"Hang it!" cried Powis, as the procession passed down into the state cabin; "old Cyclops" (the midshipmen's nickname for their excellent captain) "might have asked us to meet these Raccoon fellows. One does deserve a better dinner sometimes than salt junk and bolster-pudding for serving one's country in this infernal climate. What have they come about, Gasket?" turning to an old quartermaster, a rough old sailor, with enormous bushes of grey whiskers.

"Come, Mr. Powis, 'bout captain going up country to make presents, and hold a palaver with the niggers, to induce 'em not to sell 'emselves to those cursed Portuguese."

"Wish I'd a nigger, Gasket, to keep watch, and soak my junk for me."

"And go to the mast-head for you, Master Powis?"

"Well," said the curly-headed youngster, "shouldn't mind that either, and he should do my work too, on the look-out hill."

"Seen the Phantom Ship last night, Gasket?" said Powis's companion, with a wink at Powis; for Gasket, though one of the best sailors on board, was very superstitious, and had lately spread among the men a report of a white ghostly sort of vessel that he had seen three nights running at two bells, steal out of the bay, but which was generally believed to be a creation of his own brain, and a mere drift of that thick smouldering fog that after nightfall hid the shore of the bay. This Phantom Ship, seen in a bay guarded by one of the smartest of her Majesty's cruisers, had become a stock joke

against the quartermaster, and he was rather sore on the subject, so all the reply he gave was to roll his quid, make a sour grimace, mutter something about "a young shaver as didn't know a Blackwall hitch from a Carrick bend," and turn on his heels as he helped to haul in the captain's boat up to the davits.

"Half-a-dozen lads such as that ain't worth their weight in dunnage," he muttered, as the midshipmen went off laughing. "What use are school boys on board ship, except to sauce the captain behind his back, and play monkey tricks on the stewards? Ugh!" and he hit one of the ship's boys a clout for not being quick enough with a marlinspike that the sail-maker was calling for.

In the meantime lunch (an early dinner in reality) had commenced in the cabin. The Raccoon and Spitfire officers having finished their soup were taking wine together, and exchanging grumbles on the climate, and discussions on the chance of preferment. Captain Martlock was a worthy man, but rather stiff-starched, precise, taciturn, soured, and with a somewhat overweening sense of his own importance. His host, one of those frank, generous natures, slow to take offence, did not however regard the punctilios of his guest.

"I hope the despatches of which I am the bearer," said Martlock to his host, bowing stiffly (as if it hurt him) as he spoke, "contained no unpleasant news?"

"Well," said the officer he addressed, "neither pleasant nor unpleasant. I never stop to think whether duty is agreeable or otherwise. Perhaps if I had my choice, I should not have selected this."

"And may I ask in what it consists?" (another stiff bow).

"It is no secret, Captain Martlock. I have to start the first thing to-morrow for a two days' journey from this Elephant Bay we are now in up into the Goribah country, with beads and looking-glasses as presents for the king of the Loluna tribes, to induce him to withhold his supply of slaves to the Portuguese cruisers that visit this inlet."

"Have you seen any slavers, sir?" inquired Captain Martlock, warming over his wine.

"Not a ghost of one, Captain Martlock."

"Yes, we have seen the ghost of one," said the first lieutenant, who was a wit.

"True," said Captain Willoughby, "our quartermaster, a good sailor, but as full of old women's fancies as ever came through the dock gates, did tell us, a week ago, that he saw a sort of a phantom vessel; but no one believed him."

"Take my word for it, captain," said a little, stout, jovial man, the Spitfire's doctor, "Gasket will be down with typhus before three days are over; this sort of delusion is one of the first symptoms of this infernal African fever."

"I hope not, doctor, I hope not; Gasket is a useful man to us."

"There is something about this slaver service," said Captain Martlock, as if he were preaching, "that tends, I think, to excite the imagination of the lower order of our seamen; the monotony, the anxiety, the danger of disease, all, perhaps, contribute to this undesirable result."

"Oh, sailors are always full of that sort of nonsense," said Captain Willoughby, steering away from a discussion evidently meditated by his visitor. "Captain Martlock, may I have the pleasure of taking wine with you?"

Martlock bowed stiffly, and muttered, "Pleasure!"

"Steward, the still champagne to Captain Martlock."

Off went the wire; up went the large-headed cork, but not noisily, and up rose the wine in the two glasses. The two captains raised their glasses simultaneously to their lips, bowed, and tossed off the contents. At the same moment their faces reddened, their cheeks dilated, as they spluttered, swore, and rose upon their feet.

"Why, what the —, Abernethy, do you give us salt water when we ask for champagne? Who the dickens has played us this scurvy trick? By George, sir, I'll keel-haul him. Yes, I'll break him, sir."

"I should flog him," said Martlock, swelling with rage till he got as red as a turkey-cock. "I sh—sh—should put him in irons."

"I'll stake my life, captain," said the surprised and horrified Scotch steward, "that it's that Mr. Jekyll" (one of the midshipmen); "for one of the ship's boys saw him with a bottle in his hand near my pantry."

A strong disposition to laugh was visible on every face. The doctor coughed, the two first lieutenants blew their noses. The two captains fumed. Willoughby buttoned his coat angrily together. Martlock looked fiercely at everybody.

"Boy," said Willoughby, to one of the steward's assistants, "go on deck, and send Mr. Jekyll to me directly. By George, sir, I'll break him." This was the captain's most tremendous threat. "Why the deuce does not Mr. Jekyll come?" he cried, a few minutes

after, long before the unfortunate lad had had time to come even down the stairs.

"If it was in my ship," said Martlock, scowling at his own officers, by whom he was regarded with no very special affection, "I'd have had a court-martial on him before an hour was over."

Captain Willoughby was about to fire up, and remark that he needed no advice with regard to the government of H.M.S. Spitfire, when the steward-boy returned, preceded by Jekyll, and followed at a distance by that incurable Pickle, Powis, who gave him such a tremendous pinch as he entered the state-cabin, that it drew from him a sharp and irrelevant scream.

The little midshipman looked very tumbled and dirty, and his blue jacket and cap were covered with dust and fluff. A more disreputable, disordered midshipman never presented himself to a punctilious irate captain.

"Mr. Jekyll," said his superior officer, turning round in his chair so as to face him, "is this a state for a midshipman of her Majesty's navy? What have you been doing, sir?"

"If you please, sir, I've been down in the hold, catching cockroaches."

There was a roar of laughter at the simplicity of the answer.

"A pretty occupation for a young gentleman."

"If you please, sir, we make pets of them."

There was another roar at this.

"Mr. Jekyll, I'm in no humour for fooling. I want a plain answer to a plain question. Was it you who emptied the wine out of this champagne bottle and put in salt water? Was it you, sir?"

The lad coloured, looked down, twirled his cap, stammered, and was silent.

At that instant Powis burst forward.

"And who sent for you?" roared the Captain. "How dare you, sir, enter this cabin without being sent for? Sir, if I break every midshipman in this ship, I will preserve proper discipline."

Powis was a fine, manly lad of seventeen, and as he stood there, with firm, unflinching eye, and cheek flushed, he looked a very model of English youth.

"If you please, sir, I only came to say it was I who put the salt water in the bottle, and not Jekyll. I did not do it for the wine, sir, I threw that away; it was only for a joke."

"Only a joke! And how dare you, sir, play jokes on your superior officers? Go up to the masthead this moment, sir."

"Yes, sir." And up went the lad, as nimble as a cat and as full of mischief as a kitten.

Captain Martlock had left the vessel, with his own private opinions about the discipline of the Spitfire; and Captain Willoughby, the first lieutenant, and the doctor, were closeted in the Captain's private cabin over their coffee.

"Only to think of having to leave a ship of thirty-six guns in the care of such a born Pickle as that lad, Powis!" groaned the Captain, as he meditatively poured some brandy into his coffee-cup. "By George, sir, I shan't have a moment's sleep till I set my foot once more on my own quarter-deck. That boy is the greatest monkey I ever shipped. By George, sir, if he hadn't come forward in such a manly way to-day to save Jekyll, I'd have broken him."

"He certainly is a Pilgarlic," said the first lieutenant; "but I think when there was duty to do he'd do it. Duty soon makes a man of a boy, if anything will. I was just such another lad, till I was made captain of a French prize, and had to take her back into St. Helena. I was a man from that day."

"O, but there's good in the boy," said the doctor. "He's brave and generous; there's no vice in him, it's only mischief."

"Only mischief! He's the greatest scapegrace I ever had on board."

"Then let me stop on board," said the lieutenant. "Allow me to look at the wording of the despatch; there must surely be some loophole."

The captain took up the despatch, and read it under breath.

"No," he said, "here is this devil of a clause. 'You are requested to take all your officers with you, so as to preserve a dignity that may aid your negotiation.' No, we must all go. Well, I never did grumble at orders yet, but if I had ever done so, I might do so now. Doctor, mind you bring some quinine. There's safe to be a fever for one or two of us. By George, sir, on an African station one ought to live on quinine if one wishes to live at all!"

The lieutenant and doctor took their leave of the captain, who wished to study his maps and prepare for the journey.

As the doctor was pacing the deck, and had arrived just under the mainmast, he gave a look upward to see if the offender was there. Yes, there he was, swinging his legs, fifty feet up, happy as a bird. As the doctor was still straining his head to observe him, there fell upon his face a shower of little white paper pellets, dropped with excellent aim by "Pickle

Powis," as he was generally called, and with them came down in a shrill voice the mocking words, "To be taken night and morning."

The doctor was very angry; he tossed his head.

"That boy will come to a bad end. If I were the captain I'd keep him on the mast all night—a good dose of fever would tame him a bit; and, egad! I would not bring him round a day too soon."

But the doctor was angry. If Powis had really been ill he would have nursed him as tenderly as a woman.

Half an hour after the doctor had retired to his cabin for a nap, there was a gabbling of voices and a splash of oars round the bows.

"There come those spies of niggers," said Gasket, as he looked over the ship's side. "Hang their yams, and cocoa-nuts, and bananas! All they want, I know, is news of us to signal to the slavers. If I was the captain I'd never let a nigger set foot on the deck."

Up scrambled two stalwart negroes with nets on their backs, full of fruit. In a moment a fair was established at the foot of the mast. The negroes, eager for news and money, jabbering in broken English; the sailors, eager for fruit and vegetables, trying to learn the best way to the Gorubah country.

In the middle of this discussion, down came a half-crown, wrapped in paper, at the feet of one of the negroes. It was marked, "Four bananas and a yam, twopence; give the change to Jekyll."

It was a message from Powis. A tall negro, thinking himself unobserved, slipped the bit of silver into his waistband. In a moment, however, Jekyll had him by the wrist.

"Avast there!" he said; "fair play's a jewel. Let me read what Powis says."

The negro refused to give up the money, and assumed a vociferously injured air.

A scuffle commenced; in the middle of the scuffle appeared the first lieutenant.

"Here, no trouble with these niggers," he said. "If they choose to steal, over with them, lads; bundle them out, fruit and all."

The thing was soon done. Jekyll and a sailor wrenched the half-crown from the negro, the other sailors pushed the blacks down the ship's side, and tossed the unsold fruit into the canoe after them. Jekyll secured the four bananas and vam for his friend Powis, and threw the twopence into the canoe of the enraged blacks, who, shouting and threatening, paddled off to the shore.

"Here's a pretty rig," said one of the men, when Powis descended from the masthead, to

become in a few hours after deputy-captain; "it used to be the high that were brought low, but now it's the low who rise high."

An hour after, the look-out man came back from Elephant Hill and reported a piratical-looking schooner as passing the next headland



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at noon. She had then stood out for sea, and was hull down at sunset.

"Piratical schooner be hung!" was the captain's reply. "They take every little coaster for a slaver. Slavers don't run into the lion's den. Bonny River's the place to trap slavers."

Powis received his command as coolly as if he had been expecting a vessel for years past. He promised little—the captain thought that a good sign, and so it was; but still he did not conceal from the boy his alarm and distrust.

"Powis," said he, "be a good lad and take

care of the ship, or by George, sir, I'll break you! When you want advice, ask the quartermaster; he's an old sailor, and knows all this coast as well as I know the Bill of Portland."

"I'd give my head," said the captain to the lieutenant, as Powis left the cabin, "to tell Gasket he is my mainstay if anything happens, but when there is divided command there is no discipline."

The day after the captain and his retinue left the vessel, the negro boat came paddling round the Spitfire as usual, but this time in a hostile and mocking way. The rowers waved their paddles or held up fruit. The negro whom Jekyll had detected thieving was especially prominent and vociferous, and, standing up in his canoe, kept pointing at Powis and passing his hand across his throat, as if threatening him.

"Let me give him a dose of sparrow shot," said Jekyll, "that'll warm him."

"No one must molest them," said Powis, gravely, and in quite an altered tone.

"How grand we are," said Jekyll, under breath, to another midshipman. "I thought it would be a lark when Powis was captain. I vote for going ashore." (These last words were said aloud.)

"We are short-handed," said Powis; "no one leaves the vessel, except on duty, till the captain's return. The negroes are not so friendly as they were. We musn't get into a scuffle with the natives."

"We used to call 'em niggers," said a pert little ship-boy, winking at Jekyll; "and, after all, Gasket, they say, is the real captain."

Powis made no reply to this impertinence, but paced the deck thoughtfully.

There were only fourteen men left in the ship besides Powis and the two midshipmen.

"There will be no work now much," said one of the sailors to the carpenter.

"No; we're all captains now," replied the carpenter. There was a dangerous notion prevalent aboard the Spitfire that discipline was to be relaxed under "Pickle Powis."

As eight bells were struck (four o'clock in the morning), the officer of the watch (Gasket) went as usual to the scuttle, knocked three times to call the watch, and called out, "All starbowlines, ahoy! eight bells. Do you hear the news there, you sleepers?"

Instead of the usual sprightly answer, "Ay, ay!" a voice answered, "Starbowlines be d——. Give us half-an-hour more snooze; there's no captain aboard now."

Another ten minutes elapsed; at the expira-

tion of that time a stern, shrill boy's voice hailed the sleepers. This time it was Powis's.

"Skulkers, ahoy! Do you hear the news, there, sleepers? and mind, if you do not turn out in five minutes, I report you to Captain Willoughby as mutineers. Quartermaster, go down, and take the name of the last man up."

This spirited reprimand was enough. In three minutes every man was on deck and at his duty.

An hour later, just at daybreak, Gasket suddenly came to Powis, as he was lying down for half-an-hour on the sofa in the captain's cabin, and begged him to come on deck instantly. There was something odd in the old sailor's manner. Powis was on deck in a moment.

"There it is, sir," said Gasket, pointing to the entrance of the bay; "if that is not a real ship, strike my name off the ship's books and sell me for a nigger."

Powis looked (he was all quiet alertness now, and grave as a statesman). There in the dull, curdling, grey daylight certainly was a long grey object stealing along close to the shore. Its sails were grey; its sides were bleached, colourless, and spectral. It certainly was ghostly enough. As they looked it slid round the corner of the headland, and disappeared from view.

Powis did not say much; he only remarked, "That is no phantom ship. We must look after that; but you were right after all, Gasket."

"I never seed such a change in a lad in twenty-four hours in all my life," was the quartermaster's reflection, as Powis retired to form his plans for foiling any scheme the crew of the phantom ship (as the sailors began to call it) might have formed.

The look-outs on Elephant Hill the next afternoon, made no signal,—they had not seen any vessel; but as they were getting into their boat to come off to the vessel at sunset, a smoke had risen from a place in the bush, not fifty feet from the look-out point. It was evidently a signal to some vessel waiting off the mouth of the bay.

The majority of the sailors were by this time deeply imbued with the belief that one vessel that had been seen was a spectre ship. They had collected in knots in the forecastle, and were discussing the legend of the Phantom Ship.

"It's no canny," said a Scotch sailor to the rest; "it bodes no gude to us, men, when auld Nickie-Ben leaves his sooty hatches and takes to yachting on the Africk coast."

Powis had just lit a lamp in the state cabin, and was poring over a chart of Elephant Bay, when in burst Jekyll, red with excitement, and his hair over his eyes; he carried a large musical box under his arm. It was chiming out after the prickly, nervous manner of its species, "Corn rigs are bonny."

"Look here, Powis, old Cyclops left his musical snuff-box on the table in his cabin. Come along, and let's have a cheroot and some grog together, and I'll wind it up all fresh. But how serious you look! Do you feel ill?"

Powis did not reply for a moment; when he did so, he spoke in a low, firm voice, with every word articulated in a peculiarly keen manner.

"Jekyll," he said, "this is no time for skylarking. There is work for us to do that may lead us to promotion, or a hole in the sand, before twenty-four hours. We must have no boyish tricks now. Go and tell Gasket I want him."

There was something not to be gainsayed in Powis's manner; so Jekyll put down the box, much as if it were red-hot, and hurrying on deck returned in a moment with Gasket.

"If you please, Mr. Powis," said Gasket, scraping the floor with one foot, "I think it would do you good not to take the watch to-night. You'll be knocking yourself up; indeed, you will, sir. Take my advice, and keep to your hammock to-night. I can do all there is to do."

"Gasket," said the boy-captain, firmly but not harshly, "I am in command of this vessel, not you. The men shall take their orders from me, and from me alone. All we require of you is to set a good example to the men, and do your duty as quartermaster."

"As I hope to do," said the astonished sailor; "as I hope to do, Mr. Powis; but, knowing as young gentlemen is——"

"My age, Gasket, is no concern to any one. You take your orders from me, and me only; mind, I'll have no interference. You were not left behind as my nurse. Let a good look-out be kept; put a third man on duty in the cross-trees, and never let him take his eyes off Elephant Hill. If the phantom ship is a slaver, and made of real plank, and not moonshine and fog, we'll have a snap at her as sure as there's rum in Jamaica. She puts into some bight of land that we must find out, and if she lands her crew to-night, to bring slaves from some baracoon that we have not yet found

out, I think we may get the landing-net under her."

"What, with fourteen men?" muttered Jekyll. "Oh, he's mad! Why, it's the rat chasing the terrier."

But Powis had not heard him; he was again absorbed in his chart.

That night, by Powis's orders, all lights were put out in the ship at a very early hour. He wished to give the slaver, if such the phantom vessel was, a notion that loose watch was kept on board the Spitfire.

That whole night, with only now and then a short rest in the cabin, the boy-captain remained himself in the cross-trees, as vigilant as a deer-stalker. Gasket was by his side, equally intent on the harbour mouth.

All of a sudden Gasket felt his arm clutched, and he looked round.

For one moment a little tongue of fire had risen from the apex of the look-out hill, the seaward side, and then disappeared.

It was momentary as the gleam of a shooting-star. Ten minutes afterwards the same ghostly vessel, seen by a moment's moonlight, stole round the headland, but this time its progress was inward and not outward.

"It's an out-and-in wind; just what they want," whispered Gasket; "they have sweeps too, for I can see them—now they are hidden again; if it was a clear night they daren't risk it."

"Take the night-glass," cried Powis; "keep it turned on the third bight from the headland; if they pass that we lose them, if they stop there we have them, for they go there to land their men, and we'll have a snap at their vessel in their absence. Does she pass? Now, quick, before the cloud is over the moon again."

"She has not passed," cried Gasket; "she has steered up some lagoon not down in the chart. She must know of the captain's being ashore, and trusts to get her cargo in, while we are tied by the heels."

"Get up the anchor quietly," said Powis, with the bearing of a young admiral, "and steer straight for the second bight. Is there any landmark, Gasket?"

"Ay, ay, sir; a tuft of palm-trees between two sand-hills."

In an incredibly short time the Spitfire was under sail, and availing herself of every glimpse of moonlight, and of every puff of the useful out-and-in wind to reach the second bight, the hidden lagoon that concealed the mysterious vessel of which Powis was in pursuit.

"He is a fine lad, but it's all of no use,"

said Gasket to himself; "she'll bolt just as we get near, and before we can tack and get a gun ready, off she'll be, well out at sea, laughing at us, and as full of slaves as an egg's full of meat. Those Portuguese fellows are as quick and as cunning as monkeys."

Hitherto all had gone well. The Spitfire had come to the mouth of the second bight, and no enemy had yet appeared. Powis gave orders to arm the men and lower a boat. His object was to pull along the shore of the bight and search for the concealed lagoon.

The men, whose superstitious fears were still working, hesitated for a moment to leap into the boat. The Scotchman muttered something about "snares of the de'il;" the coxswain, more practical, said, "there was no captain, and they'd be overmatched," and "the quartermaster won't go."

"But I do go," shouted Gasket, leaping into his place, "and shame on all cowards! Why, lads, if we trap this slaver we're all made for life. Come, altogether; quietly, no shouting."

The men, ashamed of their fears, now took their places, muffled their oars, buckled on their cutlasses, and loaded their pistols. Four men only were left in charge of the ship. When a pistol was fired from the boat, they were to reply with a gun as a signal of attention.

The men pulled swiftly and silently into the bight, keeping as close as possible to the shadow of the jungle of gigantic reeds that covered the sides of the lagoon.

They did not dare yet to venture into the mid-channel to even obtain a glimpse of the further shores, where the phantom ship (if it were indeed manned by flesh and blood) might be lying.

The boy-captain, at the last clump of bush, cried "Ship your oars!" and there they lay crouched, peering through the boughs of the huge poisonous-blossomed trees that trailed into the water.

It was by this time daybreak. Imagine the brave lad's rapture, on standing up in the boat and parting the boughs with his hands, to behold, not five hundred yards off, the phantom ship, a low-lying, rakish, Portuguese schooner, painted greyish white, the better to elude observation at night (grey being a peculiarly vanishing colour). It was at anchor. The only men visible were two or three negroes, leaning, half-asleep, over the stern, fishing, and luckily with their backs turned towards the place where the Spitfire's boat lay hid.

Powis turned round, his face beaming with triumph, and in a cautious whisper communicated the glorious news to Gasket and the boat's crew.

Gasket was as brave as a lion, but he was unaccustomed to act on his own responsibility, and he dreaded the rashness of a midshipman. He coughed, looked hard at a special rowlock, rubbed it with his great horny fist, and muttered something about,—

"S'pose it's a hambuscade. What can we do agin forty or fifty Portuguese? and as for blacks, they can fire muskets as well as white men."

"Ch!" said Powis, speaking between his half-clenched teeth. "Do you think my brains are all leather, like yours? Don't I see that the rascals are gone ashore to bring slaves from the baracoon? There can be no one on board but a nigger and a sick man or two. I tell you, man, I'll go alone, and swim to it, if you are all cowards."

This fired the damp powder of the old sea-dog's spirit. There is a drop of Cain's cruel blood at the bottom of most men's hearts.

"Avast with your cowards!" he cried, pulling out his cutlass, and running his big thumb along the edge in a most business-like way. It was a bad omen for the slaver's men.

Powis's eyes glistened as he seized old Gasket's hand, and took off his own cap, and waved it. Then he and the men took out their pistols and looked to the locks, or tightened their belts, and slung round their cutlasses snugger for their hands.

The boy-captain's speech was spoken in a low but firm voice. "Men," he said, "we may be doing a safe thing, or we may be going to our death, for, even if we do get the slaver safe, our captain and comrades may not return in time to help us if the dogs dare to try and get her back. If we die, let us die like Englishmen, true to our God and our Queen; we must hold together back to back, and no flinchers. If we fail, they will at least say in England that we deserved to have succeeded. God be with us, and guide us to victory, for our cause is a good cause. Now then, men, give way with a will, and board her!"

"Pull straight for her, Spitfires!" cried Gasket, and out the boat flew from between the branches as if it was driven by steam.

The water was scarcely splashed by the oars. It seemed only an instant after that the boat lay alongside the phantom ship, and, headed by Powis, the boarders dashed like

wild cats at the main chains, and sprang on deck with an English hurrah that was full of cheerful courage.

Three or four frightened negroes and an old Portuguese sprang to arms, but they were cut down or beaten down in a moment. One Spitfire was shot in the arm, but with the exception of that casualty, and a knife-cut on Powis's sword-wrist, the daring assailants suffered no hurt. The phantom ship was their own.

"Well done!" cried Powis, wrapping a handkerchief round his wrist. "The dog tried hard to get at my throat, but I gave him No. 3, Gasket, and that'll last him for some time. See to him; he mustn't bleed to death. The ship's our own. Now get up the anchor, for we must move her off."

He fired his pistol, and the Spitfire answered with a gun, as agreed on.

"We haven't too much time," he said, "for directly the blackguards hear the row they'll be after us. Now, with a will, lads, and I'll take a capstan bar myself, for I've got my left hand all right still."

And they did work with a will. They found some slaves in the hold, and made them too help. In an incredibly short time the vessel's head was turned, and she and the Spitfire were working down the lagoon, towards the old mooring-place.

And now, in the lull of excitement, the boy's nature began to crop up again. Once more on board the Spitfire, and down in the cabin, he danced hornpipes and hugged Jekyll. Nor was Jekyll one whit less delighted.

"Only think, Jekyll, how pleased the governor and master will be to hear how we took the slaver."

"The dodgy old fellow," shouted Jekyll. "Allow me, gentlemen, to propose the health of Captain Powis of the Phantom Ship; that's about the style."

But the boy's talk was broken by the entrance of Gasket. He looked flurried, and rather pale with excitement.

"Mr. Powis," he said, "it's all up; here's the dirty blackguards of Portuguese on us as thick as thunder-boats full on 'em, sir, rampaging away like so many sore bears. You can see them poking their noses out of the bight there, as thick as bees at a swarming."

Powis was awake in a moment, and ready for the emergency. If there was not a Nelson, there was at least the making of a Collingwood in that "Pickle" of the vessel.

"We'll warm the dogs, Gasket," he said, leaping up, and calmly loading a revolver that lay on the table before him. "What we've contrived to get we'll contrive to keep. It can't be long before Captain Willoughby and our messmates return. Be quick, man, then, and give them a shell before the canoes spread out into the bay; we shall have them more in a lump now."

There was no time to lose. When Powis got on deck, five or six canoes, crammed with shouting negroes, mulattoes, and piratical-looking Portuguese sailors in Panama hats, were rowing fiercely out of the tree-shadowed mouth of the lagoon, and pulling straight for the Spitfire.

"Give it them hot, don't throw away a shot!" cried Powis to the men at the guns. "Well thrown, but a little over them."

The next moment the second gun thundered out.

"Famous, by Jove!" cried the boy-captain.

This time the shot ploughed into the second canoe, and shattered it into fragments. The leading canoes halted to assist the wounded and pick up the survivors.

The Spitfires gave a shout of triumph. The next moment the storm burst full upon them. The slavers rallied and bore down upon them in full force. From the first canoe a dozen rough, black-muzzled fellows dashed at the Spitfire's side and attempted to board her. Powis met them with pike and cutlass, and drove them back over the ship's gunwale after ten minutes' hand-to-hand fighting. Twice Gasket's cutlass saved the boy-captain's life. Three of the oldest hands, urged on by Jekyll, kept at work all the time with a central gun, to keep off the other miscreants.

It was hard work, and the men were all but spent, when a discharge of musketry arose into the air from the foot of Elephant Hill.

"God be thanked!" cried Powis, as he leant, faint and wounded, against a gun-carriage. "We are saved, boys. Give it them again! Blow the dogs out of the water! Now, all at once."

The pirates had fled, leaving one-third of their number dead in Elephant Bay. But Captain Willoughby had not arrived a moment too soon. Great was his astonishment and delight to discover that his "Pickle" of a midshipman had captured the famous phantom ship.

Powis is now, we rejoice to say, first lieutenant of H.M.S. A——, one of the finest vessels in the Channel Fleet.

WALTER THORNBURY.

WINTER.

A Picture.

(FROM THE MAGYAR POET PETÖFI.)

I.

WHERE hath the bright-hued rainbow from out the heavens vanish'd?

Where are the dainty flow'rets from out the meadows banish'd?

Where are the birds' sweet carols, the streamlets' rippling chorus,

The spring-time and the summer, their choicest gifts bestowing?

All gone! Their image only can mem'ry bring before us,

Like pallid spectres, fainter and ever fainter growing. There's nought but snow around us, dark clouds the skies concealing,

The earth is made a beggar by winter all-unfeeling.

II.

The earth is made a beggar—the word describes her rightly—

Around her body wearing a garment white unsightly, With icy patches mended, yet ragged, torn, and aching, So that her naked body is peeping thro' in places.

Thus bent with cold she standeth, with chatt'ring teeth and quaking,

And, ah, how plainly sorrow depicted in her face is! Outside his door, what is there for man to do at present? Within his peaceful chamber to linger, oh, how pleasant!

III.

Then let him thank his Maker, whom God so richly blesses,

That in his own warm dwelling his loved ones he possesses!

Delightful is one's chamber, what time the door close shut is,

Fill'd by a friendly circle, their joyous voices raising; A very fairy palace each cavern and each hut is,

When wood is there in plenty, to keep the fire well blazing;

Each kind word which at most times a common form of speech is

And then forgotten straightway, the very heart's core reaches.

IV.

But, Oh, the winter evenings! How perfectly enchanting!

To sing their praises duly, the words are well nigh wanting;

The master of the house is presiding at the table, His neighbours and relations around him chatting, laughing;

Each man his pipe is smoking, and, fast as he is able, The best wine in the cellar from brimming cups is quaffing;

And yet the wine that's in them seems ne'er to be diminish'd,

The host his orders giving to fill them up ere finish'd.

V.

The worthy bustling housewife with overcare is fretting, But need not be so fearful her duties of forgetting;

Full well she understands how to heighten their enjoyment,

Full well she knows her duty, of kindness is a pattern. The credit of the house to sustain is her employment, And none could ever call her a miser or a slattern. To make them feel at home she unceasingly doth labour: "You're welcome here, good gossip! I'm glad to see you, neighbour!"

VI.

They nod, their cups refilling with perseverance steady, And when their pipes are empty, they've got their pouches ready;

And as in circling eddies the curling smoke is mounting, They interchange their notions about the state of all things—

Adventures long forgotten with newborn zest recounting, The past is all they care for, discussing great and small things.

The man who near life's end is, and life's wild fever shares not,

Loves only to look backward, for looking forward cares not.

VII.

Beside a little table, a boy and girl demurely Are sitting. Young they both are; they know of no past, surely!

To them what matter past times? Before them life is lying;

Their faith in life hath never by sorrows past been shaken;

'Tis for a distant FUTURE their longing souls are sighing, And in the smiling heavens no clouds their fears awaken.

No words they speak, exchanging in silence glances loving,

And that they're truly happy, there's little need of proving!

VIII.

Beside them, near the fireplace, with whispering, buzzing, tittering,

The little folk are gather'd, all scrambling, chatt'ring, twittering;

A very heap of children, who, of all shapes and sizes, Card-houses build, and straightway knock down with little sorrow;

The joyful PRESENT only, the butterfly, their prize is, The yesterday forgetting, and thoughtless of the morrow!

In such a narrow circle could one have e'er expected To find the PAST, and PRESENT, and FUTURE thus connected?

IX.

To-morrow there's a baking: you hear the maiden singing

All merrily while kneading, with voice so clear and ringing;

And shrilly in the courtyard the old pump-handle's creaking,

Hard by the house the coachman is watering his horses;

Some feast a band of gipsies is holding, and a squeaking Old fiddle in the distance its music sweet discourses.

So in this happy circle is harmony entwining With talking and with laughter, their several charms combining.

X.

Snow falls, yet still the pathway you darkly can discover, Altho' a veil all misty is spread completely over.

Few go there now, by visions of ghostly shapes afrighted,
 Save those who from some visit are quickly homeward speeding;
 In passing by the window you see their lanterns lighted,
 And straightway in the distance the glimm'ring light receding,
 Then disappearing wholly, while those who from the lattice
 Are looking, ask this question: "We wonder, now, who that is!"

EDGAR A. BOWRING.

"SANS MERCI,"

OR, KESTRELS AND FALCONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY LIVINGSTONE."

CHAPTER XXVII. THE LITTLE LADY.

THERE is a strong muster in the breakfast-room at Charteris Royal, though the morning meal has been set a full hour earlier than usual. The plan of the day is evident; for three or four women, and almost all the men, wear riding-gear more or less business-like. Squire Braybrooke's hounds draw Pinkerton Wood—a famous cover on the Charteris estate, though over the Marshshire border—and all that goodly company intend, in one fashion or another, to take the field.

There are a few additions to the house-party since you saw them last. Amongst these are Seyton of Warleigh, and Kate his wife. They are tolerably frequent guests here, at all seasons; but on this particular occasion Tom, at least, has been invited for a special purpose, which will presently be made manifest.

Do you see that very small, slight woman near the lower end of the table; with flaxen hair braided closely round a pale quiet face, quite child-like in diminutiveness of feature and innocence of expression; consuming her modest meal quickly, yet daintily withal, so that you are irresistibly reminded of some tiny bird feeding?

That is Alice Langton—better known in the Shires as "The Little Lady;" whose name stands first of all—if first there be—in the roll of English huntresses. She comes of a hard-riding Border blood. Her father, twelfth Earl of Cheviot, kept the hounds in his native county till he could hardly buy food for his kennel; the children of that house—boys and girls—were set in saddle almost before they could walk steadily. Lady Alice does her duty fairly in the state of life to which it has pleased Providence to call her; but her passion is the 'pursuit;' and she has been enabled, hitherto, to indulge it without serious loss or hindrance.

That is her husband; the grey-haired

man, with a kind placid face, sitting over against her. Colonel Langton is an old Indian officer of some renown—rather scientific than martial. He took a fair fortune out with him to the East; and about doubled it there by judicious speculation. When he returned, with liver not seriously impaired, still on the sunny side of fifty, he was considered rather an enviable *parti*. He too was of the Border-country; the Langtons and Cheviots had been friends and allies for many generations: so, perhaps, it was not unnatural that he should aspire to the Lady Alice's hand; though she was scarcely out of the school-room then, and the Colonel was but little younger than her father. At all events, she was not struck by the incongruity; for she accepted him cheerfully, and has never once regretted it since. They have been wedded some years, and have been perfectly happy in their quiet way, though no child has come to bind them closer together: some people say, it is as well this should be so.

Colonel Langton takes care that his wife shall be carried safely, if it is in the power of horse-flesh to ensure it; and never dreams of grumbling at any price whatever. Three are amply sufficient for the needs of Lady Alice and her feather-weight of a groom—wherever she goes, men fight for the honour of mounting her—but these were nearly perfect when they were bought; and command a fabulous price, after a season's tuition under her famous 'hands.'

The Colonel rides almost invariably with his wife to cover; beyond this, his attendance is not deemed necessary. He wends his steady way homewards, so soon as the hounds have fairly found, and busies himself with some 'paper' that shall be spoken of hereafter in one of the societies—geographical, or antiquarian—of which he is an honoured Fellow.

He used to be rather nervous, at first, about his child-wife—too much so, indeed, to settle comfortably to work on hunting-days; but use is everything. She has gone on riding so long, without any serious accident, that her husband has implicit confidence in her science, courage, and good fortune; and the hours do not seem very long, now, that will bring her back to his dressing-room—brim-full of the triumphs or disappointments of the day.

Do not suppose that there is anything fast or 'horsey' about the Little Lady. If a capacious critic were bound to find fault, he would probably say that her manner was a turn too quiet. The slang of the stable no more taints her language, than its odours hang about her garments. She leads the van of chase—calm and serene, as that Arch-Huntress of old, in whom gods no less than men, revered the

very type of Purity. The roughest of her field-companions—gentle or simple—never let slip a coarse word or unseemly jest, wittingly, in Lady Alice's immediate presence; as for familiarity, or the faintest approach thereunto—she is as strange to such a thing, as Nelson was to fear.

But, with all her daring self-reliance, the Little Lady does not disdain a pilot on a strange country; and this is her first appearance with the M. H. The distinguished honour of chaperoning her to-day, has fallen to Seyton of Warleigh. Tom is not only the crack rider of these parts; but—from long experience, added to a natural genius for topography—is supposed to carry in his head a sort of Ordnance-map, on a reduced scale; whereon the boundaries of every field in his county are plainly defined.

Our bonny Kate scans the fair stranger with just a little envy, but without the faintest tinge of jealousy; as she whispers to her next-door neighbour, an old Marlshire squire,

"What a lucky woman she is—to be allowed to ride as she likes; and such horses too. She has brought all her own down, with her, you know. What a nice winning little face it is! I do so hope we shall have a run—a real quick thing; and that Tom will get her a good start. He's sure to do that, though. And don't you think there *must* be a scent to-day? I mean to watch Mrs. Gaysforde's face, when she sees Lady Alice appear: she'll soon find out who it is; and she'll get so dreadfully red and jealous; and be so unhappy if she don't beat the stranger. Won't it be fun?"

To which the elder responds, after a pause and a struggle—he is slow of speech and mastication, and is busy on cold woodcock-pie—

"Time will show. There's no counting on scent, or women's fancies."

And chuckles laboriously over his thread-bare joke.

At the very end of the long table, next to the host, is Lady Dorrillon; looking unutterably handsome, in a habit that fits her superb figure without a wrinkle, and a ravishing little round hat, set coquettishly, though quite firmly, on the massive glossy braids beneath. You need scarcely be told who is her right-hand neighbour.

Vincent Flemyng got his orders for to-day, over-night. He is to squire Lady Dorrillon, who does not mean following the hounds, "unless he particularly wishes to ride up to them."

It would be hard to exaggerate the readiness, with which Flemyng promised close and constant attendance on Flora's bridle-rein.

Had no temptation held him back, he would have been perfectly miserable, if he had been expected to go straight. For he had no more nerve than a baby; and yet he would not have confessed this, for worlds. He had a fair excuse now—few ever had a fairer—for cleaving to the broad highways that lead, not to destruction. Now, instead of being a butt for derision or banter, he must needs be a mark for all men's envy.

Should your eye perchance grow weary with gazing on one style of beauty, you have only to turn towards the hostess' end of the table, where the Fiametta presides; most becomingly, if fancifully, arrayed, in a seal-skin Polonoise, with knots of dark-blue ribbon peeping out through muslin puffing at neck and wrists. Marion is in radiant spirits this morning: she has never yet seen Ranksborough ride; and is full of anticipations thereanent; which she has already confided to their object. The latter, no doubt, is very much gratified; but he only betrays it by a glance of languid gratitude, and a slow meaning smile; whilst he dallies with the grapes that, with a glass of pure water, always terminate his morning-meal. But in despite of that indifference, real or assumed, the Lord Denzil means business to-day. He gave special orders over-night as to his first horse; and could choose no better, if the meet were Crick Gorse or Tilton Wood.

Ere long, there is a general move, and a getting to horse or carriage, as the case may be. Marion plays propriety this morning—as she is fond of doing, *faute de mieux*—and takes Lady Greystoke in a barouche; of which Sir Marmaduke Dorrillon and Castlemaine fill the back seats.

John Charteris cares little for hunting himself; but he subscribes liberally to the hounds on the principle of supporting all time-honoured county-institutions; and—going out himself occasionally, as a matter of duty—encourages his guests to do likewise. His stud-groom is a treasure; and keeps his establishment well up to the mark. If there are no hunters of renown in the vast stables of Charteris Royal, there are always jumping-hacks enough to mount any moderate number of guests, who do not aspire to going quite in the front rank; besides a few steady cobs, suited to cautious sportsmen like Commissioner De Visme, who care not to trust their rotund persons too far from the ground. Furthermore, any who prefer it are welcome to bring their own horses: of this only Lady Alice Langton, Ranksborough, and Hardress, have availed themselves.

The last-named, over-night, was generous enough to offer a mount to Bertie Grenvil.

The Oherub—knowing his customer—was rather surprised, but suitably grateful. The sense of obligation will be greatly diminished when he realises the nature of the gift-horse—an obstinate rusher, with only one side to his mouth, and that side almost unmanageable even by such masterly hands as will steer him to-day. Hardress bought him for a song out of a steeple-chasing stable, and thinks he may possibly get a fifty out of his purchase, by dint of schooling; which schooling he intends to see done by deputy, and gratuitously if possible. Luckily it is one of those cheery warm days—without being positively sunny—when Bertie's nerve stands to him well: in cold gloomy weather, as he himself plaintively avows, "a school-girl might show him the way."

We will not linger on the portico-steps, though the scene is picturesque enough in its way. The three amazons were quickly mounted; Lady Alice and Kate being acquired by their respective husbands; Flora Dorrillon by her lately installed favourite. Flemyng's hand trembled so, when the tiny foot was laid in its palm, that the 'taking off' was both frail and insecure: it was rather the elastic strength of the delicate round ancle, than any foreign assistance, that set the fair dame saddle-fast without mishap.

And so they wended their way to meet—a gallant company as we easily see—whither we, too, will follow.

Pinkerton Wood was rather a favourable specimen of a cover 'down in the clays;' where you can hardly expect trim gorse-lands in the midst of a gently swelling sea of pasture-ground. The extent might have been some sixty acres, with plenty of good lying in the centre and towards the lower side, where the under-growth was thickest of bramble, bracken, and sedge. It had the reputation of generally holding a straight-goer; besides the road-riders and carriage-folk had a capital chance of seeing sport without spoiling it; for the Pinkerton foxes almost invariably went away across the broad vale below, which ended in a blunt cone just here; so that the spectators could follow a good deal of the run with glass or eye, by skirting the edge of the rising ground: they call it a 'hill' in these parts—Heaven save the mark!

You who have hunted, can fancy a meet 'in the clays' just as well as I could describe it; and others, the sketch would not greatly interest.

Of course the character of the horse-flesh out—with a few exceptions—differs materially from what you would see in the 'grass.' Blood is invaluable in its way; but blood, alone, would be sorely wasted, indeed almost useless,

in this deep, strongly-fenced country; with its aggravating small inclosures, where one has to be jumping everlastingly, and jumping in and out of plough. Blood and bone together, are beyond the means of any but a very few of the Marlshire squires and yeomen; so the most ambitious are fain to content themselves with such cattle as will carry them decently near their own hounds.

These, likewise, are bred rather for stoutness than speed: they are a pretty level lot, as you see—too big for most tastes; but well up to their rough work; and they can race a bit, too, when they get upon the light land, which is found in a small division of the county.

Right seldom, hereabouts, are seen such costly animals, as those that the Little Lady and Ranksborough are riding to-day—to say nothing of Hardress; who has a cheap two hundred guineas'—worth under him.

The beautiful dark chestnut, curving her shining neck to meet the caress of the tiny gauntleted hand, has had more than one Queen's Plate credited to her in her time; and, if price could have tempted Colonel Langton, she would have been put to work again in a great steeple-chasing stable, two years ago. They who go for thorough-breds and nothing else, point triumphantly to 'Camilla,' in answer to such sceptics as deny that animals who have been regularly trained can ever make perfectly pleasant hunters.

Of a very different stamp, though equally superb in his way is Ranksborough's favourite, 'St. Dunstan.' The soft full curves, essential to equine, no less than to feminine beauty, are wanting here. In their stead you see a massive squareness of perfect proportion, betokening vast muscular power, combined with a rare turn of speed. St. Dunstan's colour,—a rich blue-roan once—has waxed lighter now by several silvery shades; for this is his sixth season: he has won two Hunt cups for Ranksborough, besides several matches for heavy stakes, 'owners up;' and has taken his hunting-turn, twice a fortnight regularly, without once being sick or sorry, or impairing his fame by an absolute fall. His temper is uncertain, without being savage or sulky; and there are days when for ten minutes or so he will jump only on compulsion; but he has to deal with sharp spurs and hands of iron; and he has never once got much the best of a wrangle. In his present service the good horse will surely die; for men have got tired of tempting Ranksborough with fabulous prices, which only elicit a few curt words of rejection, pointed with a contemptuous smile.

Such cattle as these—to say nothing of their riders—would be sure to attract attention in

any country. No wonder that as, leading the mounted party from Mote, they emerge into the forty-acre field, there is a stir, and murmur of admiration, in the group already gathered round the hounds. There are few better judges of horse-flesh than the Marlishire yeomen.

Mr. Braybroke advances to meet the newcomers, with a little more earnestness than usual in his cordial courtesy. Others, perchance, may surpass the Squire's salute in grace or dignity, when he enters a saloon, or lounges near the Rails; but the sweep of his cap, from the saddle, is simply perfection; and has won, they say, approving smiles from Royalty itself. He knows all the Mote party, saving the Lady Alice: to her he is presented at once, by Seyton, with due form and ceremony. Frank's handsome face, flushes like a boy's with pride and pleasure, as he does the honours of the M. H. to the distinguished stranger; and "hopes to show her some sport, not quite unworthy of her riding."

One glance, however, rests on the Little Lady, neither amicably nor admiringly; it is levelled through a glass, screwed into the crook-handle of a very business-like hunting-crop; that crop is grasped in the large well-formed hand of yonder imposing amazon, who sits her powerful bay so squarely.

Mrs. Gaysforde owns to a liberal 'forty off': her proportions, always luxuriant, have developed themselves, in spite of constant hard exercise, somewhat inconveniently of late; but her ruddy and cheerful countenance glows only with natural health; and her bright eyes dance still, jocosely as ever. She is the most good-natured easy-tempered creature living, in all respects save one. She can't bear to be beat by any woman, over her own country. In truth this feat has very seldom been accomplished. With an intermission of five years, she has not missed a season with the M. F. H. since her girlhood; and her fame has gone on waxing instead of waning: no native rival has arisen, whose pluck and science could wrest the lead from Bell Gaysforde, and keep it. She is a good deal heavier than in the old days; but her horses are well over her weight; while her nerve and hands are trustworthy as ever.

The gap in her hunting-diary above referred to, occurred immediately after her marriage to a very wealthy grazier in the North Country. There she resided, contentedly enough—though the wild open moor-land was a sore trial to her, and she scarcely cared to ride over it—till a sudden pleurisy carried off her husband, and left her a childless widow. As soon as she had set her house in order and could prudently move, Mrs. Gaysforde came

back to her own people, without any pretence of inconsolable sorrow. She might have married a dozen times since; but prefers to 'leave well alone'; and has kept house ever since for her brother—yonder burly parson, with a keen hard-bitten face, and close-cropped iron-grey hair—who is glad to share her affluence, and proud to pilot her across country. With a very slight effort the pair might have pushed their way upwards into the ranks of the squirearchy; but neither cared to be at such pains: they were content to seek such society as they needed, amongst the better of the good old yeoman-stock from which they themselves had sprung.

The anticipations of that mischievous Kate, were quickly realised. It must be owned that the rich damask on the buxom widow's cheek deepened by three shades, as she scanned the small quiet-looking stranger, after being made aware of her name. The Little Lady's renown was so thoroughly established, that Mrs. Gaysforde could not pretend to ignore it; and, sooth to say, the aspect of both horse and rider impressed her considerably: nevertheless she came up to time, with a valiant effort; and sniffed defiance, if not disdain.

"Yes—they look like going"—she muttered. "And they'd be hard to beat over the grass I dare say. Though how those baby-hands can hold a horse together, quite puzzles me. But I don't believe in the Shire cracks holding their own, for long, hereabouts. They *will* try to fly everything; and about the fourth bank always brings them to grief. Don't you remember Miss Ormsby, Ben—the handsome dark-haired girl, who came down from Lincolnshire, to show us all the way? She didn't make much of a hand of it, you'll remember."

Now the reverend Benjamin Bartram was something saturnine of temper, and apt to look on the seamy side of most matters. The world had gone smoothly enough with him of late; but he had had hard uphill work for many a year, when—being one of eleven children—he was fain to struggle on, as best he might, on a curate's stipend. He was singularly niggard of encouragement as a rule, and made answer now, rather sourly,

"I don't know so much about that. The mare looks as if she could go over any country; and the lady didn't get her name for nothing, I'll be sworn. The Ormsby girl never rode cattle like yonder one; and she hadn't Tom Seyton to pilot her. That's about the mark of it this morning; unless I'm much mistaken. Besides, Bell—you give lumps of weight away."

The jovial widow was not a whit disconcerted at the fraternal frankness: perhaps she

was used to it: indeed, as you will have already observed, both were more forcible than elegant in the manner of their speech.

"You're right there, Ben," she replied with perfect gravity. "But I've a good stone in hand on Oakapple; and he never was fitter. Anyhow we can but do our best. I'm not afraid—if you are. Don't take your eye off Tom Seyton, whilst we're drawing: they shan't get the better of the start, at all events. Hold Oakapple's head, for a minute, will you?"

Thus having delivered herself, the lady enacted a certain ceremony, very significant to such as had witnessed it before. From the recesses of a deep saddle-pocket she drew forth a small morocco case; from which she produced a pair of the lightest and neatest gold-rimmed spectacles that ever were seen. These she proceeded to adjust with great deliberation and composure: the effect was rather quaint, yet not altogether unbecoming to the comely countenance. She had been a little short-sighted from a child; but the glass let into the buck-horn handle of her whip was sufficient for any ordinary emergencies: when the spectacles were donned, all the hunting-world of Marlshire knew that Bell Gaysforde meant business in earnest.

There is a goodly show of carriages of all descriptions, in the great pasture where the hounds are still lingering, for the turf is sound and the approaches easy; whilst the Squire—considering this a sort of show-meet—gives the dawdlers and dangles ten minutes' law.

You may guess, that there is no more attractive equipage on the ground, than that of *La Reine Gaillarde*, especially as *Blanche Ellerslie* reclines by her side. In spite of their little jealousies, and occasional heart-burnings, they are great allies—those two; having many sympathies and plots in common. In the tiny hind-seat is perched *Leo Armytage*, who plays groom for to-day, and seems to like his part amazingly: the professional being in attendance as out-rider.

The boy looks very interesting, with his left arm in a sling of crimson silk: he had a rattling fall last week, and sprained his wrist badly; so that he cannot take the saddle at present. At least so says the sufferer himself; though divers of his comrades—envious of his present position—won't have it at all; asserting that, "it's all a sham, Leo's keeping on the sick-list. It's only because he wants to be petted." Which want, according to all appearances, is not unlikely to be supplied.

So, perhaps, thinks Colonel Vereker Vane, who, for the last ten minutes has been vainly trying to cut in; so as to intercept—if not

divert—the current of nods and becks and smiles and whispers, that passes incessantly between the fore and hind seats of the ponyphaeton. But the cunning coquette whom, he flattered himself, he had tamed, has evidently glided out the toils; and is free as air again, to rove according to her wicked will. She has neither eyes nor ears for her sometime adorer to-day; and answers his questions only with careless languid monosyllables, that scarcely break the even flow of her fresh flirtation. Vereker would never have forgiven you, if you had suggested, that he could, by any possibility, be jealous of his beardless subaltern: nevertheless he would not dare to pry too closely into his own breast, just now. The Sabreur's discomfort is further increased by the unsociable behaviour of the fiery chestnut he is riding. The brute—naturally nervous like most of his colour—is a little above himself to-day; he keeps sidling and curvetting about, till the ponies, corrupted by the evil example, began to fret in their turn; and Vane, for very shame, is forced to take ground to the right, far beyond ear-shot of his tormentress.

To him, at least, it is rather a relief when Frank Braybroke announces that the time of grace is up, with a significant nod to the huntsman; and the hounds,—trooping to Will Griswold's "Cop away: cop"—lead off towards Pinkerton Wood, about a furlong distant.

You never noticed perhaps, in the crowd, our old acquaintance Joe Cannell. There the man-mountain sits in his high roomy gig, with his famous grey trotter in the shafts. Joe is an indefatigable 'pursuer' on wheels; and generally sees enough of a run, to know how his own horses are going.

"You may break their necks if you like; but make 'em jump," is his usual formula.

Much in these words he has just addressed his head-man—or rather boy—to whom is entrusted the pleasant task of steering a raw raking five-year-old over about the stiffest on-and-off country in England. And the lad answers "All right, master;" just as cheerily, as if bones were made of gutta-percha, and necks were spiral springs. As the crowd begins to file off, and the road becomes a little clear, the old dealer draws up alongside of the Brancepeth phaeton.

"Beg your pardon, my lady"—he says: (Joe bestows this title freely on every female above the rank of farmeress) "if you don't mind followin' me, I think I can put you right. I've been here afore, when the wind set steady, as it does to-day."

Laura Brancepeth thanks him, with her own familiar nod and smile; and, getting her ponies well in hand, rattles off in the track of

the flashing gig-wheels; at a pace that will make even the trotting mare look alive, if she would keep her lead.

(To be continued.)

THE ROBIN RED-BREAST.

It is at this time of the year, the middle of winter, that Robins evince their confidence in the human race. They appear to ask for protection and food, by entering the house—hopping along the floor and feeding on any crumbs which may have fallen from the table. Nor is this all. If a window is left open, they will perch on a chair, sing a little sprightly ditty, and roost, perchance, on the top of a book-case. How pleasing is it to witness this familiarity, and to grant that protection which is so confidently asked for! Indeed instances have been known in which this confidence was still further carried by Robins having built their nests in a room behind a curtain, or on some shelf, waiting patiently till a window or a door was opened that they might gain access to them. An instance has been related of a Robin having commenced a nest in a sitting-room, plucking hair out of the head of a person who was quietly reading in it, for the purpose of lining the nest.

In consequence of this familiarity, Robins are considered as a sort of sacred bird in this country; but when I was residing in a well-wooded country in France, I never was able to see or hear of a Robin, so greedily are they killed and devoured by the inhabitants. Indeed, the only small bird I was able to see during my visit was a cock Chaffinch, who was uttering his oft-repeated and melancholy notes, as if deploring the want of any congeners, so completely was the breed of small birds extirpated. The consequence was that the extensive kitchen-gardens attached to the house in which I was residing, were so full of snails, grubs, and other insects, that they devoured the fruit which fell from the trees during the night. Such is the avidity of the French to feast on small birds, that I have seen even Swallows, those graceful and welcome harbingers of the Spring, hawked about Paris to be purchased for the tables of epicures. To return to Robins. I recollect some years ago receiving a visit from a French Abbé, who resided at his cottage at Ealing, and who boasted of the number of the "Rouge-gorges" he caught in his garden in traps, saying what good eating they were! I told him that if it was known at Ealing what he had done, he would be mobbed by every boy throughout the village.

The Robin is not only a very confiding bird,

but a very affectionate one. If it has been deprived of its mate, either by a marauding cat or from some other cause, it will give vent to the most piteous moanings and cries. Its eye is full and very expressive, and it gives a side-long turn of its head, very characteristic of its nature.

Sweet social bird, with breast of red,
How prone's my heart to favour thee!
Thy look oblique, thy prying head,
Thy gentle affability;
Thy cheerful song in Winter's cold,
And when no other lay is heard,
Thy visits paid to young and old,
When fear appals each other bird;
Thy friendly heart, thy nature mild,
Thy meekness and docility,
Tend to true love of man and child,
And win thine own felicity.

Izaak Walton calls it "the honest Robin, that loves mankind both *dead* and *alive*:" he alludes probably to the well-renowned old ballad of the "Babes in the Wood," reminding us of the lines of Collins,—

The redbreast oft, at evening hours,
Shall kindly lend his little aid,
With hoary moss and gather'd flowers,
To deck the ground where thou art laid.

But I must not omit to mention one anecdote of the confidence that Robins will place in the human race.

An excellent and kind female friend of my younger and older years had a rockery near her house, backed by high and flourishing laurels and rhododendrons, and the interior replete with ferns and other plants. Into this fernery, as it might be called, she was in the habit of going daily with some bread. As soon as she arrived, she called to the many Robins which frequented the locality, when they flew to her and eat the bread out of her hands. One of the birds, however—and it must have been a bold one—would alight on her hand, and when it was placed sufficiently near her mouth, would take crumbs out of it. This fact I have myself repeatedly witnessed. No fear, no hesitation was evinced by the bird. It came boldly to receive the offered gift, and sometimes would sing a grateful song after partaking of its meal. But this is not a solitary instance of the way in which kindness to Robins may be exemplified. A worthy farmer of the name of Grundy, who formerly resided at the New Lodge Farm near Windsor (now the princely residence of M. Van de Weyer), afforded me a proof of this. On entering his garden with him, a number of Robins perched on his shoulders and arms, and appeared perfectly familiar with him. It

was a pretty sight, but he refused to tell me by what means he had attracted these birds to him. He could also exercise the same power over rats, as myself and many of his friends have witnessed. He quietly seated himself in his barn, and presently rats came out of their hiding-places, and with the greatest confidence

crawled up his legs, and rested on his thighs and back. He said he had promised a friend never to communicate the secret of his influence over the birds and quadrupeds referred to, and I believe it died with him. Mr. Grundy was celebrated for the excellence of the cheeses he made for George IV., and in consequence,



during the life of that monarch, he paid no rent for New Lodge Farm.

Before concluding my remarks on the Robin, I would here mention that our earliest affections are connected with that bird, and we very soon learn to respect the old adage of the nursery—

The little Robin and the wren
Are God Almighty's cock and hen.

They are amongst our insectivorous birds, in addition to about forty others which arrive in this country in the spring. When we consider the enormous number of insects which would infest our fields and gardens, but for

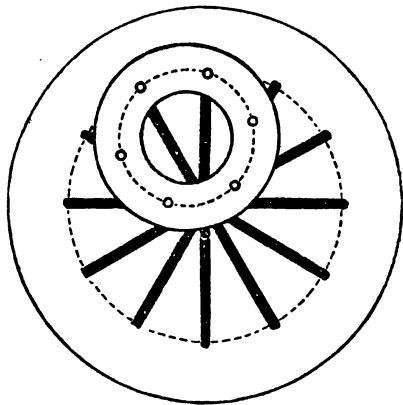
these birds, the benefit we derive from them must be great indeed. Swallows, Wagtails, Flycatchers, and many other birds, are constantly employed in keeping down a too great redundancy of insects; and even flowers are employed in their destruction. But for these wise and benevolent arrangements of Providence, it is impossible to calculate on the extent of the injury which would be done to our fruits, flowers, vegetables and grains. Do not, then, let us defeat these arrangements, as the French have done, by destroying those small birds, which are so useful and beneficial to us all.

EDWARD JESSE.

A NEW PUZZLE.

THE following puzzle may possibly interest some of our readers during the long winter evenings. At all events it has the merit of novelty.

Cut out two discs of stiff cardboard; one having a circle drawn upon it of any diameter, say from two to three inches, and the other a circle of just twice the diameter; leaving good margins beyond. Divide the circumference of the smaller circle into any number of equal parts; six will be found practically the most convenient number: moreover, the division into six is easy; the radius of any circle applied, by means of a pair of compasses, from point to point of the circumference, goes exactly six times. Small round wooden pegs must be inserted at the points of division, and fastened with thick gum or sealing wax; the sticks of congreve matches cut into short lengths will answer the purpose well. Also, divide the large circle into twice as many parts as the small one, joining every two diametrically opposite points of division by straight lines passing through the centre of the circle. Along these lines, slits or grooves are to be cut out just wide enough to admit the pegs; and should be so cut that one of the lines previously drawn would (if not cut away) be exactly in the *middle* of each slit.



It will now be found that the small disc may be placed against the large one as in the diagram, each of the pegs passing through one of the slits. The centre of the small disc should previously be cut out, leaving the cardboard in the form of a ring, so as to hide the position of the slits as little as possible; and the puzzle will be completed by placing a similar ring (having a circle accurately divided as before, and perforated to receive the pegs) upon the opposite side of the large disc, the other ends of the pegs being passed through it and secured.

The puzzle is how to get the double ring of cardboard to the opposite edge of the large circle. It will be found that on giving the ring a circular motion on its centre, it will at the same time move round the larger circle in the opposite direction.

The two cardboard rings should be made to hold the large disc tightly between them, otherwise they will move too readily upon being touched, and the value of the puzzle, as a puzzle, will be impaired. The only points remaining to be noted are, first, that the slits in the large disc should be cut just so far beyond the divided circle as to allow the *centres* of the pegs (which centres should as nearly as possible coincide with the points of division in the small circle) to be at certain times in the *circumference* of the large circle; secondly, that the ring should be of such width (from its inner to its outer edge) as to cover all the points necessarily formed at the centre of the large disc by the crossing of the slits. This will keep them flat, and give completeness to the whole.

In the diagram the *dotted* circles are those which are to be divided, and of which one must be of a diameter exactly twice that of the other.

The above is founded upon the following mathematical principle:—Let there be two circles, one having a diameter double that of the other; and, the small circle being placed inside the large one touching its circumference, imagine a double motion to be given to the small circle such that it shall turn once upon its own centre in the same time in which it performs a complete revolution about the centre of the larger circle, the two motions being in *opposite* directions. Under these conditions it may be shown that every point in the circumference of the small circle moves in a straight line, namely, along some diameter of the large circle—backwards and forwards as the motion is continued. It is this fact which enables the cardboard ring in the puzzle to move round the disc while points in the circle described upon the former are confined to straight lines. Practically, it is not necessary to try to give the two equal motions; from the guidance afforded by the slits, and from the manner in which the pegs bear upon them, the rotary motion given to the ring naturally produces that of revolution also.

It is worth remarking that the double motion described above is the same as would be produced if, the two circles being placed relatively as there indicated, the smaller circle be conceived to *roll* along the circumference of the larger one; the two circumferences always touching and never sliding one on the other.

FRED. R. J. HERVEY.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER V. ENLIGHTENED.

THERE is not much likeness between the words Stibenhede and Stepney, but there is less likeness between Stepney as it is and Stibens-heath as it was.

Meagre enough are the materials out of which we have at the present day to draw our mental picture. Gone are the palaces, and the ancient mansions—gone the men and women, gone the green fields and the country, and the trees and the gardens; whilst concerning Stepney, history is more reticent than its wont, more provokingly suggestive, more irritatingly silent.

"Of great antiquity and of great importance," says an old chronicler. "Stepney was once," he proceeds, "the residence of kings, the seat of parliament, which was held there, and the place where the deans of St. Paul's had their country mansion, some faint remains of which are still to be seen."

These lines were traced in 1770. Even then the glories of Stepney would seem to have become a tradition, for the historian never tells us what kings lived there, when parliament sat, at what date Stepney was of importance; * even then the silence of the ages had settled down on the place, and though many wealthy and responsible citizens had seats in the village, towards which London was already creeping up, still it was sinking in the social scale an hundred years ago, sinking slowly and surely.

And now, Ichabod,—the glory has departed. There is no famous ground here—for we know not why or wherefore the place was ever famous; there are few good houses in the parish—alas! how small a parish it is now! Over the pleasant fields the meanest and poorest streets now conduct to more streets, poor and mean also.

The vaguest tradition—the most commonplace reality! The few large dwellings that remain fail to carry us back to any time when either the great or noble lived and suffered. We connect no tragedy with the spot; save that it is said Lady Rachel Russell retired here to indulge her grief, there is no pathetic interest connected with the place.

Here, as elsewhere, tears have fallen,—

* Since writing the above, I find mention made of a parliament held by Edward I. at Stepney, in the year 1292.

hearts been broken, but man has kept no record of his fellow's grief; and for this reason man finds no interest in loitering here. He sees God's creatures struggling for bread, labouring in the sweat of their brows for money which is oftentimes sorely needed. He walks among the sternest realities of existence as he paces those narrow streets. The curse is made visible in a neighbourhood where vice, and poverty, and sickness, and sorrow jostle each other along the pavements. There is no best here now, unless, indeed, it be the shops filled with wonderful finery and elaborate jewellery in the Commercial Road. Where do these shops find customers? Where—this is an age in which if people go hungry they must be clothed—in which—. I must stop at this point and turn back to the beginning, to the Stepney, Lawrence Barbour saw when he went to visit Mr. Sondes on the day following that on which we first made his acquaintance, walking due east through London.

The part of the parish in which Mr. Sondes lived a lonely and desolate life was not on Stepney Green, or in Stepney Square, or Church Row, or anywhere near the church, round which there still lingers a certain though by no means an exciting interest.

In a street ballad, which was within the last few years popular in inverse proportion to its merits, the author takes occasion to mention that his heroine was not born in Westminster, but on the other side of the water. I quote this statement in order to escape the plagiarism—for there is a certain similarity in the position. Mr. Sondes' house was not on the north side of the Commercial Road, but on the other. He did not reside anywhere near St. Dunstan's, but at the end of Stepney Causeway, close to the Blackwall Railway, and within a very trifling distance of Ratcliff Highway.

The house he lived in stands six doors south of the railway, on the east side of the street, if my memory serves me correctly; and any reader who is curiously inclined and not particular can see the old residence, and get a bed in it at a moderate—too moderate charge; for the grand old mansion is now a common lodging-house, and up the staircases and along the passages tramp John, Tom, and Harry—free of the premises at so much a night.

Hamlet made some original observations

on the uses to which the greatest among men may be turned; who would not think of Hamlet in those old-world houses, from whence the glory has departed, and the former inhabitants also? What will your great country mansion be transformed into, twenty years hence, Sir John? Possibly, if it be good enough, into an asylum for idiots! Where youth and beauty, where rank and wealth have assembled, there will be long dining-tables surrounded by jabbering imbeciles. What would you? The world goes round, and the houses go with it.

They are here to-day, tenanted by the great and noble, by the wealthy and decorous; and they turn up to-morrow, filled with the halt, the blind, the mad, the bad, the very sweepings of the streets.

Or else their place, like the place of their olden inhabitants, knows them no more; and this—like an ancient grave disturbed to make way for the remains of a new-comer—is, to my thinking, saddest of all.

In a book written not very long ago, I once described a house with every room in which I was familiar—a house I loved; the house where Alan Ruthven lived and Hugh Elyot died. When those volumes were written, the old place was still standing, the old rooms were as large and bright and sunshiny as ever; the chestnuts budded in the spring, and stood stately with flower and foliage over the water; from the upper windows a view was to be had across the Marshes to Epping Forest. In all save its name, Marsh Hall, was a reality; and now—well, now there is a street through the mansion where those we know so well lived and suffered; the gable end of Alan Ruthven's factory still remained a few weeks ago, but even that is now, no doubt, level with the ground; the chestnuts are cut down; the garden is covered with houses and bricks, rubbish and mortar; the pond is drained; the conservatory gone, and there is nothing—nothing left to indicate where the house stood, where the men and the women whose story I told, lived out the most important years of their lives.

So the world turns round. How, before these pages are finished, will it be with another house,—with the old-fashioned mansion in which Olivine Sondes had spent all the years of her young existence?

The residence is in Stepney Causeway still; it is the same house; contains precisely the same rooms as it did on the afternoon when Lawrence Barbour set out from Distaff Yard to find it.

"Keep straight along Narrow Street and over the bridges, and then ask," was Mr. Perkins's parting advice; which advice Lawrence

following, he soon reached Stepney Causeway, which was a much more select neighbourhood in those days than it is at present.

Well-to-do people lived there then; men who have since prospered exceedingly were born in this street, which still, spite of time's changes, looks grimly respectable, with its solid houses, with its old-fashioned door-ways.

It was always dingy, however—dingy, I mean, within the memory of people living now. What it may have been at a remoter period we need scarcely pause to inquire. There was a park once, at the rear of the very house in which Mr. Sondes resided; fifty years ago the place was a suburb; it is now London. Caroline Street and Dorset Street have quite recently sprung up over the ground that was formerly paddock and garden. Over the grass-plot on which Mr. Sondes' library windows looked out are built poor little brick tenements; there is no garden at this present time; only, alas! the place where a garden has been.

When Lawrence Barbour, however, having passed through that street where, on the south side, every second building is a tavern, with "fine view of the river," painted red upon blue, blue upon red, green upon black, and crossed the "bridges," and made his way to the side of the Regent's Canal Dock into the Commercial Road, and thence, after about a mile's more walking, found himself at last in Stepney Causeway,—there was an odour of aldermanic gentility still hanging about the place; it was quiet, but respectable; it was dull, but not vulgar. The feet that have since profanely trodden those staircases were then roaming in far different scenes. Have patience! we are standing, at least in spirit, with Lawrence Barbour on the door-step of that house which was once tenanted by Alderman Shakespeare. The door stands hospitably open at this present moment, but in the days I speak of things were differently managed, and after the young man had knocked, he was admitted into the house by an old woman, who ushered him into the back room on the ground floor, which was called by courtesy Mr. Sondes' study.

Nor, although "study" is a large word wherewith to designate the sanctum of a business man, was the name altogether inappropriate?

In that room Mr. Sondes both read hard and studied hard. The walls were lined with book-shelves up to the very ceiling, and the book-shelves were filled with the works of the best authors of former days.

For modern literature Mr. Sondes cared little. Like many men who have from any cause been thrown off the main lines of life

to some of its tranquil sidings, he sought his friends in the past rather than in the present; in memory, and the writings of the immortal dead, rather than amongst living men and living thinkers. Excepting books connected with the profession in which he was most interested, Mr. Sondes bought nothing new; but all the most expensive and most recent works on chemistry he purchased with avidity; purchased, and read, and mastered, and turned in due time to good purpose for his own benefit.

Book-shelves in the deep recesses on both sides the old-fashioned fire-place; book-shelves covering the panelled wood-work dividing his study from the dining-room; book-shelves on the south wall behind the door, and book-shelves to right and left of the large window which looked out in those days on a pleasant garden well stocked with fruit-trees. Beyond the field was a paddock, now covered by Dorset Street.

Drawn up to the window was a library-table, on which were piled books, pamphlets, manuscripts, and mechanical drawings; between the table and the fire was placed an easy, very easy chair, occupied by Mr. Sondes, who rose, however, when Lawrence entered, and greeted him with a cordiality that offered a striking contrast to his manner on the preceding evening.

Mr. Perkins had sent a letter over by Lawrence, and this letter Mr. Sondes proceeded to read, bidding his visitor find a seat for himself the while.

When Mr. Sondes had read every word of the epistle slowly over, he laid it down upon the table, and then began to interrogate Lawrence.

"How did he like London—did he mean to stick to business—to put his heart into it, in fact—did he want to make a fortune, or to grub on all his life—as—as Mr. Perkins has done, in fact," finished Mr. Sondes, staring at Lawrence all the time as a person might look through a window.

"I want to make my fortune," answered the youth; "a man can grub on anywhere, but it is not everywhere he can push his way in the world."

"And how do you mean to push your way in the world?" asked Mr. Sondes, which rather difficult question Lawrence replied to by saying, "that he did not know—he had come to London to learn."

"And do you want to be taught—are you wishing to receive instruction?" demanded the other.

For a moment Lawrence hesitated; he wanted to understand what it was that Mr. Sondes was driving at before going too far in

his replies, but after that moment's thought, he said earnestly:—

"Mr. Sondes, it was not to earn a mere living I resolved to come to London; I could have got that as a curate—as an ensign—without, as my father puts it, losing caste. I may speak plainly to you, I hope, without giving offence," and Lawrence paused while Mr. Sondes, leaning back in his seat with his legs stretched out to their full length, his elbows resting on the arms of his chair, and the tips of his fingers touching each other, nodded assent, and added, "Go on—say all you have to say—as though I had nothing to do with you—as though you were likely never to have anything to do with me."

"I cannot do that," answered Lawrence; "it is precisely because you have to do with me and I with you that I venture to say what I certainly should not think of intruding upon any other person. I am going to work for you, and you wish to find out whether I am likely to work to any purpose."

"Put it that way, if you like," said Mr. Sondes; "say it will be for our mutual interest to understand each other perfectly, and go on. You could have been an ensign or a curate, and gained your living in either the church or the army, but you selected business because—I wait to hear the reasons for your preference."

"Because I saw that business gives not merely a living, but wealth; and that wealth is power."

"Where did you see business give wealth, and wealth power?" inquired Mr. Sondes; and, simple though the question may sound, Lawrence found himself puzzled to answer it.

Like all young people, he had worked out a general theory from a particular case, and even while he felt perfectly satisfied of the truth and accuracy of his own conclusions, he yet, sitting opposite to that cool, cold, clear-headed individual, felt it difficult to give any reason which might seem sufficient to Mr. Sondes for the faith he held.

For the first time his answer drifted away from the question; for the first time he replied to one question with another.

"Does not England owe all her prosperity and greatness to commerce?" he asked; "and is not it an acknowledged fact that wealth is power?"

"Does not the honeycomb owe all it contains to the industry of that useful insect the bee, and is it not an acknowledged fact that honey is sweet?" retorted Mr. Sondes. "Let us go back to the point whence we started. We were talking about yourself, not about England: you said you had seen

business give wealth, and wealth power, and I asked you where."

"Well, I saw it at Mallingsford," answered Lawrence, desperately; "I saw a vulgar, illiterate snob buy the place where we had lived for centuries, and then I saw that snob sell Mallingsford End to a worse snob; and I saw the whole county-side bow down and worship Mammon, the rector's wife toadying to the first great man's wife, and the curate bustling up to dinner at Mr. Alwyn's, as though he were going to heaven."

"I can quite believe it," said Mr. Sondes; "but what then?"

"Why then, Mr. Nott and Mr. Alwyn both made their money in trade, and money enabled them to buy Mallingsford End."

"Well?" persisted Mr. Sondes.

"Well," repeated Lawrence, a little nettled, "does not that prove the truth of what I said?"

"Not in the least," answered the other calmly; "you saw the men who had won great prizes in the lottery of commerce; the men who have gained only blanks you have still to behold; as well might you select a bishop or archbishop as a type of ordinary church success, and say I will enter the church because in it men are rich and powerful."

"If success in the church were dependent solely on merit, I should not perhaps be wrong in doing as you suggest," answered Lawrence, who, seeing the weak point in Mr. Sondes' armour, was not slow in taking advantage of it. "Business is the one occupation in which a man may rise, no thanks to anybody but himself."

"Is it?" returned Mr. Sondes. "I am afraid, if you exhaust the matter, you will find that even in business kissing goes a good deal by favour. You will see, if you look about you, that a millionaire is almost as rare as a bishop."

"But wherever one goes in England men are to be met with who have made large fortunes in trade."

"Yes," was the reply; "and every time you walk through the London streets you will meet scores of men who have failed to make fortunes in trade. Take all the small houses even in a neighbourhood like this. Take the miles of humble dwellings—take the hundreds of thousands of men living in those houses who are making off life hardily and with anxious difficulty. If success were an easy thing to compass, if wealth were a mere matter of hard work and industry, all our business people would be merchant princes."

"But many have not the money; and——"

"And 'what one person has done another may do,' you were going to say," finished Mr.

Sondes, as Lawrence stopped short. "True; but then the chances are ten thousand to one against that other. Probably there are few who have not started in life with precisely the same views and expectations as yourself. It is so easy to dream castles—it is so hard to build them. People get so weary as the years go by, bringing nothing in their wake but failure or moderate success. So many qualities are necessary to ensure even comparative wealth—so many circumstances may arise to impede a man's course. He may have relations dependent on him—he may have a wife who drags him down—he may lose his health—he may have a swarm of sickly children—he may make enemies—he may have too many friends—he may find the business pace too fast for his powers, the race too long for his strength."

"Is there any use, then, in trying at all?" asked Lawrence, almost fiercely.

"Yes," was the answer. "There is use, at any rate, in your trying, for you are young, well bred, strong, determined, hopeful, unencumbered. If to these advantages you are willing to add knowledge, you may be hereafter a rich man, though I do not say so rich a man as Mr. Alwyn. He did not make his money over honestly, and I presume you have no ambition to become a respectable rogue. By-the-bye," added Mr. Sondes, "you know of course the nature of the business in which we are engaged at Limehouse. Talking of honesty reminded me of our own trade, which many people might not consider exactly the proper thing. We are adulterators: does that word shock you?"

"I have not an idea what you mean by it," answered Lawrence.

"You have heard of food being adulterated. Well, we supply the articles for adulteration to order: that is, suppose a grocer wants a lot of chicory, he comes to us, and we grind it for him; or he requires a quantity of imitation pepper-corns to grind with the genuine article,—we supply him. Or, it may be, he prefers to sell Bermuda arrowroot at considerably under cost price; in that case he has to apply to us for arrowroot made from potatoes. It is the rage for cheapness that induces a trade like ours: people would rather pay twopence for an inferior article than threepence for genuine goods. Quantity, not quality, is what they look for. The consequence of which is, that grocers must adulterate, and the grocers must be able to procure the wherewithal to adulterate from a firm like ours, where every ingredient used is perfectly pure of its kind and harmless. We supply them precisely as the chicory importers supply us, each selling a genuine article of its kind. It is a snug

trade, but at the same time some people might object to it; for which reason it is only fair you should know the nature of the business into which you are entering."

"But what has all that to do with chemistry?" asked Lawrence, whose face had clouded considerably while Mr. Sondes was speaking.

"Everything: it takes a first-rate chemist, I can tell you, to be a good adulterator; and Mr. Perkins is a first-rate chemist; so thorough a one that I often think it is a pity he should be wasting his talents in a little poking hole like Distaff Yard. Had he married differently, and that we had come across each other sooner, I believe he might have made a fortune,—but that woman! There is a saying amongst our London poor 'that a man must ask his wife's leave to get rich.' Remember the proverb, for it is a true one. Don't go and marry a woman who will keep you down in the mud all your life. We dine at five. Olivine is somewhere about the house; you might go and ask her to show you her pets, whilst I finish my letters. Do not let what I have said discourage you. The world, full as it is, can always make room for a pushing, energetic, clever man."

CHAPTER VI. OLIVINE.

MR. SONDES watched Lawrence out of the room with very much the same kind of expression as that a man might wear who looked after a horse he had some idea of buying. Then he drew up his chair to the table and commenced writing, while Lawrence proceeded to the next apartment, where Mr. Sondes had said he should probably find Olivine.

She was not there, however; but the old woman who had admitted him, and who was now engaged in laying the cloth for dinner, took him up-stairs, where, in the drawing-room, they discovered Olivine, nestled into the window-seat, looking out at Stepney Causeway.

"Your uncle promised that you would show me your pets," said the young man, by way of introduction.

"Do you care about pets?" asked Miss Olivine, lifting her eyes to his, and reading him as children do.

"Yes, very much: I left a dog at home that I was as fond of as you are of your doves," he answered; but Olivine shook her head in dissent.

"I could not leave them behind me," she said; and of course that settled the matter.

"What was your dog's name?" Olivine asked, after a pause.

"Gelert. I called him after poor Gelert

who was killed by his master. You remember that story, don't you?"

No; Olivine had never heard anything about Gelert, and instantly became clamorous for information.

"Tell me about him; please do—please—please!" and the little hands were clasped together, and the sweet face upturned to his with such an earnestness of entreaty that Lawrence could not choose but stoop and kiss her.

"Show me your pets," he said, "and then I will tell you all about Gelert;" to which bargain Olivine agreed by taking his hand in hers, and conducting him into the withdrawing-room, so called, but which was really rather an ante-chamber, where, in an immense cage, Poll was engaged in the somewhat monotonous, but apparently congenial, occupation of swinging.

At sight of Lawrence the wretch paused in his amusement, and commenced shrieking out at the top of his hoarse voice—

"Who are you?—who are you?" and then he went off into a series of whispers and murmurs, which Lawrence had no great difficulty in conjecturing to be curses.

The creature had been taught to swear in whispers, and although those whispers were almost inaudible, the effect was ludicrous beyond all expression.

"Poll, Poll—pretty, pretty Poll," cried out Olivine; whereupon Poll turned up one eye towards her, and, immediately becoming enthusiastic, screamed out, "Ol, Olly, Olivine," which last word seemed to Lawrence so perfect an imitation of Miss Ada Perkins that he began laughing.

This drew the parrot's attention back to him, and the bird thereupon grew furious. It flapped its wings, it flew up against the bars of its cage, it hopped from perch to perch, still shrieking out, "Who are you? who are you? who the——" At which point it invariably became inaudible, greatly to the advantage of society in general and of his young mistress in particular.

"He is very funny, is not he?" said Olivine; "but I do not love him like the doves; they are so soft and so beautiful, and they laid an egg last summer."

This ornithological eccentricity seemed to have given Olivine such intense satisfaction, that Lawrence could only hope the performance might be repeated on some future occasion.

"It is getting too dark to see the rabbits," she went on. "You must come some morning, if you want to go out to them; and now I have nothing more, only the cats, and I don't know where they are, except Flossy.

Flossy has a green eye, and a blue one; is not it odd?"

She had the cat under her arm as she said this, and was ascending the stairs leading from the door opening into the garden to the hall.

With her disengaged hand, however, she suddenly arrested Lawrence's attention, and caused him to glance across the hall, in the very middle of which a tabby cat was standing on her hind legs, motionless.

"She does that fifty times a day, for beef," Olivine said. "Uncle does laugh so at her. I taught her to beg, and now whenever she meets me she goes up just as you see her. She would stand like that for ever so long if I told her. Wouldn't you, oh! you dear, dear old pussens"—and the child made a dive at the tabby, and securing her, carried both cats up to the drawing-room, where in the twilight she sat down on the floor at Lawrence's feet, and bade him tell her about Gelert.

In the dusk he told her that story; with the reflection from the street-lamps making strange lights on the walls, with the blaze from the fire illuminating the child's face. Lawrence repeated to her the legend of that faithful hound; but when he came to the end he wished he had not done so.

Down her cheeks came the tears pouring like hail; through her fingers he could see little pools of wet making their way; he could perceive how the slight frame was shaken with sobs—how fully the excitable child entered into the misery of the narrative and believed in it.

She forgot her cats, she forgot herself, she forgot Lawrence—forgot everything save "Poor Gelert, po-o-or—por-oor Gelert," as she tried to say.

Then he tried to comfort her. Did the memory of that scene never recur to him in the after days, I wonder? He raised her from the floor, and drew her to him and kissed—he who had never owned a little sister—the bitter tears away.

"Olivine, my dear," he said; but the grief only grew more pathetic, and she buried her head in his breast, and cried there to her heart's content—cried till his shirt was limp with moisture—cried till she was tired, poor child, poor Olivine!

Then, half in jest, half in forgetfulness, Lawrence began singing to her—making believe he was hushing her to sleep—and in a moment the child was still.

Softly the song rose and fell—softly the young man hummed the old familiar air that had come to his memory. Scarcely articulating the words, he went through verse after

verse, looking into the fire the while, and thinking of anything rather than of the child on his knee—of the place he was in. Softly, oh! softly the song rose and fell and then died away; and when it did so, Olivine dropped out of his arms, and, seizing his hands, kissed and fondled them in a sort of rapture.

"More, more," she said, "sing more;" and she sat at his feet, like one in a dream, while he ran through his little stock of songs to pleasure her.

Was it pleasure, though? was it pure pleasure for the little creature to sit with her lovely eyes filled full of tears, hanging on every note of the music as if it were her native tongue she heard spoken after years of silence?

This was what the lonely desolate life had done. This was what the system of education had effected. Under other auspices, influenced by other circumstances, the child might have been as thoughtless and as gay as children—thank God—usually are; but, as it chanced, the delicately attuned harp was strung up to its highest pitch, and Olivine could bear no excitement of any kind without the tears starting into her eyes, without her heart being torn and agitated.

For an organisation like this, what was the future likely to hold in store for her? What? Ah! Lawrence Barbour could not even in fancy, picture the end to that story as he sat looking in the fire.

Before he had exhausted his string of ballads, Mr. Sondes came upon the pair. Perhaps music was not exactly an accomplishment for which he had given his new acquaintance credit; perhaps the song awoke olden memories in his heart, for he stood in the doorway listening,—stood in the outer darkness, looking into the room where the firelight was flickering about the antique furniture and casting strange shadows across the portraits and pictures hanging upon the walls.

Never a human being had a softer, sweeter, more pathetic voice than Lawrence Barbour. People think a lovely voice goes invariably with a tender nature, and are surprised and incredulous when they hear of cold selfish men, and hard calculating women, being able to sing like the angels and archangels in heaven; but I hold, and have ever held, that the great gift of music has nothing to do with the heart, and that some of the most passionate and devoted beings who ever dwelt on earth have remained, so far as that power of expression goes, dumb, and passed into the next world mutely and in silence.

But, as I have just said, most people are of a different opinion, and Mr. Sondes, being of

the majority, decided that Lawrence Barbour must be possessed of every Christian grace and cardinal virtue.

"It is very kind of you," he said at last, crossing the room and laying his hand on the young man's shoulder, "very kind indeed of you to amuse my little girl. I have often thought of having her taught music, but I doubt whether it would be good for her."

Lawrence did not answer. Standing up and looking at the firelight playing over the walls, he was thinking that, if Olivine had possessed any musical talent, her uncle could not have hindered her learning. For himself he could never remember the time when he had not sung. So soon as he could stand beside the piano, he had been wont to pick out airs for himself among the black and white keys; he had chanted forth all sorts of old melodies in the great rooms at Mallingford End; he had made the long corridors ring with the shrill treble of his childish voice; he had gone about singing under the shadow of the oaks and the elms; and when he ceased to be a child his gift only changed in character, and settled down into the sweetest tenor conceivable.

To such an one "teaching" seemed absurd. If the child were to sing, she would sing; if she were not to sing, no art could make her other than a mere machine. She could appreciate music; she had given him proof of that; but appreciation is so far removed from talent, that as a rule talent cannot appreciate any talent but its own. Talent can criticise; it requires quite another kind of genius to appreciate.

Dimly Lawrence Barbour was groping after this truth as he stood leaning against the chimney-piece, looking at the old-fashioned cabinets, at the carved oaken chairs.

"I should like to learn, uncle;" it was Olivine who spoke, rubbing her head against Mr. Sondes' hand the while, after the fashion of a pet kitten.

"Then you shall, my darling." And straightway Olivine clapped her hands with delight, while Lawrence looked on wonderingly.

She was such a shy child, and yet so demonstrative—so quiet, and yet so enthusiastic—so patient, and yet so eager. Many a long year passed before he understood that phase of womankind, and when light dawned upon him it was too late. Yet, no; for it is never too late on this side eternity to see truth.

Shortly afterwards dinner was announced. Olivine, young though she was, sat at table with them. An only child has many advantages, or many drawbacks—whichever way you please to take it; and being constantly

with grown-up people was one of those drawbacks to Olivine. Never a matron of fifty conducted herself with more solemn propriety than Olivine at table. The eternal fitness of things, more especially of the things on a dinner-table, seemed early to have taken hold of her young imagination, and to have invested her manners with a certain dignity wonderful to behold.

Mr. Sondes was a stickler for etiquette. Lawrence could perceive that fact at a glance.

He insisted upon his servant waiting at table. Due East, and living all alone, he yet dined with as much ceremonial as any resident in Belgravia. When Mr. Barbour senior lost Mallingford, he lost his pride in externals also; and the meals at Clay Farm were oftentimes no better served than those in the most petty tradesman's house in Mallingford.

Like all those who feel that a fall in fortune has involved also a fall in station, Lawrence was keenly sensitive to matters of this kind, and the fact of everything in Mr. Sondes' establishment being done decently and in order increased his liking for that gentleman amazingly.

And this liking was reciprocal. The more Mr. Sondes saw of the youth the more his heart inclined towards him. A gentleman by birth, yet above the prejudices of his order; brought up in idleness, yet willing to put his shoulder to the wheel and work, as though it had been his portion all his life; independent, yet not impatient of advice; resolute, yet sensible enough to stand and hear what older people had to say; capable of forming and maintaining an opinion, yet thankful to hear the opinions of others; possessed of great talents, yet neither vain nor proud of them: surely these were just the qualities to attract the attention and arouse the interest of a man like Mr. Sondes, who had travelled almost the same path as Lawrence was now pursuing, with the same ardour, with the same hopes, years before; years and years before.

He said to himself, "Here is a lad, with about every element of success in him; a lad who, properly looked after, will become a great man some day;" and he conceived a liking for the youth straightway.

To a certain extent Mr. Sondes judged correctly; for Lawrence was pretty nearly certain to gain a prize in the business lottery his new friend had spoken of.

And yet, with all this strength, there was much weakness. Amongst the seed-corn tares were mingled; and unhappily it is never till the grain springs that man can tell what the field of any other man's life is going to bring forth.

(To be continued.)

"A SCRIMMAGE WITH A TIGER."

EARLY one morning during February last, as I sat in my verandah at early tea, I received a hasty note from my friend Captain H. intimating that a "kill"* having taken place at Telowlie, some four miles off, he proposed looking up the tiger, and gave me due notice, in case I wished to share the fun.

Of course I was soon ready to be off, and

dispatched my servants, with a small battery of breech and barrel loaders, to H.'s bungalow, waiting his arrival with what patience I might. At ten o'clock he rode up, bringing a camel for my use; and, the elephants and beaters having gone on ahead, we cantered on leisurely.

An hour's easy riding brought us to the rendezvous, where a pretty and exciting scene greeted us.



Under the mango-trees were grouped about eighty-six beaters, elephants, Sowars, belonging to H.'s regiment, and volunteers from the village, all eager for the work, and breathing out death and destruction to the tiger, which they affirmed to be one I had followed and lost two years before. After some talk and difference of opinion as to the best way of working the jungle, H. and I started on foot for the "mool," where we arranged to post ourselves as the likeliest place for the tiger breaking cover; I clambered up one tree and

another, and when conveniently seated, sent back word for the beaters to commence proceedings; which they speedily did in their usual fashion, kicking up noise enough to rouse the manes of every defunct cow in the district. Shouting, beating tom-toms, blowing horns, and, in short, making such a hullabaloo as only natives can make, and which was calculated to drive even a tiger from its lair, is strangely exciting.

In a short time the noise begins to take effect: deer of various sorts break and gallop past, now one of the pretty Chelul, or spotted deer, now a lordly Sawba, now a Nilgau, now a couple of pea-fowl,—the last runs close to the ground. Sometimes, if a jungle is a little

* For the benefit of those who may not be initiated into "Shikaree" parlance, I ought to explain that a "kill" is the usual method of stating the case when a tiger having a fancy for a meat supper, walks into a piece of live beef.

open, the tiger can be seen for a considerable time before coming within shot; and then, as with straining eyes you watch him stealthily cat-like creep, how the nerves tingle, and what speculation as to whether the first chance will be yours crowd on the brain! Man is a selfish animal at all times, but never more so than when hunting. "Every man for himself, and God for us all," is surely the hunter's motto; and the best temper in the world would show a rough side when the chances of a good shot are balked.

Our first "draw" was a blank, so we held counsel with our ally, the village koor, as to the next move, and finally elected to try another patch of jungle.

H. and I scrambled to our new trees, and I was busily employed lighting my pipe, when I heard a whisper below me, and looking down descried H., gesticulating violently. Slipping down, I heard,—

"Look sharp, the tiger's afoot; we must get back."

Back we went, scrambling into the best trees we could find; mine was a miserable sapling, the effort to perch on which gave me cramp, and nearly upset me in more ways than one.

Bang, jingle, roar, shriek, went the beaters; and then I forgot my misery. Suddenly I heard the firing of a rifle-shot near, followed by a low whistle, the signal that the tiger was hit. Down H. and I jumped, making for the elephant, to follow up the wounded animal. But the first shot, fired by one of the Sowars, had been mortal; and so, having put a couple of barrels into her to make certain, we lugged a fine full-grown tigress out of the scrub. This was not bad. But we knew the male was near somewhere, so another beat was arranged; and the coolies had scarcely cleared their throats, when out bounded a splendid tiger. H. had the first chance, but could not get a shot; and before the brute was within my range, a Sowar fired a snap shot that hit him hard, though too far back to be fatal. He was then just under my tree, and the challenge he roared back actually seemed to shake me; on he crashed through the bushes, disappearing from our sight.

Stealthily descending, we gave him time to lie down, and then, mounting the elephants, followed him. My luck was in the ascendant now, as before we had gone a couple of hundred yards, I caught sight of the tiger crouching under the thick foliage of a corrunchur bush. Pointing him out to H., I fired right and left, and as he made no sign, I concluded I had finished him off, but H., thinking not, and that he was only sulking, gave him an ounce ball with one of Jacob's shells; the effect was

startling, to say the least of it: with a roar like thunder, he made right at us. There was no use firing; he was desperate,—mad with rage and pain. Before we knew well what we might expect, he was on the elephant, and, though too badly wounded to make a spring, was clinging round the animal's off fore-leg with no loving embrace. Then began a struggle I can never forget: the elephant trying to kneel upon his antagonist, both roaring, bellying, and writhing together, while H. and I, holding on like grim death, were making frantic efforts to get a shot at him under the elephant's belly.

At last, gathering strength for a death-spring, the tiger pulled the elephant over, and down we all came. I was stunned, but have a faint remembrance of the horrible heap rolling in the dust together, and H. pulling me up after he fired a finishing shot. Then we rolled behind some bushes, while the elephant dashed off straight for home, trumpeting furiously.

Not caring to risk a closer acquaintance with our gallant friend until sure that he was not only stunned or stupefied, which is sometimes the case, we made a long circuit, and, coming up with the beaters, brought back a party to secure the tiger.

Our precaution was unnecessary; he was quite dead, and a finer fellow I never saw,—measuring ten feet eleven inches, and with a hide like a thoroughbred's.

We returned to our bungalows to discuss pale ale and sandwich, of course, and to smoke a pipe in honour of our safe return, congratulating ourselves on our good fortune, and thanking God for having spared our lives in so dangerous an encounter.

Our elephant was most frightfully mauled in the scrimmage: it was after six months of most careful nursing that we got her well; and I dare say she is ready now to meet another tiger.

H.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

AN opinion at one time prevailed that the comedy of "Twelfth Night" was written by Shakespeare late in life. But in 1828 there was discovered in the British Museum a small manuscript diary of a student of the Middle Temple, extending from the year 1601 to 1603, by which we learn that the play was publicly performed at the Candlemas Feast of the Middle Temple so early as 1602.* It was

* Of old the lawyers did not disdain to devote their halls to the occasional exhibition of masques, pageants, and plays. The name of Francis Bacon is to be found among the promoters of a performance in Gray's Inn for the entertainment of his sovereign; and Hyde appears to have acted on a similar occasion in honour of King Charles the First.

probably written, therefore, in the first year of the seventeenth or the last of the sixteenth century; for it is not included in that earliest printed list of Shakespeare's plays which Francis Meres published in his "Wit's Treasury," 1598.

Next to this Candlemas production in Middle Temple Hall, the earliest record that has come down to us of the performance of "Twelfth Night" is contained in the "Accounts of the Revels at Court in the Reigns of Elizabeth and James" which Mr. Peter Cunningham brought to light, edited, and printed, in 1842. On the 20th April and 15th May, 1618, a sum of 20*l.* was paid for the representation before the king of "Twelfth Night" and "The Winter's Tale," and 10*l.* for the "Merry Devil of Edmonton." The two first had been performed on the Easter Monday and Tuesday preceding the date of payment, and the last on the 3rd May. Unfortunately, in the case of earlier payments it does not seem to have been the practice to set out the names of the plays represented, and much valuable information in that respect is therefore lost to us. In the instances under mention the money was paid to Heminge, a tragedian, who was probably officiating as the Treasurer to the King's Company, and whose name in the patent granted by James the First to his players on the 17th of May, 1603, stands fifth after the names of Lawrence Fletcher, Shakespeare, Burbage, and Phillips, and before those of Condell, Sly, Armyn, and Cowley. Heminge, it is evident, was a person of some importance, and, if not the absolute manager of the company, possessed a large share in its government. It will be borne in mind that the first folio edition (1623) of Shakespeare's "Comedies, Histories, and Tragedies" was "published according to the true originall copies," and "set forth" by his friends and fellows JOHN HEMINGE and HENRY CONDELL, the author "not having the fate common with some to be exequerator to his own writings."

The cast of this royal performance of "Twelfth Night" cannot now be ascertained.

After the Restoration we have a more precise chronicle of the proceedings on the English stage. At Sir William Davenant's theatre, in Lincoln's Inn Fields, in the year 1663, appropriately got up on purpose to be acted on Twelfth Night (according to Downes's "Roscius Anglicanus"), the comedy of "Twelfth Night" was revived with great success: "all the parts being justly acted crowned the play." *Malvolio* was played by Loyal; *Sir Andrew Aguecheek* by Harris; the *Clown* by Underhill, and *Sir Toby Belch* by Betterton. Mrs. Gibbs was the *Olivia*. Curi-

ously enough, the name of the representative of *Viola* is not given. It is hardly to be supposed, however, that the character was altogether omitted in performing the play. That an actor of Mr. Betterton's eminence should have undertaken the part of *Sir Toby* may seem a little surprising, when it is considered how disinclined are modern leading performers—the *Macbeths* and *Hamlets* of a theatre—to risk, as they regard it, the dignity of their position by sustaining characters which, however admirable in themselves, are yet not of foremost importance. But two hundred years ago the actors seem to have prided themselves upon their versatility—their universality—upon the number of characters they were able satisfactorily to fill—were not content to limit themselves to a very narrow range of parts as we have seen "many of our players do." Moreover, at this time Betterton, though he had acquired great fame, was only twenty-eight years old; and it was probably his success in *Sir Toby* that led him some time afterwards to achieve a far greater triumph in *Falstaff*. Cave Underhill, the *Clown* of the cast, was an actor highly commended by Cibber. He was correct and natural, his particular excellence being "in characters that may be called still-life: the stiff, the heavy and stupid—to these he gave 'the exactest and most expressive colours.'" He owned a long, full face, the shorter half of it being from his crown to the end of his nose; "so that the disproportion of his lower features when soberly composed, with an unwandering eye hanging over them, threw him into the most lumpish moping mortal that ever made beholders merry; not but at other times he could be wakened into spirit equally ridiculous." He was especially admired for his performance of the *Grave-digger* in "Hamlet." In the first edition of the "Tatler," No. 20 (1709), appeared the following advertisement: "Mr. Cave Underhill, the famous comedian in the reigns of King Charles the Second, King James the Second, King William and Queen Mary, and her present Majesty Queen Ann, but now not able to perform so often as heretofore in the play-house, and having had losses to the value of near 2500*l.*, is to have the tragedy of 'Hamlet' acted for his benefit on Friday, the 3rd of June next, at the Theatre Royal in Drury Lane, in which he is to perform his original part the *Grave-digger*." In the "Tatler," No. 22, Sir Richard Steele makes particular appeal to his friends on behalf of "honest Underhill, who has been a comic for three generations. My father," writes Steele, "admired him extremely when he was a boy. There is certainly nature excellently represented in his manner of

acting: in which he ever avoided that general fault in players, of doing too much." Steele further commends the fidelity with which Underhill adhered to the text of his part. The comedian seems never to have lost sight of Shakespeare's own instructions, that the clowns should speak no more than is set down for them. That the sins of the players in this respect were at least as great in Steele's time as in Shakespeare's may be gathered from Sir Richard's humorous complaint of Underhill, "That he had not the merit of some ingenious persons now on the stage of adding to his authors: for," he adds, "the actors were so dull in the last age that many of them have gone out of the world without having ever spoke one word of their own in the theatre." He concludes his appeal for Underhill, "All admirers of true comedy, it is hoped, will have the gratitude to be present on the last day of his acting, who, if he does not happen to please them, will have it even then to say that it is his first offence." According to Tom Davies, Underhill remained upon the stage until he was more than eighty years old.

Harris, who played the part of *Sir Andrew*, presents a remarkable instance of the versatility of the old actors. He was an important member of Davenant's company, and appears to have divided with Betterton the "leading business," as it would now be called. He played in rapid succession such widely different Shakespearian characters as *Romeo* (Betterton playing *Mercutio*); *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*; and *Wolsley* (to the *Henry the Eighth* of Betterton). According to Downes, Harris played *Wolsley* "with such just state, port, and mien" as had never thitherto been seen in the part.

Lovel, the *Malvolio* of this early performance of "Twelfth Night," was the low comedian of the company, and probably in his hands the part lost much of its dignity and consistency. This view of his treatment of the character is founded rather upon conjecture, however, than upon any certain evidence that has come down to us. But Lovel was also the *Polonius* of the company; and it is clear from the earliest endeavours made much later by Garrick to "rehabilitate" *Polonius*, as it were, and divest him of much buffoonery with which a long course of stage tradition had clothed him, that the part had not been regarded by the players from a very dignified point of view. Doubtless Lovel's *Polonius* had an unpleasant element of burlesque about it. He would probably not shrink therefore from presenting a somewhat undignified if ludicrous version of *Malvolio*. To fancy that he must excite mirth at any price is the especial error of the low comedian. The

wholesome Shakespearian maxim to the effect that it is far preferable that the judicious should not grieve than that the unskilful should laugh, seems to have been urged in vain, so far as numberless actors are concerned.

Notwithstanding the success of the performance of "Twelfth Night" by Davenant's company (and the success was very decided, albeit Mr. Pepys describes the play as "one of the weakest he ever saw"), many years elapsed before the comedy was again brought upon the stage. Indeed no record of its reproduction can be discovered until we come to the year 1741, when a successful revival of "As You Like It," at Drury Lane, after many years of strange neglect, seems to have suggested the experiment of performing "Twelfth Night" at the same theatre. The comedy was performed some eight times during the season. The cast was a highly creditable one; Macklin playing *Malvolio*; Woodward, *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*; Mrs. Pritchard, *Viola*; and Mrs. Clive, *Olivia*. Macklin was an intelligent and skilful if not a very agreeable actor, laying great stress upon his distinct enunciation and appropriate gesture. Churchill speaks of his acting as "hard, affected, and constrained," and his features as

At variance set, inflexible and coarse;

yet he would seem to have been in possession of many of the characteristics of *Malvolio*, a part in which grace of manner and elegance of appearance are clearly not needed. However, though the actor has had two biographers, we can discover no eulogy of his manner of representing this part. Indeed, the revival of the comedy would appear to have made but little impression, to judge by the slight mention made of it in contemporary theatrical history. In 1746, towards the close of the season, "Twelfth Night" was played again two or three times on benefit nights, when Macklin was again the *Malvolio*, his wife *Maria*, and the beautiful Mrs. Woffington appeared as *Viola* for the first time; the part was rather out of her usual range of character, and her success in it was probably not extraordinary.

In October, 1763, "Twelfth Night" was played again at Drury Lane, the performance being chiefly remarkable for the *Malvolio* of Yates, a favourite comic actor, whose defective memory Churchill satirized severely, and the *Sir Andrew Aguecheek* of O'Brien, a promising comedian, who followed Woodward's manner, and whose good fortune was said to have been his ruin. Horace Walpole writes to Sir Horace Mann (April 9th, 1764), "A melancholy affair has happened to Lord Ilchester: his eldest

daughter, Lady Susan, a very pleasing girl, though not handsome, married herself two days ago, at Covent Garden Church, to O'Brien, a handsome young actor. Lord Ilchester doated on her, and was the most indulgent of fathers. 'Tis a cruel blow." To another correspondent he tells the same story, and comments: "It is the completion of disgrace,—even a footman were preferable; the publicity of the hero's profession perpetuates the mortification. . . . I could not have believed that Lady Susan would have stooped so low." O'Brien quitted the stage in consequence of his marriage, and afterwards, with his wife, emigrated to America, where, it was said, the interest of the lady's family obtained for him a post of value; but this has never been clearly ascertained. O'Brien's union with Lady Susan Strangways doubtless suggested to Mr. Thackeray that amusing episode in the story of "The Virginians," with which most readers are familiar—the marriage of Lady Maria Esmond with Mr. Hagan, the Irish actor.

In 1771 "Twelfth Night" was again being performed at Drury Lane, when King was the *Malvolio*; Dodd, *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*; Miss Younge (afterwards Mrs. Pope), *Viola*; and Mrs. Abington, "with a song," *Olivia*. The acting was so excellent that the comedy was played fourteen times during the season. This success probably led to a rival performance at Covent Garden about the same time, Yates and his wife appearing as *Malvolio* and *Viola*, and Woodward as *Sir Andrew*. The next *Viola* of importance was Mrs. Barry's, at Covent Garden in 1777, the lovely Mrs. Hartley being the *Olivia*. Subsequent *Violas* were Mrs. Bulkeley and Mrs. "Perdita" Robinson, Edwin being the *Sir Andrew* to both ladies, and Bensley and Henderson the *Malvolios*. Then we come to the memorable representations of "Twelfth Night," concerning which Charles Lamb has written one of the most charming of his "Elia" Essays, "On some of the Old Actors."

In the year 1820, Lamb's association with Hazlitt had brought him into connection with the "London Magazine," then edited by John Scott, who afterwards perished in a duel. It was between the years 1820 and 1825 that the "Essays of Elia" appeared in the "London Magazine." But the particular cast of "Twelfth Night," touching which Lamb discourses so pleasantly, was first presented to the world on the stage of Drury Lane Theatre so early as November, 1785, at which period Lamb was little more than ten years old. Dodd was again *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*, and Bensley *Malvolio*; John Palmer was *Sir Toby Belch*, Suett the *Clown*, and Mrs. Jordan *Viola*. Probably the same artists, however, were

assembled in the same comedy some few seasons later. Not but what Lamb's memory regarding theatrical matters was curiously tenacious. In the paper called "My First Play" he describes performances at Drury Lane—"Artaxerxes," "The Lady of the Manor," and "The Way of the World,"—during the season of 1781-2, when he was only from six to seven years old.

In 1785, when Mrs. Jordan played *Viola* for the first time, she was about two or three and twenty, and very beautiful—to judge from her portrait by Romney and all contemporaneous criticism—with a graceful limber figure, large melting eyes, a profusion of golden brown hair, and a very musical and touching voice. "Her joyous parts, in which her memory now lives," writes Elia, "in her youth were outdone by her plaintive ones." Particularly he dwells upon her delivery of the disguised story of her love for Orsino. She made no set speech of it. She was not careful to follow line on line closely so as to lose no semitone of the music of the verse; but rather seemed to punctuate her story with the hesitation of deep feeling. "When she had declared her sister's history to be 'a blank,' and that 'she never told her love,' there was a pause as if the story had ended; and then the image of 'the worm in the bud' came up as a new suggestion, and the heightened image of 'patience' still followed after these as by some growing (and not mechanical) process, thought springing up after thought, I would almost say, as they were watered by her tears. . . . She used no rhetoric in her passion; or it was nature's own rhetoric most legitimate then, when it seemed altogether without rule or law." This absolute concealment of artifice was surely the height of art.

Mrs. Jordan has more especially dwelt in the memory and regard of playgoers from her hearty performances of the rakes and romps, the hoydens and "Little Pickles" of comedy and farce. In middle age her voice had coarsened, the outlines of her figure had expanded somewhat unromantically, and she became ill suited to the characters of pathos in which she had acquired her first reputation. In addition to the praises Lamb has lavished upon her *Viola*, it may be noted that Leigh Hunt has written in the highest terms of her *Rosalind*, and commended "her peculiar excellence in the artless miseries of *Ophelia*." Considering that he was writing in the very noon of Mrs. Siddons's greatness, there seems to be some exaggeration in Leigh Hunt's applause when he says, "Mrs. Jordan, as a performer who unites great comic powers with much serious feeling, and who in all her moods seems to be subservient to her heart, is not

only the first actress of the day, but, as it appears to me, from the description we have of former actresses, the first that has adorned our stage."

In descanting upon the merits of Bensley, Lamb availed himself of the opportunity to suggest much admirable criticism upon the character of *Malvolio*. He points out that the Lady Olivia's steward is not essentially ludicrous: he becomes comic but by accident. "He is opposed to the proper *levities* of the piece, and falls in the unequal contest." Still, his pride or his gravity is too genuine to be contemptible. He speaks on all occasions like a gentleman and a man of education. He is held in esteem by both the *Duke* and *Olivia*, even after he has been made the victim of the plot of *Maria* and *Sir Toby*, and, wrought upon by them, has presumed to make love to his mistress. It is well worth the reader's while to refer to Lamb's essay, if by any chance he has forgotten its purport.

That Bensley really performed the character well may be readily believed. The part demands an accomplished actor, much judgment and forbearance; upon the least disposition to overdo, or to extort laughter at the sacrifice of dignity and discretion, the representation is ruined. Bensley was in some respects peculiarly fitted to play *Malvolio*. By birth a gentleman, he had served as an officer of Marines, and been present at the taking of the Havannah. He was stiff in his gestures, solemn in his manner, with a hollow, nasal voice. Anthony Pasquin, in his rather coarse satire upon the actors of his time, "The Children of Thespis," charges Bensley with paying "more attention to walking than words," says of his voice that there seemed to be "a rookery built in his throat," and proceeds:—

With three minute steps in all parts he advances
Then retires three more, strokes his chin, prates and
prances,

With a port as majestic as Astley's horse dances—

though he admits that the actor was invariably perfect in his parts, and strove to remedy his inherent defects by care and attention. Lamb, however, seems to acknowledge no shortcomings in his favourite actor; he lauds, not merely his *Malvolio*, but his other representations, particularly his *Iago*. Even his unpleasant voice Lamb found to possess "at times the inspiring effect of the trumpet." He attributes to Bensley possession of "the true poetical enthusiasm—the rarest faculty among players," and affirms that of all the actors of his time Bensley "had most of the swell of soul, was greatest in the delivery of heroic conceptions, the emotions consequent upon the presentment of

a great idea to the fancy." It may be noted that another critic, Mr. Taylor, in his "Record of My Life," says that the part in which Bensley chiefly shone was *Mosca*, in Ben Jonson's "Volpone."

On the occasional absence of Bensley from the theatre, John Kemble, it seems, undertook the character of *Malvolio*, but with what success we are without information. In 1796, John Bannister, who had sustained *Sebastian* in what we may call the "Charles Lamb" cast of the comedy, undertook *Malvolio* for Suett's benefit, but acquired no great fame by his effort. Mr. Adolphus, his biographer, says apologetically that the part is not one much coveted by the players; "perhaps it is because men do not like to appear merely for the purpose of being baffled and derided."

Of the representative of the part of *Aguecheek*, Lamb writes, "Dodd was it, as it came out of Nature's hands." The essayist relates how, long years afterwards, he was wont to meet the player, old, worn, retired from the exercise of his profession, taking his daily walk in the gardens of Gray's Inn, finer and more open then than they are now, being as yet unencroached upon by Verulam Buildings. Struck by the sad, thoughtful countenance of the actor, Lamb began to marvel how old *Sir Andrew* could have looked so marvellously vacant and foolish, how he could have assumed so absolute a look of slowness of apprehension. But Dodd seemed to have been able "to keep back his intellect, as some have had the power to retard their pulsation." He died in 1796, within a few months of his quitting the stage. He was a man of reading, left behind him a choice collection of old English literature, and possessed ready wit. Lamb's facetious friend, Jemmy White, met the player one day in Fleet Street, having seen him the previous evening as *Sir Andrew*, and was irresistibly impelled to take off his hat, with the salutation, "Save you, *Sir Andrew*!" Dodd, not disconcerted, put him off with a courteous, half-rebuking wave of his hand, and retorted, "Away, Fool!"

With Palmer's *Sir Toby*, Lamb was less satisfied. The actor did not "fill out" the solidity of wit in the jests of that half-*Falstaff*; but of Suett's *Fool* he writes, "Shakespeare foresaw him when he framed his fools and jesters."

A particular obstacle in the way of a satisfactory representation of "Twelfth Night" has often arisen from the great difficulty of obtaining a likeness between the actor playing *Sebastian* and the actress playing *Viola*, sufficient to maintain, in any degree, the illusion upon which the comedy is founded. The performers are generally too distinctly different

in appearance, voice, and gesture (even when assisted by the most careful costuming and adroit "making-up") to deceive any one for a moment; and the play, in this respect, constantly comes "halting off." On some occasions, Mrs. Jordan's *Viola* had the advantage of being supported by the *Sebastian* of her brother, Mr. Bland, who resembled her in stature and feature, if not in ability. In the same way the *Viola* of Mrs. Henry Siddons sometimes was assisted by the *Sebastian* of her brother, Mr. W. Murray, a remarkable likeness existing between the players. The Germans have attempted to evade the difficulty by giving the two characters to one performer: bringing on the stage in the last scene a mute *Sebastian*—a young lady dressed to resemble the *Sebastian-Viola* of the preceding scenes. This fashion has been introduced for the first time upon the English stage in a recent revival of the comedy (Olympic, 1865), but hardly with complete success. The actress who is womanly enough for *Viola*—and it is only fair to say that its present representative (Miss Kate Terry) renders the part very gracefully and poetically—cannot be expected to be manly enough for *Sebastian*—cannot wield a sword, and distribute cuffs, and blows, and broken pates as bravely as *Sebastian* should. If she satisfied us more in *Sebastian*, she would probably please us less in *Viola*. Failure in one or the other character seems inevitable.

Later *Malvolios* have been Munden, Fawcett, and Liston—no one of the three arriving at any great reputation in the part. So broad a low comedian as the last-named was, probably, much out of place in such a character as *Malvolio*. The actor is said to have had more success in his subsequent performance of *Sir Andrew Aguecheek*.

In 1820, a sad sin against Shakespeare was committed at Covent Garden Theatre. "*Twelfth Night*" was *operatized* by Frederick Reynolds. The words were seriously tampered with, some of the scenes transposed, and music by Arne, Bishop, and others was added. *Malvolio* was played by William Farren, *Sir Toby* by Emery, and *Viola* by Miss M. Tree. The reverend compiler of the "History of the Stage" writes very angrily about this degradation of Shakespeare. "In the devil's name," he asks, "why does not Reynolds turn his own plays into operas? Does he think them so bad that, even with such music as he has put into '*Twelfth Night*,' they would not prove successful? or has he such a fatherly affection for his own offspring that he cannot find in his heart to mangle them?" Reynolds's only defence is, that his new version of Shakespeare's comedy resulted in a run

of twenty-five nights during its first and second season, whereas, during previous years, it had only been played once or twice. He had, of course, to endure a storm of opprobrium, and the manager (Mr. Harris) who permitted the changes and interpolations was steadily denounced by the critics as a mountebank. The public seem to have taken the affair pretty quietly; the galleries, in the case of Shakespeare v. Reynolds, decidedly giving their voices for the defendant.

"The last time I saw Mr. Kemble," Reynolds writes in his "Memoirs," "was at the rehearsal of '*Twelfth Night*' in its altered state. He seated himself in the prompter's chair, expressed no indignation at my operating Shakespeare, spoke very highly of Miss M. Tree's singing and acting, corrected Emery in the text of *Sir Toby*, and then abruptly left the stage, saying, '*The physique is gone.*' He died about two years afterwards at Lausanne."

When, in 1850, Mr. Charles Kean (in conjunction with Mr. Keeley) undertook the leaseholdship of the Princess's Theatre, the comedy of "*Twelfth Night*" was chosen for the opening performance, and was repeated some forty times during the first two seasons of the new management. The comedy was played in its integrity, although without the spectacular accessories which afterwards, in other plays of Shakespeare's, came in vogue at the Princess's. The chief features of the representation were the *Sir Andrew* and *Maria* of Mr. and Mrs. Keeley, the *Clown* of Mr. Harley, and the *Viola* of Mrs. Kean.

Mr. Phelps, it may be finally noted, during his long reign at Sadler's Wells, also produced "*Twelfth Night*," and undertook the part of *Malvolio* with no inconsiderable success.

DUTTON COOK.

THE FATAL TRYST.

FAR o'er the waters the sweet moon shone,
The cove was secluded and still;
With a spangled carpet of pure white sand,
Beneath a steep, sheltering hill.

Lazily lapp'd the transparent wave
Upon that romantic shore;
Gleam'd the wild rocks in the silvery light,
Sigh'd the soft breeze evermore.

A haunted spot at that witching hour,
As e'er by true lovers was sought;
But Love is an eerie, venturous sprite,
Whose favours by daring are bought.

A stolen meeting! With soundless steps
On wander'd they, side by side;
With hands closely clasp'd, and low murmur'd words,
Along by the moonlit tide.

Forbidden! O cruel to force true love
To resort to such stealthy arts!
Edgar and Maud were both gentle and young,
Then why part two earnest hearts?

The moments fleet onward;—one fond embrace,
And with mingled hope and sorrow,
Two forms steal apart o'er the glistening sands,
Their watchword, "Adieu till the morrow."



The morrow has come. Strong in love and in hope,
Maud waits for her lover in vain.
By the cruel press-gang torn apart from their tryst,
He is borne far away o'er the main.

Both landward and seaward her straining eyes turn,
But nought doth she hear save the wind,
And the wash of the waves.—"Oh, my Edgar," she
cries,
"Send them to me!"

The fast-flowing tide may unwatch'd kiss her feet,
The waters that lone spot surround;
Blind, forgetful of peril, on yonder white stone
Still lingers the maiden spell-bound.

The waters rise higher,—they close in the cove,
The rocks dark and cold frown above;
They sweep round her knee,—then she starts up in
fear,—
"Maud! Maud! Maud!"

The cruel waves answer, "We keep to *our* trust,
Returning at morn and at eve."
High and higher they rise, as awaken'd at length,
She seeks that false shelter to leave.

Too late! for already they dash on the rocks;
'Neath the pale moon resistless they flow.
"Oh, Edgar, farewell!" In the wild wave she sinks,
Faint,—helpless, from terror and woe.

Far, far o'er the waters, a fair, senseless form,
She floats out with ebb of the tide,
To the spot where her Edgar in tones of despair
Still mourns for his Maud,—his lost bride.

"Oh, art thou a sea-nymph? How fair is thy face!
Yet to tempt me were useless," he said.
He lean'd o'er the bulwarks, and saw it was Maud,
Borne there in her beauty,—yet dead!

"Spared, spared the worst trial, my true love," he
cries:
Then sinks in the wave by her side:
"Divided in life, I rejoin thee in death:
Thou art mine now for aye, my own bride.

"None can part us, my darling." Thus onward they
float,
Their fate seal'd by yonder dark wave.
"Oh, true love, we pass from a treacherous world
To the silent repose of the grave!" C. C. H.

"SANS MERCI;"

OR, KESTRELS AND FALCONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY LIVINGSTONE."

CHAPTER XXVIII. A CRACKER OVER THE CLAY.

Now nothing is easier—on paper—than to bring off a run just to suit the congruities of place and time. Nevertheless such things do happen in real life sometimes. I, who write, not two years ago, saw the run of the season with a certain famous North Country pack: the meet was within six miles of the cathedral-city, where two-thirds of the vast and goodly company present had been treading measures till day-break. So it need not seem too strange to be true, if similar luck befall the actors in this drama of ours.

There was a faint whimper, deepening into a prolonged note, and swelling soon into a rattling chorus, before the hounds had half drawn Pinkerton Wood: in three minutes more, Will Griswold—with a scream that made every ear within shot of him tingle again—views the fox across a narrow green ride.

"It's the old customer, by G—d"—says the huntsman, smiting his thigh with unusual energy. "I'd know his grey sprinkle among a thousand."

A straight-goer evidently; but the hounds are too close on his track, to leave him much

choice or chance of 'hanging.' Long before the unfortunates, who are always at issue with their girths or reins or stirrup-leathers, can settle into their saddles, another holloa in rounder and fuller tones, from the lower corner of the wood, gives notice that the fox has broken in the best possible line—right over the vale.

"Come on, my lord"—says Jim Stileman, Cannell's show rider, as Ranksborough hesitates for a second or two, in the broad middle-ride (he invariably goes into cover with the hounds). "We've got no time to lose. That was Squire Seyton viewed him away. He's allus in the right place somehow."

And, with no more ado, the two go crashing through high-fell and underwood, till they blunder over the blind boundary-fence into a wide sloping pasture. The pack are hardly got together yet; and Seyton knows better, than to steal away with five or six couple; so that Ranksborough and about a score more, start fair with him, after all.

Tom has found time to bestow several words of counsel and encouragement on his charge, to whom he has already conceived a very great interest: indeed a harder heart might have been won by her manner and smile; as she avowed herself "quite safe in his care: if he didn't mind being troubled with her."

"I have never before been so honoured, Lady Alice"—Seyton answered, in his simple straightforward way: "so I don't know how I shall acquit myself. But I wouldn't change places with any man out; I know. We shall have some awkward fencing to-day; for the ditches hereabouts are as deep as main-drains; and the banks are narrow, and not always sound. But, if your mare is as clever as you say she is, she'll soon learn where to put her feet, by watching old Adamant. This is his third season; and he's only given me two falls, which were both my fault. We've the pace of everything out, I feel sure, unless it's St. Dunstan; so that we can easily make up lee-way, if we have to skirt a little."

"If you'll promise to go, exactly as if you had no troublesome stranger to chaperon, I shall be quite satisfied"—Lady Alice said. "Please do promise that: I shall be quite unhappy if you don't."

Seyton looked steadily in her clear blue eyes, for a second or more: what he saw there seemed to satisfy him.

"Yes—I'll promise that"—he answered. There was scant time for compliments; for, just then, the first hound spoke in cover; and thenceforward both kept discreet silence, till the fox broke within a rod or so of their horses' feet.

So they sweep down the gentle incline, and

across the broad level vale beneath; the real front-rankers drawing steadily and surely away from the rest, as men will do who, picking their place in the next fence as they land in each field, make their point without flinch or swerve; the others dropping gradually back to the 'ruck' that are still swarming out of Pinkerton Wood.

As yet there is no jealousy about the lead; for the pace, though fast enough for most people, is not exactly racing; and even Banksborough is too good a sportsman to press a hound, especially in a strange country. He and Will Griswold are riding nearly abreast on the left, with Jim Stileman in close attendance: on the right, Seyton and Lady Alice have certainly a little the best of: Parson Bartram and his sister are lying well up; evidently biding their time. But the widow's comely face is cloudy with care, as she watches Camilla gliding over the deep ground, as easily as if it were the soundest turf; and sees her take an awkward double ditch in her stride; just dropping her hind-legs on the narrow bank mid-way.

"We shan't get the measure of her just yet, Ben"—Mrs. Gaysforde remarks; ranging up alongside of her brother, for an instant.

To which his Reverence nods a sulky assent; and bids her—"mind where she's going to, instead of chattering: for there's a lot of blind grips ahead."

Right through the centre of the vale runs the Swarle; a navigable stream (though never used as such) at most seasons, and swollen, now, with heavy recent rains. You can trace its course, very plainly, by the coarse rushy meadows that, on either bank, lie betwixt the tilth and the water's edge. For awhile the hounds run parallel with the river; but suddenly they turn abruptly towards it; and Tom Seyton speaks, for the first time since they went away.

"It's the old Pinkerton fox, Lady Alice. I thought I knew him, when he broke cover: he's gone right over the Swarle; he served us that trick last year, and beat us at last. There's a ford in the next meadow but one: it'll be too deep for comfort, I fear; but the bridge is half a mile higher. Shall we try it?"

"The ford, of course," says the Little Lady. "I suppose the river is *quite* impracticable, here?"

"Utterly so: it's over-head close under the banks; and a muddy bottom to boot. No one in his senses would attempt it. But—by Jove, I don't know—we've got one madman out, if not two. I hope to Heaven they'll come to no serious grief; and they can gain little by it, either; for the fox is bound to turn to us

when we get over, if he keeps on sinking the wind."

Will Griswold had realised the state of things, quite as soon as Seyton did; and, as he himself wheeled towards the right, cried to Banksborough warningly.

"That's the Swarle right ahead of us, my lord. It's no use looking at it: it's hardly to be done at the best o' times; and it's coming down in flood to-day."

Denzil nodded his head, to show that he heard; but never turned it. If you had been near enough, you might have seen his slumberous eyes light up like fire-balls: here was a rare chance of cutting down a field—a strange field too, or nearly so; for he had not often shown in Marlshire—and Marion Charteris, perchance, within ken. The temptation was too strong: he stroked St. Dunstan's brawny shoulder, speaking a few words in the low caressing tone that the old horse knew right well; and so, rode down straight at the water.

But he rides not down—alone. Another man singles himself out from the front-rank, as they, too, all bend to the right; and comes hurling over the plashy meadow at headlong speed; actually racing with Banksborough for the perilous honour of 'first in.' That other is—Vereker Vane.

He was a well-conditioned Sabreur in the main; but his best friends allowed that it was 'the devil and all to pay' when his temper was fairly roused; as was, surely, the case this morning. In addition to other crosses, he had been very unlucky in the start; and had been forced to make desperate running, to catch the first flight when he did. But even this sharp gallop had not brought 'The Plunger' comfortably to his bridle; he was still boring and tearing at the reins, in a fashion that must have tired the patience of a saint. (Alas! out of W——shire, saints are rarely found in the saddle.) Vane was neither a cockney nor a coward; so it never occurred to him to seek a vent for his wrath, by ill-usage of the animal he rode: nevertheless he did think that The Plunger would be none the worse for a lesson.

"So you *won't* stand still, when you're asked?" says the Colonel, through his set teeth, as they splash over the meadow. "And you *will* pull one's arms off while you're going. Your blood wants cooling, my friend—so does mine, for that matter. We'll see if the Swarle will do it for us. I don't see why my lord is to have all the bathing to himself."

He has caught Banksborough by this time; and they reach the river-brink, nearly at the same instant about thirty yards apart.

The most dauntless of mortals—not utterly

desperate—might stand excused, for 'looking before leaping' here. Yet, truly, the longer you looked the less you would have liked it. Can anything be more discouraging than that murky water—red-brown save where it is flecked with paler foam-clots—swashing to the very lip of the treacherous banks with slow smooth swirls?

But Ranksborough—who either by luck, or judgment, has struck a spot where there is a slight shelf—puts St. Dunstan at it without a second glance; first knotting the reins to prevent a tangle. The old horse, when he does refuse, always does so at a small place, on the—'I could if I would'—principle: he has too much sense, or proper pride, to play the fool on an occasion like this. So he slides in quite coolly, and strikes off like a water-spaniel; keeping his head well up the current, which is rather sullen than strong.

It is very easy to write about horse-swimming; or even to give instructions thereanent; but—*experto crede*—the early practical lessons are rather difficult. I don't think you have an idea of the elasticity of water, till you have felt it insinuating itself under and round your person; gently constraining you to part company with saddle, if not with steed.

But those two have evidently 'taken soil' together ere now; and there is little fear but that they will reach the farther bank, towards which they are making steady way: how they will get out, is another matter.

It fared not so well with Vereker Vane. He was not so lucky in his place, to begin with; for, everywhere near him, the banks were broken and steep. He was too proud to follow exactly in Ranksborough's track; so he tried to force The Plunger in just where he stood. The horse braced himself on his fore-legs, till they grew rigid as iron bars; and snorted convulsively, as he shivered from crest to fetlock; steel and whip-cord were plainly worse than useless; for both are cruelly wasted on an agony of fear. Vane knew this: indeed, he never once lost his head, though he was no more to be warned back from his purpose than a mad Malay. He seemed to yield to The Plunger's refusal for an instant; but, as the animal wheeled away inland, a sharp wrench of the right rein made him rear perforce: they were so close to the edge that but one thing could happen—the thing that Vereker intended. The bank gave way under the sudden shock of the hind-hoofs; and horse and rider slipped backwards; the last-named being undermost as they sank.* Happily,

the water was deep enough to make drowning the chiefest danger. But, even with this given in, Alec Turnbull very nearly stepped into another death-vacancy. And had it been so, I wis, there would not have been a sadder heart in the Princess' Own than the honest Major's.

The first object that showed on the surface was the fore-part of a remarkably neat boot—Vane was specially choice in his hunting-attire—and then the struggling bodies of man and horse, jumbled together after a horribly grotesque fashion. But three or four labourers happened to be ditching, close by; and had left their work in open-mouthed wonder, to watch the two riders making straight for the Swarle. By a piece of luck verging on the miraculous, these worthy men did not lose their wits and presence of mind just when these were most wanted. One of them, who could swim, plunged boldly into the river, and caught The Plunger's bridle, at great risk of being himself struck down; whilst the others ventured in, with clasped hands, far enough to help their comrade, and drag the whole group to shore.

It was five minutes or more before his rare pluck and physical strength, aided by copious draughts from his hunting-flask, brought Vereker Vane sufficiently to himself, to thank and reward his deliverers. He did the first curtsy enough; the second—so liberally, that the entire party, their friends, and neighbours, spent the next fortnight in an unbroken drink. The Plunger was scarcely in better case; but we need not follow the pair plodding slowly and wearily homewards.

The splash reached Ranksborough's ear as he neared the further bank: he turned his head, and frowned slightly—this was his usual way of expressing concern—but the idea of returning to give assistance, never crossed his mind. He was not cruel or particularly unfeeling; but he had a high idea of the tough vitality of the human frame; in which, perhaps, he was justified by a long course of experiments on his own. He himself did not land without a struggle: but he vaulted off cleverly, directly they touched ground; and helped St. Dunstan up, with voice and hand. Very soon the old horse stood by his master's side; shaking himself and snorting triumphantly; and, without more ado, the pair went sailing off again; on the best possible terms with themselves, and the world in general: though it was somewhat hard to see the hounds, after puzzling a

* The rest of the word-painting must take its chance; but I am anxious that certain hunting-scenes should not seem—to hunting men—over-coloured. Lest this incident

should appear so, I take leave to remark, that it did actually occur as described here, not far from Windsor, about a score of years ago. Perhaps some, then serving in the Household Brigade, may not yet have forgotten it, any more than some old Etonians will have forgotten 'Fighting Douglas.'

little in the meadow, bend off towards the right, as if on purpose to let the forders—if not the bridge-riders—in. But it is a truism to remark, that less often in the chase, than in any other pursuit, does singular daring meet with adequate reward.

That same ford did not look over-tempting, when Seyton rode down upon it; leading the score or so who scorned to make for the safer bridge-road. Tom indeed glanced back at his fair charge, rather doubtfully. But she only nodded her head in evident impatience; and, gathering up her skirt—short enough already—went in almost abreast with Adamant. They got safely through, as did the rest; though the water was more than girth-deep, and laved high over the shining instep of the Lady Alice's dainty hunting-boot.

As was aforesaid, the hounds were turning to them; so they lost scarce any ground; and Will Griswold was up just when he was wanted: it was the briefest check conceivable; and a timely holloa was hardly needed to set the ball rolling merrily again.

Now the real jealous riding begins. Ranksborough, of course, is less than ever to be denied: indeed his late feat had so impressed the field (though they were too busy to notice how it was managed) that none care to contest the lead with him on the left. Even the huntsman is content to follow in his wake: muttering, every now and then, a meek caution—

"Not too fast, my lord. Give 'em a little time"—rather to assert his own position, than because he is seriously afraid of Denzil's over-riding the hounds, who are carrying a tremendous head, just now.

On the right the Little Lady still keeps her place, close to Seyton's quarter, who decidedly leads. But the native amazon is creeping up closer and closer; forcing the Parson on, whether he will or no: it is clear, that Marlshire means to try conclusions with the stranger ere long. The most provoking part of it is, that Lady Alice seems so utterly unconscious of rivalry.

"If she'd only looked round once, to see where I was, my dear"—Bell Gaysforde said afterwards, with a passionate sob—"I'd have tried to forgive her."

So, for half a league or more, they bore straight along the southern slope of the vale, which lies nearly due east and west; but, near some farm buildings, the hounds began to bend somewhat abruptly to the left: it was clear that the fox had crossed the crest of the rising ground. Directly they turned, Seyton took a pull at his horse, and dropped back alongside his charge.

"We must steady them a bit, here"—he

said. "At least, I must. You'll see why, presently. Conacre is his point now—five good miles away—and he'll about make it, if he's not headed in the road above there."

Lady Alice did as she was bidden, without comment or question: so it happened, that Parson Bertram and his sister took the next fence—a flying one—in front; and held their lead over the pasture beyond. As they landed in the second field, the reason for Tom's sudden fit of caution became plain.

Right across their line, stretched an apparently endless flight of ugly black rails; high and tough enough to spoil the appetite of the veriest glutton at timber-jumping—to say nothing of the take-off being against the hill. To the extreme left-hand corner, almost out of sight, was a gateway. Parson Bartram, followed by his sister, made straight for this, without hesitation: so did every one else, with the exception of some half dozen, who held straight on. Seyton and Lady Alice were amongst these last.

But, when Tom was within seventy yards of the timber, his stout heart sank within him; not—as you can well believe—with personal fear. He had only once, himself, jumped those rails (indeed they had not long been put up to their present height): then, the ground was with him; and he remembered right well, with what a rattle and scramble he got over. He dared not take the responsibility of leading the delicate little being, who had followed him thus far so fearlessly, into such a risk of life and limb. So, with a heavy sigh—for he guessed what a block there would be in the gateway ere they could hope to reach it—he began to bear off to the left. But, before he had fairly turned, a sweet clear voice spoke, startlingly close to his ear.

"Straight on: quite straight, please. I know we can do it."

Looking over his shoulder, Seyton met—he has not forgotten it yet—the pretty childish face, still wearing its bright confident smile; and the blue eyes, resolute as death.

"I never in my life was thoroughly nervous, till that minute," Tom said afterwards. "But I had no choice in the matter: you can't flinch, with a woman like that behind you. So I pulled Adamant together, as well as I could, and sent him at it, with a will. He did all he could, poor old boy! But he hit it with every leg he had, I can tell you. I looked round before I had well picked him up; and just caught Camilla in the air. I give you my honour, she never rattled a hoof; and landed as light as thistledown. As the mare settled to her stride again, Lady Alice stroked her with that absurd little

baby-hand; and said—"Very prettily done, my pet"—as coolly, as if five feet of stiff timber were the sort of thing to take in an exercise-gallop. I didn't get my breath again till we were close on the next fence, I know."

A second or two later, comes from the left the dull, crackling sound, too familiar to every hunting-ear. Ranksborough always goes fearfully fast at timber; on the simple principle that "what you can't jump, you may break;" and he illustrates his theory triumphantly now, by smashing a tough top-rail like a pipe-stem: St. Dunstan is down on his head; but, between them, they save a fall cleverly. Thereupon Will Griswold and three others, who have been waiting on Denzil on the chance of some such contingency, harden their hearts and go gallantly at the gap. One other man takes it in a fresh place; and comes into the field beyond in a ghastly crumpled heap. That is Jim Stileman, for any even money; and you may bet, with equal safety, on his coming to time within five minutes; not a whit the worse for a fall that would have laid up you or me for the rest of the season.

How fares it, meanwhile, with the bold and buxom widow? Truly, not so well as her many friends could wish. There is no padlock on the gate; but the hook is jammed in the staple. So that the Parson is fain to dismount—muttering certain anathemas, that would scarce be approved of by Convocation. Whilst he is still tugging, he is startled by a faint cry from his sister, echoed by a murmur of surprise from the crowd already closing in between them.

Mrs. Gaysforde's handsome eyes are filling with angry tears.

"Oh, Ben,"—she says, almost sobbing. "She—*she means to have it, after all!*"

The Parson looks up just in time to see the big leap taken; the sight gives him energy to wrench the obstinate iron from its hold; and, as he scrambles to saddle, he grumbles out—half admiringly—

"Well—they deserve to get the lead: and they'll get it too. Look how the hounds are turning; and the scent bettering every minute. We'll never fairly catch 'em again, before they get to Conacre, unless a check lets us up."

To which Bell Gaysforde answers never a word: she gallops on mechanically with the rest; but the steel is out of her for to-day. Why be hard any longer on poor honest Oak-apple? Even if they catch the others again, and she should hold her own with the stranger thenceforward, will that lighten the sense of defeat which lies heavy on her soul? If it were not for fear of ridicule, and of her brother, she would make straight home at once.

There, with many wishes for her better luck in future, we will leave the discomfited amazon. We may safely get forward, even ahead of the racing pack; for they who have eaten of fern-seed need not fear heading the fox.

The manner of Kate Seyton's hunting has been before alluded to. She was usually wont to make her points for herself, and ride after her own inventions. But to-day, she had entrusted herself to other guidance. Old Ralph Swynnerton—Kate's neighbour at breakfast—had been a noted rider in his day; and managed still to see more sport than most people, despite of increasing flesh and infirmities. He was rather crabbed in the field; and seldom liked to be put on escort-duty; so when he offered to pilot Mrs. Seyton; she took it as a great compliment, and accepted readily. Before the hounds were thrown into cover, those two had crept down a bye-lane that led them wide of the wood, on the right through some arable-land, till they came down on the Swarle, close to the bridge above alluded to.

"If they come over the vale, we shall see as much of it as any one," old Ralph said. "And, with this start, we can make our points pretty much as we choose. If they go dead up-wind, we're done for. But it's five to one against that. I shouldn't wonder, if they went right over the water. A Pinkerton Wood fox took that line, last year; and he may be back again in his old quarters, for aught we know."

You may fancy Kate's satisfaction, as she watched the early part of the run; and saw how capitably they were placed for seeing more of it. But her cavalier betrayed no sign of content, till the hounds bore straight for the Swarle. Then he indulged in a gruff chuckle of triumph.

"What did I tell you?" he said. "Come on, Mrs. Seyton: we've no time to lose."

They were over the vale, and safe out of harm's way on the opposite rising-ground, long before the pack—or possibly, the fox—crossed their line. So they rode along the ridge, parallel with the 'hunt,' for some distance; till Mr. Swynnerton checked his horse suddenly, at the corner of a broad green lane.

"Hold hard, ma'am. If we get much forwarder, we might head him. Conacre's his point, for a thousand."

They did not stir, till the hounds had turned, as described above, and were coming right up to them: then they trotted sharply on again, towards the point in the lane where the hounds seemed likely to cross it.

"Look there"—says old Ralph, with his grim smile—"We're not far out: *that's* where the fox went by, not two moments back,"—he points to where some sheep have

just scoured together, under a row of wheat-stacks—"Now, let's see who has the best of it. They've come a cracker, over the stiffest part of the vale."

In another second or two, Kate has dropped her reins, and very nearly her whip, as she clasps her hands in a tumult of excitement; and her merry voice rings out like a silver bugle,—

"Who has the best of it? Why, we are leading by a hundred yards; even Lord Ranksborough is not in the same field; and the rest are hardly in sight. Oh, Mr. Swynnerton; did you see the way they took that last fence—a double ditch I'm certain—wasn't it perfect?"

Kate's triumph is not exaggerated. It is as she has said. On the right, nearly level with the racing pack, Tom Seyton is cutting out all the work; and still seems going at his ease. Close on his quarter—the fresh bloom scarcely deepened on her cheek; and not a hair in her trim braids dishevelled—comes the Little Lady. Ranksborough was nearly brought to grief a few fields back in a boggy landing; and dares not press St. Dunstan too hard, to make up his lost ground; for that swimming-match is beginning to tell upon the good horse, in spite of his gameness.

The hounds flash across the turf-road like lightning; but their heads go up on the field beyond; for they are somewhat puzzled by the sheep-foil.

As Tom lands in the lane, he holds up his hand mechanically (for Lady Alice needs no warning); and his quick eye, roving to left and right, lights on his wife just as the latter pushes forward to join him.

"You here, my Kate? This is better than I expected; though I knew you were in Swynnerton's charge. We've had *such* a quick thing so far—over *such* a country! We've burst him so too, that I don't think he'll get to Conacre to-day. If Will were only up, to put 'em forrard!" He lowered his voice here. "I'd give a cool hundred, that Lady Alice should see a kill in the open. You've no notion how she rides."

For a second or two, Mrs. Seyton gazes into her husband's glowing face very fondly and proudly; then her expression changed; and became plaintive—not to say, piteous.

"Mayn't I go a little way, with you, Tom—just for this once? That's nothing of a place"—she pointed to the fence out of the lane—"and the country looks so light and open, beyond."

It was a great feat of moral gymnastics, when Seyton braced himself to the baulking of any one of his wife's fancies: reasonable enough they were, as a rule. It was almost

too much to expect, even from her sweet temper, that she should contentedly see her husband ride off to chaperon a stranger; leaving her planted there. Just at that moment, the hounds went off at score; and all Tom's prudent scruples vanished like smoke.

"Come along, then, darling," he said. "But for Heaven's sake don't be rash. And if we come to a big place, you *must* go for a gate: there are plenty, just behind us, to keep you in countenance. Hold up, Adamant!"

And they are off full sail again, with Ranksborough close up; but with a good field's start of Will Griswold and the foremost of the second rank.

Mrs. Seyton had only spoken the truth about the country before them. They were well on the light land now; and each fence was easier than the last; till it became simple galloping ground, over which a quick thorough-bred might have held his own with St. Dunstan or Camilla. Kate was quite at her ease here; for The Kitten was as fresh as if she had just left her stable. She never forgot those delicious minutes, nor Lady Alice's winning words and ways, as they swept on, side by side, over the great fallows and sandy tilths, divided only by fences, that a horse could fly pleasantly in his stride. Suddenly, Tom Seyton began to peer eagerly forward; shading his eyes with his hand.

"Yonder he goes!"

The shrill piercing tones made even Kate start in her saddle: but her heart gave a wilder bound, as she thought she saw a slender brown streak slip under some straggling rails that nearly cut the sky-line. Frank Braybroke—despite a succession of brilliant 'nicks,' a long mile in the rear,—heard that screech; and put on all the steam that was left him. Several too in the second rank made a last desperate effort; but every horse had had nearly enough; Will Griswold himself never could reach the leaders. As they top the crest of the low hill, a tremendous crash tells that the pack have broken from scent to view; the old hounds strain madly to the front, as they tear down the slope; and, before the middle of the next fallow is won, the straight-goer has died game, fairly in the open, within three furlongs of Conacre Carrs—his point from first to last.

So it befell, that amongst the four, who actually saw the Pinkerton fox rolled over, two women's names are written. If his brush swung that evening at Alice Langton's pommel, his head meets you still, as you enter Kate Seyton's modest sanctum at Warleigh.

Though it was many a day before Marlshire ceased to talk of that famous run, I fear we

may have dallied over it too long for your taste. It skills not now to rehearse, how Hardress having dropped his hind-legs into four consecutive drains, 'd—d the country up in heaps,' and went home discontentedly. Nor how Bertie Grenvil, after two rattling falls, thought he had done too much for profit, and enough for honour; and followed Lionel's example, by a longer and more leisurely route, as will hereafter be seen. Nor how Daddy Goring—out-paced from the very first—rode the line conscientiously, taking every fence as it came, great or small, and, returning, asserted, that "he had never enjoyed a run so thoroughly in his life."

All these matters—and other minor incidents—you can easily fancy. Only one remark deserves to be recorded, for its characteristic coolness. When all congratulations and comments were over, and the parties were forming, whose homeward way lay together, Lord Ranksborough put this pensive question to the world in general.

"By-the-bye—does any one happen to know, if Vereker Vane ever got out of the Swarle? He looked as if he meant stopping there, when I saw him last."

(To be continued.)

MY NILE BOAT.

MY redoubtable one-eyed dragoman, Abool Hoosayn, an astute Cairene, is in the height of his enjoyment. I hear from the innermost cabin of that snug Nile boat, the "Isis" of 150 *ardebs* burden, the purring, soothing gurgle of his cocoa-nut narghilleh, or water pipe, through which he inhales the purified essence of the best Syrian tobacco, as with a sallow, thin, and rather vultury face, he sits cross-legged on his sacred canteen chest, and watches with stealthy craft the doings of our Arab crew.

We are ten days already out from Cairo, and our boat's head is pointed to Thebes, the hundred-gated. It was sunset an hour ago; and that great orb of day slipped down into darkness in the space of exactly three minutes by my watch. Exactly two minutes after this remarkable but not unusual occurrence, my Nubian cook, Abdallah, prostrated himself on the deck in the Mussulman manner, and repeated his prayers; pressing his forehead to the well-worn planks. In three minutes after he was up and at me with a smoking tureen of orange-coloured lentil soup in his nimble hands.

But let me describe the Isis, her captain, and her eight sailors. The vessel is one of those known as a *dahabeyeh*, such as are generally employed by voyagers on the Nile. It has a raised quarter-deck at one end and under

which are the cabins, three in number; while the rest of the boat is low and flat, with a gunwale reaching no higher than one's ankle. It has a small swallow-winged sail aft, and another larger one in the fore part, supported by the main mast, which is short and stumpy; just in front of this is a large square box full of earth and open at the top, which contains our ovens and fire-place. The crew's cooking and coffee-making goes on in a small open chest, containing a large clay bowl full of fire. Here at most hours of the day you may see Achmed, the ship's boy, making coffee, feeding the exhausted fire with short choppings of old rope, or breaking rye bread into a large wooden bowl, a leak in which has years ago been dexterously patched with tin.

It is pleasant now that Canopus shines with the brilliancy of a diamond on fire, and the wild geese fly creaking over our heads, piercing the solid dark in arrowy phalanxes, to hear the barking of the dogs of Beni Ammon, that sugar-growing village in the "crocodilyest" portion of the Ocean River. The sounds grow louder and louder; that is a sign we are near land, and are going to moor for the night, for the wind is puffing and stormy. I fear I must confess there are better places than the Nile to rest one's bones on. "Chump-thump!" Do you hear those dull sounds? The sailors are knocking in the mooring-stump, in the way the Egyptians have done for thousands of years—in fact, ever since the time of Joseph, or before. We are to glide past no more mounds of gourds to-day, no more acres of giant-bunched millet, no more groves of feathery palm, no more patches of leeks and onions, the grandchildren of those that fed the pyramid builders, no more miles of calcined cliff squared out into cellared tombs. Do you hear that rattling bang which sounds like premeditated assassination? That is the village watchman's friendly greeting. He is in glee, he of the long silver-bound watch-lock, for the one-eyed dragoman will bestow on him fourpence-halfpenny for going to sleep all night on the bank near our boat,—a ceremony which is supposed to be effectual against thieves.

The great tawny swallows' wings of sails are folded to rest; the huge glass lantern is duly hung outside our cabin; our candles are lit inside the enclosure where we sing, read, and discuss the events of the day; the lentil soup simmers over the fire, its lid jumps up and down as if in excitement and delight; the men shout "Allah! the great—the merciful!" and squat in a ring round the wide wooden bowl that steams under their grab-bing brown fingers.

The captain—a solemn, black-bearded, and

sullen man—collects himself into a heap in the head of the vessel, and supe in private after many ablutions. The brown waves may lip and wash below him, the heads of froth may float down, the great fish may blunder and tumble,—still he eats and smokes, indifferent to all natural phenomena; and, smoking, meditates after the manner of the Moslem. Half an hour more and he will be a brown snoring bundle on the quarter-deck, happily wrapt in oblivion, for “sleep makes us all Pashas,” as the Bedouin proverb runs.

But, after all, I have not described the internal economy of the boat. It consists of three small low rooms: one of them is devoted to our small netted-in beds, and under them are provision cupboards, gunpowder, and other harmless trifles. The second is our sitting-room; along each side of which are four small windows, and below them long cushioned seats, sacred to dozing, reading, and meditation. The third is our store-room; there our trunks and our wrappers are, our courier bags, our sacks of shot, our boxes of percussion caps, our warm coats and plaids for the cold nights and mornings, our sticks and umbrellas, our gun cleaners, our cases of wadding, our wine, our medicine chests, and other necessities and luxuries: for we want more than Adam wanted, now that the best of us have grown so sophisticated.

Of our bed-rooms little need be said, except that under each of our flinty pillows, which custom has rendered softer than the thrice-driven down, lurks nightly a revolver,—for the villagers about some parts of the river have a bad habit of visiting Nile boats, beating the passengers, and stripping the cabins; a loaded double barrel for wild duck rests against the wall. Nothing disturbs us at night but the perpetual noise of naval tactics, if we are under way; and if we are at rest, the barking of the village dogs, and the perpetual cough of Mohammed, the boy who sleeps outside the cabin under the deck, all among the eggs, cabbages, dates, and flour casks, where, as he tells me daily, he is much disturbed by the rats, who are as large as cats, and were certainly sent on board for the express torment of true believers.

Our sitting-room, which has yellow panels, is adorned with red and green cushions, red curtains, and green Venetian blinds; that old tarnished square-looking glass is as old as the childhood of Mohammed Ali, at least; the little leather pillow-case that swings from the nail of the glass folding-door leading to the dressing cupboard is full of fine Syrian tobacco, and that black seal on it is the seal of some Damascus merchant.

At the door of our cabin is Abool Hoosayn's

great canteen chest, containing a large plated soup-ladle, glasses, brass egg-cups, and Abool Hoosayn of the one eye, and that a very indifferent one, only knows what else. This box is his joy and pride: he rummages in it, he prowls about it, he lifts out trays, he lets the lid down on his chopped fingers; and when he is tired—and he is easily tired, is our dragoman—he sits on it cross-legged with a clumsy crooked chibouk, the meanest of all slaves that was ever made, like the gold demon in Eastern stories, to guard hoarded treasures, yes, there he sits and snaps at the noble captain. Near this chest at the one side are the stairs leading up to the quarter-deck, on the other is the square cage that contains the great filter, the water god of the vessel, beneath whose cool exudations repose the white pots of buffalo milk, the butter, and our tin can of goats' milk.

And talking of goats, that reminds me that half a kid hangs from the rigging, ready for to-morrow's dinner, cheek by jowl with a large bird-cage containing two cold fowls of a lean and ascetic conformation, some flaccid herbs, and some chocolate-coloured dates. In another cage on the quarter-deck are our oranges, limes, and pomegranates, near two rude sofas for our majesties' use, evening and morning. In a rude vermilion chest, inlaid with tawdry brass-work, and close to the fire-place, rest the crew's pipes, coffee-cups, and extra cloaks.

From the ambush of the cabin window, while we are dressing, my enthusiastic sporting friend Badger nearly every morning gets a shot at great pelicans, who with their aldermanic pouch come sailing along within reach. He seldom drops one but he gives me glowing accounts of how the shot splashed all over the vast creature, or how it fluttered in a peculiar manner to express surprise at the excellence of the noble sportsman's aim. Not that Badger is a bad shot, but he fires at seldom less than two hundred yards' distance, and with shot three sizes too small; the consequence is, that he flurries wild geese, chips pieces out of crows' wings, staggers vultures, frightens cormorants, but brings little to the bag, though the Nile shores are lined with cranes, purple geese, pelicans, and herons, ranged as if drawn up to be drilled by the king of the birds.

As for our sailors, they are good-humoured drudges enough, but sad sluggish chattering, fussy old women in the hour of danger—if the Isis gets wound about in a whirlpool eddy, and the tow-rope breaks, or if sudden fierce blasts of wind were to come raging down from the Libyan Mountains or the Birds Hill. They are lean brown fellows, wearing, when on duty, little but long blue

night-gowns and tawny felt skull-caps. Often I awake and see them up to their armpits in the Nile, putting their strong backs to ease us off a crocodile-haunted sand-bar; often I see them tie their gowns upon their head, and splashing in a quarter of a mile to shore, to take their turn at dragging at the sacred boat, the Isis, for a burning four hours' spell. Once round their supper bowl, beating the drum-head strained over the earthen jar, or sounding the double pipe, and they are happy and free from care as children. Their chief peculiarity is their love of joking, and their extreme proclivity to sleep.

Their captain is a sullen stately man, in a red turban, and a coarse black cloak, who stalks with bare feet about the deck like an Othello, and whom, for the first three weeks, I honoured as a patriarch and a born monarch of the Nile; but who, on a subsequent misunderstanding about a shirt of mine and a fishing line, never quite accounted for, sank sadly in my opinion, and whom subsequent lubberly hugging the shore, dread of darkness and fear of wind, have completely deposed from all claim to my admiration. Indeed, a pyramid of gold would never induce me to cross the Red Sea with such a captain. Yet to see him touch his breast, lips, and forehead, and with sullen bashfulness not unseemly murmur to me his morning salutations, you would think him Aaron of Rosetta, the commander of the Faithful himself; but then, after all, the Oriental lubber is, it must be confessed, a grander being than the lubber of our colder and less favoured clime.

The Reis shouts, commands "emsig" and "rooha," and such hoarse guttural Arabic exhortations, but he does nothing else himself but occasionally pull the boat from the muddy bank in moments of emergency; and this he does with the regal condescension of a Sesostris, though I daresay he would haggle for the last para in a bargain. Achmed, his second in command, is a fine handsome Misraimite. With jaunty green turban—for he is a descendant of the Prophet, and quite as great a rascal—he has sly half-shut black eyes, rather peering, from the habit of often looking at the sun in steering; crisp, shining black beard, and full liberal features; he holds the long helm with the dignity of a Ptolemy, but I have ceased to regard him with the respect of earlier days, since I find he sits down to steer, smokes his chibouk while at the helm, holds guttural discussions with the crew as to the whereabouts of the vessel, dozes while at his post, and breaks his fire-wood over his own head. He has a blameable tendency, too, of always bumping the vessel on land, just as we get into our first sleep.

But let me describe an average day in a Nile boat, say from near Gibbel Tayr or the Birds Hill to Minieh.

At about six o'clock, a noise as of a waggon load of fire-wood and a ton of rope being tumbled about the deck (which means, being interpreted, that some naval manoeuvre is taking place), awakes me and Badger, and we leap simultaneously out of bed like two unanimous harlequins. The boat is generally just on or just off a sand-bar. The crew are on shore towing, all in a row, with halters round their necks, as if they were prisoners of war doomed to the gallows, or are putting their brawny backs to it and heaving the Isis out of some difficulty, or they are swimming across a creek, or perhaps wading in the fat Nile mud up to their knees, or even a trifle higher.

A cry from Badger, who is struggling with a sliding window-shutter, makes me turn round. There is an enormous pelican, with big pouch parchmenty and flaccid, floating by gravely, a hundred yards or so off. Bang goes Badger's gun, tearing up the water with a scratching splash ten yards or so from the pompous emblem of charity, who gives a semi-comic hop, and then flaps his great grey and white-tipped wings and is away; or, it may be, there is a long, quivering cord of chattering wild geese that Badger scatters and utterly routs; or, perhaps, a little dark fleet of wild duck. You may be sure he always "stops" them, or "turns" them, or "knocks some feathers out," and they are as pleased as Badger; doubtless he hits them hard, but yet he does not bring them to bag. Badger loads again and is happy. Aboul Hoosayn, the crafty dragoman, says, "too far up stairs;" by which he means that the birds were out of reach; at which Badger scoffs, curls the lip of pride, and puts on a copper cap on the blackened nipple of the gun, which is smoking like a little fairy chimney.

I look out then, hearing a grinding sound, and see the ship's boy grinding coffee, and the mate roasting some in a little frying-pan over the fire.

Gracious! how he grinds it in a small mortar, with a huge wooden pestle five feet long and thicker than a bed-post. No wonder the brown seeds crackle and crush helplessly under this tremendous instrument.

And the river, of what colour is it, and the bank, of what aspect? The great river, or "the ocean" as the Arabs call it, is of a muddy brown colour, holding perpetual mud in solution, but it washes past in pretty glittering waves this breezy morning, when the wind ruffles it. And the bank is now a green wave of sugar-canes—now a strip of desert sand—

now a patch of millet—now a mile of acacia groves.

That mud fort is the village of Golosany, and those mud pillars are used for supporting the Arab water-raiser's counterpoise. That intensely green strip of ribbon is clover; that endless black margin is Nile mud. Those half-naked brown men, with short and heavy shipwright adzes, are fellaheen, or peasants, hoeing up the ground for a new crop. Those net wigwams are hung up there by fishermen, and those big-headed fish, with long heads, are their finny spoil. Those long knotted purple batons the children carry on their shoulders, and which are three times as long as themselves, are ripe sugar-canes, which all young Egypt seems now to be munching, munching.

Here, too, broadside down the river, driven by three boughs instead of oars, comes one of the wonders of Egypt, read of by me in school-books so many long years ago. It is a square raft from Balass, and contains some thousand water-jars for the use of the women of Cairo; but why do I say water-jars? for these are huge amphoræ. That one, stopped in the Roman manner with adhesive earth, will be used to hold oil, treacle, butter, rice, and other cohesive fluids and meltable solids. How bran-new from the potter's fire they look, with their rough-green whiteness and their tinges of creamy white and red! They are bound together firmly with palm-cord, are packed neatly with dry palm-leaves, and are driven bravely down the current by the strong arms of those men of Balass, who strain at the branches which they use as oars. To fill those jars is the chief work of the blue-clad Egyptian women in town or village.

Breakfast now. The smoking curry, the granular rice, the "mish-miah" or stewed apricots, the conserve of vegetable marrow, the oven-hatched eggs, the pomegranates, the buffalo's milk-butter in flat cakes, are pleasant after the smart walk on deck—Badger's gun is silent, and he is absorbed in the great and mysterious process of digestion. The meal safely over, we burn votive cigarettes in gratitude to its memory.

Then comes another stroll on deck, a shot at an ibis, a crack with a revolver at a hovering vulture or a sacred hawk. Then a long read aloud from Herodotus, who always knows more than he will tell, and who narrates such pleasant fables about the thief in the trap, and the helmet cup, and the sandal of Perseus, and the fair but indiscreet Rhodope, and the blind king, and the two pyramid builders, and other old friends of our boyhood; or we read the "Arabian Nights," that some think were written in Egypt; with the six hundred

thousand Israelites, we fly before the wrathful chariots of Pharaoh; we entangle ourselves in hieroglyphics, or knock our heads against the graven stone of Rosetta. Sometimes we forget ourselves pleasantly in a novel, or, growing tired of truth, we read history.

Fifteen miles of cliff already passed, calcined rock, vitreous barren stone, where nothing having life grows; carious bones of the old earth, mere honeycombed pumice-stone, with every gorge, cleft, and hollow sifted up with drifted desert sand, fine as that which fills an hour-glass.

Do you see that mud wall, rising fort-like on the very edge of that tremendous precipice? That is the Copt convent of Mariam el Adra, or "Our Lady Mary the Virgin." Those perilous perpendicular steps along the face of the rock lead down to the water.

Badger will fire to arouse the monks in their mud nest. Bang! go the twin barrels; a silence of two long seconds, then comes the bursting echo as of a Cyclops hammer falling on the anvil. Instantly two or three dark figures, no larger than those in a Noah's ark, appear on the ramparted cliff; those are two Coptic brothers of our Lady Mary's convent. Lucky for us the wind is high and the water cold and stormy, or we should have those unclean men swimming off to us on swollen goat skins, and hear them screaming out—

"I also am a Christian, O Howagee. Alms, alms, O Howagee!"

No mud villages here, surrounded by white flocks of doves; no more bossy palm-trees tufted with leaves, as Arab lances are with ostrich feathers; no more egg ovens, or wavering green sugar-cane patches; no more tracts of bunched millet; but now miles of calcined cliff, honeycombed with square burial vaults, the doors of which look from here no larger than the doors of dog-kennels. No more lizard-haunted sands, or net wigwams of fishermen, but miles of rock graves,—dens where only the horned snake creeps, or the vulture stores its carrion.

Dinner is ready; a fizzling arises in the kitchen—sure sign of commencing sunset. A pretty-crested bird falls under Badger's terrible and far-resounding gun; a great glory burns out from the west; the eastern cliffs change from a pale dust colour to a luminous rose; the green cloudy grey shroud of the martyr day turns to burning gold.

The cloud-crocodiles, vapour-dragons, and misty monsters that point and gibber round the sunset are suddenly drawn into the whirlpool of flame, and shrivel away to shreds of glittering tinsel—rays from the rising orb fan upwards as from a martyr's crown.

A moment more and the eastern cliffs are

ashy grey, the rich clouds have dropped like angels' offerings into a martyr's grave. The sky is now of a ghostly green, melting into cold purple; the after-glow is upon us for a moment, the palm-trees are dark against it; then night drops like the portcullis of an Egyptian vault, and God speaks to us in starry hieroglyphics.

As Badger fires the dinner gun, Abool Hoosayn bears in in triumph a soup tureen, that smokes like an Arabian censer.

But what was that strange object that shone for a moment under the last gleam of sunset? I saw it on that long wet strip of ribby sand where the greedy pelican sat and sulked, because he could not keep his pouch perpetually full.

It was a ghastly creature, with scaly back, long and terrible jaws, and small, treacherous eyes. It shone as if it was coated with gold leaf, and it waddled back to the brown tide, honoured by a royal salute from Badger's double-barrel. That was the first crocodile we had seen, but it never came into Badger's bag.

WALTER THORNBURY.

A DREAM.

Is it a dream or truth? If but a dream,
What pencil hath that image fair portray'd
So life-like, and thus midnight's frozen shade
With form invested, which of flame doth seem?

If truth, what happiest power of starry gleam,
My grief consoling, hath she now obey'd?
By what strange passion is she sudden made
To clasp my hand within her hand of dream?

This is indeed my sun, my bosom's throne:
This is indeed her white hand which I see.
I touch it, kiss it; it is mine alone.
Or truth or dream, I seek not certainty:
If it be truth, my great love is mine own;
If dream, I willingly asleep would be.

X.

ALSACIAN SKETCHES.—No. II.

WHY are the French so far surpassed by the Germans in the art of railway travelling? They did not start in the race weighted, as the English companies did, who had to spend lavishly in passing, and sometimes fighting bills through Parliament. It is a strange fact, that in the country where centralization is supreme, and which enjoys, in most respects justly, a high reputation for method and order, railway matters are not so well managed as on the other side of the Rhine. Those who have tried to sleep on the hard first-class carriages of the lines between Germany and Paris, have often longed for those delightful spring-cushions which counteract the shaking of the line in the German second-class. The contrast appears strongly on the parallel lines of Alsace

and of Baden; and as these lines compete with each other for the traffic between the Lower Rhine and Switzerland, the former must labour under great disadvantages. The Alsacian stations are simply disgraceful. So thought I when I took my place from Colmar to Thann in the valley of St. Amarin. The branch railway which passes Thann ends at Wasserbirg, where it meets the diligence which passes the Vosges to Remiremont. I had engaged to meet at Thann in the first hotel mentioned by Bodeker, a German friend, who has just published an excellent guide to the Black Forest. The hotel in question was the Lion, but as the Lion had not only ceased to drive a roaring trade, but to exist altogether, we found ourselves lodged by adverse fate in two separate but contiguous hotels.

Thann is a town of more than 4000 inhabitants, chiefly engaged in manufactures, situated at the narrow entrance of the valley of St. Amarin. Its old walls formed an oblong, and some of the towers still remain, with many quaint old houses, which are however begrimed by modern smoke. The little cathedral church of St. Theobald is a gem of Gothic architecture, said to have been built by Erwin of Steinbach. Its tower, which is 250 feet high, resembles that of Freiburg in Baden, in having a steeple of open carved stone-work or "clocher au jour," and in the octagonal design of the middle tower. It was completed in 1516. But the especial glory of the church consists in its two elaborately carved portals, the details of which would fill a volume. In this building the ogive arch, with rich ornamentation, telling of a date which verged on the decline of architecture, is here in great perfection. To view the town and church to advantage it is well to mount the Engelburg, a vine-clad eminence on the right hand of the entrance to the valley. The Engelburg is crowned by a ruined castle, which was blown up by Turenne in 1674. This castle possesses one feature which especially fixes it in the memory, and which I never recollect to have seen anywhere else, that is, a huge wheel of stones and mortar pierced by a comparatively small opening in the middle. This was the result of the destruction of the donjon, whose tower fell on its side with the explosion, while the immense thickness of the wall and solidity of the masonry prevented a large portion of it from falling to pieces. From the side of a mountain on the other side of the town there is also, towards sunset, an exquisite view. The cathedral is framed out by converging hills from prosaic associations, and stands against a back ground of vineyards, the rich colour of its sandstone increased by the evening beams. A fine stream passes through the town of Thann, which in ancient times must

have swarmed with trout, and even produces a few still. It has been however made to supply a canal, and degraded and polluted to serve the purposes of the factories. At Thann we heard that a Scotch gentleman had just passed the town in a canoe which he had carried over the Vosges into the Moselle. He was bringing to its conclusion a long and eccentric voyage through inland waters, in the course of which he had navigated some lakes in the Black Forest which had never been disturbed by a boat before, and astonished the natives of the Upper Danube below Dananeschingen. Foreigners, however enlightened, are far too apt to attribute to a bee in the bonnet, the love of such adventures, which are only the result of the high spirits and strong individualism of the people of our islands.

Although the railway is continued up the valley from Thann to Wässerburg, we were advised to walk thither in order better to observe the very beautifully formed hills on each side. As the primary nucleus of elevation of the Vosges corresponds to that of the Black Forest, so do the newer formations on the outskirts of it. On the side of the southern Vosges, at all events, these formations appear to be more abundantly represented, and some of the finest hills and knolls are formed by them, greatly surpassing in picturesque variety of form the somewhat monotonous gneiss. Porphyritic eruptions also, which produce rocks of remarkably bold and fantastic form, are more common on the flanks of the French mountain-chain. I saw at Thann some very fine specimens of fossil plants in possession of a boy, who could give no exact information about them; they appeared to have been dug out of a sandstone bed, black with contained iron. The fine highroad leading from Thann is flanked by the villas of manufacturers, some of them laid out in a style of luxurious elegance. The villages of Bitschweiler, Willer and Moesch, are passed in succession. At the second and third of these villages there are two exquisite modern churches built by the same architect, M. Langenstein of Zernetz; whose name is also associated with the church of Herseren, now Wässerburg, which is however somewhat inferior. The church of Willer is conspicuous at a considerable distance. It is a splendid illustration of Mr. Ruskin's *Lamp of Sacrifice*, and in every respect would gladden the heart of that great connoisseur. The arches of the interior, built of beautiful pinkish stone, branch into the roof like the trees of a forest-arcade. The organ rests on a huge bracket on the right side of the nave. The capitals of the pillars are magnificent specimens of naturalistic stone carving applied to foliage; not one exactly resembles the other, and every

one is remarkable for originality of conception. The pulpit is so beautiful that it must take the eyes of the congregation off the preacher. The coloured statuettes of holy persons, saints and martyrs, are all finely executed. The open seats are tastefully framed of oak with iron-work finials.

There are three windows of coloured glass in the apse: one of green and crimson panes, the other of blue and rose, the centre of many colours, with a good medallion of the face of the Madonna. The exterior of the church is unpretentiously neat, and the roof is covered with coloured tiles; the tower, though original, harmonises in its octagonal centre with that of Thann, which no doubt suggested it. The church of Moesch is also a beautiful specimen of modern design, though less costly. Here the organ, which is larger, occupies its usual place at the west end of the nave.

In St. Amarin's Church, which is arrived at soon after, and which is a favourite resort of pilgrims, the pictures by modern artists are the chief attraction. They are all very good. The building itself is subordinate in interest, being of the plain Byzantine style. From the village of Willer the Ballon d'Alsace, the highest of the Vosges, may be readily ascended.

It is said to command a fine Alpine view; but as the haze resulting from the long drought rendered every distant prospect hopeless, we judged that the trouble of the ascent would not be repaid.

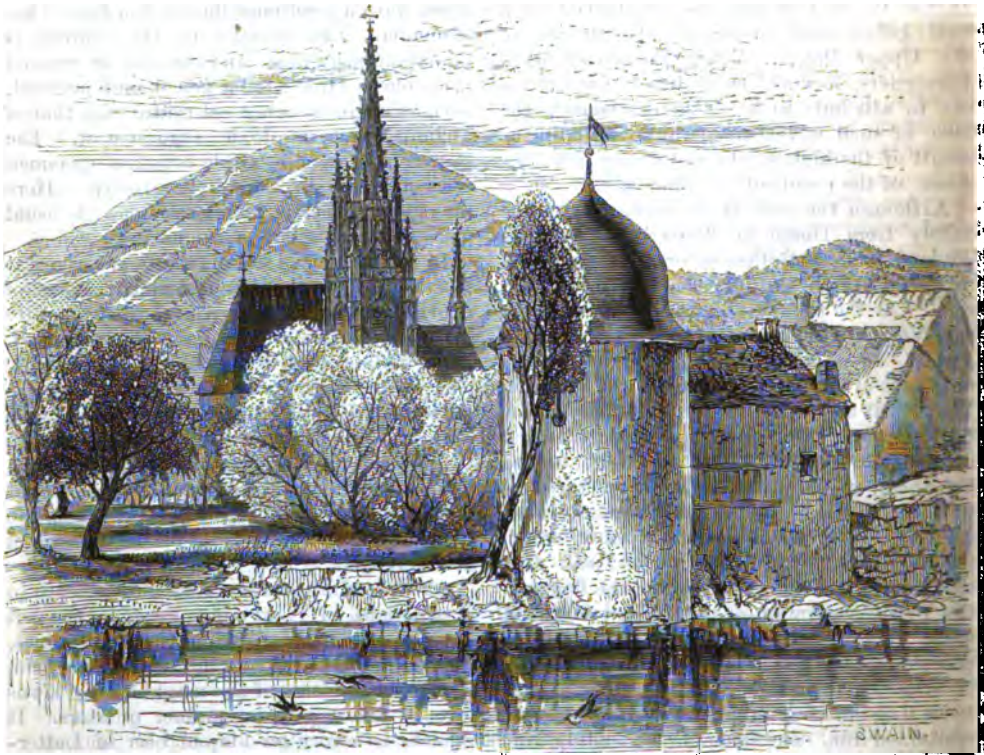
At Wässerburg, a village on an eminence in a panorama of mountains, those to the left having particularly bold and rugged outlines, there is an excellent inn in the German style, where the residents of the neighbouring towns love to take up their summer quarters. It rejoices in a very good tap of beer of Lutterbach, a fine clear bitter ale such as Munich, or Burton, could not surpass, and equal to the finest of Allsopp or Bass's beverages. It would almost induce a German traveller to make Wässerburg the limit of his tour, without tempting the unknown wilds beyond. The diligence road to Remiremont here goes up zig-zags to the left, while the valley, becoming wilder and narrower, continues to the right.

At Wässerburg there is an immense manufactory belonging to a wealthy company of cotton-spinners, who, masters and men together, constitute the population. Attached to the manufactory is a sort of park tastefully laid out. It is curious to see at meal-time troops of women and children coming in from a distance laden with the dinners of their husbands and fathers. In this valley of St. Amarin the peasant element seems very subordinate to the manufacturing, and the hills seem depopulated to swell the centres of industry. The conse-

quence is, that there is no beauty of costume to be seen, and that the upper parts of the hills are uninhabited, only an occasional chalet being observable. A cabriolet hired at Wässerbirg conducts us to Wildenstein.

By the side of the road stands a grand solitary hill almost inaccessible, seeming to block the gorge called the Schlossberg, crowned by

a ruined castle, the original Wildenstein. Wildenstein, the village which Bœdeker describes as "a clean place," is nevertheless smutty with industrialism, there being a great glass factory there which produces immense piles of dusky green bulging bottles or carboys. The little inn seemed to be good. We found a number of guests there discussing trout by the



Thann.

help of a good-looking sauce made of red wine; but we returned ourselves to an excellent dinner at Wässerbirg, and thoroughly appreciated the wine of Rangen which grow near Thann, and which fortified us admirably for setting forth on our railway journey to Mulhouse and Basel. We only stopped long enough at Wildenstein to visit a waterfall, which we found—not at home. It is called the "Heidenbad," and is formed by the Thur which springs from the Grand Pentron; but the Thur had been reduced by the extraordinary season to a succession of pools, which barely trickled into each other. In the dusk of the evening, rendered still murkier by the smoky chimneys of Mulhouse, whose aspect is worthy of that of a town in the Black Country of England, we paid a visit to the splendid Protestant church which is in

progress of building, and which proves that the manufacturers of Mulhouse are not entirely utilitarian in their luxury, and know how to spend their hard-gotten gains with public-spirited munificence. It will be quite equal, when finished, to the mediæval cathedrals of France, both in size and exuberance of decoration, and the francs that it has cost and will cost must be reckoned by many millions.

From Basel we passed up the valley of the Wiese, partly by railroad, to the neat little town of Schönau at the convergence of two romantic glens, and thence on foot over the Rinken or "col" of the Belchen mountain to Stanfen and the Krozingen station of the Baden railroad. But this part of our trip belongs, strictly speaking, to "Days in the Black Forest."

G. C. SWAYNE.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER VII. REPULSION.

DAY succeeded to day, and Lawrence Barbour had been for two months domiciled in Distaff Yard.

The small sitting-room, the little bed-chamber, the mode of life, the very business itself, no longer seemed strange to him. It was the old existence, the idle hours, the lack of all occupation, the monotony of the weeks, the restlessness, the discontent which it now annoyed him to look back upon.

How had he endured so long that state of mere vegetation, without hope, without excitement, without employment, was the question Lawrence continually kept asking himself; whilst every letter from his father contained the inquiry, "When are you coming home; are you not sickened of business vulgarity yet?"

"Those who seek for nuggets," answered the youth on one occasion, "do not usually expect to find them lying about on the carpets of properly-ordered drawing-rooms, but are content to labour in the earth till they discover the precious metal."

"Those who labour in the earth," replied Mr. Barbour senior, "are usually unfitted to spend their money, when obtained, in drawing-rooms."

"So be it," returned Lawrence. "I will take my chance;" and he put his shoulder to the wheel in earnest, and worked as Mr. Perkins had never thought it possible a gentleman born could work.

He had taken his road in life on his own responsibility, and when a resolute man does this he feels that, let the way prove rough or smooth, he is bound, for his credit's sake, to make the best of it. Had his path led him over burning ploughshares, Lawrence would still have proceeded to his object. He was strong, physically, and perhaps that has more to do with resolute perseverance than most people are willing to admit.

He felt it no hardship to rise early and to labour late. None of the advantages of station had ever been his, except its leisure; and leisure without money, society, or amusement, is apt to grow rather wearisome.

Looking back over the years, he could remember the few events that had ever broken the monotony of his existence.

Once he unearthed a badger, and spent a day compassing its capture; another time he killed a snake, which he and his brother carried all through the woods of Lallard Park, and left at the head-keeper's lodge—a great snake, which stank abominably, and which still, hung over the branch of a tree, kept writhing and twisting till sunset when the galvanic life left it, and all was quiet.

Lord Lallard came riding up to the Olay Farm two days afterwards, to ask Lawrence where he found the reptile, and how he killed it; and on the strength of this visit Mr. Barbour bemoaned himself for weeks, and lamented exceedingly when he enlarged on how intimate his father and the late Lord Lallard had been.

"Like brothers," finished Mr. Barbour, "like brothers; and his son would not have called here now, only to inquire about the snake."

Then he broke out and told his son he would not have him trespassing on other people's domains.

"I was strict enough myself once," whined the gentleman-pauper, "and I won't have my boys behaving themselves like common vagrants."

Whereupon Lawrence thought it was quite as well his father did not know he had in former days been in the habit of going poaching on Lord Lallard's property. The Barbours had not fallen from their high estate with a mighty crash. They had not gone out like rockets—with a sudden blaze and brilliance subsiding into darkness. They had not given up Mallingford without a struggle, and that very struggle had done more to lower them socially than their poverty. The land was let off, the covers were rented out to strangers, there were many shifts resorted to, many expedients adopted, before Mr. Barbour allowed the property to pass away from him and his irrevocably. He saved as carefully as he had once spent liberally, and the consequence was that even before he and his boys sought shelter in the Clay Farm, they were looked upon by the county as Barbours of Mallingford no longer.

Lawrence himself could not recollect the time when he had ever received much respect from any one, or reflected upon the state in

which it had pleased God to place him, with either pride or satisfaction; and as he grew up, and saw how much the world is influenced by appearances, he felt angry with himself for having done many things which were by no means orthodox and proper, and vexed at his father for having let him and his brother run wild like young colts about the country.

All his pleasures had been stolen, and that made them seem none the sweeter when he came to look back upon them in after-life.

Was there any happiness now in thinking of the game he had snared in Lord Lallard's woods, of the surreptitious fires he and his brother had kindled with stolen sticks on common ground, in bye lanes and roads that were little used?

They had never managed to hit the happy medium in their cookery; the birds were either burnt to cinders, or came out of their clay moulds almost raw; yet there had been a keen enjoyment felt in tearing them limb from limb, and eating them all in a panic which Lawrence, in his maturer years, was perfectly unable to comprehend.

He knew that whenever he heard in church about the Israelites, he always thought of that food which he had been wont to swallow in such anxious haste, and he remembered likewise a terrible hour which came to him when he was, at thirteen years of age, prowling about Lord Lallard's grounds, seeking what he could destroy.

The old lord was lying dead up at the house, and Lawrence, who never poached on the Mallingford property, considered that, an especially suitable and safe time for attacking the enemy's outposts with an old gun, a canister full of shot, and a powder-flask. He knew the gamekeepers would be off duty, and so he went boldly and popped at a pheasant.

The pheasant escaped, but not so Lawrence; who was about to load again, when the new lord laid his hand on his shoulder, and asked him who he was, and what he did there.

"I am a son of Mr. Barbour of Mallingford End," answered the boy boldly, though he was quaking with fear all the time.

"Well, then, come back with me to your father, and we will hear what he has got to say to all this," said my lord; whereupon Lawrence besought his lordship to let him off. He offered him his gun, his canister, and his powder-flask. He turned out his pockets, and tried to bribe Lord Lallard with the contents. Crying bitterly, he held out to him in succession a knife with a broken blade, a bit of slate pencil, three halfpennies, one of them bad, a bullet, a piece of twine, a handkerchief, the thong of a whip, an old dog-collar, a battered tooth-nick, an apple with a piece bitten out

of it, an old clasp purse containing some foreign coins and a shilling, some crumbs of biscuit, a song-book, dog-eared and dirty, a few marbles, a lump of cobbler's wax, a morsel of putty, a gimlet without a point, and a rusty screw.

"I have nothing else I can give you," sobbed out Lawrence, "except my watch, and I cannot give you that because it was my mother's, and my father keeps it locked up; but when I am a man I will pay you all I owe you, if you will only let me go now."

But my lord stood gravely holding the treasures the boy had forced upon him in one hand, while he still with the other retained his hold of Lawrence's jacket.

"You may keep them all," pleaded the lad, eyeing wistfully the while his gimlet and the dog-collar.

Then Lord Lallard, looking down at the curiosities, burst out laughing, and laughed till the woods rang again.

"I tell you what it is, Master Lawrence Barbour, he said at last, "you will come to the gallows if you don't take care; poachers are thieves, and thieves often grow into murderers; do you understand, sir, are you attending to me?"

"Ye—e—s," answered Lawrence, and then he began laughing too, for he saw his lordship was going to let him off, and he was vowing to himself that he never would set foot in Lallard Woods again.

"You will get yourself into trouble," went on the great man. "You may be shot, or you may shoot somebody—likely to do one as the other with that old blunderbuss you have in your hand. If you get leave from your father, come to my head-keeper and ask him to take you out; I'll tell him to have a care of you—but, bless my soul, haven't you game enough of your own at Mallingford without poaching on my manors?" he added, with a sudden recollection of the woods surrounding Mallingford End.

Then Lawrence told him—how the game was not theirs; how the land was let off; how he and his brother were not sent to school. In the fullness of his gratitude he made ample confession as to the snipes and woodcocks and pheasants he and his brother had captured and eaten; which revelation did not tend to raise the character of his keepers for vigilance in Lord Lallard's eyes.

"But I will never snare another," finished Lawrence, looking back sorrowfully towards the woods wherein he had spent so many happy days. "I never will, indeed; nor shoot one either."

"Come and ask leave of me or my keepers, and you may shoot as many as you like."

answered his lordship; but Lawrence shook his head.

"My father would not let me," he said; and he went on very mournfully to the great avenue, where Lord Lallard bade him good-bye, and saying, "Be an honest, straightforward lad," tipped him a sovereign.

Which Lawrence, with his cheeks on fire, and his heart thumping against his ribs, put back into my lord's hand, thanking him for it, but he had rather not—he had rather not, indeed.

"Do you care for sovereigns so little?" asked the other, thinking of the foreign coins, and the halfpennies, and the marbles.

"I should care for them if I had them of my own," was the reply; "but I do not like to have money given to me, thank you, sir," added the boy, deprecatingly, for he felt in his heart he was seeming ungrateful and ungracious, and he had not art enough to put any polish on his words.

"You are right, my lad," said Lord Lallard, "and I was wrong;" and with a friendly nod he turned away, never to meet Lawrence again till the latter, five years afterwards, roaming with his brother through Lallard Woods, killed the snake, and hung it, as the keeper stated, "up to dry."

During the whole of the visit, the youth was in an agony lest his lordship should make any allusion to their previous meeting; but the man of the world had sense and tact, and said nothing on the subject till Lawrence was walking down the private road to open the gates for him.

Then—"It is a long time since you thought to bribe me," he remarked. "I suppose you have other things to do now, besides shoot at pheasants?"

"I wish I had," answered Lawrence, in so desponding a tone that the nobleman was astonished. "I wish my father would let me go to London to push my fortune."

"Like Whittington," suggested Lord Lallard; but then, seeing his companion looked annoyed, he went on—"But why to London, and what should you do if you were there? Have you any friends—anyone who could give you a helping hand? London is a great place, and country people are apt to get lost in it."

"I do not think I should," was the answer.

"Can no situation be got for you? would a place under Government—" began his lordship; but then he hesitated, and Lawrence took up his unfinished sentence for him.

"My Lord," he said, "I am not fitted for a government appointment, and it would not be fitted for me. I mean to try and push

my own way in the world after my own fashion, but I thank you for your intended kindness from my heart."

It was the incident of the sovereign over again, but Lord Lallard felt that in this, as in the former instance, Lawrence was quite right.

"I have an impression," he said, "that you ought to go to London, and that you will make your fortune. Whenever you do adventure into the great Babylon, come and see me; I should like to know how you are getting on," and he held out his hand to the youth, who, leaning over the gate, watched the great man riding away towards Lallard Park, till a turn in the road hid him from sight.

That visit had been a grand event in Lawrence's life. Looking back over his old existence from the new world of Distaff Yard, the young man found himself giving much prominence to Lord Lallard, and Lord Lallard's sorrel horse, in the mental picture of his past experience he sometimes amused himself with painting.

In the past he had suffered many minor humiliations; patched shoes, threadbare clothes, the scornful looks of the newly rich, the compassionate regards of old friends, these things were branded on his memory in letters of bitterness.

The improvements at Mallingford End, the grand carriages that came forth drawn by sleek horses out of its gates, the girl who could not ride, but yet who sallied out each day arrayed in the most perfect of habits, and tried at the very peril of her life to learn how to sit her horse, the pompous father who occupied the Mallingford pew at church, and took the lead in the responses, and gave largely at collections, and subscribed to the schools; the guests who stayed at Mallingford End in the summer, and surveyed Lawrence's thick shoes and unfashionable garments through eye-glasses, all these men and women, my hero hated with a hatred born of pride, jealousy, a consciousness of mental superiority, and a strong feeling of his own social inferiority.

He had been reared in a hard school, in one almost Spartan in its absence of all luxury or bodily indulgence, and terrible to any one possessed of the slightest sensitiveness on account of its continual humiliations.

Work, any work! to such a man after such a lot was happiness, the smallest recreation was pleasure. He ate no bread of idleness; he earned every holiday he took. He loved London—loved it as those only who have grown thoroughly sick and weary of the country ever can come to love the mighty city.

He could afford to dress better; but if he had not been able to do so, what did it matter? He was one of a crowd in the streets, and the passers by cared nothing for him or the cut of his coat, or the shape of his boots. If London be the place for the rich, it is no less the heaven of the poor. Babylon holds no second sting for those who have fallen from their once proud position into the ranks. The men composing the great army encamped there have something better to do than criticise their neighbour's looks, or meddle with his antecedents.

There is a delight in losing all sense of personal identity which can never be thoroughly appreciated till one has lived in the heart of a vast town, surrounded by busy men and occupied women.

This delight Lawrence Barbour soon began to experience, and, as I have said, he felt happy accordingly.

From morning till night he was busy in the factory, weighing, superintending, and seeing to the packing of the goods that had to be sent out.

He became interested in fresh orders; new customers were pleasing in his eyes; he soon learned his way about London, and paid money into banks, and collected accounts—and to tell truth, was no way backward in urging the necessity for immediate settlements on dilatory debtors.

In the evenings he often went over to Stepney Causeway, and studied chemistry under Mr. Sondes, becoming learned in alkalis and acids, in crystals and gases, in vegetable and mineral products, in analysis and synthesis, while Olivine sat on a footstool beside the fire and hemmed handkerchiefs slowly and put in wonderfully neat stitches.

He was a young man after Mr. Sondes' own heart, and Mr. Perkins, thinking the matter over to himself, decided that he ought to have been a young man after his heart too.

What manager would ever have laboured as Lawrence did? What hired servant could have been trusted as he trusted this distant kinsman?

In his time, in his work, in money matters, the young man was unexceptionable, and yet still Mr. Perkins felt there was something lying between Lawrence and himself. On occasions, he and the stranger who ate with him, worked with him, slept under his roof, came near together as acetic acid and lead; but the next moment it seemed to the chemist that nature had somehow dropped vitriol into the combination and separated the chemical product.

"I cannot make out what it is," Mr. Perkins pondered and pondered; and the more he

perplexed himself about the matter, the less he understood it.

He could detect the presence of barytes in white lead; he could ferret out sulphate of soda if mixed with carbonate of soda; he could trace precipitated sulphate of lime in quinine, and tell to a grain how much potash there was in iodide of potassium; but a human analysis is quite a different matter.

Mr. Perkins happened not to be so well skilled in psychology as in chemistry; for which reason he did not know that the repulsive force that prevented himself and Lawrence drawing near to one another was—selfishness.

The stranger in a strange place was labouring, not for Josiah Perkins, but for Lawrence Barbour; not for love, or gratitude, or duty, so much as for wealth, for position, and for personal success.

CHAPTER VIII. IN THE PARK.

ALTHOUGH Mr. Perkins did not entertain the most lively affection for his kinsman, still he and Lawrence got on better than many relations who are professedly warmly attached to one another. If a man does well for himself he is pretty nearly sure to do well for his employers. There are erratic individuals, certainly, who, thinking to achieve great things for themselves, are continually leaving the irons of their masters to cool, while they thrust surreptitious irons into small fires of their own making. But these are speculative, not working men. They are people who, if started in a good trade on their own separate account to-morrow, would want to add another good trade to the business before a week had passed.

They think a fortune is to be made in a minute; they imagine a person can do twenty different things well at once. They fancy they have "heads for organization," and such administrative minds, that they could so arrange their forces as to keep a hundred pots boiling at the same moment. They are always hopeful about new companies; they are eternally striking out something at a "white heat," as they put it; they would like to be appointed chairmen of railway boards, chancellors of the exchequer, prime ministers—solely for the benefit of society, as they have an idea everything in creation only wants a little management to set it straight.

They have a contempt for their plodding neighbours. They wonder to see fortunes amassed by sheer dint of industry: if masters, they are for ever casting about to see whether a fresh venture would not pay; if clerks, they have little speculations of their own, and are continually trying to better themselves; the consequence of all of which is that they rarely

do well for their families, and never for their employers.

Lawrence Barbour was not, however, one of these. Heart and soul he flung himself into the business at Distaff Yard; learning the ins and outs of adulteration thoroughly and rapidly. He was everywhere at once; the men never knew when they were secure from him; he seemed, young as he was, to know by intuition who were the skulkers, the eye-servants, the schemers, and the disaffected. He appeared and re-appeared when and where least expected; he never loitered on his errands; he never seemed wearied; never grumbled at any work which was put upon him, and withal he was uniformly polite and cheerful in the house.

"Quite a treasure," Mrs. Perkins informed her friend Mrs. Jackson, wife of the soap-boiler in John Street. "I declare to you, ma'am, he can match a ribbon, and remember to call at the fishmonger's, and get a pin put in my brooch as well or better than I can myself; I must bring him over to tea with me some evening for you to see," which Mrs. Perkins did, and Mrs. Jackson was charmed accordingly.

Altogether, Lawrence Barbour's start in London life was a success. He made no enemies, he gained some friends; he went oftener to the theatres perhaps than Mr. Perkins quite approved, but as he was always up and out the next morning by six o'clock, the chemist felt it would be ungracious for him to make any remark. Certainly also he did not take to the children; he never snubbed them, it is true, but he managed by some means to keep even Miss Ada at arm's length; and had his behaviour towards Mrs. Perkins not been of the most deferential and respectful description, it is more than likely the lady might have found fault with a young gentleman who neither nursed the "baby," aged two years and a half, nor romped with her eldest daughter, nor made much of any member of the juvenile fry.

As it was, however, a young man who handed chairs, poured water out of the kettle, opened the door for, and never took precedence of her, who carried her prayer-book to church, and gave her his arm as they walked along the narrow street leading to St. Ann's, was not to be lightly regarded, nor wilfully quarrelled with.

Not even when Mr. Perkins was "keeping company with her," had that individual paid her such delicate attentions as Lawrence now tendered in the course of their every-day life. "He was quite chivalrous"—Mrs. Perkins pronounced the word "chevalrouse"—"in his manner," the lady was wont to declare,

"and you know, Mrs. Jackson, that is a very uncommon quality in a young gentleman."

"In a young or an old, I should say," amended the soap-boiler's wife, with a sigh. "I might stand a long time before Samuel would think of offering a chair to me; and I might spend my life-time before a door, with my hands full too, without him ever stretching out a finger to open it for me. All I'd be afraid of is that a young man so polite as Mr. Barbour won't stay long in Limehouse."

"He does not seem to want to move, or, for that matter, indeed, to go much about London," Mrs. Perkins replied. "He has been with us now three months, and never yet seen Hyde Park. I tell him he ought to go up and pick out one of the nice young ladies in the Bow; but he only laughs, and makes a jest about there being time enough before him for that."

"He'll marry a fortune, I have no manner of doubt," said Mrs. Jackson, oracularly; whereupon Mrs. Perkins bridled up a little, and said she was sure he would marry whoever "his 'art inclined him to."

"That's just what I am saying," answered the other; "the hearts of those nice young men always do incline them to look after money."

After which speech perhaps Mrs. Perkins did not like Mrs. Jackson quite so well as formerly, or treat her to so many anecdotes illustrative of Lawrence's gentlemanly behaviour. Mrs. Perkins had dreamed a dream concerning the marriage of the model young man to Ada the light-haired, and she consequently did not like to hear the probability suggested of his flying at higher game.

"There's that little Soudes," was Mrs. Jackson's parting shot. "If he can do no better, likely as not he'll marry her. Me and Mr. Jackson met the whole party of them down at Grays last Sunday, walking along the road beyond the village, as demure and pleasant as you please. Missy had on the loveliest silk you ever saw on a child's back. I should not have minded having a couple of lengths of it for gowns apiece to myself and Sophy, and——"

"There we go," says Mr. J. to me; "that'll be a match some day, Mattie, mark my words."

"I think Mr. Jackson ought to be ashamed of himself, talking about marrying and giving in marriage in the same breath with a child like that."

"Why she is six months older than your own Ada," retorted Mrs. Jackson; "and we'll see how many years will go by before you are looking after a husband for her;" and the soap-boiler's wife added, after the door closed behind her visitor,

"If you are not looking out already, ma'am, which it is my opinion you are."

From that day Mrs. Perkins began to urge Lawrence to "go up on Sundays to see the parks," or to walk as far as St. Paul's or Westminster to afternoon service. "I'm sure it can't be much variety for you, spending the whole day, from one o'clock, in Stepney Causeway; and you ought to take a little change, and see more of London."

To which Lawrence replied, that some day he intended, with Mr. Perkins's leave, to make his way to Hyde Park.

"You'll see the ladies there going cantering, cantering," broke in that engaging child Ada, "and the grand duchesses in their yellow carriages. I went there with pa once, and I cried because he wouldn't get me a cream-coloured pony, with a long tail, the same as I saw a little boy riding on."

"Then you were a very naughty girl," said Mrs. Perkins, "and Cousin Lawrence won't take you with him when he goes to see the pretty ladies riding and driving."

In which statement Mrs. Perkins proved singularly correct, for without praying for the companionship of any one of his relatives, Lawrence started off all by himself one Saturday afternoon to see the glories of the western hemisphere.

It was the very height of the season. Everybody who laid claim to being anybody was in London then, and that sight which all men should see once, dazzled and bewildered the senses of the country youth.

Such carriages, such horses, such numbers of great people collected together in so small a space. Like everything else in London, the equipages seemed countless, the wealth they represented fabulous.

The tremendously got-up footmen, the bewigged coachmen, the gorgeous hammer-cloths, the exquisitely-dressed women! now walking, now stopping, now leaning against a tree—Lawrence took in the spectacle, and received it as a revelation of England's power, and rank, and riches.

There they went by—great family coaches, light open carriages, dainty phaetons, broughams containing young girls, fair matrons, old dowagers, all with the stamp of money upon them. They had been born in affluence, and brought up in ease; there was about most of them that air of calm repose, of well-bred indifference which Lawrence came thoroughly to comprehend the meaning of in time.

Amongst the multitude, there were, indeed, many who had neither been born in the purple nor rocked in silver cradles, but the majority of the people who drove by had never known what it was to work or be poor all their lives;

their existence was one continual chase after pleasure—their labour was how to enjoy themselves most—their cares were not the cares of the commonalty. Life seemed quite another matter to them to what it did to the men and the women who regarded the grand equipages filled with fine purple merely as a very brilliant spectacle: death itself came to them delicately, over Turkey carpets, over velvet pile, through softly-closing doors, along corridors where no footfall sounded, into rooms replete with every luxury, furnished with every article, provided with every comfort which the human heart could imagine or desire.

How many times has this great show been described, and yet how rarely does any writer seem able to look at it from the plebeian side?

The girls who blushing recognise a favoured lover, the neglected wives who would seem, for no conceivable reason, to go out to air their misery and their riches and their discontent in the parks, the heartless countesses, the handsome roués, the men who from the footpath receive smiling salutations from the occupants of magnificent equipages, are drawn over and over and over again, while the mere ordinary observers—the mass of the spectators—are never deemed worthy of a word.

Is it that the millions are outside the pale of civilisation, that there is no room for even the thought of them in the heaven where the Upper Ten Thousand dwell? Is it that there is such an intense pleasure in driving round the Serpentine as to preclude the possibility of any happiness outside the ranks of the privileged few who anticipate the delights of Paradise in Hyde Park?

Am I tedious? Hardly so, let me hope, since my hero stood without the charmed circle, an interested but not an envious spectator. The drive was to him but as any other show, and he paused often and looked at it intently accordingly.

"A fine sight," said some one close beside him, and turning, he found himself face to face with a young gentleman some three or four years his senior, well-dressed, good-looking, pleasant-voiced, and easy-mannered; "your first view of it, I conclude?" And, as he finished, he fixed his eyes on Lawrence's face with a stare which seemed to the latter decidedly impertinent.

"Yes, it is my first view," was the reply.

"And what do you think of it all? of the chariots and horses, of the great Mammon procession, of the vestals who are all vowed to love none other god but one, of the ancient worshippers, of the grey-haired priests? It is something to see such a show, and to be able to look upon it merely as a spectacle."

The speaker stood, leaning with his back

against a tree, his arms folded, and uttered the foregoing sentence while he surveyed the carriages and their owners with a look of immeasurable superiority.

There was something in that look which nettled Lawrence's temper, and induced him to make a reply relative to sour grapes, that caused the other to laugh when he heard it.

"When a man talks about the world's prizes not being worth the having, people are apt to suspect he has failed in securing them," went on Lawrence, a little warmly.

"Answering you with your own argument, I may conclude Fortune has been kinder to you than the jade has proved to me," retorted the other, with a swift look over Lawrence's attire, which made the youth feel inclined to strike him.

"I cannot understand why you should conclude anything about me at all," was the curt reply; and Lawrence walked slowly off, followed, however, by the stranger, who answered,—

"Because I have an impression I have seen you somewhere before."

"I am confident your impression is wrong, then," retorted Lawrence, and he quickened his pace.

"You mean to see everything which is to be seen, the whole performance from beginning to end?" went on his persecutor, still keeping beside him. "Can you not recollect where we have met? for I am satisfied your face is familiar to me."

At this Lawrence stopped.

"I never saw you before," he retorted, "and I never wish to see you again."

With which civil speech he was turning away, when a young lady on horseback, who met them, and who in meeting bowed to his companion, arrested his attention.

"You know her?" he said, addressing the stranger.

"I have that honour. Do you?"

"No I don't, but I know who she is: her father owns a place in the country which once belonged to my father."

"Then it was at Mallingsford I saw you, in Mallingsford Church," exclaimed the other. "I beg your pardon, upon my honour. I thought you were an old acquaintance, somebody I had known in quite another part of England. So you are Mr. Lawrence Barbour, and an even more unlucky dog than myself—Percy Forbes, at your service."

There was no resisting the stranger's voice and the stranger's manner, and Lawrence answered—

"If I spoke rudely to you a few minutes since, I am sorry for having done so."

"And I am still more sorry for having

forced my company on a comparative stranger; but since we have crossed swords and fought out our duel fairly, shall we shake hands and improve our acquaintance? I remember at Mallingsford often wishing to know you, and now that chance has thrown us together, I begin to believe my wish may be gratified."

"I cannot agree with you there," Lawrence replied. "I have come to London to work, and"—

"Workers and idlers cannot long travel the same road, is that it?" was the reply. "Let us try, at any rate. Come and see me, or let me call on you," and Mr. Forbes was in the act of pulling out a card, when a great noise and tumult behind caused both men to turn sharply round. It was a horse running away.

"And a lady on him, by Jove!" exclaimed Mr. Forbes. "What the deuce are you going to do?" But without stopping to answer, Lawrence leaped out into the drive, where coachmen were drawing aside their carriages and ladies were screaming and men shouting.

On came the runaway. In the distance Lawrence could see the groom galloping like a madman after his mistress. There was Piccadilly before the rider—Piccadilly, and most probably death, for if she had ever possessed any control over her horse, she had lost it now.

The bridle hung loose, and she, gripping the crutch of her saddle, was holding on for bare life; her hat had blown off; she had dropped her whip; her face was as white as that of a corpse; her long black hair was streaming down her back. All this Lawrence saw at the time and remembered afterwards; he felt the sunbeams dazzle him, he beheld the long line of carriages, the heads turned back to look, the footman running after the girl, the horror-stricken faces of the bystanders; just in one glance he took all in, and the next moment he and horse and rider were lying in a confused heap in the middle of the drive.

As he caught the bridle his foot slipped. He never knew how that happened, and no one else, of course, was able to tell. When he went down, the horse fell over him, and rolling a little to the off-side saved the girl from injury.

What a crowd there was in a moment! What numbers of eager hands carried Miss Alwyn to a carriage which was at once placed at her disposal! What a sudden silence fell on all present when Lawrence was lifted from the ground with the health on which he had piqued himself destroyed; with the strength that he had intended to use to such good purpose in winning wealth and position turned into weakness from that day forth for ever.

(To be continued.)

THE ANNIVERSARY OF BURNS' BIRTHDAY.

JANUARY 25TH, 1866.

SWIFTLY the stealthy sands have run
Since Scotia bore her poet son;
When bursting forth with frantic power
A tempest rose to mark the hour:
The clouds were chased athwart the moon,
The waves were lash'd on foaming Doon:
The very house was rudely torn
Wherein the infant bard was born.*

'Twas more than strange that awful fray,
Which burst on Ayr so suddenly:
As if the spirits who preside
O'er birth-time, fought for right to guide
The future of the child of song,
And waged the combat fierce and strong:
But shrieking on the gloomy night,
The storm was conquer'd in its might.

'Twas winter then, but soon the hours
The summer brought with perfumed flowers:
A summer more than passing fair,
It hung a garland in the year;
It wove a coronal to greet
The infant poet, slumbering sweet:
The gude-folk said they never knew
The earth so fair, the sky so blue.

The merle whistled on the bough,
The mavis warbled soft and low,
And both in joy pour'd forth the tale;
Their luscious cadence fill'd the vale.
The bending reeds as breezes past
Glad murmurs o'er the river cast,—
The river which, in after time,
Was note of music in his rhyme.†

The digitalis in the dells
Peal'd forth upon its tiny bells
A chime which shook the dewy showers
That cling with love to woodland flowers.
The water lilies in the stream
Oped all their cups to morning's beam,
And drinking in the sunny rays,
They pledged the poet, and his days.

The lav'rock, like a spec on high,
His music scatter'd through the sky;
The lintwhite in the woodlands sang,
The squirrel in the lime-trees sprang;
The cushat coo'd within the grove
A ritornella to her love;
The gowdpinks piped their roundelays,
And pledged the poet, and his days.

Again the wing'd hours had flown,
Another bud of time had blown;
And manhood crown'd the poet's brow,—
To Heaven he sang, yet work'd the plough,
Or cast the seed, or till'd the soil,
And with his sweet notes lighten'd toil:

* "Robert Burns was born in a little mud-walled cottage on the banks of Doon, January 25th, 1759. As a natural mark of the event, a sudden storm at the same moment swept the land; the gable walls of the frail dwelling gave way, and the babe bard was hurried through a tempest of wind and sleet to the shelter of a securer hovel."—ALLAN CUNNINGHAM.

† The river Ayr.

A bard in soul, yet yeoman strong,
He warbled his untutor'd song.

And as he strew'd the golden grain,
A prelude of Æolian strain,
Bade inspiration from on high
Descend with gift of minstrelsy.*
Then forms of beauty undefined,
Or shapes fantastic cross'd his mind;
But he transfix'd the shadows pale,
And gave them life in song or tale.

His Highland Mary; Tam o' Shanter;
With Maggie's magic midnight canter
The Cotter's Night; or sonnet fair;
Or tender song; or solemn prayer;
The "modest crimson tipped flower;"
Or damsel in her rustic bower;
In tint or tone, all cross'd his brain,
The while he strew'd the golden grain.

And tho' his songs were music's own,
Their truth gave force to ev'ry tone:
Like garlands on some oak-tree hung,
The fragrance of his verses clung
To honesty; and if should fly
The perfume all, truth ne'er can die,—
The manly truth he dared to speak,
To guide the strong and save the weak.

He clink'd the coin of manhood's worth;
He help'd the wearied heart to birth;
The counterfeit in language terse
He broke and scatter'd by his verse.
His burning words, like sparks of fire,
Flew as he swept the Doric lyre;
And yet, anon, in tender sound
Sicilian music melted round.†

Oh, there is something half divine,
In hand so rough, and brain so fine.
Edina's belles were glad to press
His doughty palm in soft caress.‡
He furrow'd earth with labour stern,
But found meanwhile the time to learn
Strange knowledge of the human heart,
And swept its strings with magic art.

But who shall hope his worth to sing,
Unless on his immortal wing
We fly to Heaven for some loved tone,
That once was his to make our own;
Or cull some beauty from his strain,
And faintly give it forth again;
Or catch the cadence of some air,
Which like a perfume lingers there?

But this were vain; so, bard, adieu,
Thy spirit haunts thy mountains blue:
Thy echoes linger in each dell,
And in the human heart as well,
O'er "banks and braes" the music flies,—
The voice of genius never dies:
Then weep not o'er his willow'd urn,
The torch he lit will ever burn.

SYDNEY WHEATON.

* "The poetic genius of my country found me as the prophetic bard Elijah did Eliah, at the plough, and threw her inspiring mantle around me."—Burns's Dedication.

† The Sicilian and the Doric measures were the extremes of the tender and the stern. The elder writers had a measure they called the sub-Dorian.

‡ The beautiful Duchess of Gordon amongst others.

A VISIT TO THE SCENE OF COMUS.



O the county of Salop commend us for the loveliest of English scenery; and where can anybody point out a prettier town than the ancient borough of Ludlow? Planted on the heights of a steep line of rocks which form the western extremity of the extensive knoll on which the town is built, in a position which at one time must have been all but impregnable, the

towers of Ludlow Castle present to us from their summits in a grand sweep of country from west to east, one of the noblest and richest of panoramas. In the latter direction rises the bold mass of the Titterstone Cliffe Hill. More to the north we look over Corve Dale and the picturesque mixture of wood and bank which conceals from our view the pleasant village of Stanton Lacy, while our eyes wander over hill after hill which form its background, until they are almost lost in the distance. More directly north, the valley of the beautiful Teme lies before us, and we see beyond into that of the Oney, with their no less picturesque villages of Bromfield and Onybury, and a still more hilly background, ending in the Stretton mountains. Westwardly, immediately on our left, the distance is more restricted, and the prospect is bounded by the wooded hill of Whiteliff and the other line of hill and forest which stretches through the sylvan wilds of Binglewood to the lovely scenery of Downton. Behind us, to the south, the Teme suddenly enters a deep and narrow ravine, formed by some convulsion of the ancient world, which cut off the knoll on which now stand castle and town, and gave it its picturesque character. Truly, with such attractions, and, I may add, many others of varying character, Ludlow ought to be the queen of our inland visiting places.

We will not on the present occasion loiter in the town, but let us for a moment look into the castle. A dark, stern, and not lofty or very shapely tower, fronting the open place of the town called Castle Street, and approached under the shade of a few trees,

forms the portal to this noble ruin, and introduces us to the outer court—a vast space, surrounded on the north-east by a line of wall supported by towers, which joins the gateway tower just mentioned, and in its continuation round the southern side is lined by the ruins of buildings which are said to have formed stables, barracks, and other offices; while the north-western side of the court is formed by the line of the outer walls of the great mass of buildings which formed the Castle more properly so named. The walls are separated from the outer court by a wide and deep fosse, which was formerly crossed by a drawbridge, now superseded by a bridge of stone with two arches. We no sooner enter this great court by the outer gateway, than we behold opposite us a striking mass of buildings to which this bridge leads. Most conspicuous is the ancient Norman keep, rising in massive solidity above all the other towers of the castle. Adjoining to it, and opening upon the bridge, is the entrance to the interior of the castle, a gateway of much later date than the keep, and having over it windows of that style of architectural construction which points to the reign of Queen Elizabeth. In fact, this portion was built, or rebuilt, by one of the most distinguished of the English gentry of her reign, Sir Henry Sydney of Penshurst, who held the high office of Lord President of Wales and the Marches, in which capacity he resided and held his court in Ludlow Castle, and who has told posterity, in a Latin inscription placed over the gateway arch, of querulous feelings, excited no doubt by popular ingratitude. It is hardly necessary to say that Sir Henry was the father of Sir Philip Sydney, the *preux chevalier* of his age, the poet, and lover of letters and men of letters, who was no doubt a frequent resident in Ludlow Castle, and probably there collected at times around him the Spensers, and the Raleighs, and the other literary stars of his day. This building appears to have been subsequently connected with English literature through another of its celebrated names. Sir Henry Sydney held the presidency of Wales from 1559 to 1581; during the Commonwealth period the court of Wales ceased virtually to exist, but it was revived at the Restoration, when the Earl of Carbery, the friend and patron of Butler, obtained the appointment. The earl took Butler with him as his secretary, and subsequently gave him the office of steward of Ludlow Castle, which he is known to have held in 1661. It was an old tradition that “Hudibras” was partly written in the room over the gateway of Ludlow Castle, as the residence allotted to the poet, and it

seems to have been taken for granted that this meant the outward entrance by which we have just entered from Castle Street. But this must be a mere mistake. It is hardly probable that a room like that of the outer gateway tower, which is barely good enough for a porter, should have been given to a man who, besides his reputation as a poet and scholar, held the important office of secretary to the Lord President; and it is much more reasonable to suppose, that the room "over the gateway" inhabited by Butler, was that over the gateway into the inner court in the buildings for which the castle was indebted to Sir Henry Sydney, a view of which we present to thee, gentle reader, in the accompanying sketch.*

The gate is opened to us, and we pass through it into the inner court. Our first impression is that of being confounded with the view of the noble masses of ruins which surround us; but we will not stay to examine these in detail, or to mount the great keep tower on our left to contemplate from its summit the glorious panorama of plain and mountain which I have described above, or even to visit the beautiful and interesting Norman circular chapel in the middle of the court. Right in face of us we see a vast pile of buildings, consisting of what we may perhaps call two great agglomerations of towers, joined together by a curtain-wall, all exhibiting a high excellence of building and architectural ornamentation—probably built under the great and notorious Roger de Mortimer, the paramour of the queen of Edward II., who was lord of this castle. They constituted the state apartments of the Edwardian castle, and the apartments which they contain are all connected traditionally with names of princes and princesses, and lords and ladies of high degree in the olden time. And that curtain-wall, with its handsome polished windows, and its no less handsome doorway, approached by a long flight of steps, attracts us even more than the other parts of this pile of buildings, and we will visit it. As we approach it, we perceive that all the steps have been taken away,—they are said to have been made of marble. Through the arch of the doorway, singularly elegant in its forms and mouldings, you see the bare walls, floorless and roofless, of the grand hall of Ludlow Castle, the stage on which was originally per-

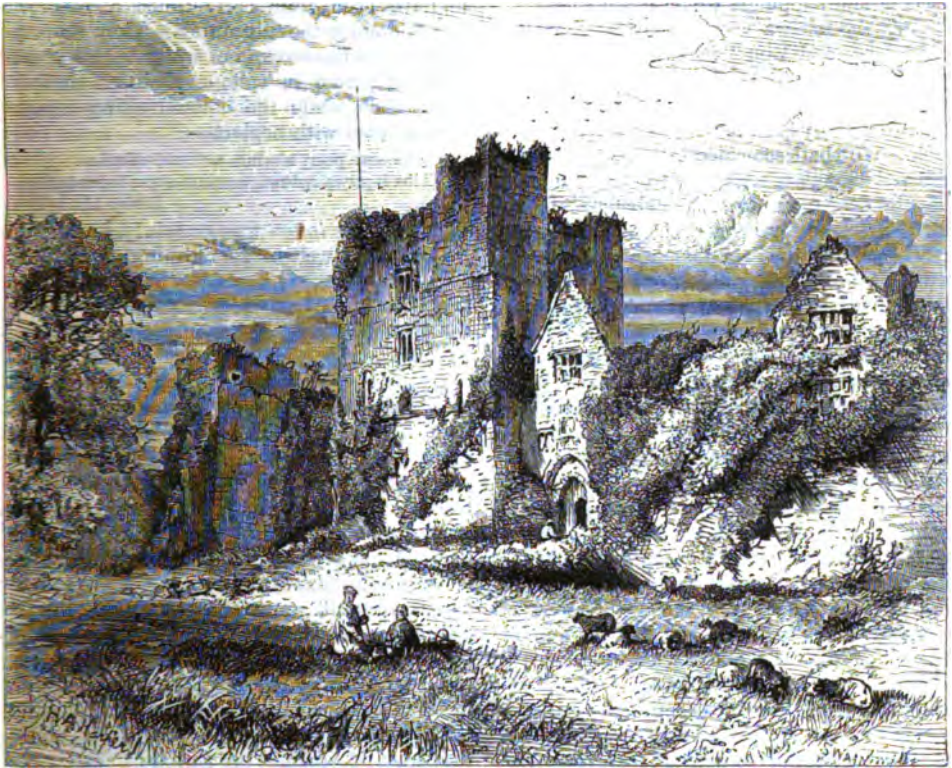
formed the most beautiful masque in our language, the "Comus" of Milton. We have no evidence whether Milton was or was not at Ludlow when the Masque of "Comus" was performed, but we know certainly from the title in the original edition, that it was "presented at Ludlow Castle, 1634, before the Earl of Bridgewater, then President of Wales." The occasion is said to have been to celebrate the appointment of that nobleman to his high office. The opposite wall of the hall of Ludlow Castle now remains only as a curtain wall between the two masses of towers; it stands upon the edge of the rock, and forms a very characteristic feature of the castle itself in the views taken from the outside, and especially from a distance. Now descend to the present floor, which is that, not of the Hall of Comus, but of the cellar beneath it; cross it, and clamber into one of the windows of the outer wall; and you will then see below and before you another scene, so lovely that it will hardly fail to snatch from you the exclamation that this was indeed, when in its glory, a hall worth assembling in. Their nearer proximity than when seen from the keep tower, makes the features of the landscape look richer and fairer as you trace Teme winding his course from Oakley Park down to the spot where he is going to throw himself into the ravine between the town and the hill of Whitcliff, before continuing his wanderings towards Worcestershire. We get a glimpse, too, of a part of the hill itself, and especially of that fine old fragment of a primeval forest which still conceals at some distance within its deepest recesses a spot more to be hallowed than the tower of "Hudibras," or the reminiscences of Sydneys and Spensers, or even than the Hall of Comus itself,—I mean the scene of the incident on which the plot of "Comus" was formed. We will, for the present, leave behind us castle and town, and pay a visit to this spot; it was my intention to lead my reader thither when I began writing this paper.

It was early in the past autumn that I last visited this spot, in company with that which makes all such excursions pleasant, a small party of agreeable friends. It was the time when the leaves begin to change their tints, and when a country like this, so covered with woodlands, is perhaps seen to most advantage. The nearest way to the wood is by the road which crosses the Teme by the bridge under the castle, and instead of going up Whitcliff,—we are of course on foot, the only way to enjoy forest scenery,—we turn along the high road to the right, which, for a short space, borders upon the river, and then makes a turn by the side of some extensive

* In the inventory of furniture found in Ludlow Castle when it was in the hands of the Parliament, in 1690, printed in my "History of Ludlow," pp. 422—424, the steward's chamber is evidently spoken of as within the castle, and is described as so full of furniture that it must have been rather a large room. Adjoining to it were a closet, the steward's man's chamber, and the secretary's man's chamber, meaning, probably, what we should now call the assistant or under steward and the assistant-secretary. This would quite exclude all question of the outer gate-tower

stone quarries, a favourite point for a distant view of Ludlow Castle. The quarry is of interest to geological excursionists, for it is one of those Silurian beds of which Sir Roderick Murchison has told us so much, and which give so much interest to the Ludlow district, which are here capped by the Downton sandstone, and it is rather celebrated locally for the shells which are found abundantly in the latter. A few paces further, and we are at

the edge of the wood, and we enter it by a gate of a country lane; but instead of pursuing this, we turn short to the left, and mount a steep and rather laborious path, but this is compensated by its shortness, which leads us into the upper road, the high road from Ludlow to Wigmore. We merely cross this road and again strike into the wood, bearing for some time along a much better path, which runs for a considerable distance parallel with the edge of



Ludlow Castle.

the wood, though almost concealed among the thick bushes which line it on either side. When we have followed this path for somewhat more than three-quarters of a mile, we leave it at an angle to the right, and must trust for the rest to our own knowledge of the ground, or to that of a friendly companion who will be our guide. We are now indeed in the thick of the forest, with no path to guide us in our wanderings, and no prospect beyond the next bushes; and we cannot help experiencing somewhat of that elasticity of spirits and that feeling of mental and bodily freedom which made our forefathers in their enthusiasm give vent to such sentiments as those expressed by the early ballad-writer in language simple yet at the same time poetical:—

In somer, when the shawes be sheyne,
And leves be large and longe,
Hit is fulle mery in feyre foreste
To here the foulis songe.
To se the dere drawe to the dale,
And leve the hilles hee,
And shadow hem in the leves grene,
Undur the grene wode tre.

So sung perhaps the earliest ballad-writer of the Robin Hood cycle whose compositions now remain—he belonged probably to an early part of the fifteenth century. All the ballads of what have been so long popular under the title of “Robin Hood’s Garland,” belong to a much later date; hardly any of them are older than the seventeenth century, and they have no doubt lost all the poetry which probably gave more grace if not more

interest to those of an earlier period, yet for ages they preserved their popularity. The love of the "grene wode" seems to have continued so deeply planted in the heart of our race, probably since the time when the old Teuton looked upon the wild forest as his only natural place of residence, that even now, —when there are few driven to live in the green forests, and few forests are left for them to live in,—the "grene wode" still seems to convey to all people's minds those feelings of freedom and happiness which it did ever.

Yes, the shaws were "sheyne" (bright), and "large and long" were the leaves, as we sped on our way through the "grene wode" of Whitcliff on that pleasant September day; and full merrily did the "foulis" sing in every bush. We shall soon, too, see the completion of the old songster's picture, in the rushing of the wild deer of the forest to "shadow" themselves in the "leves grene." We meet with few other of the animals which formerly haunted these wild woods, except when we startle from its rest an occasional squirrel, or one of the smaller animals of prey. Now we cross a little open glade; next we have to push our way through masses of trees and underwood. These groups of trees and underwood, which surrounded and separated the glades, are what our forefathers called "shawes;" in the early romances, especially those which related to the wanderings and exploits of King Arthur's knights, when a knight conceals himself among the trees to withdraw from the view of other adventurers who are strangers to him, until he has had the opportunity of reconnoitring them, he is said to "bide under shawe," or to "stande under shawe."

The tree most abundant in our forest is the oak, which has been termed the weed among trees in this part of the island. The oak trees in general overtop the shaws, but with them rise a multitude of other trees of less importance, and mostly well known. The sycamore also grows to considerable size. Among others more especially may be seen here the graceful birch, concerning which, Gerald, the father of herbalists, has handed down to us from the days of Elizabeth, as forming one of its chiefest "virtues"—for what plant or tree was without its virtues in those days?—"that its branches were then considered to be a very valuable corrective for boys at school;" and the no less elegant mountain-ash, with its clumps of bright red berries, beloved by birds. Hence the Germans call this tree *Vogelbeerbaum*, the bird-berry-tree. Under all these are great masses of trees of lower growth, and most conspicuous of all the hazel. Under our feet we are trampling upon the mass of bilberry bushes, which cover the ground in immense quantities,

and look prettiest when they are covered with their small purple berries, of which, when we passed, only a few stragglers were here and there to be seen. I confess that I enjoy the peculiar feel and sound produced by trampling over the bilberry bushes as we wander through the solitude of the forest. They call them *whimberries* in Shropshire; they are named *blaeberrys*, or blueberries, in the North and in Scotland; and they have other names in other parts of the island. They seem, indeed, to have been from early times a favourite shrub among the peasantry. They are supposed to be the *vaccinia* of which Virgil speaks as being prized in spite of their insignificant appearance, while the better-looking *ligustra* were treated with neglect—

O formosae puer, nimium ne crede colori:
Alba ligustra cadunt, vaccinia nigra leguntur.

Eclog. II., l. 18.

The word *vaccinium* was certainly interpreted by mediæval writers as meaning a bilberry. The Anglo-Saxons seem to have considered the berries to have been a favourite food of the deer, for they called the fruit *heorot-byrrige*, or *heort-byrrige*, the hart's berry, and *heorot-crop*, the hart's bunch (the Anglo-Saxon word *crop* meaning a bunch of berries). The later English names of *whorts* and *whortle-berries*, given to the bilberry by the old herbalists, was perhaps a corruption of the Anglo-Saxon name. The name of *whortle-berry* is now given to a species of blackberry, representing perhaps the *heorot-brembel* or hart's bramble, of the Anglo-Saxon physicians. The old herbalists recount numerous "virtues" of the bilberry; but two only appear now to be acknowledged: they are useful for making tarts, and for giving a fine rich purple tint to the fingers and lips of children. The latter quality is very apparent in the districts where they abound, during the period of their ripeness. Bilberries are not the only edible fruits produced in the wood. Large straggling bramble-bushes, scrambling up the sides of the thickets, are laden with such rich bunches of extremely fine blackberries that we are tempted frequently to stop and rob them; wild strawberries of delicate flavour are abundant, and in some of the less frequented corners are found wild raspberries and barberries.

On we pass, now through wider glades where, in the forests of older times, a party of Robin Hood's men might perhaps have been found enjoying their meal; and now through smaller openings, in which we might almost expect to see Robin Hood himself start out upon us. It must be kept in mind that we have been all this time going up hill, though by a gentle slope. At length, after we have advanced

through glade and through thicket, we suddenly emerge from the close wood, and find ourselves at the summit of a lofty and steep bank facing the south-west. Opposite us rises a much loftier hill, called the Vinnall Hill, the highest point of which, known as the High Vinnall, and celebrated as presenting from its summit one of the most magnificent views in this beautiful country, is just in front of us. Below us is a deep and beautiful valley, very narrow at first, but widening somewhat as it stretches eastward, and as thickly covered with wood as the part of the forest from which we have emerged, having a small trickling stream, abounding in trout, running down its bottom. This stream bears the suggestive name of Sunny Gutter; the valley is the scene of "Comus." It may well be called, in the words of Milton, an "ominous wood," in which the enchanter dwelt,

In thick shelter of black shades imbower'd.

And in looking down into it we might imagine that still

Fairies at bottom trip
By dimpled brook and fountain trim.

We might even suppose that the guardian Shepherd must have occupied the very spot on which we are now standing, when he is made to describe himself as

Tending on flocks hard by i' th' hilly crofts
That brow this bottom glade.

This "brow" continues westward until it becomes a part of the line of hills of Bringewood Chase. Hard by, the high road, which has just emerged from the wood, passes on its way to Wigmore, over a rise of the ground on which there is said to have been placed in former times a small cell with the figure of the Virgin, at which the traveller paid his devotions and made his offering; and hence the spot was called St. Mary's Knoll, corrupted into Maryknoll, the name by which it is still known. The scene of "Comus" is usually spoken of as Maryknoll Valley.

We have ourselves, as just stated, emerged from the wood upon a sufficiently extensive open space, which, as it extends on our right towards the head of the valley, begins to be divided by hedges; while, to the right, it is soon clothed with wood again. Our sudden appearance has roused a small party of wild deer, which dart off till they reach a secure distance, and then turn and scan us with curious eyes. Trees and masses of bush are only scattered here and there over a grassy surface; and this circumstance, the character of the ground, and its significant name of Sunny Bank, indicate its richness in the wild flowers with which this locality abounds, and which are no longer concealed by the bilberries. We might well suppose, if we could believe that Milton had visited

this scene, that this was the spot frequented by "a certain shepherd lad," who was

well skill'd

In every virtuous plant and healing herb
That spreads her verdant leaf to th' morning ray.

Among these "virtuous" plants, perhaps the most noticeable at the time of our visit was the agrimony (*Agrimonia eupatoria*), which seems generally believed to be the *hæmony* of the poet.

Among the rest, a small unsightly root,
But of divine effect, he call'd me out;
The leaf was darkish, and had prickles on it,
But in another country, as he said,
Bore a bright golden flow'r, but not in this soil.

He call'd it Hæmony, and gave it me,
And bade me keep it as of sovran use
'Gainst all enchantments, mildew, blast, or damp,
Or ghastly furies' apparition.

I am not aware of any quality of this kind ascribed to the plant agrimony by the early writers on herbs. It was looked upon, from a very early date, as a sovereign remedy against wounds, and hence our Anglo-Saxon forefathers called it *stic-wyrt*, meaning literally, pain-wort (*stic* was the Anglo-Saxon name for a sharp shooting pain, whence our *stitch*—as in the side). This quality it retains to the present day. Among our peasantry on the border they use it "to strengthen the blood," as they say that it is a tonic, and also to staunch wounds. These qualities appear to have been known to animals as well as to mankind. Coles, in his "Adam in Eden" (1657), tells us, "It is said that deere, being wounded, cure themselves by eating hereof." The Anglo-Saxons had another name for agrimony, and apparently the name more generally in use, *garclife*, the first part of which appears to be the word *gar*, a spear, and no doubt therefore it bore allusion to its form. It is a spiry plant, rising straight up from the root, with small yellow flowers in a spike. The name, *garclife*, continued to be given to it till the fourteenth century; but in the fifteenth it had been already superseded by its modern English name Agrimony, derived from the French herbalists. Another of the prettiest flowers to be seen in our route was Wood Betony, the queen of all "virtuous plants," the various qualities of which fill the pages of the old herbalist, and in some of them it resembles much more closely Milton's *Hæmony*, than agrimony. The Anglo-Saxons seem to have had no name of their own for it; they merely used the Latin *betonica*. The oldest of their books on plants, of the tenth century probably, tells us that the plant betony "is good either for a man's soul or for his body;" and adds, that "it shields him against nocturnal apparitions, and against frightful visions and dreams." For this purpose it was to be gathered in the

month of August, without the use of iron. It seems to have been considered a safe protector against spirits of another description; for we are informed in the same treatise, that if a man taste of this before he begin drinking strong drinks, he will not become drunk! The most graceful and fairy-like of all these plants is the *pyrola*, which, a little earlier than our visit, might have been seen about our sunny bank in abundance, though generally a rare plant, with its drooping bunches of bells like pearls tinged with pink. Though not in blossom at this time, its elegantly-formed leaves retain their glossy green the whole year round (whence its English name of winter-green), and show prettily among the yellow ferns and fallen foliage. Nor must we forget, among rarer plants, the Herb Paris, called in English, True-love, from its one pretty little flower, rising in the midst of its four curiously-placed leaves, set like love, according to rustic sentiment, in the centre of its affections. It is tolerably common in these woods in damp and boggy places.

I must not dwell longer on the various interesting plants which are so abundant in this district, for we must make an effort to reach that lofty summit we see on the other side of the valley—the High Vinnall. I will not therefore describe the various wild flowers which are seen climbing over the hedges and bushes; one of the wild roses which had still a part of its bloom remaining, had strongly-scented leaves of bluish green, and very deep pink flowers. The wood-pimpernel shows its gem-like yellow flowers and trailing stems hardly rising from the ground. We are regaled as we pass along with the odours of the wild thyme, of a very large size, and of the wild spikenard. Ferns of the rarest kind, mosses, and lichens, abound on the banks of the valley, and by the margin of its diminutive stream. All these plants once had their virtues; some of them have lost them entirely, and there are others which, I am sorry to say, have become mischievous, and will not hesitate on an occasion to play their tricks upon travellers. Beware especially, O visitor to the scene of "*Comus*," of descending incautiously these banks, for their plants, however beautiful they may be to the sight, will sometimes conspire together to trip you over. Even the pretty little bluebells will turn treacherous on occasion, and not hesitate at times to lay their heads together to catch you by the toe. I know somebody who had experience of this, and might have said literally, in the words of Milton's Shepherd—

"Then down the lawns I ran with headlong haste."

But enough. We reach the foot of the bank with safety, push through a hedge, perhaps

two, cross the Sunny Gutter by a jump or a stride, and make a turn to the left in order to mount the High Vinnall on the side where it appears to be most easily accessible. As we labour upwards, and from time to time halt to recover our breath, we cannot but feel the beauty of the scene, looking down, as we do, upon the tops of the trees, which are moving backwards and forwards like the waves of a green sea. At length we reach the top, and are amazed at the view which presents itself. To the north, the long line of Bringewood just before us, and over it a distant sweep of Shropshire scenery; to the west and south, some of the richest and most picturesque districts of Herefordshire, stretching out to an extent which seems almost interminable; to the south-east, Shropshire again; even over the wooded hills on the other side of the Gutter, the Cleve Hill presents itself to our sight in all its bulk. We remain till evening, and then descend to the ridge of the Vinnall Hill, where a short walk down the side conducts us to the Hay Park, and we meet with a kind reception from excellent Captain Salwey, its proprietor. Hay Park is a very old house, beautifully situated on a considerable elevation, with fine distant prospects nearly all round. The park borders upon the wooded valley of the Sunny Gutter at its further extremity, the adjoining part of which is commonly called Hay Wood. The family of Salwey has been settled in this neighbourhood, at Richard's Castle and the Moor Park, from a rather remote period, but to whom the Hay Park belonged at the time when the Earl of Bridgewater was made lord president of Wales, I am not prepared to say. According to the traditional story, as I have heard it told, the earl's two sons, the Lord Brackley and Sir Thomas Egerton, with their sister, the Lady Alice, were on their way from Herefordshire to their father's court at Ludlow Castle, when they stopped at the Hay Park, and were detained there till night. In crossing through the wood at Ludlow, they lost their way in it, and the lady was for awhile separated from her brothers.

We, like them, were belated at the Hay Park, and night was already setting in when we left it. A few steps from the house brought us to the Wood, and by dint of following wise directions, we escaped their fate, and found our way through it, in spite of

Dim darkness and this leafy labyrinth.

It was fortunately still too early to expect the appearance of *Comus* and his band of revellers, and we reached the Hereford Road at Ludford, to re-enter Ludlow by a different side from that whence we started, less fatigued than delighted with our day's excursion.

THOMAS WRIGHT, F.S.A.

KATTIE AND "THE DEIL."

A Bohemian Story.



See page 101.

In a certain village of Bohemia, lived a peasant woman called Kattie. She possessed a little hut of her own, a garden, and a small income; but had she rolled in wealth, not a

lad would have ventured to say,—“Kattie, will you be mine?” for she was snappish as a cat of the woods, and owned a tongue which worked like a flail. She had an old mother,

providentially as deaf as a log, and her she scolded from morning till night, so that her voice was audible half a mile off. If any neighbour entered her cottage, she spat, and set up her back, and hissed, so that the intruder was only too glad to escape without a scratched face. When any one passed her door, Katie flung him a spiteful word; and was only too glad if the passer stopped to retaliate, for if he had an ugly expression to cast, at her, she had a dozen to pelt him with in return.

By the time that she had reached the age of forty, without having found a lover, all the—milk of human kindness she never had, which might acidulate—but all the vinegar of her nature had become Concentrated Sulphuric Acid, ready to blacken and burn anything with which it came in contact.

It is the custom in Bohemia for young people to resort to the tavern on Sunday afternoon, for a dance. As soon as the fiddle or bagpipe is heard, the lads run into the streets, the girls appear at the cottage doors, and the children peep out of the windows. Young men and women then follow the musicians to the inn, and the dance begins.

Katie was always the first to follow the fiddler, and to appear in the public-house; there she saw the lads whirling about with the lasses, but never in all her life had she been invited by any one to dance; Sunday after Sunday she tried her luck, and hoped against hope: no man solicited her hand as a partner. "Well!" said she impetuously one Sunday; "here am I getting an old woman, and I have never danced yet! never saw anything like the lads here! Such a set of clowns! This is provoking. I'd dance with any one, with the old Deil himself, if he were to ask me!" and she snapped her fingers, and stamped on the ground.

She bustled into the inn, sat down, and looked about her at the whirling, merry, figures. Suddenly a gentleman in huntsman's suit came into the room, seated himself at the table, called for beer, and had a tumbler filled. Running his eye over the assembly, it rested on Katie. He sprang to his feet, walked across the room, and with the most graceful bow, and with the most courteous air, offered her the glass.

Katie, delighted at the attention, drank the beer with avidity, and made room for the gentleman to seat himself at her side. After a few words had passed between them, the stranger flung some silver to the fiddler, and asked for a 'solo.' The dancers deserted the centre of the room, cleared the area, and the gentleman led Katie forth to dance.

"Bless us all! it will rain to-morrow!"

exclaimed the old people, opening their eyes wide with astonishment.

The lads bit their fingers, and the girls hid their faces, to conceal their laughter. But Katie saw no one; she was radiant with joy, now that she had a chance of dancing; and danced she would have, in spite of the whole world laughing.

All that afternoon, and all that evening, the strange gentleman danced with Katie, and with her alone. He bought her gingerbread, almond-rock, and lemon-drops, and she ate and sucked to her heart's content.

As soon as the dancing came to an end, the stranger escorted her home.

"Oh dear!" exclaimed Katie; "would that I might dance with you for ever!"

"That is quite within the range of possibility," replied the stranger.

"Where do you live, sir?"

"Put your arms round my neck, and I will whisper to you." Katie did so, and, presto! the stranger had become a devil, and was flying with her to his home, a place which need not be specified. In he came at the door, bathed in a profuse perspiration; for his neck-lace was a heavy one.

"Now then, Katie, let go," said he.

"Oh never! never!"

"Come, there's a dear soul, take your arms off."

"Dearest, never!"

"Why whom have you got here?" asked the Master of the spirit, in a voice of thunder which had in it a faint thrill of dismay.

"K-K-K-atie," panted the unfortunate devil, struggling to shake his fair load off.

"Katie!" echoed his Majesty, leaping off his throne, casting aside his bifurcated sceptre, and turning,—not exactly pale, but Oxford mixture; "Katie! here's an end to our quiet life, if *that* woman becomes an inmate of Pandemonium. She'll bring the place down about our ears. Away with you, Moloch, and do not show your face in here till you have shaken off your dreadful encumbrance."

So there was nothing for it, but that the quondam Jäger, should return to earth, and free himself from the embrace of Katie, as best he might.

He flew back wearily and despondingly, with a decided crick in his neck. On reaching earth, he seated himself on a flowery bank, and putting on a solemn expression, said in a hollow voice,—

"Katie, if you do not let go, I shall plunge you in molten brimstone!"

"Oh!" replied she, with *empressment*, "I

fear no pain so long as I am with you!" and she laid her head on his breast.

"Ahem!" Moloch looked vacantly at the landscape. "Kattie!" he resumed, as a brilliant idea entered his head, and illumined his countenance with a momentary gleam of ghastly joy: "Kattie, I am so rich; I will give you a mountain of solid gold, if you will only let go."

"What! leave you for filthy lucre? Never, never, never!" and she buried her head in his breast.

"Here's a pretty kettle of fish," said the spirit; "what is to be done now?"

He rose, and wandered despairingly over a desolate moor, which lay stretched before him.

Presently, staggering under his load, he came upon a young shepherd, in a sheepskin with all its wool upon it. The evil spirit resumed his former human form, and the shepherd was consequently quite ignorant of who he was.

"Why, my good sir, whom are you carrying?" asked the shepherd in perplexity.

"Ah, good friend, I scarcely know! why look you: I was walking peacefully along my way, without thinking of anything in particular, when, with a hop, skip and jump, this woman fastened herself to my neck, and will on no account let me go. I want to carry her to the next village, and there obtain my liberation; but I am scarcely in a fit condition to do so, my knees are shivering under me."

"Come now," said the compassionate peasant, "I will help you; but I cannot carry her for long, as I have my sheep to attend to: half the way—will that suit you?"

"Ah! I shall be thankful!"

"Now then you! hang yourself to me!" cried the shepherd, addressing Kattie.

The woman looked round, observed that the shepherd was infinitely preferable to Moloch; he was good-looking and young. She let go her hold on the Deil, and click,—she was fast as a spring collar round the shepherd's neck.

The man had now quite enough to carry, what with Kattie, and what with his immense sheepskin dress; and in a very short while he was tired, and strove to disengage himself from his encumbrance. In vain! Kattie would not listen to his remonstrances, and the more he struggled, the tighter she clung.

Presently he came near a pool. Oh! if he could but cast her in! But how? Could he manage to slip out of his sheepskin? No harm trying—but it must be done v-e-r-y cautiously—v-e-r-y gently. Hist! he has slipped one arm out, and Kattie is none the wiser. Hist! he has slipped the other arm out, and Kattie

has not observed it. Now then! he slides his hand stealthily up his breast, and unbuttons the collar. He has undone one button, two, three—a bob of the head, a splash, and Kattie and the sheepskin are in the pond. She sinks—she rises;—and her expiring eyes rest upon the shepherd and the evil spirit dancing in an ecstasy of delight on the bank.

"My best of friends!" exclaimed Moloch, enthusiastically, "you have laid me under a lasting obligation; you have imposed upon me a debt of gratitude which I never can adequately discharge. But for you, I might have had Kattie hanging round my neck through eternity; I might *never* have been able to shake that woman off; and never," continued the spirit musingly, "never is a very long word! Now look you here, shepherd. I am—" in fewer words than I could express it, the spirit had described his nature to the young man;—"Well, and being what I am, it lies in my power to repay you, in my poor way, for what you have done. I will forthwith proceed to the next town, and will enter into, and possess the Chancellor. As soon as all doctors and exorcists have failed to free the Chancellor from me, do you go to the town and offer, for the recompense of two bags of dollars, to liberate the Chancellor from the evil spirit which torments him. Then come up to the bedside, say 'Hocus pocus!' and I will fly away out of the window, and enter into, and possess, the Prime Minister. When all other means of cure have failed, do you volunteer, at the price of two sacks of gold pieces, to free the Prime Minister. Come to him, say as before, 'Hocus pocus!' and I will fly from him through the window, and possess the King. And now, I warn you, beware how you venture to attempt to expel me from the body of the King. Should you, notwithstanding this caution, risk the attempt, I shall infallibly tear you in pieces, limb from limb."

The shepherd expressed his acknowledgment in the best and most appropriate terms of which he was master. "Ta, ta!" said the Deil, as he spread his wings and flew away.

"Ta, ta!" replied the shepherd, gravely, looking after him. Shortly after this, a rumour spread through the country, that the Chancellor was not quite—to put it mildly—what he should be. It was whispered aside that the Chancellor had been playing pretty pranks, and that it was asserted by professors of medicine and of theology, that he was possessed by a bad spirit. All medicines allopathic and homoeopathic, having failed to cure the Chancellor, the clergy took him in hand and tried the last approved forms of exorcism, but the Chancellor,

or rather the Chancellor's tenant, was proof against all ecclesiastical demonstrations.

The young shepherd now came to the town, and loudly proclaimed his power to cure any one of diabolical possession. All other resources having failed, the King determined to give the shepherd a try, and so ordered him to visit, and prescribe for, the Chancellor. As soon as the peasant entered the room, he saw that the condition of the highest law officer of the crown was critical. He was kicking his attendants, abusing them in language hardly consistent with the dignity of his position, and foaming at the mouth.

The shepherd demanded as his fee for curing him, two sacks of dollars, and they were readily promised. He now approached the unhappy man, whose convulsions became more terrible as he drew near.

"Hocus pocus!" said the shepherd *ore rotundo* and with a solemn face, at the same time making various fanciful signs in the air with his hand. Away flew the spirit, shivering the panes of glass in the window into countless fragments on his way. The shepherd received his fee, and returned to his cottage.

But it was soon noised abroad that something had gone wrong with the Prime Minister, and it was surmised that the demon which had been expelled from the Chancellor, had entered into the keeper of the King's conscience,—awkward, decidedly. What was to be done? Regular practitioners were applied to first, as a matter of course, the allopaths sapped the Minister's constitution with violent medicines, without expelling the evil spirit. The homeopaths did nothing at all, and the divines sent the devil to sleep. When all had failed, recourse was had to the quack, and at the price of two sacks of gold pieces the shepherd agreed to perform a cure. The circumstances resembled those in the former case, with one exception, the window was prudentially opened, and a glazier's bill saved. But now the evil spirit struck at higher game, and he took full and undisturbed possession of the monarch.

As might be expected, people were not one ha'porth the wiser for experience, and the usual allopathic, homeopathic, and ecclesiastical systems were tasked to recover the King, and proved, as every one knew would be the case, a failure. Then they sent for the shepherd, but he refused to come. They sent again and offered a room full of gold dust, but he persisted in his refusal, remembering the devil's warning. The Prime Minister now ordered out a regiment of horse, and had the shepherd-exorcist brought will-he nil-he. In vain did the poor man protest his inability to cure the King; the Prime Minister insisted, and the Chancellor threatened to put the law in force,

which required that the bird which could sing and wouldn't sing, should be made to sing. Cowed by this threat the shepherd determined to do his best.

He entered the regal apartment. The King was howling and frothing at the mouth; and looked desperate. "Halloo!" roared the spirit within; "you here, shepherd? did not I warn you not to attempt to cast me out of his Majesty?"

"Steady," said the shepherd, putting on an expression of awe; and, stealing on tip-toe across the room, with his hand to his mouth, he whispered—"Do you think me such a fool as to attempt anything of the kind? I'm only come to tell you, dear friend, that—that—KATTIE IS OUT OF THE POND, AND IS INQUIRING AFTER YOU!"

"Kattie!" gasped the devil; "Then I'm off!" and away he flew.

S. B. G.

ILIONA AND IAIΩ'NH.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—I venture to think that there is a slight inaccuracy in page 552 of your last volume, where a writer speaks of Lord Palmerston in connexion with the winner of the Cesarewitch in 1841.

As I happened to have good reason to remember the circumstance, I venture to send the following statement as more correct in point of fact.

When the mare won the race, the dispute as to the quantity of the penultimate syllable of her name was referred to Lord Maidstone (now Earl of Winchilsea), who was a second-class man of Christ Church, Oxford, he decided it to be short on the authority of the following line of Virgil:—

"*Præterea acceptrum, Ilione quod gesserat olim,
Maxima natarum Priami . . .*"

The Cambridgeshire Stakes are run a fortnight after the Cesarewitch, and I went to Newmarket for the purpose of backing for that race a horse called Vulcan, trained by Isaac Day, of Northleach, near Oxford. I happened to be in company with the late Mr. Gully (ex-prizefighter and ex-M.P. for Pontefract) and others, when the Iliona controversy was reopened, and I offered to lay a poney that the penultimate was both long and short. The company laughed at me, but Gully came to my lodgings next morning and accepted the bet, which suited him admirably, for he would draw my money if I was wrong, and, if I was right, would have the potentiality of winning thousands. It was easy enough to show to him, through the difference of and "o" "a," that *Iliony* must have the long penultimate. It was more difficult, however, to teach him the scansion of the verse above quoted. Even this was at last effected, and he went on his

* I say Mr. Gully advisedly. Prizefighters are usually addressed familiarly, as "Tom Spring," or by some sobriquet, as "The Tipton Slaughter" or "The Spider." That cropt-haired, broken-nosed fraternity now numbered amongst its ranks but two "*Misters*"—Mr. Gully and Mr. (alias "Gentleman") Jackson, the preceptor in pugilism of the Prince Regent, and the friend and familiar of the poet Byron.

way rejoicing to recoup (as I heard) his losses over Discord, the horse that ran second to Vulcan, and whom, being trained in the Danebury stable, he had backed heavily. I did not see Gully again for years, until he was seeing his mare Mendicant saddled at Epsom for the Oaks race of 1846. He knew me, and said, "Mand I can't Iliona, but you may stand with me a poney on my mare Mendicant, if you like." Of course I accepted the tip, and duly had a cheque for the money.

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,
AN OLD OXFORD MAN.

THE GYPSIES' SONG.

(TRANSLATED FROM THE RUSSIAN.)

We are two maidens
With black eyes glowing;
We are two gypsies
With black locks flowing:

In the eye's blackness the fire sparkles gladly,
In the heart's fountain the fire burneth madly,
Burneth, burneth, burneth madly,
Burneth, burneth, burneth madly.

Hot boils the blood there,
All is on fire!
Loving is life: let us
Love or expire!

In the eye's blackness the fire sparkles gladly,
In the heart's fountain the fire burneth madly,
Burneth, burneth, burneth madly,
Burneth, burneth, burneth madly.

Know ye what danger
Lurks in our kisses?
Leave us—and bloodshed's
Our dearest of blisses!

In the eye's blackness the fire sparkles gladly,
In the heart's fountain the fire burneth madly,
Burneth, burneth, burneth madly,
Burneth, burneth, burneth madly.

J. B.

A CASE OF REAL DISTRESS.

THE cattle plague is not a pleasant subject for an article in a pleasant magazine; and the Editor of *ONCE A WEEK* is very wise in keeping it excluded from his columns; though, I dare say, every post is bringing him fresh offers to write upon the matter, from writers who have either some new cure to suggest, or some old jokes to introduce about the Russian rinderpest and the Italian grinderpest, and about the reason why the cattle plague is like a poisoned bit of cheese: the answer of course being, Because the cat'll die of it.

Still I wish to say what happened to me lately through the plague, and it really was no joke, as, I think, it will be granted.

For the benefit of his health, the other day I went to see a country friend of mine, whose brains required enlivening by my sprightly London small-talk. His reason for my visit was that I looked sad and required fresh

air and quiet, which latter in his neighbourhood is certainly abundant.

"Come and stay a week with us, and we'll soon set you up, and make quite a new man of you."

This was how he phrased his friendly invitation: and I mentally replied that, as an act of purest charity, I would tear myself away from London for a week, and devote my wits to keeping him from snoring after dinner.

The artful fellow did not tell me, when he wrote, that the district where he lived had been especially infected, and that in consequence he drank his tea and coffee without cream, and let neither milk, nor beef, nor butter be seen upon his table. Now, like our Yankee cousin, I am vastly fond of "cow-juice," and I never have been able to acquire the Russian taste for tea with lemon sprinkled in it. Milk or cream of some sort is essential to my comfort, and in London I have never any trouble in procuring it. All throughout last summer, when the cows were at their worst, I had abundant cream for breakfast, and I never dreamed of asking if it were deleterious. One learns in London not to be too nice about one's food; and I should about as soon have analysed a sausage at a chop-house, as have thought of ascertaining if the sediment I noticed at the bottom of my cream-jug were cow-born or calcareous.

I discovered these privations the first evening of my visit, for, as I had forgotten to say when I was coming, I found upon arrival that my friend, his wife, and daughters had all gone out to dinner. "The childring," said the servant, "were agoing to hev their tea," which I took as a broad hint that it was no use asking cook to serve a solitary banquet for me. So I meekly replied that I should like to have some tea; "and a little dry toast, please," I added, with more boldness, resolving that I would not eat a meal without *some* cookery.

Ten minutes were allowed here for refreshment with a hair-brush and a bit of soap and towel, and I then in stately solitude proceeded to the Banquet Hall, with an appetite which even an Eton boy might envy. There I found a tea-tray—(how I do hate tea-trays! they remind me so of gruel, sago, broth, and being ill!)—and on this tea-tray was a teapot, with the tea all ready made—(how I hate tea kitchen-made! they might have known I always like to make my tea myself!),—and beside it were a slop-basin, a plate, a cup, a saucer, a spoon, and some dry toast. Humph! I thought, a rather literal translation of my order. But, being in a friend's house, I restrained my indignation, and gently rang the bell, and mildly said that I felt rather hungry after my long

journey, and should like a little something in the meat way,—“a slice of cold roast beef or so,” I suggested at a venture, thinking it the likeliest of dainties to demand. Said “the neat-handed Phillis” (her real name, I hear, is Victoria Matilda, but her employers call her Ann), “Please, sir, cook don’t buy no beef now, master says it’s bad; but there’s a nice cold line o’ pork, sir; leastways, the scrag end there is, for we had it for our dinners, and I’m feared it’s most all eat.”

Cold pork! ugh! she might as well have given me “cold pig”! Fancy a man fasting for nine hours and a quarter, and sitting down in cold blood to cold pork with his tea! From that scrag end of pork what dreams might come, did give me pause. I shuddered and declined; and endeavoured to console myself by pouring out some tea. “But, stop!” I cried, as Phillis was about to leave the presence; “you’ve forgotten to bring the milk.”

“Master won’t allow no milk to be took in now, sir, cos the cows is all so bad.”

“Oh, very well,” I sighed despairingly, and Phillis mutely fled. But the next moment almost I had to summon her again; for I discovered that there was not any butter on the table, and I hate eating dry toast unless there’s lots of butter on it.

“Master’s giv strict horders not to buy no butter, sir, cos he says as it’s *deceased*!”

This was the servant’s last reply. A voice replied, “It’s all my eye!” But this the voice said inwardly; for base indeed is he who casteth ridicule upon a friend before a handmaid of the same. Still, when Phillis had departed, I could not help reflecting, as I sipped my creamless tea and crunched my too dry toast, that to keep oneself, and wife, and friends, and family, and servants, sans cream, sans milk, sans veal, sans butter, and sans beef, must certainly be somewhat of a saving to a man; and I did not so much wonder at Brown’s friendly invitation “to come and stay a week” with him, seeing that he knew quite well to what a stinted larder my fine appetite would come.

Next morning he of course was profuse in his apologies for being out when I arrived: “But you know, you should have written, my dear fellow, and then we would have had all ready for your royal highness, and have killed our fatted calf.”

“But isn’t it *deceased*”? I could not help inquiring, casting a sly glance at Phillis as I spoke.

This little joke of mine restored me to good humour, for I own that my fine temper had been a little ruffled by my scant repast. So, instead of leaving by first train, as I had

hungrily resolved in the still watches of the night, I heroically determined to stay the whole week through, and starve on creamless tea and butterless dry toast. How far towards starvation I proceeded in my visit I may possibly ere long find time enough to tell.

H. SILVER.

“SANS MERCI;”

OR, KESTRELS AND FALCONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF “GUY LIVINGSTONE.”

CHAPTER XXIX. BYE-WAYS AND BYE-PLAY.

WE were bound to keep with those who rode that ‘cracker over the clay,’ to the very end: but now, we have leisure to glance aside at others, who have taken no more active share in the proceedings than generally falls to the lot of such as—according to the old ‘tag’ not more trite than true—

Spectatum veniunt; veniunt spectentur at ipse.

And first, let us follow the Brancepeth phaeton.

Joe Cannell turned off from the main-road at the same point at which Ralph Swynerton had left it; but followed another lane, which led along the edge of the upland for a mile or so. They came to a gate here, which the outdrier opened, and found themselves in a good-sized piece of sound pasture, commanding a view over far the larger portion of the vale of the Swarfe.

“We’ll bide here a bit, my lady, if you please”—the horse-dealer said. “They’re pretty sure to cross the wale with this wind: and with them glasses o’ yours, you’ll see ‘em, as if you was in your box at the theayter.”

Both Lady Laura and Mrs. Elleralie had their binoculars ready: neither had they long to wait, as you know, before the spectacle began. Joe Cannell’s small grey deep-sunken eyes needed no assistance from art: into most matters he could see as far as his neighbours—into some, a good deal farther. He watched the scene below, evidently with lively interest; carrying on the while a low muttered commentary.

“That’s Squire Seyton leadin’ on the right. Blessed if he ain’t a settlin’ down to his work already. And that’s the strange lady close alongside of him: she as they say rides so well. Wonder how Mrs. Gaysforde likes it: dreadful jealous ‘oman Mrs. Gaysforde; good sort tho’ for all that. She and the Parson are lyin’ well up, I can see. And there’s my lord a steamin’ away on the left, with Will and—yes, I’m blessed if it ain’t—our Jim waitin’ on him. Good lad, Jim: I’ll make it up to him somehow, if my lord should take

a fancy to the young 'un. He goin' a bit too fast though: the take-off's werry unsartin to some o' them wale-fences; and the landin's ain't much better. Ah-h—I thought so: well saved tho'; but only two o' them stumbles go to a crumpler."

So the horse-dealer went maundering on, till suddenly he broke off, and spoke aloud.

"Beg pardon, my lady. Look sharp now, towards the left: you'll see somethin' worth lookin' at, I reckon."

It was just at this instant, that the leading hounds took water and Ranksborough—alone at last—rode down straight on the Swarle.

Lady Laura's blithe face grew somewhat grave; and her brilliant colour waxed paler as she gazed.

"Good Heaven!"—she said in suppressed tones, without removing the glass from her eyes—"I do believe Denzil Ranksborough means swimming the Swarle. It's a horribly dangerous place at the best of times, I've heard; and it must be coming down in flood after all these rains. Why doesn't somebody stop him?"

"He is not easily stopped, if all tales are true," Mrs. Ellerslie remarked languidly: "nor easily hurt either. It will be rather interesting to watch him: I suppose no one else will be mad enough to follow? Mr. Armytage, I think I'll trouble you for my glasses. I didn't calculate on a sensation-scene, when I graciously lent them to you."

The person addressed seemed uncourtously deaf: he made no motion to relinquish the lorgnettes through which he was gazing so eagerly; and Blanche, in some surprise, was forced to touch his invalided arm gently, before she could attract his attention. As Leo gave back the glasses, he spoke quickly and excitedly; evidently to himself rather than to his companions.

"Some one else is going to follow, though, Mrs. Ellerslie, do watch and tell me exactly what happens. But I can make out the Chief, quite plainly: he means to have it, too. Hurrah, for the old regiment! It's hard to beat, after all."

Leo Armytage was endowed with tact and perception far beyond his years. It is probable that he had taken pretty accurate measure of the state of things that morning; had guessed at what chafed his colonel's humour; and had felt a mischievous pride in the audacious rivalry. But all such thoughts were swallowed up, now, in honest professional sympathy: he could hardly refrain from cheering heartily and uproariously; as he had done in the last Eton and Harrow match, when his school were declared winners, with seven wickets to go down.

But Laura Brancepeth's brow waxed still more cloudy, as she looked down on her fascinating companion, with reproach and anger blended in her own flashing eyes.

"It's all your fault, you wicked little creature!" she said, in a discreet whisper. "The poor man was nearly wild, when he rode away. I wonder whether you would care, if he were drowned before your face. I don't believe you would—one bit."

Blanche instantly put on her favourite expression of injured innocence, in which she was simply inimitable.

"How very unjust of you, dear—" she murmured plaintively: "to lay such burdens on my poor little shoulders, that can scarcely carry their own. If men *will* be mad it's not my fault. I'm sure, I was perfectly civil to Colonel Vane: but I really couldn't tempt him to stay, with that dreadful horse of his fretting so. You can't think how nervous it made me. Besides, why should he come to grief, more than Lord Ranksborough? I don't see"——

She did see, though—something, that sent a shiver through the little cone of adamant that served her for a heart: she saw the mad rear on the bank; the horrible backward plunge; and the closing of dark swirling water over the head of Vereker Vane.

Armytage had caught the glasses as Mrs. Ellerslie dropped them on her lap, and was already gazing through them earnestly. For a couple of minutes or so, there was silence; broken only by an audible oath from Joe Cannell, who forgot his 'company-manners' in his surprise and concern—a concern not wholly professional; for the old horse-dealer had a certain admiration and esteem for the dashing colonel; whom he was wont to characterise as—"a nice open-handed free-spoken gentleman, as a man would wish to see; if he was a bit quick in the temper by times."

At last, said Leo Armytage,—drawing a long breath, as if it were he who had been taking the dive—

"It's all right, I do believe. It's lucky those fellows were working so near. One of them has gone right in, and got hold of the bridle, as far as I can make out. Plucky clod, that—deserves to be encouraged. But I never want to see such a near shave as *that* again."

La Reine Gaillarde was still too nervous to speak; and even Blanche could only assent with a slightly hysterical laugh. The three let the chase sweep away whither it would, without a second glance, and scarcely noticed Ranksborough struggling up the opposite shore: their eyes never left that group on the higher bank, till Vane had risen to his feet

and climbed slowly into the saddle. Then Lady Laura turned her ponies' heads towards the gates by which they had entered: it was evident that the women, at least, of the party, had had enough of hunting for that day. Indeed, throughout the rest of their drive, if the converse did not languish, it was decidedly much sobered in its tone.

So Joe Cannell was left alone; with none to listen to his grumbling, save the trotting mare.

"Well—if ever I see such a start as that. I can understand a swell takin' all manner of liberties with oases' necks, but when it comes to risking his own—Why, there's a fine genelman like the Colonel, with a fine fortin too, goes and does, what our Jim never would have dreamt on. His life warn't as good as my old mother's ten minutes ago, I'll pound it. I wonder what the ladies thought of it? They took it pretty cool, considerin'—specially the little un, as they say the Colonel's sweet on. And now *you're* beginnin' to fret, old girl. Well, praps we may as well be joggin' home-wards. We'll do no more good huntin' to-day: they're goin' too straight and too quick for us cripples, I reckon."

And the scarlet wheels flashed merrily away.

There is another trio that we must follow; though two only have any concern with this tale; the third being a staid and respectable groom; who had played 'propriety' pretty often, during a long service at Charteris Royal. The pair, as you may easily conceive, are no other than Flora Dorrillon and Vincent Flemyng.

The lady had avowed her intention of 'not following the hounds;' so, though they kept with the rest, as far as Pinkerton Wood, neither she nor her cavalier thought it necessary to display much excitement or anxiety, when the 'Gone away,' from the bottom of the cover, set the profane vulgar in a ferment. Little by little, they dropped back to the skirts of the bustling crowd; till they were riding virtually alone—in the right direction, perhaps; but evidently without any definite purpose. And, all the while, flowed on unbroken the current of low earnest talk, on subjects, indifferent in themselves, but made perilously interesting, to one of the speakers, by subtle inflexions of manner and tone. For—mark you—a cup of fair water ceases to be harmless a second after it has been touched by one of those deft poisoners.

So they loitered on through fallow and pasture; neither noticing, nor caring much, whither they went—all sound of chase had rolled far away—till Flora seemed to awake, as from a pleasant dream, to a vague sense of a *tête-à-tête* unconscionably prolonged; and

suggested that "they really must try and find some of the others."

In this she seemed so far serious, as—in spite of Flemyng's half-plaintive remonstrances—to persist in questioning the groom as to their whereabouts. It appeared that, but a short distance ahead, ran a main-road, along which some of the carriage-folk were sure to be passing. For this they made at once, at a brisk canter. But the second gate was fastened with a huge obstinate padlock; whilst the fence would barely have been practicable, had the take-off been from sound turf, instead of deep boggy ground. It was a very fair average 'stopper,' though the gate was only an ordinary one, after all: not one of the ghastly white-painted barriers, that are occasionally negotiated by vaulting ambition in the Shires.

Lady Dorrillon, indeed, did not seem greatly alarmed or discouraged; she merely looked inquiringly at her companion, as if waiting for him to take the initiative. If the initiative meant—giving her a lead, Vincent didn't see it in that light at all. His countenance was very rueful, as he muttered something about—"turning back; it didn't much matter, as they were in no hurry."

Even whilst Flemyng was speaking, Lady Dorrillon had turned to the groom, with a very perceptible shrug of her statuesque shoulders.

"He can jump, I suppose"—she said; stroking her horse's neck carelessly.

"He can that, my lady"—was the confident reply. "But"—

Before the caution was completed Flora had caught her horse short by the head, and sent him straight at the gate. The Little Lady herself might have been proud of the performance: it was not only so boldly, but so gracefully done: the horse played his part to perfection; and the rider, neither in mid-air nor in landing, lost balance for an instant.

But Vincent Flemyng was, just then, not in a frame of mind to appreciate or admire. In truth, his was a very abnormal position; so much so, that very few men of his years have found themselves therein.

I don't mean to say that a gate, 'to be taken fasting,' on a strange animal, with a rough take-off and uncertain landing, is seductive to ordinary mortals. Indeed, some of the 'Melton hards' might think twice about it, if they encountered it, alone. But the case is widely different, when The Object is present—much more if she hath given you a lead over the obstacle.

So, my brother, it is more than probable, that for a moment, you and I might have shared poor Vincent's qualms. But, eventually, I think we should have bespoken our-

selves, much as a second-horseman, famous in High Leicestershire many seasons ago, bespoke his master.

The said master was an undaunted welter-weight. His plan was, to go sailing away, with 'Jack' in his wake, till his own animal was beat, when the two would exchange with marvellous rapidity. One afternoon, they had run into quite a strange country, and the pair still held their own gallantly; when, just below them, appeared a formidable brook—evidently a 'teaser' at the best of times, and swollen more than lip-high, now.

Said the Earl—turning his head towards his henchman, as they thundered down the slope—

"Why d—e, Jack; here's the Mediterranean!"

That faithful follower had been out of his latitude, for miles past: but, sooner than confess this, he would have died the death. So he made answer with his wonted calm stolidity.

"I thought it was, my Lord, as we came over the hill. And a bumper it is, surelie. But—we must have it, whether or no."

Most men, I repeat, on the hither side of middle age, in Flemyng's position, would have accepted the necessity; even had their valour been, under ordinary circumstances, greatly tempered by discretion. But Vincent's nerves were more intractable than those of Henry of Navarre, who forced himself—shivering—into the first of many fights. This was so painfully apparent, that the groom was moved to compassion, and came to the rescue.

"I wouldn't try to ride the mare over, sir," he said. "She's by no means safe at timber. But she'll lead, well enough."

It was a gross libel on poor 'Countess' character: but, if the speaker had no worse falsehoods to own, his must have been an exceptional stable-conscience.

"It will be so much the best way"—Lady Dorrillon said. "Pray don't run any risk; it is not every horse that will jump in cold blood."

There was not a tinge of sarcasm in her voice, and her manner betrayed not a shade of anxiety. But—if you could have seen her face, whilst she stooped to arrange her habit; murmuring—

"Coward, too!"

So Vincent, the Countess, and the groom, came over in three several detachments.

If further proof of Flora's witchery had been needed, it might have been found, in the rare art with which she contrived wholly to ignore Flemyng's weakness, and to make him ignore it likewise. Any woman, who has tried the experiment will tell you that it is far easier

to deal with sullenness, than with a sense of shame. Before they had ridden a mile, the low confidential converse was flowing on, smoothly as ever; and, before it was again broken off, Vincent Flemyng had said words that could neither be misconstrued, nor put aside. Even with female Jesuits, certain questions must, now and then, be brought to an issue.

But Flora attempted no evasion: she betrayed no sort of embarrassment or surprise; and the large lustrous eyes were rather pensive than angered.

"I ought to be virtuously indignant"—she said, softly. "But life is too short—so is my patience—for playing propriety before a limited audience. Frankly, I'm very glad—'flattered,' I suppose is the correct word—that you like me. I meant that you should, when we first met. Yet you must not utter another word in that strain, till you have fresh leave from me. Do you know why I shut my ears? It is not because I am Marmaduke Dorrillon's wife, but because I am Marion Charteris's friend."

At first, Vincent was rather disconcerted: for some allusion to the past he was prepared; but not for such sudden plain-speaking. He fairly stammered over his confused disclaimer.

"I—I assure you, you are wrong. There was nothing—she could not have told you"—

Her eyes glittered, in saucy scorn.

"Don't entangle yourself in your speech"—she said. "We all know that, sometimes, the whole duty of man is—to deny. But you are right, so far. Marion has told me—nothing. It is just on that account that I have formed my own conclusions. It will be difficult to shake them: you've no idea how obstinate I can be."

"How can I give you proofs?"—he asked, plaintively. "It's so hard to prove a negative. Yet, I would do anything"—

"I cannot help you, there. It would be too absurd for me to suggest, even if I cared to be convinced. I don't say, I do—mind! You will have time enough to tax your ingenuity, before we talk nonsense again. See—we are close upon the carriage-people. And, remember: till I choose to take it off, the seal is there."

She just brushed his lips with her gauntleted fingers; they were cool and soft enough under their casing of doeskin; and the light touch would not have waked a sleeping child; but Vincent Flemyng shivered from head to heel; as the Lady of Smaylhome may have done, when the ghost's grasp scorched her to the bone.

Bertie Grenvil had pluck and hardihood enough, to set up a dozen rough-riders: but he was rather delicate than robust of frame; and his two falls—the last of which happened just before the others forded the Swarle—had shaken him sorely. However, the fight was knocked out of the five-year-old as well: so he was content to plod away, soberly, homewards: whilst Bertie murmured discontent, through the smoke of a colossal cigar.

"Isn't it my luck all over? I was in rare form for going: and I suppose they're having the run of the season. And then—I get a mount, like this. Hold up, you brute! Can't you keep your legs, even on the hard road? I wish you were mine: you should sup on an ounce of lead to-night. It would be a charity to the world, to put you out of it: you'll do some mischief yet, before you die. Nice boy—that Hardress: so full of 'generous impulses,' and all the rest of it. I suppose this is his idea of 'putting a friend on a real good thing.' I wonder Cis is bothered with such a cross-grained cub: they'll part company before long I fancy. What's that—yonder? Why—I do believe"—

The last words—spoken in a very different tone from the grumbings that preceded them—broke from Bertie's lips, just as an abrupt turn in the road brought him in sight of a mounted group, riding along in the slow purposeless fashion of 'pursuers' who have utterly lost the hounds, and resigned themselves to their fate. All were male figures, but one. That one, Grenvil knew at the first glance; though he saw not the face, but only the heavy plaits of bright fair hair, that seemed over-heavy for the trim little head and slender neck to carry.

For one moment, he drew rein; as if he would have allowed the party in front to pass on, without joining them. Then he struck his horse sharply with his heel; and pressed forward; muttering—

"What an idiot I am—and coward into the bargain! To have it over at once, is the very best thing that could happen. I can hold my own, to-day, I think: to-morrow—who knows?"

In ten seconds more, Minnie Carrington's foolish heart was beating alarms, as she welcomed the new-comer—with no intelligible words, but more significant blushes and smiles.

The damsel's father was an easy-going and something 'wattle-headed' elder. The details of domestic state-craft were never confided to him; he had only to acquiesce in his wife's diplomacy; and—so to speak—affix his official signature to whatever instruments she thought fit to present to him. He had not been pre-

sent at the Torrcaster ball; and had neither watched nor been informed of Minnie's misdemeanours at Charteris Royal. So, after favouring Bertie (whom he barely recognised) with a good-humoured nod, Mr. Carrington plunged over-head again into a discussion deeply interesting to himself and another squire, of his own calibre; relating to the best succession of crops for fresh-reclaimed land. He never noticed his daughter dropping gradually back, till an interval of some dozen yards separated her and Bertie Grenvil from the body of the small cavalcade: nor, had he been told of it, would the knowledge have troubled his honest unsuspecting head a whit.

The Cherub seemed strangely at a loss for conversation; so Minnie, shy, was fain to give him a lead; she did this gracefully enough, if somewhat shyly, with an allusion to Bertie's soiled coat, which bore many traces of his late mishaps.

"I can see you've had one fall—if not more—Captain Grenvil. Are you sure you're not hurt? You don't know how pale you are looking. Won't you take the least drop of sherry out of my flask? I'm so glad it's full still."

She drew out from her saddle-bow the tiniest silver horn—not larger than Titania might have used for the storing of wild-flower dew—and held it out, with a pretty timid smile.

But Grenvil declined the proffer decisively, though very courteously: his tone was so unnaturally cold and constrained, that—listening with closed eyes—you might have thought some elderly formalist was speaking. The effort that it cost him to bear himself thus, was surely set down on the credit side of poor Bertie's moral account: it ought to balance several items in the long black column *per contra*.

"A thousand thanks, Miss Carrington. But I need not rob you. I've my own flask out, with something stronger than sherry in it, I'm ashamed to say. And I must not rob you of your pity either, on false pretences. I'm really not the least hurt: a trifle shaken, that's all. I don't fall very heavy. I'm used to tumbling, too; for I can't afford to ride clever horses; so I take what my friends choose to lend me. They're more considerate than Hardress, as a rule, to be sure. I can't complain either; for—bar accidents—I should hardly have come across you to-day. I didn't see you at the meet—too late I suppose? And I should have been so sorry to have left Marlshire, without bidding you good-bye. I go at the end of this week, if not sooner."

It was plain to see that Minnie was both

hurt and surprised, when her simple kindness was rejected: but the white scared look came over her face, only with Bertie's last words.

"Going—going so soon—and not coming back? You cannot mean it."

He broke in with a sort of fierce impatience, yet more foreign to his nature than the chill formality of his former manner.

"Stop: say nothing about the other night; and remember nothing either. It was a pleasant dream enough: but penniless reproaches like me have no right to be dreaming. Look here, Miss Carrington: I don't want to make myself out better or worse than I am. If you ever think of me at all, think of me as an unlucky devil, who never had much of a chance of becoming worthy of a good woman's love; and—threw that chance away, years ago. Yes; I'm going. It's about the best thing I can do. I don't suppose we shall meet again, till long after you are married and happy; as I do hope and believe—I speak God's truth now—you will be."

She answered never a word: only by the motion of her lips, Bertie guessed that she murmured to herself the one word—

"Happy!"

And, all the while, her great brown eyes dwelt piteously on his face, till he was fain to turn his own away.

But, in spite of her girlish folly and softness of heart, there was courage in Minnie Carrington's nature. She came of a good stubborn old Saxon stock; and her pride came happily to her aid, just in time. She drove back a choking sob right bravely; and, in a minute or two, was able to speak, almost as calmly as her own mother could have wished: only, the poor little lip would keep trembling.

"You are quite right, Captain Grenvil. It will be far better to forget all about the other night—that is not forgotten already. Of course, you know best if you must go. Thank you, very much, for your good wishes. I dare say, I shall be as happy as my neighbours. Now, I won't tempt you out of your way; especially after your fall. That right-hand road leads to Charteris Royal: ours, is straight on. Good bye."

She pointed with her whip, as she spoke. The gesture was simple and natural enough: but Bertie knew that the same thought was in both their minds, just then.

Here, their path divided, for many a day—if not for evermore.

So those two parted—after a long, long hand-pressure—with scarcely more outward emotion, than if all the engagements for future waltzes, made on that unlucky evening at Charteris Royal, were to be duly and quickly fulfilled. In certain points of stoicism some

of our delicate damsels, and curled darlings, might put Sparta to shame.

The Cherub had seldom—if ever—come out of temptation with so clear a conscience as now. Nevertheless his brow was dark with discontent; and the cloud had not lifted therefrom, as he rode sharply through the park-gates of Charteris Royal. Hardress, who came to his room full of banter concerning Bertie's pleasant ride, met with a reception, that astonished if it did not disconcert that astute youth.

"Don't you trust to those velvety paws of Grenvil's?"—Lionel used to say afterwards. "He can scratch as sharp as any of 'em; if he's stroked the wrong way up, at the wrong time."

And Minnie Carrington ranged up alongside of her father, so quietly, that it was some minutes before he noticed that she was there again. She was very silent during all the rest of their ride; but keener eyes than bluff Peter Carrington's, might have failed to detect any sign of secret grief, in the demure little maiden's face. Of stuff like hers, good wives and mothers are made; and she may fairly expect her full share of sober homely happiness. But she will be far advanced in blameless matronhood before she forgets the pang, that she dissembled so gallantly, that November morning.

Let us hope that the memory will teach her to be merciful to the weakness of her daughters; so that—should one of those flourishing young bay-trees show signs of branching away—she will use the pruning-knife tenderly and sparingly.

It is very instructive to remark, how imperiously Duty to Society will assert itself, in seasons of bitterest sorrow. You must remember the Critic's stage-directions, concerning Tilburina and her Confidante? They were right enough, so far as they went: but—trust me—there are differences, subtler than any of mere attire, between the mourning of mistress and maid.

If Elspeth or Effie are jilted by their uncouth lovers, the poor peasant-girls may bewail their virginity, as loudly as they will; with rending of lint-white locks, and copious tears, and gusty sobbing. But, when Lord Thomas breaks troth, Fair Annet must play the high-born damsel even to the woeful end.

Come to my bower, my maidens,
And dress my bonny brown hair;
Where'er ye laid one plait before,
Look ye lay nine times mair.

You may hear the clear sweet 'lilt' ringing through the long vaulted gallery—faultless in melody as ever was swan-song. Soon, Annet shall ride forth, in all her brave attire—the

silver horse-bells chiming blithely with 'each tift of the southern wind'—to the wedding that ought to have been her own.

And who would guess that, under the brodered bodice, throbs a heart-ache so terrible, that it will be kindly cruelty when the nut-brown bride drives the sharp bodkin home?

(To be continued.)

DINTON AND ITS HERMIT.

SOME four miles from Aylesbury, on the left of the road from Oxford to that town, lies the picturesque village of Dinton. This was one of the many lordships (184 in Kent, and 255 in other counties) given by the Conqueror to his half-brother, Odo, Bishop of Bayeux. It stands pleasantly embowered in trees and is inhabited by Boetians, who confine their interest in mundane matters to butter, calves, and ducks. In their eyes the fall of a penny in butter or the rise of sixpence in ducks is much more important than the establishment of the kingdom of Italy, or the expulsion of Maximilian from Mexico. The cholera might decimate London disregarded, if the rinderpest did not reach Aylesbury market.

In this parish is the hamlet of Merton, which tradition asserts to be one of the nine manors that Queen Emma bestowed on the Church in gratitude for her escape from the ordeal of red-hot ploughshares.

Upton is another hamlet in Dinton, and was once the property of Osney Abbey, but after the dissolution of the monasteries, was given to Chief Justice Baldwin. He might have been a supple courtier, but he was not a profound lawyer, for his learned brother Dyer, afterwards Chief Justice too, in reporting a case, says, "but Baldwin C. J., was of another opinion and differed from his brethren, though neither I, nor any one else, I believe, understood his reasoning,"—complimentary that from the Bar to the Bench.

The young men of Upton in 1606 gave a Communion-table to Dinton church, as is witnessed by their initials cut thereon. Most probably before their gift, a stone table had been used in its place.

In excavating the foundations for a building in this parish, many skeletons were found, one of which had a spear sticking in his throat. This showed that his death was sudden, and but shortly anticipated his burial. The vicinity abounds in the remains of camps, Celtic, Roman, Saxon, Danish (notably at Merton large field in this parish), so that skirmishes must have been frequent. By the style of a glass bottle found in the vicinity, these skeletons were most probably those of Britons.

Like other villages, Dinton boasts of a church and manor-house, both well worthy of notice. The church is more especially remarkable for its doorway within the porch, which is a fine specimen of early Norman work, similar in style to that of Lund Cathedral in Sweden.

Dinton Hall is on the west of the church. It is a fine old mansion, of which the earlier part dates from the reign of James the First. Amongst the curiosities preserved there, is a sword which is said to have belonged to Oliver Cromwell, who left it there on the night of the 8th of November, 1645. He had slept there; but his slumbers were rudely disturbed in the morning by the approach of some Royalists from the garrison at Boarstall, who had heard of his being there, and hoped "to catch the weasel asleep." Instead of capturing "Bed Nosed Noll," they caught a Tartar. Troops had been hastily summoned from the Round-head garrison at Aylesbury, who intercepted the Royalists on their return, and the latter retreated to Boarstall with the loss of four men, seven horses, four cases of pistols, and two carabines.

There is also a curious and highly-finished key, with a crown and cipher at the bow. It is said by some to have been a pass-key, but by others to have been a personal ornament worn by an attendant on the bed-chamber of the king. The delicacy of its details shows that it could never have been put to any actual use; and the Lord Chamberlain to this day wears a key embroidered on his coat.

Notwithstanding its vicinity to Oxford, this part of the country was the head-quarters of the Parliamentary troops. John Hampden's house was not five miles off, and two of the king's judges lived in the very parish of Dinton. The one was Sir Richard Ingoldsby, son of Elizabeth Cromwell, daughter of Sir Oliver Cromwell, and aunt to the brewer of Huntingdon. He was governor of Oxford, one of Cromwell's lords, and his signature may be seen amongst those of the regicides who put their hands to the warrant for the execution of "the Man Charles Stuart." When the cause of Richard Cromwell became desperate from the unassuming nature of his character, Ingoldsby, seeing that the game was up, was among the first who "ratted" to the side of the exiled king. He had been called "Honest Dick Ingoldsby" by Henry Cromwell, Lord Deputy, and when he deserted their cause, he took no half-measures. He endeavoured to persuade Whitlocke, who had the custody of the Great Seal, to carry it over to Charles the Second. As he could not do that, he surprised Windsor Castle, in which

there was a great store of arms and ammunition. He displaced the garrison, and held it for the king. He secured Lambert, and brought back many of the troops that would have joined him on the road. He so effectually turned the scale in favour of the Royal cause, that he was one of the chief aids to the Restoration. He was the only one of the regicides who obtained a free, unconditional pardon, and so strongly recommended himself by well-timed pecuniary advances to the royal treasures, that he was created a Knight of the Bath before the long-deferred coronation.

The severity with which Charles the Second treated the regicides (although they would have treated him worse, if they had caught him) was very impolitic. The Bourbons acted more wisely by forgetting all that passed in the interval between their expulsion and restoration. The revolutionary and imperial ex-bishop of Autun became the confidential adviser of His Most Catholic Majesty. The erection of the scaffold in front of Whitehall had been a false move on the part of the Parliamentary party. From that day began a reaction in favour of monarchy and of the exiled house—a reaction that never ceased until the king was again seated in Whitehall. When the son of the Martyr enjoyed his own again, he copied the errors of his opponents. Robert Blake is one of the purest characters in English history. All that bigoted intolerance could urge against him was, that he advanced the glory of his country, under the orders of one who was *de facto*, if not *de jure*, King of England. For his festering corpse was dragged to Tyburn. It was long believed, through the prescient forethought of the Protector—and it would have been a piece of exquisite irony, if true—that the corpse of King Charles was the recipient of the indignities intended to be bestowed on that of Protector Oliver.

The regicides who escaped the punishment inflicted on their fellows must have dragged out a miserable existence. They had to seek refuge in the most extraordinary and secluded hiding-places, compared to which the oak of Boscobel was a bed of roses. The story is well known, how that, when a band of wild Indians had attacked a Puritan settlement in New England, and the colonists were manfully yielding ground inch by inch to superior numbers only, their sinking courage was recruited by the sudden appearance of an unknown old man, who, appearing to spring from the earth, led them on to victory. He was one of the regicides who had long lived an unknown and unsuspected existence in the village.

Simon Mayne, the then lord of the manor

of Dinton, was another of the king's judges. He was member for Aylesbury in the Long Parliament, and during the Protectorate continued to be one of the committee for Bucks, "wherein he licked his fingers and was a constant rumper to the last." After the Restoration he was specially exempted from the Act of Pardon and Indemnity passed in the twelfth year of the king's reign, with a provision that, upon a conviction, the king might suspend the execution of the sentence, but his estates must be forfeited. He was tried with fourteen others, amongst whom was Waller, who were all in the same predicament, at the Old Bailey, on the 16th of October, 1660. He was found guilty and remanded to the Tower, and remained in confinement until released by death in the next year. His body was removed to Dinton, and buried there on the 18th of April, 1661. Notwithstanding his exception in the above act of Parliament, his son Simon was allowed to remain in possession of his paternal estates, and to devise them to his own son. It was not known how this was effected; but everything, even pardon for the murder of the First, was venal at the court of the Second Charles.

It is said that Simon Mayne managed to elude the searches made after him by a singular contrivance, which is, or was very lately, to be seen. This was a secret hiding-place at the top of the mansion, under the gables of the roof, to which he ascended by a passage or tunnel lined with cloth. Three of the lower steps of an ordinary staircase were capable of being lifted up, and thereby formed an entrance to a trough, through which he could crawl up to his hiding-place.

Simon Mayne had for clerk, when he acted as justice of the peace in Dinton, one John Bigg, native of the same. According to local tradition, he was the actual executioner of King Charles. He was a man of considerable wealth, and a pretty good scholar; but after the Restoration he grew melancholy, and betook himself to a reclusive life. Like David at the court of King Achish of Gath, "he changed his behaviour before them, and feigned himself mad." For several years of the later part of his life he lived in a cave, though it was said that during the summer months he used to bivouac in the beechwoods that then covered the Chiltern Hills. This lasted until his death in 1696. His method of mending his clothes—which he never shifted after the return of the king—was by fastening fresh cloth or leather over the decayed parts. One of his shoes is yet to be seen in the Museum at Dinton Hall, and the

* My Story of the Good Old Cause, 1660.

other is preserved in the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford. They were mended as above-mentioned until the leather became of more than tenfold thickness. In the course of last century the ground in the vicinity of his grave (which is still pointed out on the south-west of the hall) was carefully turned over, but nothing of any importance was found.



The Din on Hermit.*

It is certain that Hulett (who was the only person ever tried for the murder of the king) was not the actual perpetrator of the deed, for he was, after condemnation, pardoned, upon the ground that the judges were not satisfied with the verdict. If the judges of those days thought any verdict to be grounded upon insufficient evidence, there must have been very slight evidence indeed produced upon the trial. Neither was it Brandon,

* Under the engraving from which this illustration is taken, the following inscription is given:—"JOHN BROG, the DINTON HERMIT, baptized 22nd April, 1620, buried 4th April, 1696."—Browne Willis gives the following particulars of this man out of a letter written to him by Thos. Herne, dated Oxon, Feby. 12, 1712.—"He was formerly Clerk to Simon Mayne, of Dinton, one of the Judges who passed Sentence on King Charles the First. He lived at Dinton (co. Bucks), in a Cave, had been a Man of tolerable wealth, was looked upon as a pretty good Scholar, and of no contemptible parts. Upon the Restoration he grew Melancholly, betook himself to a recluse life, and lived by charity, but never asked for anything but Leather, which he would immediately nail to his Clothes. He kept three bottles that hung to his Girdle—viz. for Strong and Small Beer and Milk. His Shoes are still preserved; they are very large, and made up of about a thousand patches of Leather. One of them is in the Bodleian Repository, the other in the Collection of Sir John Vanhatten, of Dinton, who had his Cave dug up some years since, in hopes of discovering something relative to him, but without success. This print is etched from a picture in the possession of Scroop Bernard, Esq., of Nether Winchendon, Bucks. Published Dec. 10th, 1787, by W. Richardson, at his ancient and modern print warehouse No 174 Strand."

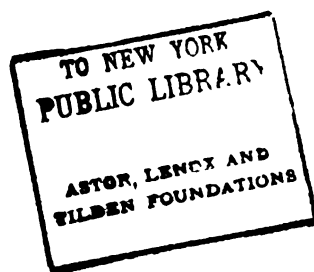
whose memory Hulett maligned to save his own life. Hulett tried to shift the burden upon the shoulders of a dead man, who could neither be hurt by the accusation if true, nor bring evidence to show that it was false. It was probably done by some person whose antecedents removed all suspicion from him, and the secret has been well kept.

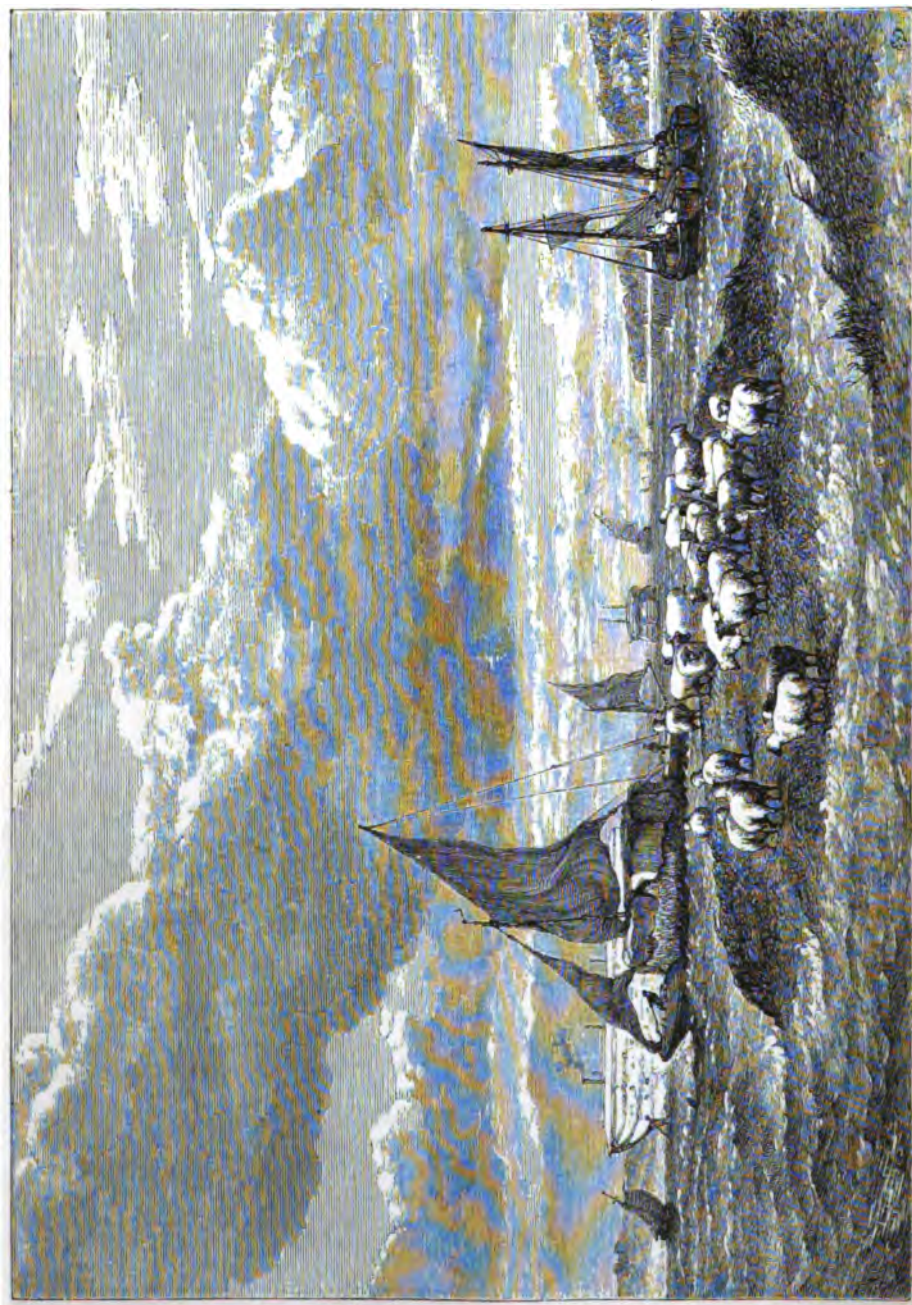
In "The Adventures of Captain Dangerous" there was an incident that always puzzled me. The Captain is supposed to be the grandson of a female Ravallac who had shot at Oliver Cromwell. For this she was only imprisoned in an out-of-the-way place, in company with a man deprived of his right hand. From the context he was manifestly the executioner whom we want. The first point evidently is borrowed from the legendary tradition, that the Man in the Iron Mask induced a lady to share his captivity, and the result was a son, who was despatched to Corsica, and there became the grandfather of the well-known lieutenant of artillery. The absurdity of this fable is so apparent that it leads me to mistrust the other point in *re* the man with a velvet-covered stump.

All parish registers contain extraneous entries of more or less historical importance. Mr. Troutbeck's receipt for the cure of a mad dog is to be found in those of North Allerton. Dinton registers contain an entry that, on the 26th of March, 1635, licence was given to Simon Mayne and his wife to eat flesh on fish days. The burial of John Bigg is simply entered thus, under the head of burials:—"John Bigg, April 4." This concise entry makes me distrust, in this case, the importance usually to be assigned to local tradition. Had such a report existed at the time of the burial, some memorial of the fact would most likely have been introduced along with the registered entry.

Manchester was not enfranchised, nor a systematic registration established, until the reign of William IV. Cottonopolis, however, returned members to Cromwell's Parliament. The first page of the above-mentioned register at Dinton contains an entry under the hand of Simon Mayne, that he had, as justice of the peace, appointed one Richard Ayres, a shoemaker, to keep the same, by virtue of an act of Parliament passed in 1653, for the purpose of securing a more complete system of registration. This act of Parliament was at the Restoration considered null and void, as wanting the assent of the third branch of the Legislature. So nearly two centuries elapsed before that consent was obtained to any such useful measure. J. WILKINS, B.C.L.

* *Re Sale in the "Temple Bar Magazine."*



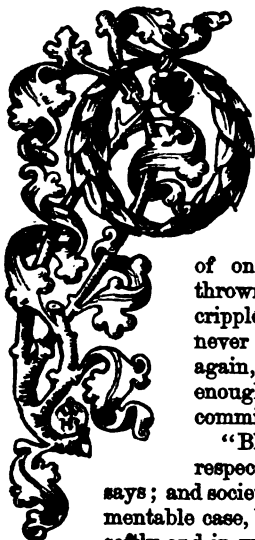


"CAUGHT BY THE TIDE." BY E. DUNCAN.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER IX. MR. SONDES' VISITOR.



H! it is a hard thing for a wealthy man to be struck down suddenly from strength to weakness; and when my lord gets the fingers blown off his hand, or loses the sight

of one of his eyes, or is thrown in hunting, and crippled to the extent of never being able to waltz again, the world is lavish enough of its sympathy and commiseration.

"Blessed in every other respect, it is so sad," society says; and society never forgets his lamentable case, but speaks of the man softly and in whispers, and throws a certain romance over him, and compassionates the accident which has injured his health, or impaired his good looks, or prevents his killing the partridges, or bearing away the brush, with much kindness and persistency.

No one can say the world is backward about tendering its condolences on such an occasion: neither is it at all apt to forget the sufferer.

Poor Lord Adonis, and poor Sir Charles Stalwart, and poor Mr. Millionaire, and that poor deformed boy the Earl of Mammon's son! are these people not pitied? Are the sad afflictions with which, in the course of a mysterious Providence, they have been visited not talked of with lengthened faces, with lowered voices, with many shakes of the head, with many wise saws about there being troubles in all households?

And why should they not, you ask? Why not, indeed! It is very sad, it is very pitiful; it is, God knows, oftentimes very terrible, to see the wreck of a body which still, as that true woman said of her lover, suffices to hold a man's soul; but yet—yet—oh! friends, are we not all one flesh and blood, and is it not as hard for one human being to be maimed and lacerated, and probed and crippled, as another? Is it not even harder for the worker than for the man of leisure? Is it not worse for those

to be sick who have to go out in the driving sleet, in the pelting rain, than for the gentle-folks who can lie in bed or sit at home in easy chairs with cushions to their backs, with eau de cologne to their heads? And is it not, in conclusion, and to bring the argument up to the desired point, worse for a person to feel he will have to fight the battle of life wounded, than for his neighbour to remember that he will be for ever able to nurse his wounds by his own fireside?

The world is not tender to its workers; fortunately perhaps for them; because no man ever works so well as he who—thrusting his fist in the face of the world, denouncing its shame, cursing its hypocrisy, despising its soft words, spurning its contemptuous patronage, rejecting its insufficient help—strips himself for the conflict, trusting in nothing save the assistance of his Maker and the strength of his own right arm.

Still, whether fortunately or unfortunately, the world is not tender towards its workers; it loads the lame man who can drive through life in his carriage with the most lavish sympathy; but how about the lame man who has to walk through existence, and earn just enough to keep himself off the parish by the way!

How! Are there not queen bees as well as drones? And what are the lives of twenty drones when compared to the comfort and well-being of one queen bee?

The world's sympathy after all is necessarily limited to the ailments and accidents of the mighty few. Too many of the rank and file are cut down every day for any strict social account to be kept of their sufferings. When the blood-horse breaks his leg, or sprains his fetlock, great is the cry of compassion; and grooms and ostlers, and trainers and owners, make lamentation over him, touching him with tender and gentle hands the while. But when his brother, the hack, falls and cuts his knees, how different! He is lashed to his feet again with many curses; trembling and shaken, he is whipped on, over the stones. There are no thousands hanging to his life; there is nothing interesting about the poor brute; and he is dealt with accordingly.

Behold the application—carriages, sympathy, earnest inquiries for the young lady who was not hurt,—for the young lady, who, had

she been hurt, was daughter to so rich a father that every luxury would still have been at her command, and suitors in plenty into the bargain; while, for the worker, a lift to the nearest hospital,—in which he found himself when he “came to,” a long time afterwards.

There was one man, however, who did not follow the multitude in their laudable desire to learn how it fared with Miss Alwyn, but who rather stood to Lawrence bravely in his distress.

He wanted, when ‘once he heard the surgeon’s opinion of the case, to have the youth removed to his own lodgings; but the doctors so strongly recommended him to let his friend stay where he was, that Mr. Forbes bowed his will to their opinion. He wanted, however, to know if he could be of use to Lawrence, if he had any relations to whom he would wish a message conveyed; if there was any one he particularly desired to see; and, when it was getting quite late in the day, when Lawrence had suffered torments, and fainted during the torture many times, when all that could be done had been done, and the youth was lying “comfortably,” as the nurses said, his new friend was permitted to go in to the accident ward, and speak to him.

Lawrence’s eyes were dim with pain and weakness, but he recognised Mr. Forbes’s face in a moment, and said in voice so low that the other had to stoop to catch his words:

“I wonder if you are my evil fate?”

“I hope not,” was the reply; “what can have put such an idea into your mind?”

“Because,” and the faint voice wavered and shook a little, “from the moment we first met, I wanted to be rid of you—because—it was with talking to you I chanced just to catch the horse when I did—when you first spoke to me—I was strong as you are—but I shall never be sound and strong again.”

He spoke all this at intervals, drawing his breath painfully and with much difficulty—with so much difficulty, indeed, that the house surgeon came up beside him as he talked, and so chanced to catch the last part of his sentence.

“Do not say that,” he remarked, before Mr. Forbes could make any answer; “we will put you to rights in a few weeks, and send you home as well as ever you were in your life.”

Whereupon Lawrence turned his head towards the speaker, and gasped out, while a look of fierce despair came into his dark eyes—

“Do you think I am a fool?—do you take me for an idiot?—do you imagine—I do not—know—that—though—if my arm—or

leg—were smashed—you—might cut it off—and leave the rest of my body hale and hearty—yet what has happened to me now—it is beyond the power of your skill—or—the skill of any man—to—”

“Now I tell you what,” interrupted the surgeon; “you must not talk: you must keep yourself quiet.”

But Lawrence hitched his head up a little on the pillow, and drawing his breath with a sort of spasm went on:

“I may not have your knowledge—but—I have my own feelings. Do you—understand how the brute came down upon me—with its—knees doubled up. I’ll be bound there was not a hair—of—the devil hurt. I can feel him now.” And without any more to do, the patient closed his eyes, turned a shade whiter, if that were possible, and almost fainted as he lay. While the surgeon applied restoratives, Mr. Forbes whispered—

“Is he speaking the truth?” To which the other answered, “Yes.”

There are some patients whom it is useless to try to flatter with vain hopes; and from that time out there was no disguise attempted towards the country lad who had come up to London to push his fortune.

He might be patched up again and pass, to ordinary observers, as sound enough; but the doctors knew, and he knew, that when the horse crashed down upon his chest, the strong vigorous health was crushed out of him for ever.

Lawrence was right. With a leg broken—with an arm gone—with far more frightful injuries to look at, the result would not have proved so disastrous; and when he awoke to full consciousness again, he would have resumed his story and taken up his parable once more; but the surgeon stopped him, remarking if he had any message he wished conveyed to his friends, Mr. Forbes might wait and receive it, but otherwise he had better go.

As Lawrence made no answer to this observation, Mr. Forbes leaned over and asked him if he had any relatives in London.

“Yes.”

“You would like them of course to know where you are, and how it happened?”

“Yes.”

“If you tell me where they live I will go to them at once.”

“There was a pause, during the continuance of which Lawrence seemed to be fighting a battle with his lungs for breath. Mr. Forbes was going to speak again, but the other suddenly broke out:

“I do not want you to trouble yourself about me; I did not stop your horse; I did

not save your life, and unless you are in love with the girl, I cannot see any claim——"

"I never said you had any claim," interrupted Mr. Forbes quietly enough, though he coloured to his very temples either with vexation or anger; "but you cannot help my giving you my admiration for as brave and rash an action as I ever saw performed. You cannot hinder my being your friend, whether you choose to be mine or not."

"There must be an end of this, gentlemen," remarked the surgeon. "Mr. Forbes, I am sorry to have to seem hard, but you really cannot remain here any longer."

"Tell me where I am to go," entreated Percy, laying a persuasive hand on Lawrence's, which was stretched out over the coverlid; "if you do not wish me to do anything for you in the future, at all events let me be of some little service to you in the present. I am not one of the Alwyns; I did not buy Mallingsford; I am not a rich man: I am a struggling one like yourself, and I only want to do for you now what I hope some other man would do for me, if I were lying here in your place. Tell me where your friends live," and there came such a pleading tone into his voice, such an eager, earnest expression into his face, that Lawrence, almost in spite of himself as it seemed, was forced to answer:

"Go to Mr. Sondes. He lives in Stepney Causeway, Commercial Road, and tell him Lawrence Barbour, who is lying here with his breast-bone broken and every rib dislocated, would like——"

"He can see you to-morrow," interposed the surgeon, answering his questioning look.

"Commercial Road, where?" asked Mr. Forbes.

"Limehouse," was the reply; "beg him—to tell—Mr. Perkins," added Lawrence, who was inwardly anathematising his own cowardice in not telling this fashionably-dressed young fellow, who seemed so grievously in want of employment, to go due East to Distaff Yard.

But he could not do it. He had not moral courage enough at that moment to bid Mr. Forbes encounter Mrs. Perkins and the children, and the vulgarity of the small common establishment.

Even in health he would have had to put all pride in his pocket before introducing any one to such a family circle as that; and now in sickness, with that dreadful depression weighing him down, with every word a pain to utter, with every breath he drew hurting him, with a terrible faint sickness coming over him every now and then, he was quite unable even to contemplate such a visit with equanimity, and so compromised matters with

his own conscience by telling it Mr. Sondes' house was nearer and easier to find than Distaff Yard.

"Anything else?" asked Mr. Forbes, before he departed.

"Yes—one moment—if there is any danger, he might write to my father."

"There is no danger," said the surgeon. "There is not," he repeated, seeing Lawrence's eyes were fastened doubtfully on his face.

"Then Mr. Sondes had better see you before writing to your father," suggested Mr. Forbes. "Now, good-by. Keep up your spirits. I'll call and see how you are to-morrow," and the young man turned and left the ward accompanied by the surgeon, who, having taken an amazing fancy, not to his patient, but to his patient's friend, walked with the latter as far as the outer door.

"A singular youth," he remarked. "May I ask if you have known him long?"

"No; but I have long known who he is—a son of Mr. Barbour, who was formerly owner of Mallingsford End; and the young lady whose horse he stopped to-day is Miss Alwyn, daughter of Mr. Alwyn, of Hereford Place and Mallingsford End, Hertfordshire."

"Bless my soul! how singular! quite romantic!" In a moment, and without tedious explanations, the surgeon recognised the peculiarity of the position. Clearly his brains did not require to be poked after and stirred up into action like the very inefficient brains of many people. "It is a hard case," he went on. "Is Mr. Barbour—our young friend, I mean—possessed of an independent income?"

"On the contrary: he has lately come to London in order to engage in business."

"He had better go back to the country then," was the reply. "His chest will never stand desk work again."

"Miss Alwyn ought, in my opinion, to marry him," said Percy Forbes. "It is the least she can do, I think, under the circumstances," and a smile, which certainly was not quite pleasant, curled the young man's lips as he propounded this idea. "It is a great pity we did not take him to Hereford Place and let her nurse him through it;" and Percy laughed outright this time, while the surgeon said, "She was not hurt?"

"Hurt, not in the least. He got the whole benefit of the accident."

"A good horsewoman?" But Percy did not answer. He only shook hands with the surgeon and laughed again, while a strange expression swept across his face; and then he went away along Piccadilly and hailed a cab, and bade the driver take him as fast as he could to Stepney Causeway.

It was late in the evening before he reached

the old house; but he found Mr. Sondes still seated in the dining-room with his wine untasted before him. Lawrence had promised to call on his way back from the West, and Mr. Sondes was waiting for his appearance when Mr. Forbes entered.

"I have a message for you," the gentleman stated, after the first commonplaces were over, "from a relative of yours, if I am not mistaken,—Mr. Lawrence Barbour."

"He is not my relative," answered Mr. Sondes; "but that is of no consequence. What is the message? Has the lad been getting himself into any mess?"

"He has met with an accident," answered Mr. Forbes. "He will not be able to come home to-night, nor for many nights, I fear;" and without any further preface or hesitation, he went on to tell Mr. Sondes all about his meeting with Lawrence, about the runaway horse, about the accident.

Across all details, however, Mr. Sondes cut relentlessly.

"Is he badly hurt?" he asked. "Tell me the worst, sir, I beg. Is he in danger? I am no relation. Do not be afraid to speak."

"He is in no danger; but he is very badly hurt—so badly that I do not think he can ever be very strong again. He is sadly injured about the chest."

"And he has his way to make in the world!"

"That is the worst part of the business," said Mr. Forbes. "He will never be able to sit at a desk again."

"He never has sat at a desk," retorted Mr. Sondes. "He never is likely to have to sit at one: and if it comes to that, what do you know about desks, sir? You do not look as if you and work of any kind were very intimate acquaintances."

"Poverty makes people acquainted with strange bed-fellows," retorted Mr. Forbes. "Business and I know more of each other than you might imagine. Is there anything I can do for you at the West," he added, rising, and holding his hat so easily and gracefully the while, that Mr. Sondes thought him a fop, and disliked him accordingly.

Still, common politeness demanded that he should ask this man, who had taken so much trouble in Lawrence's behalf, to remain and have wine, or coffee, or dinner, or something; and accordingly Mr. Sondes did press his hospitality on Percy Forbes much more earnestly than was his wont.

But nothing could induce his visitor to prolong his stay. "I have an engagement this evening I must keep," he said, and he moved towards the door, Mr. Sondes following.

"I will walk with you till you get a cab,"

said that gentleman, who felt, perhaps, that his best manner seemed a little rough to this individual, who affected the hours, and fashions, and habits of the West. "The Commercial Road is not the pleasantest street in the world for a stranger to find his way along."

They were by this time standing together in the hall, and while Mr. Sondes was looking about for his hat, Percy Forbes remarked on the beauty of the garden, which he could see through that doorway which now leads out into the wretchedest of wretched yards.

There were a few steps down from the hall to the doorway, and at the foot of the steps, framed in the dark oak, and with the green of the grassplot, and the bright flowers in the garden for background, stood Olivine, looking half-shyly half-curiously at the stranger.

"Your little daughter?" said Mr. Forbes, inquiringly.

"No, my niece. Olivine, come here."

Obediently, but still slowly, she ascended the short flight of stairs. She came out of the light of the summer's evening into the dark hall, and still nestling a kitten to her heart, offered her hand at her uncle's desire to the strange gentleman.

As she did so she lifted her eyes to his face, which was fresh and fearless, and handsome enough to win a child's admiration and affection.

He stroked the kitten, and he stroked her hair; then he said, looking in the sweet persuasive little face, "Will you kiss me, dear?"

Without the least hesitation she put her lips to his, and kissed him as he asked her; then he bade her good-bye, and walked out into the street, accompanied by her uncle, and—forgot her!

He did not imagine then there would ever come a time when at thought of that girl his manhood would fail him—his courage and determination fade away. He could not tell then that when the years had gone by, at the very sight of Olivine his heart would be moved, and his spirit shaken like a reed; that she would grow to be more to him than any human being had ever been before, or might ever be again; that he would tremble at the touch of her hand, and change colour at the sound of her voice.

He could not foresee, as he paced slowly down Stepney Causeway and into that Commercial Road, how the events of the day were destined to be wound in and out through every year of his future life; how they were to appear and re-appear in the web of his existence, forming strange and unexpected patterns, and weaving in threads now dark, now light, as the spinning went on from

day to day, and from month to month, till the work was completed, and the tale told.

See him, as he walks along, with his thick chestnut hair stirred by the evening breeze, with his brownish grey eyes looking to right and left at the strange people and the strange place in which he found himself. See this man, whose life had been so different to Lawrence's glancing at the locality in which my hero's lot was cast; see him, and stamp his features on your memory, for he has almost as much to do with this story as Lawrence Barbour himself.

Tall and handsome, and distinguished-looking, with waving chestnut hair, a broad square forehead, a frank kindly mouth, eyes of that wonderful brown grey, as I have said, trim whiskers, and closely-shaven chin.

There was, however, something foppish about him; something, perhaps, a little effeminate and provoking; something almost too cool and self-possessed in his manners. Life did not appear to be life in very earnest to him. He had none of Lawrence Barbour's fierce energy and defiant resolution.

He had been brought up in a different school, and he entered that school with a different nature; yet the two never wholly lost sight of one another from that day, when, after separating from Mr. Sondes, Percy Forbes drove straight to his lodgings, arrayed himself in evening costume, and then went off to Hereford Place, where he was received by both Mr. and Miss Alwyn with, figuratively speaking, open arms.

CHAPTER X. IN HOSPITAL.

In that essay of Pope's addressed to Sir Richard Temple, the poet alludes to the owner of a house that stood at the corner of Grosvenor Place, in lines which I quote, although they may seem for the moment to have no connection with St. George's Hospital, where Lawrence Barbour lay in the lovely summer weather, lamenting his ill fortune, chafing over the accident that kept him still a prisoner.

Speaking of the "ruling passion," Pope says:—

"Old politicians chew on wisdom past,
And totter on in business to the last;
As weak, as earnest, and as gravely out,
As sober Lanesborough dancing in the gout."

This was the Lord Lanesborough who more than an hundred and fifty years ago sought an interview with Queen Anne, and advised her Majesty to dissipate her grief for the loss of her husband—by dancing!

This was the Lord Lanesborough who stated on the front of his house for the information of all passers by:—

"It is my delight to be
Both in town and country."

This was the Lord Lanesborough who lived and danced in that mansion which formerly occupied the ground now covered by St. George's Hospital. Changes seem to have been effected almost as rapidly in former days as in our times. Queen Anne only ascended the throne in 1702, and his lordship must have kept his residence for many a long day after that, just beyond the "Turnpike House." Yet, in 1733, St. George's was completed, being opened for the reception of patients on New Year's Day, 1734.

Opposite to where the hospital now stands there was formerly one of the numerous forts which were raised by the inhabitants of London in 1642, when fears were entertained of an attack by the Royal army.

Looking at the old maps; the ancient turnpike house, which we must take as our standing point, would seem to have been perfectly in the country at the time Lord Lanesborough resided opposite Hide Park, as it was spelt in those days.

So late indeed as 1770 the hospital appears to have been entirely surrounded by country. Literally that was the parish of St. George's in the Fields.

Tattersall's did not begin its existence until nine years afterwards. Grosvenor Place also had still to be built, as well as Chapel and Halkin Streets, the whole of Belgravia, and Pimlico. It is only about thirty years since the Five Fields, "where robbers lie in wait," was broken up into building ground. What changes the old hospital has seen, and what changes still remain for it to see!

Tattersall's life began when St. George's had attained a respectable age, and Tattersall's is now gone; Grosvenor Place is going. Will there ever be a railway through St. George's and Rotten Row, or is that the point at which British endurance would rebel?

Still we are living now at such a pace that actually the things which are here to-day, are away to-morrow.

We let a week slip by without passing through some familiar thoroughfare, and when we enter it again, behold the old place seems strange to us! How, therefore, will it fare before many years have passed with St. George's? out of which I would paint an interior, on which the summer sun shone brightly.

It was a cheerful room, with many windows, light and well ventilated. There were the inevitable rows of beds; there were the pale faces of the haggard, the aged, the weary, resting on the pillows in every variety of position.

There were the flowers, growing as flowers belonging directly or indirectly to the poor always do grow, luxuriantly, in pots placed in front of the window at the extreme end of the ward. There were men convalescent sitting up, and driving those who were grievously sick and distressed in body and mind almost out of their senses at sight of their robust health; there were boys, little boys, leaning over the sides of their beds and playing with simple toys, as you, reader, have seen, or you may see them doing at this present hour. There was the same wonderful silence, the same absence of complaint, as strikes a stranger entering any London hospital for the first time; further, there was the same cleanliness, the same order, the same absence of everything calculated to produce nausea or horror, as is the case in this year of grace in which I am writing.

There was sickness, which is incident to humanity; there was sorrow, which it is the will of God shall fall to the lot of many; there was suffering, which skill can oftentimes merely palliate, not cure: but there was charity, there was help, there was constant care.

All man's efforts, we know, are incapable of perfection. His finest charities are liable to abuse, his best-conceived schemes fall short of the mark, his most holy intentions get soiled with the dust and dirt of our mortality, and there is no work that he can execute in which faults may not be detected; but still, what man could do, had been done here. Even Lawrence Barbour, who anathematised the students, and employed himself in spying out the nakedness of the land, admitted that, as a whole, the place was well managed, and said he did not think he could have been better taken care of had he been a peer of the realm.

He made this statement to Mr. Sondes, lying, not in the accident ward, to which shortly after his entrance there chanced to come a great accession of patients, but occupying a bed in one of the upstairs wards, where visitors not a few were wont to gather round him.

He was getting slowly better, but the terrible depression which usually follows such injuries as he had received could not easily be got rid of. He suffered dreadful physical pain, but that was as nothing in comparison to the mental torture which, as the days went by, increased, rather than diminished.

"What shall I be fit for?" he was asking Mr. Sondes on the day when I again take up the thread of my story. "For God's sake tell me what I shall be fit for when I leave this place!"

"Have patience, my boy; do not despair: we shall find something," replied Mr. Sondes. "By-the-by, has Mr. Alwyn been to see you?"

"Yes," answered Lawrence, "he has been here three times—twice when I was too ill to talk to any person, and once when I was allowed to see him. He came," went on Mr. Lawrence Barbour, "dressed in his everlasting light grey trousers, and his black waistcoat, and he had that watch chain which I know so well, with seals attached to it, and his boots creaked, and he received much respect at the hands both of doctors and nurses."

"Now do not talk," entreated Mr. Sondes; "you know talking is bad for you."

"Then what on earth do you ask me questions for," retorted the other, "I tell you, Mr. Sondes, if I did not talk to some one I should go mad. I lie here hour after hour, think, think, thinking. It is no child's play enduring one's own reflections in such a place as this. Mr. Alwyn wanted to take me to his house, but I and the doctor jointly declined his offer. He is in great distress. He is the grand seigneur no more. He is going to write to my father and press upon him the hospitalities of Hereford Place. I lie quiet when it is getting dusk, and consider Mr. Alwyn, and wonder where the sugars and spices grow that produce such fortunes."

He spoke all this at intervals, but still would not suffer Mr. Sondes to interpose a word till he had quite finished, when that gentleman remarked—

"You are cynical."

"Am I? If so, it is the fault of Mr. Alwyn and his money. I wonder if gold have a scent—if the smell of it be carried in the air—if the knowledge thereof groweth like the stature of a goodly tree. I shut my eyes, and Mr. Alwyn rises to my view, Mammon incarnate; and then I consider my own almost helpless future. Oh, Lord! oh, Lord! was it not hard to deal with me thus?" And Lawrence turned his face aside, and—may I say it, without impeaching his manhood—wept.

What is there to tell about those days, spent as they were in one of London's great and useful hospitals; what is there to chronicle, save that the man (was he not one by reason of his struggle and his suffering) ailed and ate and drank, and swallowed his medicine by rule and order, and had visitors when he was allowed, and thought at all times seasons most convenient to himself.

Mr. Perkins came often to see him, arrayed in his Sunday clothes, and exhibiting the most wonderful waistcoat it had as yet entered into

Lawrence's heart to conceive of any person wearing as a matter of choice.

He looked, as all such persons do look when respectably dressed, excessively ill at ease, but he evidently considered his costume the correct thing for an hospital close to Hyde Park, and consoled himself for any discomfort it entailed accordingly.

On the whole, I think Lawrence liked talking to his kinsman best of all his visitors. Mr. Perkins told him about the latest dodge in coffee berries; about a recent detection of spurious nutmegs; made him his confidant concerning a method, a new method he had discovered, of coating peppercorns, and spoke cheerfully of such work Lawrence could do whether his chest were made sound or not.

This guest was certainly more successful in winning gracious words from Lawrence than Mr. Alwyn, who was a business man, with Money written on every line, on every wrinkle, on every feature, on every fold of his attire, and yet who aped the fashionable man of solid West-End standing all the time.

He was, though not an old man, old-fashioned in his dress, address, style of living, choice of wines, and so forth; but yet, spite of all this, ill-natured people said Mr. Alwyn was not quite so antiquated in his business ideas as his tailor was in the cut of his clothes.

As to his appearance Mr. Alwyn was a heavy-looking individual of fifty, with a slight tendency towards a "corporation," who always, as Lawrence remarked, wore grey trousers, a black frock coat, a black waistcoat, a watch which he carried in a fob. Attached to this watch were various keys and seals, which jingled as Mr. Alwyn drew forth his chronometer, and checked it against the surgeon's silver turnip.

The man was, as Lawrence said, "Mammon incarnate; and he wants me to go and stay at his house," laughed the youth, as well as he was able. "To go and stay with him, and make acquaintance with his daughter! I told the old fellow she never had ridden, and never could ride. I told him we used to watch her coming out of the park gates at Mallingford, and prophesy that she would break her neck some day, but that I little thought it was I who should suffer from her want of skill. He looked very grave at first over it, but seems to have come to the conclusion I was right after all, and wants to improve our knowledge of one another; as if we did not know too much of each other already," and Lawrence laughed again.

Imagine such sentences as these, uttered with difficulty at intervals; fancy that conversations of this description were the only bright spots in the monotony of that weary

time, and then picture to your own imagination, each reader among the number I am happy to be now addressing, what a purgatory that must have seemed to a person of Lawrence Barbour's active nature.

It would be easy to tell you of the breaks in his life, of his various visitors, of how the men from Distaff Yard came in little relays to see him, and were wont, after the manner of their fraternity, to shake hands till the patient screamed with the pain such shaking caused. There would be no difficulty in setting forth all this—in recalling out of the past the conversations that were held, the trivial circumstances which were repeated; but how should I ever find words to tell you about the interminable hours and days when he was alone, during the course of which he thought of the cruel accident that had left him stranded and disabled, like a shipwrecked vessel, on the shores of life?

How could I even hope to convey to you an idea of the diligence with which he cursed his destiny, of the persistency he displayed in refusing all medical comfort, in disbelieving all surgical reports?

It is not given to all men to sit down in silence, making no sign while the tempest sweeps by. There are not many who can possess their souls with patience, and if there be such, patience, was not vouchsafed at any rate to Lawrence Barbour?

He had suffered and was suffering, and he was not able to help repining. His health was gone, and his occupation to a great extent gone with it.

What should he be, this prematurely old young man? What was to be his lot in life? How was money still to be made?—how was the ground to be roped off—the bets booked—the race won?

True he knew the battle is not always to the strong, and so—for youth is very hopeful—he sometimes trusted things might yet go well with him. Upon the other hand, Lawrence's nature, though not melancholy, was yet like the natures of many energetic individuals, inelastic; further, his physical condition was depressing in the extreme, and oftener than I could tell, he got into straits of dependency which were most wearing to himself, and trying to those interested in his recovery.

All at once, however, there came a change. Mr. Barbour senior arrived in London in a much more desponding state of mind even than that in which it pleased Lawrence to revel, and desired to take his boy home with him.

At the very mention of this, Lawrence fired up.

Was it for a trumpery accident his father desired he should relinquish the hopes and plans of his life? Was his father dreaming when he demanded such a sacrifice? Did the doctors say he was fit for nothing but vegetating in the country? Then the doctors lied! He, Lawrence Barbour, meant to show the whole of them, relations, friends, foes, surgeons, what he could yet do in spite of his dislocated ribs and his unsound chest.

"Not win the race!" he muttered; "we shall see." And from that time forth he ceased complaining, he ceased fretting, and lay through the length of those tantalizingly fine summer days, planning, thinking, determining, more resolute, and more persistent, than ever as to his future course.

(To be continued.)

THE WATCH-TOWER.

In almost every German town there is a watch-tower; sometimes it is a separate building, but generally the highest church-tower is used for this purpose; if a fire should by any chance break out, whether by day, or by night, the watchman is sure to observe it, if he is, as he should be, at his post, and he forthwith tolls a bell which sets all the large bells in the town going in an incredibly short space of time. This is called a *Sturm Glocke*, and doubtless many a "song of the bell" could be written about such, since Schiller composed his poem, which forcibly describes a calamity so often occurring, yet bringing with it ever new terror and dismay. The outburst of these dreaded tongues is followed in many places, as in Saxe-Weimar, by the firing of cannon, two such signals being given if the accident happens in the town itself, and one only if beyond the gates, or in a neighbouring village. In the former case, this explosion is succeeded by blowing of trumpets, shouting, and barking of dogs, or after a while this Dutch concert is somewhat drowned by the bassoon-like rumbling of the heavy fire-engines drawn by their four or six black steeds along the rough-pitched stone pavement. To be thus awakened, after one's first sleep, is, it is needless to say, far from agreeable; it was long before I could compose myself to rest again, after my first experience in this way. The watchman with his family, if he should possess one, lives rent-free in his airy castle, is supplied with firewood and lights, and is allowed a certain stipend. Those who have been accustomed to the tower-life do not often willingly descend to take up their abode amongst ordinary mortals. I have been told by an old couple, who had given up the watch to take to some more lucrative occupation, that the change of air agreed with them so ill,

and that they had so strong an impression that they must be suffocated if they remained below, as to induce them to return to their home in the clouds. The woman told me that her mother had been born, married, and died in a tower, and that she had followed in her steps in two instances, and hoped to do so in the third, when her time came. "Down in the town," said she, "there is always so much gossiping and backbiting going on, and I dare say that I should become as bad as the rest if I lived there; but up in my loft there is peace and fresh air, and we do not trouble ourselves about our neighbours,—indeed we scarcely feel that we have any to trouble about."

I happened, in the early part of last autumn, to be visiting the chief town of Ober Hesse, Giessen, whose university I was wishing to see; and after satisfying my curiosity as to that ancient receptacle of learning, I turned my steps towards the still more ancient watch-tower, from whose height, I was told, I should get a good view of the surrounding scenery, so justly esteemed for its beauty. On reaching the dwelling-part of the building, I was greeted by the observant occupant himself, who at my request escorted me to the gallery, which was a wide one; and arranged in rows around the outer side, stood a number of flowering shrubs and plants. This sudden and unexpected burst of brightness was a glad surprise to the eye, after resting so long upon the cold grey gloom of the stone walls and steps during the ascent, and it was with something of the same kind of feeling that a released prisoner must experience when he steps from his dungeon into the free air of heaven, that I stepped out upon this little garden of fresh verdure and brilliant blossoms, hanging as it were in the sky; and the view here was a still greater surprise; for indeed it is a fine and comprehensive one. To the right, the *Schiffenberg*, with its old church rising bare from behind its wooded ascent, among whose wandering paths the townsfolk love to disport themselves on Sundays and feast days. To the left, *Gleiberg*, on whose summit stands an ancient though lately repaired tower, the *Sieben Hügel*, and the river *Lahn* flowing round by the hill and ruin of *Badenburg*; in the middle distance, fruit orchards lying warm and ruddy in the ripening August sun. The Germans call this month "*der koch monat*," the grapes being then supposed to undergo a process which turns their sour juice into the sunlit nectar which wine is capable of representing. After feasting my eyes on the landscape below, I turned towards the keeper of the little paradise on which I was standing, and complimented him upon the

good taste which led him to adorn his balcony, so as to render it so attractive.

"Yes, madame, this is indeed a pleasant place to sit down and repose in, when I get up here, away from the heat and bustle of the

noisy, dusty world beneath. My wife brought the coffee here for breakfast, after which meal I smoked my pipe, and enjoyed the fresh morning air. Ah, in spring-time, how delicious were those early hours, listening to the singing



See page 122.

birds, beginning with solos and twitterings, and at length breaking into one gush of song! Yes, 'those May mornings are delightful,' the fruit-trees one sheet of blossom, whose odour rising on the breeze excels any toilet-perfumes that I know of. Here, too, on Sunday afternoons and evenings in summer, how charming it has been to sit, with my wife and children around me, watching the fading sky and the stars twinkle out one by one, and then, when all is hushed, and the world below asleep, oh! how I love to lie here and watch not only the town, as is my duty, but the moon as she glides behind the clouds, or sheds down her unveiled light from the deep vault above me.

How often do I pity the poor townspeople, who have to breathe the thick, smoky, ill-smelling atmosphere under me, whilst I am inhaling the pure breath of Heaven. A friend of mine has remarked to me, that when he has anything of a perplexing nature to think about, or to determine, he likes to come up here, where, apart from all that distracts attention in the underworld, he can more readily come to a conclusion; and Herrn Hackländer" (the Dickens of Germany, you must know, reader), "who once came up to look about him, told me, that this round balcony would be worth thousands of guildens a year to him. Yes, the place is nice enough to live in,—but," continued the

watchman, with a sigh, "we cannot remain in it. I am going to remove my furniture; my wife and the children are already gone away."

"What is your reason?" inquired I, becoming interested in the man.

"We have had so many frights, and such a fearful accident here, that my poor wife's nerves are quite broken down, and I fear for her intellect, if she were to live in this tower any longer. She and the little ones are now lodging with some neighbours, if I can call those such who live so far beneath us, and out of our range as it were. They shall never put foot in this place again. We have had now three frights, and it is in consequence of the last, and the accident which caused it, that I came to the decision of removing as soon as possible."

"Will you tell me about the three occasions on which you and your wife were so much alarmed?" I asked.

"Willingly," replied he, offering me a wicker seat. "Those flowers opposite to you, madame, I placed as an additional protection to that of the iron railing, in consequence of the second fright we had, which happened about six months ago. But I will take them in order as they come. To begin with the first, which is as trifling an affair, compared with the second, as that is compared again with the third, the shock from which, I fear my wife will never entirely recover,—to begin, I say, with the first, I must explain that we have a windlass, by which we draw up our firewood and water from below, and which is fixed in the upper landing of the tower; the rope attached to it passes through a hole in the building, along a leaden pipe, which holds it out at about six feet distance from the wall outside, from whence it is let down when required into the lane beneath. There is a large wooden tray, which is hooked on to the rope, and filled with wood below; my wife and I, assisted by our eldest boy, generally hauled up the wood, whilst the younger children, at least those who were old enough, for we have a large family, loaded the tray. We drew up our firing in this way once every day, usually in the afternoon or evening. We were thus employed one evening, when my wife remarked that the burthen felt very light, and that those careless children of ours must have been playing about, and so neglected to fill the tray as full as usual. We had not long to wind, for the tray came up quickly, and on going up aloft to pull it over the balcony rails, which was our way of getting it in, to our astonishment and horror, instead of our firewood, we beheld a man—yes, a man! pale as death, and with black swollen hands hanging on by

the long iron hook, which fastened the rope to the tray, which had swung round, and offered no longer any support in consequence. The luckless wight appeared to be almost in a fainting condition, and unable to speak from exhaustion. Had he moved a finger, he would have been in danger of falling, and it seemed to us, that ere we could possibly rescue him his strength must fail him, and he would become incapable of holding on any longer. The glazed look of terror in the poor fellow's eyes haunts me to this day. It was no easy matter to get him out of his predicament, as we found when we began to try, and it was a nervous touch-and-go work. Our hands trembled the more, from our conviction of the fact that the man's life entirely depended on our strength and the skill with which we exerted it. Recollect, the rope hung six feet from the wall, and that although it was an easy thing to fasten upon the large square surface of the tray, which came, of itself, much nearer, it was a very difficult matter to lay hold of the human being, hanging from the hook, at such a distance. Here was a dilemma: what was to be done? The process of letting him down by the windlass would have taken too long a time, I saw, for the man appeared to be on the point of swooning. An idea struck me! Rushing down-stairs, I quickly returned with my walking-stick, and—ah! was I too late?—it was the work of a second—life, or death, which was it to be?—which did it prove? the first of these contingencies, thank God. I succeeded in hitching the crooked handle of the stick into the man's belt, and, thus pulling him within range of us, we caught hold of him by the head and by the feet at once, and lifted him over the railings. He was one of the ballet-dancers, whom I happened, being myself engaged at the theatre, to know, and a married man with a family. As soon as he was safe, my wife let out upon him, scolding him soundly for his wickedness in frightening her and exposing his life, of which, for his wife and children's sake, he should have taken more care. She turned him down-stairs before he had half time to recover himself, telling him never to ascend, either by the outside or the inside, to our dwelling again. He had made a foolish bet, it afterwards turned out, with some students who happened to be passing at the time the tray was let down, that he would get into it, and so get hauled up. He, however, little thought that there was any danger of the tray's turning round from under him when he had got part way up, as it did, or of the difficulty presented, of his getting into the balcony when once up at the top. His insufficient weight, and his position on

the tray, had not balanced it properly, and owing to this his seat had slid from under him, and he had clung to the iron hook to save himself from falling. The next affair, which was more alarming in its way, happened in this wise. One day a servant-maid brought up a child of about two years old. She was accompanied by a soldier; people did not always ring the bell, but if the door was open, they would pass through and on to the balcony. I did not always follow the visitors out, but as this party remained a longer time than was usual, I went up to see what they were about. The girl was, as I supposed, talking and laughing with her schatz [lover]; but where was the child? ah! where? In going round the tower to look for it, I saw, to my unutterable horror, that the little fellow was standing on one of the stone buttresses which supported the balustrade, having evidently got out to it between a gap in the railings. No grown person could have found standing room where his little feet were perched. I felt a tingling sensation creep all over me—what should I do? My first impulse was to call out to the child, and to rush up to it to pull it away; but, on reflection, I felt almost sure that this would lead to fatal consequences, as the child would probably thus be frightened and fall over. What then, you will ask, did I do in this emergency? I laid myself at length along the floor, and creeping that way unperceived up to the spot where he stood, I cautiously reached one hand through the rails, and caught the child by the petticoats; then rising with the other, I lifted him over the balustrade, and thus effected the rescue. After I had him safe, I looked at him, and fancied that I had seen his black eyes and curly pate before, and when I noticed the initials on his pinafore I recognised the boy as belonging to an acquaintance of ours. I took him in my arms, and, purposely avoiding the still preoccupied nurse-maid, carried the child down. He never ceased staring at me with his large eyes, till I had restored him to his mother, who, I need scarcely tell you, overwhelmed me with expressions of gratitude; and this ring," pointing to a handsome signet which he wore, in the fashion of his country, on the fore-finger, "is a token of it. She and her husband then promised me to help me in any difficulty I might be in at any time, and we have now put their sincerity to the test, for my family are now receiving the good people's hospitality, sharing their roof and partaking of their bread until such time as I shall be able to procure a new one for them, which shortly I hope to do. But, to return to what I was telling you; it did not take long to carry the child home. On returning here, I found the

servant in a fine state of alarm, having just discovered the loss of her charge. She was frantically rushing about, and now and then looking over the parapet. When she saw me, she sprang towards me, beseeching me to assist her to find the child. I told her to go below and seek for it under the tower in the yard; that she alone was responsible, and that I had nothing to do with this sad business. She, followed by the soldier, whom she was abusing soundly for taking up her attention so long, hurried down the stairs, and fearing that the child was killed (she had not stopped to look for it, I heard afterwards), not liking to face her master and mistress, ran straight back to her home in the Oden Wald. And, now, madame, I am coming to the fearful accident which happened to us about a fortnight ago—the recollection of which makes it impossible for us to remain here. My wife was attacked by brain fever the day after that which I am going to relate took place, and from this she is only now slowly recovering. She was ill in bed when this happened, and when I left the tower on the afternoon of which I am going to speak she was asleep. I had to practise a difficult solo accompaniment for the opera that evening, and had in consequence gone to the theatre much earlier than usual. The children were all at school, excepting the two youngest, who were under the care of our maid-of-all-work. She had put the baby to sleep in its cradle in my wife's room, and had taken away the little boy who is about two years and a half old, to put on his walking-dress, intending to take the child with her on an errand which she had to do in the town. She had, however, to wait until our oldest girl should return from school, as she could not leave my wife alone. After laying the child's clothes on a chair ready to put on, she took him with her to go and open the door to some one who had rung the bell, and had afterwards been gossiping a long time on the stairs with this individual, who had proved to be a friend of hers, without paying proper attention to the little boy, who had in the meantime slipped back into the children's room. This was the clearest account of the matter that I could get given me, when I came to inquire afterwards of the servant, how it was that she could have been so negligent. My wife told me that she awoke some time after I had gone (it must have been with a strange presentiment that some evil had befallen our boy), and getting as quickly out of bed as she could, she ran out on the landing-place, exclaiming, 'My Ludwig—my Ludwig—where is he?' The servant, running up from the stairs, explained that he had been by her side only an instant ago, and

that he could not be very far off. My wife and the servant then searched in every direction for him, but no Ludwig was to be found. In the nursery there was a chair standing by the window; and on it a little shoe, one of his, was lying. A sudden fear took possession of my wife; she tottered to the window, which was open, and, after a moment's hesitation, an instant of dread to know the worst, the truth—which she suspected—she looked out; and there, on the pavement 200 feet below, lay the body of her child—for alive he could not be. Rushing down-stairs just as she was, in her night-dress, my poor wife ran wildly into the little narrow street or lane which lay immediately under the window from which the dear child had fallen. This was not much used as a thoroughfare, and at the moment she reached it there happened to be nobody there. How shall I express to you, madame, the surprise—the consternation of my wife and the servant,—when, on hurrying to the spot where they expected to behold the child's shapeless mangled corpse, they found nothing. Here was a mystery to be solved! By this time the screams of the two women had roused the attention of the neighbours, who came running to them from the next street, close by.

“Where, where, is the child?” was the reiterated cry passed on from mouth to mouth, till at last the lane was full of people asking each other the same question. Some of them, not knowing the immediate cause of my wife's distress, and struck by her unusual appearance, believing her mad, laid hold of her, and forcing her back into the building and up into her room, endeavoured to quiet her the best way they could. But no one could answer her repeated question, ‘Where is my Ludwig? where is his poor body?’ Ah, where indeed was it! Before she had well-nigh been carried up-stairs, however, a woman who had with breathless haste made her way into the lane, hurried up, saying, that she had something important to say, and on being admitted, she forthwith told my wife, that she had seen the child fall from one of the upper windows, and had instantly hastened down from the top of the house where she lived, and which commanded a partial view of the tower. There was, then, no doubt of his having fallen—no doubt of the poor child's destruction. But again the question—What had, what could have, become of the body? The general consternation increased, as indeed it well might: this was an unparalleled mystery. The woman who had seen him fall was of course more wonder-struck than the rest were, to find that the child was not to be found alive or dead. After receiving this intelligence, it was of

course perfectly hopeless to make any further search for the poor child in the tower, for, as, he had been seen to fall he could not be anywhere inside the dwelling: the body must be sought for, *must* be found out of the tower, that was clear to the astounded assemblage in my wife's room. A messenger was despatched to tell me that something had happened at home to require my immediate return. I was taking my part in the overture to the opera, and the curtain was about to draw up in obedience to the sound of the bell, when I was thus interrupted. Dropping my violin, I made my way out of the theatre with trembling limbs and a sinking heart, conjecturing all kinds of dreadful misfortunes to have happened. By the time I reached our little street, I could hardly get by for the mob, which was filling it up to the very door of the tower and part of the way up the steps. But as soon as I was recognised, way was made for me with one consent. On all sides, I heard, ‘There is the child's father!’ It was then something which had happened to one of the children. My suspense was soon ended, when I heard from my wife and those around her what had happened. I immediately determined to go at once to the police, and instigate a proper inquiry as to the child; when, just as I was going out of the tower, a man brushed by me, but, seeing who I was, turned and put into my hand—what? a child's hat and pelisse. These I instantly recognised as belonging to my little boy.

“‘I live at the end of Tower Lane,’ said the man: ‘my little girl has brought me home these things, which she tells me she picked up about half an hour ago, as she was passing under the tower, and of course I thought they might belong to you.’

“It was then only the clothes that my wife had seen. A dawning of hope began to awaken within me: was it possible that the woman had mistaken the clothes falling for the child falling, and that it was all untrue, and the dear child would still be found?

“I went immediately back to my wife, and the people up-stairs, amongst whom the woman who said she had seen him fall was still loitering. I put some eager questions to her, but her replies banished all hope. She told me that she had been watching my little boy for some time playing at the window, and that she had seen him throw out first the hat, and then what seemed to her like some garment, and seeing that he was leaning over to look at the things drop, she had turned to come away and to warn us about him, when, casting a last look at the window before doing so, she saw the child tumble out of it, and then she made as much speed to tell us as possible.

"Her account appeared to be very connected, and we felt that it was all too convincing. There was only just this one little incongruity in her tale, and that was, that the clothes were seen lying under a different window, though one close at hand, to that from which the woman said she saw him throw them out.

"Night was advancing by this time, and getting rid of the numerous sympathising intruders upon our privacy, I shut the door upon all the world, and, closeted with my wife, whom I succeeded in somewhat quieting, we gave ourselves up to our grief; and various were our conjectures as to the probable or possible fate of our poor little Ludwig. Some of my friends had informed the police, and emissaries were sent in every direction to endeavour to procure tidings of the child's body, whose disappearance seemed to be so perfectly unaccountable. At length I persuaded my wife to lie down; the bigger children some kind neighbours had taken charge of to lighten our cares in our distress; the baby, therefore, alone remained. I had carried the little creature in to my wife, and had laid it in her arms to comfort her; and as she was gazing on its calm face as it slept, her tears began to flow, which was what I wanted: I knew that nature would in this way relieve itself, for I feared, as I have said before, for her reason. Ay, madame, such things have driven people mad before now; and it is to the wonder of all that she retains her senses, after all she has gone through. I saw that my wife was very quiet, and, fancying she had dropped into a kind of sleep, I slipped out of the room, and calling the servant to bring a light, I determined once more to search the place thoroughly, inside and out, although this had, they told me, been done before. We visited the cellar and every nook and corner that could be thought of, but all to no purpose; no, it did really appear as if this extraordinary affair would never be cleared up. No news came from the town, from any of the many messengers employed in the inquiry, and it was with a heavy despairing heart that I returned to my wife. As soon as I entered her room, she put up her finger, whispering—'Listen; stand still here by the bed.' Doing as she desired me, I looked at her in wonder at her meaning, and fearful that her mind was wandering.

"'Do you hear anything, Wilhelm?' said she.

"'Yes, wife, I do hear something, and it sounds very like a human voice—a child's voice crying out in distress.'

"'It seemed to come from somewhere outside the walls.

"'Yes,' said my wife, 'as soon as you were gone, and all was quiet, I fancied I heard it first.'

"The sound was faint, as if distant, and as of a child wailing and calling for help. We opened the window, and could hear it more distinctly. It did not seem to proceed from either over or under our window, but from somewhere at the side of the walls. We took our light and went into the children's room, the window of which we opened; but though we could hear the sounds more distinctly, still we could see nothing, and following what we fancied must be the direction of the cries, we went on into a room near this one, and only divided by a small passage. This little room was used for lumber and for drying clothes, and was usually locked up, but the servant had been there sorting clothes for the wash that morning, and had evidently left it open after her. We had over and over again searched in this, as well as in every part of the dwelling. The sounds now became much more intelligible, and going to the window, which was open—it often was left open to enable the clothes to dry,—we could clearly distinguish a child's voice crying out, 'Mamma, Sophie,' the name of our servant. Our hearts leaped for joy: it was our darling's voice. His cries, heartrending as they were, and hoarse with long screaming, were like the music of the spheres to us. They appeared to ascend from somewhere underneath the window; we threw the light from our candle down upon—what? Upon something dark below—some large object against the wall, about six feet from the window-sill. When our eyes had become accustomed to the uncertain light, we beheld our child sitting in our large water-tub. We did not, you may be sure, linger long over our exclamations of wonder and of joy, but quickly pulled up the bucket with its precious burden. You are, doubtless, madame, anxious to know how it came that the bucket happened to be hanging in that way—also how it was, that the woman who had seen the child fall, did not remark it. I will explain both. I found that our boys, hearing there was a grand wash in prospect for the day after, had taken the bucket from the place where it usually was kept, and had suspended it from some large iron staves, which were used for hanging on the double windows we were obliged to use in the winter. This they did, knowing that there was no soft water in the large rain-water butt in the yard—the season having been remarkably dry—for the purpose of collecting the rain which had been threatening to descend that morning. The woman's window opposite only commanded a partial view, as I told you before, of the tower; and

upon visiting her room, which I afterwards did to see, I was aware of the impossibility of her seeing the bucket, for another roof came between, and only the window and about four feet beneath it of wall were discernible from her window. Nor was the bucket to be seen from the lane, for the window from which it hung was at the side of the tower. The wind must have blown the hat and pelisse aside as they were falling, and they had alighted under the window in the children's room, from whence my wife had discovered them lying in the lane. The west wind had been blowing hard all the day. In these sudden emergencies, people seldom reason logically, if they reason at all, but of course a little quiet survey of the bearings of the case would probably have led to an earlier *dénouement* of this mystery. The little boy had been playing with some toys at the lumber-room window, and had dropped his little horse-and-cart into the bucket, in endeavouring to recover which he must have fallen—for we found the toy lying under him when we took him out. The clothes which he had thrown out were, it appears, those which the servant had laid upon a chair in the nursery ready to put on the child, and which he must have carried over into the lumber-room with him. These are the three frights and the accident which are the cause of our determination to leave our home in this tower, madame; and, now you have heard about them, I think you cannot wonder at our decision."

The watchman, before I left him, gave me a manuscript, containing his mother's story, which, though interesting, is too long to give here. I hurried away from the tower, feeling that it was, perhaps, an ill-omened place, yet, that if haunted by spirits, they were not altogether of an evil sort; and though mischievous, ready to undo the worst of their tricks. I was not sorry, when I returned to my own home, to know, that as we live on the parterre, our children are pretty safe, even if they should fall.

MARGARET SWAYNE.

A TRYSTE OF OLD.

I.

RED-STEMM'D firs whose purple boughs
Are darkly etch'd on saffron sky,
All along that sea of gold
Grey cloud-islands floating lie.

II.

In yon copse a robin sings—
Dirge-like tones that thrill the ear,
Fill the heart with wild regret
Remorseful for the dying year.

III.

Full-faced moon that seems to frown,
Sailing over beechwoods dim—
Hour the same—the time of year—
But I shall tryste no more with him!

EVERLYN FOREST.

OUR WINTER WARBLERS.

A STORY is told of a man who once determined to write on the manners and customs of the Figi Islanders. To his horror he found all he could say on the subject was, that the Figs had no manners, and that their customs were abominable. In much the same way we are beginning to fear that our theme may prove somewhat scant, seeing that, by every stretch of courtesy, only three of our native birds can be called winter warblers; and very seldom is it that they indulge us with their notes. Although we have so few songsters, it is impossible to walk out on a bright frosty morning without noticing the call or cry of many birds, and by summoning them to our aid we may haply produce a pleasant picture of winged life, even at the dullest period of the year.

Having made this confession, let us begin with the Robin. The first place must be assigned it in the list of winter warblers. How large a place does the robin fill in our Christmas and winter associations! Indeed he sings all the year through, except in early spring, when nesting cares employ all his leisure time. A streak of sunshine almost always tempts the robin to pour out his artless song. White of Selborne gives the first twelve days of the new year as a period during which he is certain to be heard. But he frequently sings in the depth of winter, and at the close of the dullest or coldest day, as Mrs. Gatty has so touchingly brought out in her "Nature Parable" of the Robin and Tortoise. It is supposed that both male and female have the gift of song amongst robins, owing to the many that have been noticed singing at once. They are fond of haunting the same spot; we have one in the garden which comes forth confidently whenever any digging is going on. Most people have heard two robins singing against each other in their gardens; and if a rival appears, Mr. Jesse notes that they always sing as challenge before fighting. Oddly enough, amongst our own "fighting-men" most combats are arranged in a so-called cave of harmony. So great is the pugnacity of the robin after his prelude of song, that we have ere now rescued one from certain death, its victor having already broken its wing, and being ready to give the *coup de grace* when disturbed by our approach. The trustful manner, how-

ever, in which [it draws nigh our dwellings in winter, and its cheerful song, will quite atone for this bad habit in most people's opinion.

While treating of the robin's song, the beautiful legend may be mentioned which accounts for its red breast, by stating that one of them



bore away a thorn from the Lord's crown at the Crucifixion. Bishop Doane of New Jersey has versified this in a pleasing manner. There is a sentimental side in the robin's character, which emerges in the ballad of the Babes in the Wood lying uncovered,—

*Till Robin Redbreast piously
Did cover them with leaves.*

How true to life are the three lines which the robin has obtained in the Laureate's last poem! They will admirably terminate our observations, and every one may witness the scene they bring before himself on the next damp day, quite as well as did the hapless Enoch Arden returning to the home that knew him not.

*On the high-naked tree the Robin piped
Disconsolate, and through the dripping haze
The dead weight of the dead leaf bore it down.*

The Blackbird is the songster to which the second place must be granted, owing to his infrequency in singing compared with the robin. It is easy at any time during winter to hear the blackbird's voice (though its shriek of alarm is not very harmonious) by suddenly startling it from its retreat amongst the laurels, or deep in the blackthorn thicket. Spring is the time when he is in full rich song, but on damp mild wintry days his best and clearest notes are not uncommon, cold and hunger disheartening the most persevering vocalists. The thrush pipes or flutes or trills, but blackbirds "whistle," and continue to do so till the fruit is ripe; then,—

*The silver tongue
Cold February loved, is dry:
Plenty corrupts the melody
That made thee famous once, when young.*

Morris, in his "History of British Birds," deems the blackbird a mocking-bird, apt to catch up other birds' strains; but we opine he here generalises from an insufficient amount of facts. The blackbird has its own unmistakably piercing notes, even if now and then he has condescended from a full flow of high spirits to imitate the crowing of the barn-door cock. Few as our winter songsters are, and seldom as we hear the blackbird, we gladly welcome him to the shrubberies at Christmas, whether he gives us his own simple strains, or, like an Ethiopian serenader, mimics and parodies his neighbours, hoping that at least he will repay our hospitality with some kind of song. It is a great thing to have a bird that can sing, if he only will, amongst the feathered friends that winter brings round the house.

Almost more attractive than either of the above-named songsters is the Wren, and he may frequently be heard during winter sending forth such strong thrilling strains from her distended throat, that we are irresistibly reminded of Tydides, whose great soul dwelt in a small body. Shy in summer, cold and hunger render her fearless, and then she boldly approaches man's habitations, searching ivy and climbing plants by day for insects, and nestling two or three together for warmth under the thatch at night. We heard one during the first week of last December trilling its liquid notes in great happiness, during a transient gleam of sunshine, from a rose-bush close to a cottage-door. A careful listener can generally detect the wren's song during winter, if he betakes himself to the favourite localities of the bird,—either the skirts of some thick pine wood, or the small plantation that bounds a garden. In the former place may often be seen a flock of its still more minute kinsmen, the golden-crested wren, smallest of all British birds, running up and down the branches, and twittering far more softly and tenderly than the common wren. Indeed a fir-wood during a sunny mid-day in January is the ornithologist's favourite hunting-ground. Take your station under the green canopy by the ruddy pillar-like stems that support it, and, besides the above-mentioned wrens, you will see the great titmouse, with his long tail, contorting himself on a branch into far more grotesque attitudes than even the blue titmouse (though he can almost hang by his eyelids to a twig), and chattering to his fellows as they flit lightly from tree to tree. Show yourself, and the whole flock darts off playfully some twenty or thirty yards, like a shoal of minnows when disturbed in a sunny shallow at midsummer. On the outskirts of such a wood may be heard by great

luck a missel-thrush, breaking forth into its first song of the year from the top of an ash-tree. White gives from January 2nd to 14th as the days of its earliest song. The common thrush, as the bird *par excellence* that sings in spring, need not here be mentioned, though it will occasionally run over a prelude or two in winter. And the saucy chirping of the house-sparrows at dawn and roosting-time on the dullest days can hardly be honoured with the name of song, though eminently cheerful and home-like. Advancing further into the country, we shall hear from every tall hedge the chattering of red-wings and fieldfares, and if our walk is through the northern or eastern counties, the hoarse-cawing of their fellow-countryman, the Norwegian crow, that beautiful winter visitor so hated by sportsmen. Every fine day, too, brings out the rooks and starlings to the meadows. The former, like careful housewives, sedately talking over the prospects of a rise in situations eligible for nests, owing to a fall of timber; the latter noisily clanging in flocks around them, or gossiping in trios on the top of an elm, and then on the old church vane.

It is impossible to avoid thus attaching human idiosyncrasies to all the members of the corvine family, if close attention be paid to their proceedings, so fond are they of man and his dwellings, if not ruthlessly persecuted. No wonder that St. Francis of Assisi in old times, and Thoreau in our own days, attained such intimacy with the ways of birds by assiduously cultivating their friendship, that they could make pets of them even while they were at large. During winter, again, the seashore or the mouth of a tidal river is vocal, like Cayster in Homer's time, with water-fowl and their various notes of pleasure or alarm. More especially will the ornithologist wend his way hither during frosty mornings, and never will he do so without increasing his knowledge of our wading-birds and their cries. Take a macintosh coat to lie down on, and a glass by which to see their proceedings, and you may take a practical lesson in ornithology worth a whole library of books. A list of birds is appended, observed by us during our last expedition this winter to such a situation,—the mud flats of the Humber, on November 16th. The reader may imagine for himself the hubbub of cries that such an assemblage will make, from the clear bell-like ringing notes of the dunlins, as they wheel over the sandbanks with a white gleaming of their plumage at every turn, to the solemn quack of the mallard. We must apologise for admitting any of these water-fowl into the list of winter songsters; indeed it is only by courtesy their cries can be called singing in any sense, but

when all bird-notes are so scarce, any attempts are welcome; just as we do not care to criticise the quality of the music supplied at Christmas by carol-singers, or even frozen-out gardeners. They are associated indissolubly with the season, and try to cheer us with the best they have to offer. Some of the birds on this list are doubly interesting on account of their rarity:—

Black-headed Bunting; Mountain Linnet (*Linaria montana*); Snow-Bunting (*Plectrophanes nivalis*); Norwegian Crow; Whimbrel; Curlew; Dotterel; Dunlin; Knott; Teal; Pochard; Mallard; Grey Plover; Herring Gull; Laughing Gull (*Larus ridibundus*); Great Black-backed Gull (*L. marinus*).

Enough has now been said to show lovers of the country that, if they only know when and where to listen, they may delight themselves in the depth of winter at their own doors, as well as further from home, with the varied cries and songs of birds. Thus the weary time may be beguiled when our migratory visitors are absent, and the native birds are not yet in full song, and the ornithologist may find sunny days dear to his craft in the midst of winter, no less than the poet who so contentedly sings of his favourite flowers, now so few and far between,—

True, there's scarce a flower that bloometh,

All the best are dead:

But the wall-flower still perfumeth.

Yonder garden bed:

And the arbutus, pearl-blossom'd,

Hangs its coral ball;

There are sunny days in winter after all.

M. G. W.

"SANS MERCI;"

OR, KESTRELS AND FALCONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY LIVINGSTONE."

CHAPTER XXX. L'ANDALOUSE.

YOU see, the famous 'Pinkerton day' was of import to others besides the staunch old fox, whose death has been recorded; and fertile in other incidents besides those of flood and field.

From these last to Ranksborough, perhaps, accrued the most profit and renown. For Marion Charteris had witnessed his daring from afar, with much fear and trembling: even so, the dames who sate around Rowena may have looked down on *Le Noir Fainéant* hurling through the lists at Ashby. She did an inordinate quantity of hero-worship, in the course of the next forty-eight hours.

Marshire was too well used to Seyton's prowess in saddle, to make a fuss about any singular instance thereof; and the Little Lady

took the thing in such a quiet matter-of-course way, that somehow, nobody thought of congratulating her. Neither did Vereker Vane reap much honour from his hair-breadth escape, (unsuccessful rashness is so very nearly ridiculous) save amongst his own subalterns; who watched their Chief that night, with intense admiration, whilst he solaced his bruised carcass with drink copious and strong. When he next met Mrs. Ellerslie, thus spake the fair widow.

"Colonel Vane, I really think you ought to re-christen that dangerous horse of yours. His name is almost a libel as it stands. I ought to know something of the Plungers; considering what regiment my husband commanded. In my time, they were steady respectable people, as a rule; not at all given to violence and evil tempers; quite models indeed, for—the light cavalry."

And Blanche smiled a cold provocative smile; such as may have dwelt on the lip of De Lorge's mistress, when she saw her glove plucked from the lion's den, and wist not of the insult to come. She need scarcely have feared such requital now-a-days: men have waxed, since then, less sharp of wit, or less stout of heart.

The day following on the events chronicled above, was rather a lazy one at Charteris Royal. All the morning, people lounged or strolled about, according to their tastes or purposes: it was not till after an early luncheon that a general sally was made, to shoot some small covers just outside the gardens. It is unnecessary to say, that nearly all the women turned out as spectators; each attaching herself to the fortunes of a particular gun.

I rather wonder that no enthusiast, of the Bright-Bootham school, has taken up his parable against this fashion; which has taken root among us, of comparatively late years. It is so seldom that those blatant fanatics let a chance slip, of discourteously entreating a bloated aristocracy. To be sure, it is not probable that any such could have testified, from eye-witness, against the scandal.

Most shooters will own to feeling rather nervous, the first time they have to perform before a bevy of bright-eyed critics: but, when this has worn off, a grateful dash of excitement pervades the after-proceedings. Pleasant it is, to watch the interest—not to say animosity—displayed by the fair scorers; how jealously they will claim a doubtful bird; sometimes hardly to be checked in their partisanship by such a whispered confession as—"I didn't shoot at it: indeed I wasn't loaded." Nor is their amusement spoiled, as a rule, by any squeamish scruples concerning bloodshedding. Yet to this, there are certain ex-

ceptions. I had the honour, not long ago, of meeting a charming humanitarian; who—being compelled to watch a hot corner—attached herself to the very worst shot of the party (he has carried missing to an incredible pitch of perfection); upon the principle that, "she didn't like to see anything killed."

Will you fancy the poor gentleman's face, if you please, listening to those frank and simple words?

On the present occasion the guns outnumbered the scorers; so that these last were fain to distribute themselves as discreetly as they could. The head-keeper knew his business right well; and—knowing his men too, for the most part—posted them accordingly. The first line was formed about forty yards from the edge of the cover: further back still, was a rear-guard of four; in this stood Ranksborough, Seyton, Castlemaine, and Dorrillon.

For the first two, you may guess who scored. Lady Alice Langton took Cecil in charge: Sir Marmaduke, strange to say, was waited on by—his own wife.

Yet it was not so strange, after all. Flora looked with an artist's eye on all feats of physical strength or dexterity: it did not amuse her, a whit, to watch clumsiness or incapacity at work. So, when Vincent Flemyng avowed that—"he only took a gun, for the form of the thing,"—she gave him up for the nonce, without hesitation; and came to watch her husband's performance; just as she might have watched some skilful billiard-player.

Sir Marmaduke's triumph was almost painful to witness. His worn face lighted up, and his sunken eyes flashed up; and his bent shoulders straightened themselves gallantly; till you began to realise what manner of man *le beau Dorrillon* of the Regency must have been. His hands trembled so at first, that his loader nearly offered to relieve him of his gun. But he soon collected himself. Though he had all his life been a famous performer, he never shot more superbly. Every minute he waxed more chirping and cheerful; till, at last, he chuckled gleefully.

"Look at that cock, my lady"—he would say. "He's a *little* too high for John Charteris; but just about *our* distance, I fancy."

And down would tumble the rocketeer, yards behind them, with the dull heavy thud of a bird that leaves its life in the air.

But all the four in that rear-ward rank were artists; and each man was shooting his very best, though without a particle of jealousy. The veteran head-keeper—not usually lavish of praise—was wont to be almost enthusiastic whilst speaking of that afternoon's work.

"It were about the neatest practice, that

ever I see. Squire Seyton had a trifle the best of it; the wind turned 'em a bit his way. But Sir Marmaduke ran him main hard. And warn't the old gentleman pleased, neither?"

"A pretty show, Woodgate," he says to me, just arter we'd got thro' the Round Clump—"a very pretty show. And, Woodgate—her ladyship hasn't paid her footing yet; we always do it in our country."

"And he slips something into my hand: blessed if it warn't a ten-pun note! We've had a Dook or two here in my time, and lords as plenty as blackberries. But none on 'em ever came down as handsome as that. He's a rare good sort, is the baronet; and there ain't many of 'em can touch him, though he *du* stick to muzzle-loaders. And as for my lady—I never see the woman yet that was fit to hold a candle to her, for looks."

John Charteris rejoiced, in his stolid fashion, that his covers had well maintained their reputation; taking not the faintest credit to himself for the sport that had been shown. On the whole, the afternoon proved satisfactory to all concerned; with, perhaps, the single exception of Flemyng.

Though everyone seemed to be too busily engaged to notice his individual performance, Vincent was conscious of having burnt an absurd amount of powder, with no results worth speaking of. Therefore he was possessed with the vague envious discontent, common even among novices. Without being vain-glorious, or having made boast beforehand, it is not agreeable to serve as a palpable foil to the excellence of others. Besides this, he was tantalised unendurably by Lady Dorrillon's bearing towards him. To say, that he had not gained an inch of ground since her hand touched his lips, is nothing. He had literally not been allowed to murmur a single confidential word in her ear, during the last twenty-four hours. She had contrived to evade him, without any marked avoidance, or expressed warning; and this state of things seemed likely to continue.

When the party went back to the house, Flora retreated to her own rooms; and did not show again, till just before dinner was announced. Her dress and ornaments were always in perfect taste, but that night they chanced—if chance it were—to be specially becoming to her peculiar style. As she swept up the long state drawing-room, more than one eye noted this, that had long been familiar with her beauty. Even Hardress' thin sluggish blood was slightly stirred, as her rustling skirts brushed his foot in passing.

"She is infernally handsome"—he muttered.

A coarse epithet: yet perchance, there was

more truth in it than the speaker was aware of.

All through dinner Flemyng sate like one in a trance; with his eyes riveted on Lady Dorrillon, who sent back no answering signal. He talked a good deal in a fitful random way; and ate a morsel or two, now and then. All the while, he was drinking deep—very unusually so for him; for intemperance was not one of Vincent's vices. Yet the liquor did not seem to have any effect on his brain: though his blood was boiling, his face grew paler, if anything, instead of flushing. He had never in his life, been so ripe for any kind of mischief, as when he rose, with the other men, to join the women, in the drawing-room.

Here, again, he was foiled, so far as any attempts at love-passages were concerned. The places near Lady Dorrillon were so fully occupied, that, without absolute rudeness, he could scarcely have made his way to her side. Just when Flemyng thought he saw an opening, Flora rose—with the resigned air of one who thinks it less trouble to yield, than to resist long pleading—and moved indolently towards the open piano.

A murmur of satisfaction ran audibly through the room; for her talents, vocal and musical, were of a very rare order; and perhaps were more valued, from their being so seldom exercised. But the lady was in a specially benevolent humour that evening. Though she indulged her audience with no 'show-piece' whatever—the *bravura* was her mortal aversion—her lithe fingers discoursed strangely sweet music, as they strayed dreamily over the keys; and her glorious voice thrilled through every ear that listened, as it rose and fell in the cadences of some quaint ballad, or ancient serenade.

At last, after a brief pause, she struck a few brilliant chords, and suddenly—as if moved by some reckless impulse—dashed into the opening verse of *L'Andalouse*.

Avez-vous vu dans Barcelone,
Une Andalouse au sein bruni?
Pâle, comme un beau soir d'automne?
C'est ma maitresse, ma lionne,
La marquessa d'Amègueui.

Few, that have heard that famous song worthily rendered, will ever be likely to forget it. I think, it stands unmatched for weird passionate melody; whilst over all there lies an ominous shadow, like a black veil drawn across a scarlet vestment: somehow, we feel that the romance needs must come to an evil ending, even if the love won at the sword's point be not cut short by the dagger.

It was an expurgated version that she sang; for several words were altered, and two verses

left out. Nevertheless—with all her daring—Lady Dorrillon would scarcely have ventured on it in a mixed society. Here she was tolerably sure of not scandalizing her audience; though she could hardly have reckoned on taking them so completely by storm. Truly, as the last of the rich full notes died away, there were not many pulses in that room that kept regular time. Even Tom Seyton, to whom French and Hebrew were about the same, felt his honest brown face flushing; and John Charteris, in the midst of a most interesting agricultural controversy, utterly lost the thread of his argument. But Kate—as little of a prude as any woman alive—looked nervously distressed; and Lady Alice Langton's clear blue eyes rested on the songstress in cold disapproval not unmingled with disdain.

Needless to say, that the malcontents were quite unnoticed amidst the general applause: very seldom, indeed, in modern society would you see or hear such natural enthusiasm as prevailed for several minutes, in the state drawing-room of Charteris Royal.

Lady Dorrillon took it all with remarkable coolness, and was firm in her refusal to touch another note; but she could never fairly extricate herself from the group of her admirers till the appointed hour came for the women's retiring.

If indifferent hearers were so strongly moved, you may guess how it fared with Vincent Flemyng. Such a tumult of passion as was seething within him just then, it would not be easy—nor perhaps profitable—to paint in black and white. The Seytons went back to Warleigh that night; for Tom had home engagements on the morrow. Kate actually started as her brother's hand touched her own when they parted: it was hot and hard as half-cooled metal; yet quickened with a sort of convulsive tremor. She was going to speak warningly and anxiously; when Vincent broke abruptly away, as if determined to avoid any parley or question. She was very near taking counsel of Tom during their long homeward drive: but he was too sleepy to make an agreeable confidant. They had both seen that all danger from Marion Charteris was over; and Kate had not the heart to tease her husband, just at present, with any fresh misgivings. Besides, since Vincent's return, it had become only too plain that he meant to go his own wilful way, without let or hindrance from his nearest and dearest.

CHAPTER XXXI. IMPAR CONGRESSUS.

WHEN Flemyng went to his own chamber, he had no intention of joining the other men

in the smoking-room. But, before he had been there five minutes, he felt that any company would be better than his own: in his present frame of mind solitude and silence were simply unendurable; so he changed his dress quickly, and descended to the *tabagie*.

"That's rather lucky"—Hardress said, as Vincent entered. "Here's a fifth, at all events; though the Commissioner has gone to bed with a head-ache. We needn't play the set rubber, that you hate so much, Castlemaine. It will do very well: the outsider's sure to have his bet. You won't mind fives and ponies, Flemyng?"

Vincent could almost have embraced the speaker. The counter-excitement of high play was the only anodyne that could possibly touch the morbid irritation of his nerves: it was the very one he would himself have sought: besides, he had not had a real 'flutter' for months; and the gambling-thirst was strong upon him. So he assented eagerly; and the rubber began at once: Ranksborough and Grenvil making up the table.

John Charteris betook himself to his rest, so soon as he had seen his guests comfortably settled to their play, with all manner of drinks ready to their hand. The worthy man never in his life wagered more than silver, on any one event; (you may see him at Hombourg sometimes, putting down a five-franc piece after intense calculation, with much wrinkling of brows) but large sums have been lost and won under his roof, if not in his presence, without his steady-going conscience being troubled a whit. The luck went tolerably evenly for awhile: far too evenly to satisfy Flemyng, whose spirit still chafed fiercely within him; though it must be owned that other passions began rapidly to give place to the meaner lust of gold. Yet he won steadily, if not largely.

With the exception of Castlemaine, who was nearly first-class, they were very fairly matched. Hardress played wonderfully for his years; carrying, as might be expected, *finesse* to a fault: Fleming's was a showy third-rate game; though he was apt to sacrifice his partner's hand to his own: the other two were a shade worse than he, when they paid attention to the cards; which was not always.

At last Flemyng cut with Castlemaine: their adversaries were Hardress and Ranksborough: the two former having the deal.

Now, if ever, seemed to Vincent the time to 'plunge.' In point of play he certainly had the best of it (for Castlemaine was a tower of strength); and, so far, the cards had stood to him very steadily. Besides, though all idea of rivalry was dead, he hated the dark

languid face over against him as bitterly as ever. The two had scarcely exchanged a dozen words; and these of the most trivial import: but overt insolence would have been a lighter aggravation, than Ranksborough's cool fashion of putting the other quietly into the background, if he did not absolutely ignore his presence. Flemyng knew that the impassible serenity, which in himself was artificial if not affected, was an integral part of Denzil's nature: he envied him this, no less than the bodily prowess and reckless courage, that were ever ready at need. There was as much of personal pique, as of the gambling spirit, in his challenge.

"Wait a second, Mr. Castlemaine: don't turn up, yet. I've a fancy on this rubber; and I'll take any bets that are offered."

"Not a bad fancy either"—Hardress said, with a sneer. "You've got the deal, and one of the best players in Europe as your partner. I can't gratify you with level money: I'll take a shade of odds though."

Now Ranksborough was by no means an habitual gambler; but he had periodical fits of high play; and in one way he was especially dangerous: a 'pony,' coming out of his listless lips, sounded just like a 'fiver' out of another man's. Of this peculiarity in his opponent Vincent was not aware; so that he was rather taken aback by Denzil's quiet rejoinder.

"If you want to gamble, Mr. Flemyng, I won't baulk you. Hardress may do as he likes. I'll lay you an even 'monkey' on the rubber; and lay or take the odds to the set: that is five hundred to two, of course. Will that suit you?"

If any other man alive than Ranksborough had spoken, Flemyng—even in his present temper—would assuredly have hesitated; if he had not declined the bet altogether. As it was, he closed with it at once. Cis Castlemaine made no observation; only arching his thick grey eye-brows, meaningly.

"I suppose you won't care for any more?" the Cherub murmured meekly, behind Flemyng's shoulder. "If you do, there's my humble fifty. I rather fancy the others this time."

"Yes, I'll take it;" Vincent said—having once taken the 'header' he was utterly desperate. "Then you won't have anything on, Hardress?"

"Well: I suppose I must have a level hundred, if you won't lay odds—" the other grumbled. "Why don't you ask Castlemaine if he'd like to have some of it. You seem to be pretty greedy this time."

"Don't trouble yourself about me—" Cis answered, gravely. "And don't apologise, Mr. Flemyng. I never alter my stakes, as

Lionel ought to know by this time. We've about as much as we can carry, I think. Shall I turn the card?"

It was an honour: Vincent held two more in his own hand, and they won the first game right off.

"I've the privilege of laying the long odds then—" Flemyng said, with a feverish gaiety that was not all assumed: he really did feel very confident. "Hardress; you'd better have a hundred to forty."

The boy shook his head sulkily: but Bertie—infected with the gambling-virus, and facile as usual before temptation—"jumped on" and booked the bet.

Now, by one of the curious coincidences that happen only at cards, the second hand was almost a counterpart of the first.

Vincent held the knave, and four more trumps. If he had only gone off with that suit, the game was over: he would have led through king, second, on his left, up to Castlemaine's ace and queen. True: he had not a powerful playing hand; yet he might have given his partner credit for *something*. But one of the weakest—if not the worst—points in Flemyng's character was this: he never could trust either friend or foe. So he led off with his own strongest suit, which was trumped by Hardress, the second round: Castlemaine, at length, was forced to lead up to the king; and the critical fifth trick was barely saved.

"A very close thing—" mutters Bertie Grenvil; drawing a long breath. "Too close to be pleasant."

The others were silent, till Flemyng said in a hard hoarse voice—

"I ought to have led trumps: there's no doubt of it."

He looked at his partner as he spoke; but the latter answered never a word, till Vincent repeated the question pointedly. It has been before stated that Castlemaine's manner—especially towards men whom he favoured not—was somewhat solemn and formal.

"It has been computed—" he said, very slowly—"that eleven thousand Englishmen, heirs to fair fortunes, are wandering about the Continent, in a state of utter destitution, because—they would not lead trumps, with five, and an honour, in their hands."

The ultra-judicial tone of the reply would have been irresistibly comic at any other time; now, only Hardress's jarring laugh was heard. At any other time, too, it is probable that Flemyng would have taken offence at being so sharply schooled. But—he was dealing at the moment—he was over-borne by that faint nervous shrinking which often comes before great disaster; like the cold 'sough' that brings the black rain-cloud down apace.

The prestage was very quickly fulfilled. "Whist seldom forgives—" they say; and on this night, the rare indulgence was not to be shown. Thenceforward, Castlemaine or his partner, scarcely held a winning card: the others landed the long odds, without the semblance of a struggle.

For several seconds after the deciding trick was played, Flemyng sat like one stunned, or dreaming. A dull heavy droning filled his ears; and the figures round the table seemed blurred, and distorted, and unnaturally large. At last, he began to realize that some one was talking about 'points'; and he broke out into a short unnatural laugh. As if points could possibly signify! Then he heard Ranksborough's deep monotonous voice, asking—

"If he wished to have his revenge?"

Of course he did! Could there be a question about it?

Then Castlemaine spoke—very gravely, but not unkindly now—

"If you would like my advice, Mr. Flemyng, you would accept your losses, for to-night—heavy as they are; and claim your revenge, to-morrow. I tell you fairly; I don't think you are in form just now, for playing such stakes. It don't matter much to Ranksborough, or Hardress, whether they win or lose. But its different with you and me. We've got the money against us, if not the talent; and that weight *will* tell. If you are bent on going on, I'll do my best to pull you through, I need hardly say. But I shall play the points only, with no bet on the rubber; and this must be the last. I can't afford to be Quixotic; and I have lost already as much as I care to lose."

Though Cis did not like, or even greatly compassionate, his unlucky partner, he really did mean well by his warning.

You may guess how much it availed. Flemyng went in again, with a blind savage energy: his bets with Ranksborough and Grenvil were the same as before, but with Hardress they were more than trebled. The keen wolf-cub was only too ready to claim his share of the 'real good thing,' that he now scented on the wind.

The result may easily be imagined: indeed, it never was practically in doubt. The second rubber was won by Ranksborough, much more easily than the first; the only difference being, that the short, instead of the long odds were landed.

But on this occasion Flemyng betrayed an extraordinary discomposure. From the moment that he knew, with the gambler's unerring instinct, that this second loss was inevitable, a sort of numbness possessed him: he felt no shock or pain when the deciding blow

was dealt. Neither did he try to induce his adversaries to give him another chance of retrieving himself. Indeed he showed so much calmness and temper, whilst adding up and verifying the scores, that every man present thought better of Flemyng from that moment; saving always, Lionel Hardress, who, as he turned away to light a last cigarette, might have been heard to mutter, discontentedly—

"Takes it a d—d sight too coolly. Shouldn't wonder if we had to wait for our money."

But the amiable Tout was all abroad in his suspicions; Flemyng did fully intend to meet his engagements; though he had lost enough that night to cripple,—if not to beggar,—him for life. Therefore it did him the more credit, that he was enabled to preserve that outward serenity till Grenvil had bidden him good-night, at the door of his own chamber, with a few words of really sincere condolence; and he was fairly locked in.

Then there came a re-action which, for the honour of manhood, shall not be described here.

When the paroxysm had spent itself, Vincent felt so unutterably weak and weary, that he only cared to sleep—sleep at all hazards, or at any price he would have. He took morphine out of a travelling-case that held six small phials; and infused some in water, with a hand that trembled over-much for safe medicining.

"It don't much matter—" he muttered, when he lost count of the drops as they fell.

But the quantity chanced to be only sufficient to cast him into a deep dreamless slumber, which lasted till nearly noon.

(To be continued.)

EARLY ART-SCHOOLS IN ENGLAND.

CHARLES THE FIRST appears to have been the first English Sovereign who regarded art not merely as an appendage to the throne, but loved it for its own sake. As Walpole says, "Queen Elizabeth was avaricious with pomp, James I. lavish with meanness." To neither had the position of the painter been a matter of the slightest concern. But from Charles the First dates truly the dawn of a love of art in England, the proper valuing of the artist-mind, and the first introduction into the country of the greatest works of the continental masters.

At the present day a complaint is constantly arising, that artists are found to be deficient in general education, while what may be called for distinction's sake the educated classes are singularly wanting in artistic knowledge. The Universities do not teach art; the Art-schools do not teach anything

else. As a result, speaking generally, the painters are without mental culture, the patrons are without art-acquirements. (This supposes the patrons to be of the upper classes; but of course at the present time a large share of art-patronage comes from the rich middle or manufacturing classes, whose uninformed tastes are even less likely to tend to the due appraisal and elevation of art.) Mr. Ruskin, giving evidence before the commissioners inquiring into the position of the Royal Academy (1863), says, "The want of education on the part of the upper classes in art, has been very much at the bottom of the abuses which have crept into all systems of education connected with it. If the upper classes could only be interested in it by being led into it when young, a great improvement might be looked for;" and the witness goes on to urge the expediency of appointing professors of art at the Universities. Upon the question of infusing a lay-element into the Royal Academy by the addition of non-professional academicians, Mr. Ruskin takes occasion to observe:—"I think if you educate our upper classes to take more interest in art, which implies of course to know something about it, they might be most efficient members of the Academy; but if you leave them, as you leave them now, to the education which they get at Oxford and Cambridge, and give them the sort of scorn which all the teaching there tends to give of art and artists, the less they have to do with an Academy of Art the better."

It is somewhat curious after this to consider an attempt made by King Charles the First, in the eleventh year of his reign, to supply these admitted deficiencies of University instruction: to found an Academy in which general and fine-art education should be combined.

A committee, consisting of the Duke of Buckingham and others, had been appointed in the House of Lords for taking into consideration the state of the public schools, and their method of education. What progress was made by this committee is not known. One result of its labours, however, was probably the establishment of the *Museum Minervæ*, under letters patent from the king, at a house which Sir Francis Kynaston had purchased, in Covent Garden, and furnished as an Academy. This was appropriated for ever as a college for the education of nobles and gentlemen, to be governed by a regent and professors, chosen by "balloting-box," who were made a body corporate, permitted to use a common seal, and to possess goods and lands in mortmain. Sir Francis, who styled himself *Corporis Armiger*, and who had printed in 1635 a translation into Latin verse of

Chaucer's "Troilus and Cressida," was nominated the first regent of the Academy, and published in 1636 its constitution and rules, addressed "to the noble and generous well-wishers to virtuous actions and learning." The Academy—"justified and approved by the wisdom of the King's most sacred Majesty and many of the lords of his Majesty's most honourable privy council"—its constitution and discipline being ratified under the hands and seals of the Right Honourable the Lord Keeper of the Great Seal of England and the two Lord Chief Justices—professed to be founded "according to the laudable customs of other nations," and for "the bringing of virtue into action and the theory of liberal arts into more frequent practice." Its aims were directed to the end that England might be as well furnished for the virtuous education and discipline of her own natives as any other nation of Europe; it being "sufficiently known that the subjects of his Majesty's dominions have naturally as noble minds and as able bodies as any nation of the earth, and therefore deserve all accommodation for the advancing of them, either in speculation or action." It was considered that a peculiar institution was required for teaching those "most useful accomplishments of a gentleman"—the sciences of navigation, riding, fortification, architecture, painting, &c., which, if taught, were yet not practised in the universities or courts of law. Many of these sciences, it was admitted, were taught in London, "in dispersed places;" but it was convenient to reduce and unite them in one certain place, and not to teach them perfunctorily and rather for gain than for any other respect—desirable, too, that youth should have, in a virtuous society, generous and fitting recreations as might divert them from too much frequenting places of expense and of greater inconvenience. The intention of the Academy was also to benefit gentlemen going abroad, by giving them language and instruction, with other ornaments of travel. "There is no understanding man," says the prospectus or advertisement of the institution, "but may resent how many of our noblemen and young gentlemen travel into foreign countries before they have any language or knowledge to make profit of their time abroad, they not being any way able to get knowledge for want of language, nor language for want of time; since going over so young, their years of license commonly expire before they can obtain to sufficient ripeness of understanding; which no nation is known to do but the English: for what children of other nations come over to us before they are of able age and ripeness?" Another inconvenience arising

from the want of the *Musæum Minervæ* was stated to be the necessity many gentlemen were under of sending their sons beyond seas for their education, "where, through change of climate and dyat, and for want of years of discretion, they become more subject to sickness and immature death."

It was required of gentlemen admitted into the *Musæum* that they should pay fees of at least £5 each, and should bring a testimonial of their arms and gentry, and their coat armour, "tricked on a table, to be conserved in the museum." There was to be a *Liber Nobilium* always kept, in which benefactors and their benefits were to be recorded, beginning with King Charles, "our first and royal benefactor;" and it was provided that if any gentleman should have any natural experiment or secret, and should communicate it to the *Musæum* and upon trial it should be found true and good, his name and experiment should be recorded in *Liber Nobilium* for a perpetual honour to him.

The regent was required to instruct personally, or to superintend instruction in "heraldry, blazon of coates and armes, practical knowledge of deedes, and evidences, principles and processes of common law, knowledge of antiquities, coynes, medalls, husbandry," &c. The Doctor of Philosophy and Physic was to read and profess physiology, anatomy, or any other parts of physic. The Professor of Astronomy was to teach astronomy, optics, navigation, and cosmography. Instruction in arithmetic, analytical algebra, geometry, fortification, and architecture, was to be given by the Professor of Geometry. A Professor of Music was to impart skill in singing, and music to play upon organ, lute, viol, &c. Hebrew, Greek, Latin, Italian, French, Spanish, and High Dutch were to be taught by the Professor of Languages. In addition, a Professor of Defence inculcated skill at all weapons and wrestling (but not pugilism apparently), and ample instruction was to be afforded in riding, dancing and behaviour, painting, sculpture, and writing. A preparatory school was also to be annexed for the young gentlemen whose parents were desirous of having them brought up in the *Musæum* from their first years. Finally, it was expressly provided that no degrees were to be given, and the academy was not to be conceived in any way prejudicial "to the Universities and Inns of Court, whose foundations have so long and so honourably been confirmed."

For no long time did the *Musæum Minervæ* flourish. The King's troubles began; and in the storms of civil war the Academy for teaching the upper classes science and the fine arts,

manners and accomplishments, fell to the ground and disappeared utterly. So bitter and inveterate was the feeling against the King that, as Walpole says (and Walpole, be it remembered, cherished no reverence for Charles the First—quite otherwise,—under a *fac simile* of the warrant for the King's execution, he wrote "Magna Charta," and he often found pleasure in considering the monarch's fall), "it seems to have become part of the religion of the time to war on the arts because they had been countenanced at Court." So early as 1645, the Parliament had begun to sell the pictures at York House. On the 23rd July in that year votes were passed ordering the sale, for the benefit of Ireland and the North, of all such pictures at York House "as were without any superstition." Pictures containing representations of the Second Person in the Trinity, or of the Virgin Mary, were judged to be superstitious, and ordered to be burnt forthwith. Immediately after the King's death, votes were passed for the sale of all his pictures, statues, jewels, hangings, and goods. Cromwell, however, on his obtaining sole power, made some effort to stay the terrible sacrifice that was being made of the royal collections.

There was thus an end of King Charles's *Museum Minervæ*. Yet, if not absolutely founded on its ruins, at any rate in some measure following its example, we soon find record of the rise of a similar institution. One Sir Balthazar Gerbier, without Government aid or countenance, but acting entirely on his own responsibility, had opened an Academy "on Bednall-green without Aldgate." This was probably in the year 1649.

Sir Balthazar Gerbier, architect and painter, "excellent in either branch," says a biographer, had led a somewhat curious life. In a pamphlet published in Paris, in 1646, addressed "to all men that loves Truth,"—singularly rich, thanks to the French printers, in blunders, orthographic and grammatical,—Sir Balthazar gives some account of his family and himself. He was born about 1591, at Middelbourg in Zetland, the son of Anthoine Gerbier, a baron of Normandy, and Rade-gonde, daughter-in-law to the Lord of Blavet in Picardy. "It pleaseth God," writes Sir Balthazar, "to suffer my parents to fly the bloody persecutions in France, against those which the Roman Catholics call the Huguenots. My said parents left and lost all for that cause." He came to England when about twenty-one, and entered the service of George Villiers, "newly become favourite to King James, being immediately after Baron, Viscount, Earle, and afterwards created Marquis and Duke of Buckingham." He accom-

panied Buckingham to Spain, and was employed in the famous treaty of marriage, though ostensibly acting only as a painter. While in Spain he executed a miniature portrait of the Infanta, which was sent over to King James. The Duchess of Buckingham wrote to her husband in Spain, "I pray you, if you have any idle time, sit to Gerbier for your picture, that I may have it well done in time." After the accession of Charles, it appears that Gerbier was employed in Flanders to negotiate privately a treaty with Spain, in which Rubens was commissioned to act on the part of the Infanta; the business ultimately bringing the great painter to England. In 1628, Gerbier was knighted at Hampton Court, and, according to his own account, was promised by King Charles the office of Surveyor-General of the works after the death of Inigo Jones. In 1637, he was employed at Brussels in some private state negotiation with the Duke of Orleans, the French King's brother, and in 1641, he obtained a bill of naturalization, and took the oaths of allegiance and supremacy. According to Vertue, he was much hated and persecuted by the anti-monarchic party, for his loyalty and fidelity to the King and his son. At the sale of the royal collection, he made purchases to the amount of £350. The suspension of all art-patronage during the Commonwealth, probably necessitated the establishment of his Academy at Bethnal Green, as a means of obtaining a livelihood. Painters did not flourish very much under the rule of the Puritans.

A fly-sheet, undated, which may be found in the British Museum, sets forth the plan of Gerbier's Academy. He addresses himself "to all Fathers of Noble Families and Lovers of Vertue," desires public notice of his great labours and exertions, and informs the world that "the chiefe Famous Forraigne Languages, Sciences and Noble Exercises" are taught in his establishment. "All Lovers of Vertue" of what age soever, are received and instructed, and each of them may select such studies, exercises, and sciences, as are most consonant to his genius. Public lectures are announced to be read gratis every Wednesday afternoon, in the summer at three, in the winter at two o'clock. A competent number of children of "decayed families" are taught without fee. "Lovers of Vertue" are stated to be thus freed from the dangers and inconveniences incident to travellers, who repair to foreign parts to improve themselves, and leave the honour of their education to strangers, running "the hazzard of being shaken in the fundamental points of their religion, and their innate loyalty to their native country." The

nation is therefore exhorted to reflect seriously on Sir Balthazar's proffers; to embrace them vigorously and constantly to countenance and promote them, "since that the languages declared to be taught in the academy are: Hebrew, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, High Dutch, and Low Dutch, both Ancient and Modern Histories, jointly with the Constitutions and Governments of the most famous Empires and Dominions in the World, the true Natural and Experimental Philosophy, the Mathematicks, Arithmetick and the Keeping of Bookes of Accounts by Debitor and Creditor, all Excellent Handwriting, Geometry, Cosmography, Geography, Perspective, Architecture, Secret Motions of Scenes, Fortifications, the Besieging and Defending of Places, Fireworks, Marches of Armies, Ordering of Battailes, Fencing, Vaulting, Riding the Great Horse, Music, Playing on all sorts of Instruments, Dancing, Drawing, Painting, Limning, and Carving, &c." Certainly Sir Balthazar's was a sufficient catalogue of arts, sciences, and accomplishments. The lectures "composed for the good of the public" were afterwards printed, and to be obtained at Robert Ibbitson's house in Smithfield, near Hosier Lane. It may be noted that a lecture upon the art of well-speaking, brought upon the lecturer the derision of Butler, author of "Hudibras."

In the winter the Academy was moved from Bethnal Green to Whitefriars. Sir Balthazar issued advertisements as to his lectures. It is to be feared his good intentions were not always appreciated by the public of the day. In one of his advertisements we find him complaining bitterly of "the extraordinary concourse of unruly people who robbed him, and treated with savage rudeness his extraordinary services." Something of a visionary, too, was Sir Balthazar;—yet, with all his vanity as to his own merits—his coxcombry about his proceedings,—a sort of reformer and benefactor, too, in a small way. At one time we find him advertising that, besides lecturing gratis, he will lend from one shilling to six, gratis, "to such as are in extreme need, and have not wherewithal to endeavour their subsistence, whereas week by week they may drive on some trade." By-and-by, however, Sir Balthazar was probably more disposed to borrow than to lend. His Academy met with little support—with ridicule rather than encouragement; was indeed a total failure; and he left England for America. For some years nothing was heard of him.

In 1660, however, we find him publishing at Rotterdam "a summary description, manifesting that greater profits are to be done in the hott than in the cold parts of America." This contains an account of his

journey with his family to settle at Surinam. But there, it seems, he was seized by the Dutch, treated with much violence, one of his children being killed, and brought to Holland. He attempted, but in vain, to obtain redress from the States for this strange treatment of him. He probably returned to England with Charles II., for he is said to have aided in designing the triumphal arches erected at the Restoration.

Gerbier's name is attached to a long list of books and pamphlets. Some of these are of a controversial character; the author was a stout Huguenot, fond of denouncing the Pope; oftentimes alarmed at plots against himself on account of his religion, and now publishing a letter of remonstrance to his three daughters who, in opposition to his will, had entered a nunnery in Paris. Other works relate to architecture and fortifications, the languages, arts, and noble exercises taught in his Academy, or contain advice to travellers, or deal with political affairs. Mr. Pepys records in his diary, under date the 28th May, 1663: "At the Coffee House in Exchange Alley I bought a little book, 'Counsell to Builders,' by Sir Balth. Gerbier. It is dedicated almost to all the men of any great condition in England, so that the dedications are more than the book itself; and both it and them," the diarist adds somewhat severely, "not worth a farthing!"

Sir Balthazar died in 1667, at Hempsted-Marshall House, which he had himself designed, the seat of Lord Craven, and was buried in the chancel of the adjoining church. Portraits of Gerbier were painted by Dobson—the picture was sold for £44 at the sale of Betterton the actor—and by Vandyke. The work by Vandyke also contained portraits of Gerbier's family, and was purchased in Holland by command of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and brought to Leicester House.

For something like half-a-century after Sir Balthazar Gerbier's time we find no trace of another Art Academy in England.

DUTTON COOK.

THINGS TO BE ALTERED.

To the traveller in England, particularly in summer, nothing can be more lovely than the scenery through which he journeys—the fields teeming with crops, the well-trimmed hedges, the orchards loaded with apples, the neat whitewashed cottages, the wooded park and the squire's mansion, the spire of the village arising from out the trees, the towers and domes of the distant town. Certainly we may well be excused for thinking that English country is the very perfection of country, and

surpasses all others. Our English villages are the very type of simple quiet and health, while our villagers are considered the models of decent and honest character. So in many cases they are, and so in all cases they ought to be; but if we look a little beneath the surface, we shall find, alas! that the old proverb, "God made the country, and man made the town," applies as well to our rustic haunts as to the busy hum of cities. I daresay I have not a single reader who does not know some favourite provincial town, little or big—the church tower peering above the trees, the quaint, irregular streets, the picturesque "bits" of gable and high-pitched roof, the bright clear river flowing under the bridge, and contributing largely to the bright and cleanly look of all around; we all know such a town, but perhaps we do not all know, or care to know, that the quiet churchyard beneath the trees is full to excess of the mortal remains of inhabitants dead and gone—that the old-fashioned well at which generations of townsmen have drunk, is supplied with water that filters through the same churchyard, to which fact, indeed, it owes that sparkling water for which it is proverbial,—that scarce one of the picturesque old houses has any drain but a cesspool,—that the bright-looking river is polluted throughout by the refuse of the streets, aided probably by the scum and scourings of a tan-yard, which in dry weather sends up odours that penetrate far and wide,—that the parish doctor is worked off his legs with cases of typhus and diphtheria,—and that the bills of mortality in general would startle the inhabitants, if ever they took the trouble to inquire into them.

Well, say you, we will not go and live in a town, but will pitch our tent in that charming little village outside, with its one straggling street, the farmyard at the end of it, and its row of thatched cottages. And yet you will not be long in the village ere you find the doctor riding by far too often, and calling daily at these cottages which have excited your admiration.

Yes, indeed! our villages are too frequently whited sepulchres, lovely externally, but full of rottenness within. The farmyard is generally allowed to drain its belongings (which should be its most valuable perquisites) down the village street, stagnant and unheeded; the cottages are guiltless of any system of drainage, except the inevitable cesspool and the puddle that usually lies before the door; the pig, that blessed payer of the rent, is unwholesomely omnipresent underneath the window, sending up horrible savours into the rooms above; and, worse than all, the decencies that should pervade every English household,

both great and small, are too often absent; and why? because landlords and house-owners shut their eyes to the fact that whole families are compelled to herd together like swine, from want of room and those few conveniences of life which make all the difference between the *entourage* of a Christian and a savage. Can we wonder, when we find the persons whose place it is to see to these things, so fearfully forgetful of their bounden duty, whether from carelessness, avarice, or hard-heartedness, that filth, ill-health, indecency, and loss of self-respect should be so common, or that we should find the young people thronging our streets,—the boys idle, dissolute *vauriens*, the girls wretched flaunting *Traviatas*? If my reader thinks the case exaggerated, let him look to the Times, and read the accounts which not so long ago appeared, of whole districts of labourers' cottages in which drainage was unheard of, and where decency and cleanliness could only flourish under difficulties. Is it not the first duty of every one who owns a house, to see with his own eyes that the requisite necessities are provided for its inmates? But I suppose that is too much to expect of all landlords, some of whom certainly perform their part of the work nobly and unsparingly, while others wait until the force of public opinion shames them, or the approach of cholera frightens them, forgetful of the fact that the constant presence of fever and small-pox is more fatal in its ravages than the occasional appearance of the pestilence. A step in the right direction has just been taken in the North, at a meeting where these facts and their results were openly avowed—viz., that, amongst other evils operating prejudicially on the working classes, that of defective house and sleeping accommodation was one of the chief agents in producing the immorality that was alleged to exist. I do not believe that Cumberland and Westmoreland are a whit more immoral than other English or Scotch counties; but that, on the other hand, we should find the immorality complained of to be pretty universal over England. The only difference is, that public attention has not been aroused so far as to cause a remonstrance with those who have neglected their duties. Let the landlords, house-owners, and farmers look to these things in good time, and we shall soon find our reward in increased good-feeling, morality, and outward prosperity. For what can tend more to pauperism than a loss of self-respect? Where that is absent, there is less and less reluctance to appeal to the parish and become a hanger-on of the relieving officer. I believe that the poor law, as frequently administered, is greatly abused. What is the reason that we

are continually hearing of such frightful cases of neglect and starvation as are reported in the newspapers? Some of the London unions, in the very heart of the metropolis, where one would think that, if anywhere, things would be managed decently, are perfect hotbeds of scandal as regards the unfortunate poor.

Scarcely a week passes without a complaint being made at the police courts of relief being refused to some miserable wayfarer, of abuse on the part of the Bumbles, puffed up with a little brief authority, or of neglect of the sick and dying, until some worse fiasco than usual occurs—a case terminates unfortunately, and, notwithstanding the most laudable efforts to hush it up, it leaks out, so as imperatively to demand an inquiry. A commissioner is sent accordingly, and there is an edifying scene of officials all trying to turn the blame on each other and to screen themselves, with a chorus of applauding guardians in the background equally determined to shield their servants from punishment. Then there is a censure from the Poor Law Board, and a recommendation that certain things be altered, and so the case of the unfortunate victim is disposed of, and is heard no more until a fresh complaint comes before the public. True, as an economic measure, all this has a certain value, for the natural and thoroughly English dislike of our poor to seek relief in the "house," as long as they can keep body and soul together out of it, is thus considerably heightened; and I verily believe that numbers of people die of slow starvation, rather than venture to encounter the indignities and the miseries of the union. Surely there is something wrong in all this, for our poor law was intended to give relief to *all* deserving poor, and not to be a bye-word and a standing threat to honest poverty.

I cannot help thinking that one great cause of this state of things is owing to the gentlemen of England, whose place as well as pride it should be to consider themselves in reality as well as in name, the guardians of the poor.

Throughout the country every magistrate is a guardian *ex officio*, and every gentleman, whether magistrate or not, can be a guardian if he will. But is it not too often the case that the gentlemen have given up their duties to a much lower class of men, a large number of whom are petty tradesmen, with no education, no refinement, and no liberality among them; many of them, indeed, being interested from a money point of view in the economical working of the house? What can be expected, therefore, but that under these circumstances the spirit of kindness should be at the lowest ebb, and the pauper too often looked upon as a skeleton

frame, which should have the least possible sustenance.

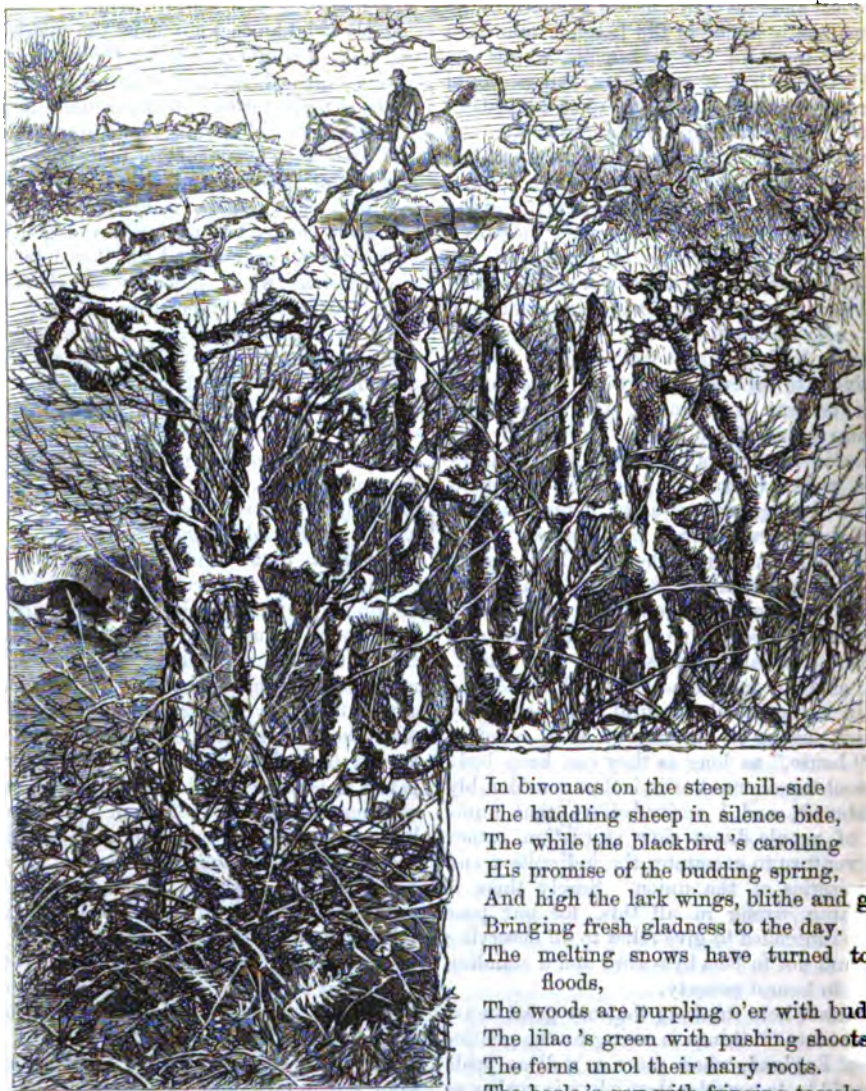
I should like to know how the magistrates of England would care to see their magisterial duties usurped by the same class as have usurped their duties of looking after the poor: and yet one would think that fining a "drunk and incapable" was not a more honourable occupation than seeing that their poorer brethren were properly relieved.

I know many unions where the gentlemen of the district only attend the Board meetings on occasions when there is an election or some particularly interesting question to be discussed; thus causing a sort of antagonistic feeling amongst the guardians who are regular attendants, and who therefore combine together to thwart as much as possible the influence of the "ex officios." I am quite sure that if the aristocracy of England would condescend to look into matters more closely, many of these horrible complaints and scandals would cease, and we should not hear of such tragedies as that of Timothy Casey.

The masters and relieving officers should be under a much stricter surveillance, and not allowed to use their tongues with the free license that many of them do. The medical men should be paid properly; for how can we expect to obtain medical skill and knowledge when we offer no inducement? It is a well-known fact, that medical men will only take parish appointments as a last resource, or as a commencement of practice, in the hope that by so doing they may found a claim for themselves in the neighbourhood. There are some poor-law districts which only offer the imposing salary of £10 or £20 for the medical relief of their poor, and even in cases where the pay ranges as high as £100 per annum, it is only in places where the population is so large that it is tantamount to forbidding any private practice.

Surely, if it is our policy and our duty to take cognisance and care of our poor, they should be taken care of thoroughly and with no half measures; and we trust that, now public attention has been attracted to the subject, the days will have gone by when we hear of such things as the guardians of the poor in the most civilized and richest city in the world publicly rebuked by the Commissioners for inhumanity and severity, particularly when we know that the criminal in his prison is fattening on liberal diet which is considered far too good for the honest poor man. That poverty is a crime, is exemplified in this our city of London with stinging emphasis, and we of the nineteenth century ought to feel humiliated that it is so.

G. PHILLIPS BEVAN.



The Hunting Field.

NOW the fierce west-wind drives the rains

Before him o'er the hills and plains,
And through the whitening mist the trees
Rise, phantom-like, as in blue seas
Rise coral branches; on the beech
The last leaf lingers out of reach.
The snow-drops shake their fairy bells,
Calling the violets to the dells:
And now from many a frosted tree
The thrushes sing their songs to me.

In bivouacs on the steep hill-side
The huddling sheep in silence bide,
The while the blackbird's carolling
His promise of the budding spring,
And high the lark wings, blithe and gay,
Bringing fresh gladness to the day.
The melting snows have turned to floods,

The woods are purpling o'er with buds,
The lilac's green with pushing shoots,
The ferns unroll their hairy roots.
The hazle's gay with fringing tassels,
The oak stands proud among his vassals.
Through brake and bramble sounds the horn,

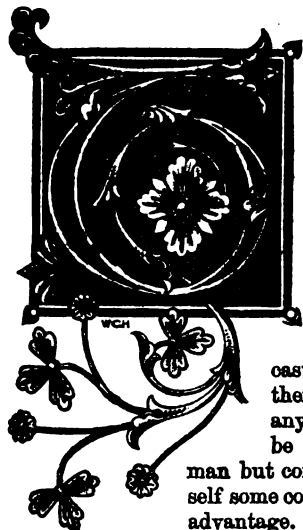
O'er lea and fallow gaily borne;
In scuds of scarlet, shouting, ride
The huntsmen, past the covert side,
Chasing o'er plain and down and hill
Tho fox, who's shrewder, subtler still.
The ploughman, bending o'er his plough,
Watches the dogs from yonder brow,
And after him, with mimic walk,
The thievish rooks all gravely stalk.

WALTER THORNBURY.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER XI. ONE OF MAMMON'S ELECT.



HERE are drawbacks to most things; a curse oftentimes walks side by side with a blessing; there are few pleasant days in life over which no cloud comes to cast a shadow, and there is scarcely any talent that can be bestowed upon man but contains within itself some corresponding disadvantage.

To cleverness perhaps the drawback is chiefly that even cleverness must have its youth. A man or woman, as a rule, cannot be like their fellows through boyhood or girlhood and then suddenly bud out into genius. The tree shows early what it is going to bear, and in the human subject it is apt to develop its proclivities with rather a disagreeable amount of *empressement*.

Sweet youth! innocent youth! guileless youth! trusting youth! ingenuous youth! exclaim our poets, and rhapsodize accordingly; but it never entered into the head of even the most impractical of writers to say there was anything charming about youth if it were clever.

Somehow cleverness is not a robe which young people ever seem able to wear with humility. It is too gorgeous for them; they go about vaunting their plumage, and setting up their splendid feathers for all the world to take note of and admire. Farther, they appear to think that the Almighty has made them a rare species by themselves, and are arrogant accordingly.

The consciousness of power is a fine thing; it carries a man through many an uneven way, over many a terrible obstacle; but till people have learned that even power is not everything, till they have had many a rub, many a fall,

many a hard lesson, great mental strength and unusual talent are apt to make our acquaintances a trifle disagreeable. Even inferiority does not like to be ridden over roughshod. A donkey may have a tender mouth, and till the garments of genius lose a little of their pristine freshness, till their wearer ceases to be recognised by them instead of by himself, till he subdues his manner and walks soberly and discreetly along the highways of existence, till, in fact, the newness of being cleverer than his fellows ceases to oppress him, and to tinge his address with arrogance, it is to be feared that no one outside his own circle of intimate friends and relations will be much enchanted with the great future chemist, or doctor, or lawyer, or author, or engineer, or man of business.

True genius, we are occasionally told, is always modest and retiring; but if this be the case, true genius very rarely walks abroad, except in its extreme old age.

Fact is, perhaps, that precocity always tries to stand too high. It is never contented to remain in the plains, but is eternally striving to reach the hills, where sit the greybeards and the sages.

Essentially, the characteristic of youthful talent is mental loneliness; and mental loneliness is just one of those things with which ordinary humanity has no patience; for which it has no toleration.

Mediocrity resents it as a personal affront, inferiority regards it with awe and wonder, sympathy is flung back by it, kindness fails to melt the ice; and the youth, pressing onward to distinction, pursues his way in solitude, thinking the world perhaps as hard and cold, as the world thinks him disagreeable and conceited.

The world, that portion of it I mean with which Lawrence Barbour chanced at this period of his history to be thrown in contact, arrived vaguely at some such conclusions concerning my hero as those which I have been endeavouring to set forth.

He was no favourite in hospital. Neither doctors nor nurses were greatly charmed by him.

Everything that skill could do for his ailments was done, yet Lawrence made no sign of real thankfulness.

There was, however, this much to be urged on his side of the question, that he certainly was in the position of that individual whom the Irishman was employed to flog.

"Bad cess to ye," exclaimed the Hibernian, "whether I hit high, or whether I hit low, it's all the same, nothing satisfies ye."

For precisely the same reason perhaps nothing thoroughly satisfied Lawrence. It was a bad business, and the surgeons could only make a patch-work affair of all their mending. As regarded Mr. Alwyn, it was his duty to come and inquire after the health of the man who lay enduring torments, because a young lady who did not know how to ride had been permitted to mount a spirited horse. Likewise, Lawrence felt that Miss Alwyn was merely performing a needful courtesy when she sent him rare flowers, and fruits, and kind messages, intermixed with many regrets.

He was wont to turn the flowers over somewhat contemptuously after Mr. Alwyn left, and to remark that he supposed they had been grown at Mallingford.

Further, he never touched the fruit, but let whosoever would, eat it with the sublimest self-denial.

He had curious ideas on many subjects, and as he never hesitated to broach his opinions if occasion arose for his doing so, he came in time to be regarded as a singular case, not merely by reason of his injury, which was exceptional, but also because of his mental organisation, which was peculiar.

For this reason if Lawrence did not win love, he arrested attention. His powers of endurance were so great, his capacity for suffering was so extreme, the intensity of his despair so pitiful, and the courage with which he faced the worst and defied it so rare, that whether those around liked or disliked him, they could not help being attracted by such a nature. Strength, whether for evil or for good, energy, whether of mind or of body, has a fascination for the most of us; and this young man was so strong in all those points, wherein the majority of his fellows were weak, he had such powers in him, undeveloped though they might be, there was such a conscious superiority in the way he spoke, in the answers he returned to questions, in his bearing towards Mr. Alwyn, that even the great man himself pronounced Lawrence to be a "remarkable fellow," and professed his inability to make head or tail of him.

"He is very ugly, papa, is he not?" asked Miss Alwyn, when he advanced this theory of Lawrence being an enigma.

Parent and child were seated at the time in the drawing-room of their house, in Hereford

Street, and Mr. Alwyn, being rather given to renewed inspections of his premises, looked all round the apartment before he answered.

"No, not ugly, my dear; decidedly not ugly. Do you not remember seeing him at Mallingford? A plain young man, perhaps, but certainly not ugly."

"I remember him very well indeed," answered Miss Alwyn. "He used to be continually staring up at our pew in Church, and I thought him hideous."

"No person could be hideous with such eyes as he has got, Etta," answered Mr. Alwyn.

"Why, what kind has he got?" inquired Miss Henrietta, who knew all about Lawrence Barbour's eyes a great deal better than her father.

"They are dark, clever, piercing eyes," replied the rich man, "eyes, that never seem to be off one's face, and that go travelling down into one's thoughts, and reading them. And he does read them, too," added Mr. Alwyn, "for he has answered me time after time according to my thoughts, rather than my words. A remarkable youth: I should not wonder if he rises to eminence some of these days."

"Now, you dear old thing, don't say that, please, don't," entreated Miss Alwyn; "I am quite weary of hearing you prophecy great things about young men who never rise at all. There's Percy Forbes, papa, what was he not to be? to what height was he not to rise, and now the handsome creature will do nothing but dance attendance on pretty girls, and is satisfied if he can earn sufficient to keep him in gloves and perfumes. Say Lawrence Barbour will not rise, and I shall believe in him, say he is not clever, and I shall expect to see a book of his reviewed in a week's time, or to hear of his being Solicitor General, or Lord Chancellor, or something equally desirable before he is thirty."

"I cannot tell what to make of him, that I can't."

"Then do not try to make anything, but let us see what he will turn out. Is he more grateful now for your constant visits than formerly: does he seem properly surprised at the attention you pay him?"

"Etta!"

It was very rarely Mr. Alwyn ventured to rebuke his daughter, but there certainly was a sharp reproof conveyed in his tone, which Miss Alwyn feeling, coloured, and remained silent.

"I do not consider anything we can do too much under the circumstances," went on Mr. Alwyn. "He risked his life to save yours, and he did save it, I have no doubt, for had Firefly once turned into Picaadilly, there is no

telling what fearful injuries you might not have sustained. Lord Lallard thinks precisely the same as I do. He was at the hospital to-day when I got there, chatting away to Mr. Barbour as though he were his brother, and he walked back with me as far as the Marble Arch. He was inquiring very particularly about you, Etta, and intends to call."

"I am greatly honoured," answered Miss Etta, with a mocking courtesy. "We have been his lordship's neighbours for so long, that it is delightful to think he is going to condescend to make our acquaintance at last. And so he thinks you are bound to be grateful for ever to the young man, and that you are doing nothing more than your duty in marching over to St. George's every day! I wonder if he would think the same had a groom stopped Firefly; I wonder if he would think we ought to send fruit and flowers, and all manner of things, were a crossing-sweeper lying in Lawrence Barbour's place."

And the young lady, who was getting angry, spoke harshly and scornfully as she concluded her tirade.

"We could pension off a groom,—we could give a crossing-sweeper a sum of money——" began Mr. Alwyn.

"I understand; and as, though the Barbours are miserably poor, they are too proud to take money, we are to go on for ever, I suppose, paying attentions to the family. We shall have to ask old Mr. Barbour to Mallingford when we go down there, and entertain the other brother, and beg Mr. Lawrence Barbour to consider this house his home. In fact we are to go through life burdened by the sense of an obligation which we can never hope to pay off, and I shall hear whispered at every turn, 'There is the young gentleman who saved Miss Alwyn's life.' I wish he had let the horse alone, I would rather have had my legs broken, or my neck broken, for that matter, than be compelled to carry such an incubus about with me."

"The real fact is, Percy has vexed you; is it not so?" said Mr. Alwyn. "He told us, to begin with, or rather he told you, that Lawrence Barbour would not come cap in hand to any man living. You were full that first night of what we were to do for the youth, of how we were to ask his father up to stay with us; of how he must be brought over here, and I remember well Percy remarking, 'You can ask him, of course; but I do not think you will get him to take up his abode with you, for he is as proud as Lucifer, and as independent as possible.' And when I did ask him and he refused you got angry, and wanted me not to go to the hospital any more. You are not right in this matter, Etta; though

you are my daughter, I must say I think you are wrong."

"Well, you have said it, so let us talk no more about him. Next thing I suppose you will be wanting me to go to St. George's."

"Percy said you ought," mildly suggested Mr. Alwyn.

"I wish Percy Forbes and Lawrence Barbour were both sewn up in a sack and at the bottom of the Thames," retorted Miss Alwyn, and she rose as she spoke and apparently in order to put an end to the discussion went over to her piano and commenced singing.

Seated afar off, Mr. Alwyn sat and listened and beat time with his head and fingers; but his thoughts were not with the music so much as with the singer, his only child, of whom he was proud and yet afraid—whom he loved a vast deal more than she loved him.

Let me try to sketch them both for you as they were then—father and daughter; the rich man, and the solitary creature who was near and dear to him on earth.

Mr. Alwyn was one of those men who never by any chance seem to unbend. Easy chairs had no attraction for him; if he sat in one he did not lean back in it like anybody, else but he sat rather bent forward a little, with his legs apart, and his feet firmly planted on the carpet.

No human being had ever seen Mr. Alwyn lying on a sofa, neither was it in the memory of any even of his oldest acquaintances that they had beheld him resting with his arm upon a chimney-piece. When he stood, he stood upright, when he sat, he never stretched out his limbs, nor lolled in a chair, nor took his ease in any way.

People said Mr. Alwyn had too much money to be able to take his ease, and perhaps this assertion was correct. His money was a great trouble to Mr. Alwyn, as money always is to those who are reported to have more of it than is actually the case.

Mr. Alwyn was rich, very rich; but the world called him a millionaire, and therein the world was wrong. He had not made his money easily, he had not made it perfectly honestly. His hands were not so clean as they had been thirty years before: he had not found the ways of commerce ways of pleasantness; and emphatically he had not found its paths those of peace.

He had not exactly risen from the ranks, he was not one of those men who, coming into London hatless and shoeless, are borne out of the great Babylon to one of the "silent cities" in a hearse with nodding plumes, amid the noise of much lamentation and weeping. On the contrary, his father had been in business before him, and his grandfather be-

fore that. He sprang from a class which finds it much harder to get on in the world than a class infinitely lower, because the numbers composing it are fettered in the earlier stages of their career by the opinions of the clique in which they live, and move, and have their being.

The lad who has swept out an office, and eaten without any feeling of shame, but rather with an appreciative relish, three pennyworth of beef-steak pudding, rides a light-weight in the race for wealth, against the man who has always associated respectability with rates and taxes; who believes in keeping up a certain appearance, who has many pulls on his purse and more on his temper, who regards the ideas of those about him, who considers a certain amount of furniture and a given style of dress indispensable, and who mounts the business steed, cumbered by prejudices and fears, and oppressed by too much gentility.

Given two boys, with equal push and ability,—the one the son of nobody, who keeps your crossing clean, and who, when he shuts up shop, by, as it has been neatly put, “sweeping the mud up on the pavement,” goes away to sleep in some wretched lodging; and the other, the son of a man earning three, or four, or five hundred a year, shall we say; put them out in life the one as errand-boy, the other as junior-clerk: which of these has the best chance of success?

The one is educated; the other is not;—the one is socially much higher than his fellow; the other is but, in the world's estimation, as the mud he once swept aside from his crossing;—the one has friends to help him; the other must take his leaps for himself;—the one apparently has far the best chance; the other has, so far as can be seen, every circumstance dead against him;—and yet, look ye, the poor boy gets the lead of the race, because he is not weighted unduly; because he has been able to steal a-head, while no one was thinking of him—no one criticising how he rode.

The rates and the taxes, the eating and drinking, the clothing and servants, the opinions of friends, the ideas of society,—all tend to keep a man of the middle class in the valley of mediocrity all his life. He is influenced by his surroundings: his next door neighbour is a person of consequence in his eyes,—Mrs. Grundy a power which he fears to ignore.

Mrs. Grundy had, all his life, stood between Mr. Alwyn and comfort. From his youth upward, that typical female had exercised a baneful influence on his happiness, and in his latter years, when wealth and abundance had been gained, and something far and away more than competence secured, Mr. Alwyn still

allowed the maxims of that disagreeable individual to influence his conduct, her ideas to affect his mode of life.

Society was pleased, as I have said, to call Mr. Alwyn a millionaire, and Mr. Alwyn did not contradict society. He knew as well as anybody on earth, that if he were, as some people facetiously remarked, one of Mammon's elect, he had not as yet entered into the kingdom. He was perfectly well aware that, while the world thought he was not living up to anything like his income, it yet would have puzzled his wits greatly had anything occurred to compel him to increase his expenditure. He had visible wealth—he had a fair house in town, well and handsomely furnished—he had pictures—he had statuettes—he had men-servants and women-servants—he had Mallingford, where were gardeners, and gamekeepers, and grooms, and more men and more women—he had carriages and horses—he entertained liberally—he was not niggardly about giving to the poor and the needy.

All this he was able to do—able without running any risk, without spending a penny beyond what was justifiable to accomplish; but the world thought, because they saw so much wealth, that the man was about twice as wealthy as happened actually to be the case.

If Mr. Alwyn ventured to hint he was not so rich as people took him to be, his assertion was received either with polite incredulity or laughed at as a capital joke. “Not wealthy, my dear fellow? you are only too wealthy,” was the usual reply; and Mr. Alwyn, like many others, had to bow his head beneath the weight of the crown which was forced upon him.

CHAPTER XII. HEREFORD STREET.

THE reader who follows this story to the end will find that the young lady whom we left in the last chapter seated at her piano, plays an important part in it, and exercises a considerable influence on the fortunes and happiness of the hero.

After this statement, no apology can be considered necessary for devoting a few pages to Miss Alwyn, Miss Alwyn's only living parent, and the house which you will be asked many a time to enter before the “Race for Wealth” is ended, and the goal of completion reached.

There is one glory of the sun and another of the moon, and there is also one style of beauty among women which is angelic and another which is—not.

Miss Alwyn's beauty was, as Percy Forbes remarked in after days, not the beauty of an angel, nor of a woman, but of a devil.

It is painful to hear hard words used con-

cerning a lady, and not to be able to contradict them; but what he said chanced unfortunately to be true. She was beautiful exceedingly, fascinating beyond all powers of description; and yet her beauty was not a thing to be desired or coveted. Her fascination was of that kind from which all honest men might pray God to deliver them.

There are faces that we do not take to much at first, from which instinct—so much more reliable in its warnings than sense ever is in its assurances—bids us flee; and Henrietta Alwyn's was one of these.

But still the majority of men did not flee: they turned to take another look, and were lost. For the singular eyes attracted them—the hair, which Percy said was like the coils of a snake, entangled them; her smile bewitched, her manner intoxicated them; and he who once passed through the ordeal of loving Henrietta Alwyn, never came forth from it quite scathless—quite the same as he had been before.

She was young, too—only one-and-twenty. Had Percy Forbes ever spoken freely about her to any one in those days, he would have added, "And, my God, what will she be when she is old?"

Heart, and soul, and body, she was a flirt; not an innocent harmless flirt, like many a girl who settles down after a time into a sufficiently sober and discreet matronhood—but a flirt ingrain, a flirt who did not care at what price her success was purchased, what tears flowed, what wounds were inflicted, so as she was satisfied—she triumphant.

She had her grievance against society; but whatever of pain and mortification she had received, she paid back through the years with interest.

She had not been born in the purple, and the purple was slow about recognising her merits.

She had received slights: great ladies had been insolent to her, as only, perhaps, great ladies know how.

They had wounded her pride—they had criticised her manners—they had refused to admit her into the holy of holies. "Fast" was not a word much in vogue in the days of which I am writing, but Miss Alwyn was considered the equivalent of fast, and looked coldly on accordingly.

Therein, however, society made a mistake—as great a mistake as it made about Mr. Alwyn's wealth.

Could Miss Alwyn have gone a pace, there is no doubt but she would gladly have astonished all the dowagers of her acquaintance; but there were so few things of the nature of speed within her reach, that perforce she was

obliged to travel quietly enough along the road of life.

She could not drive; she dare no more have attempted to guide a pair of ponies even from Mallingford to the station, than she could have flown. If there was one thing she earnestly desired, it was nerve and skill sufficient to enable her to become a good whip and a good rider. She had persisted in attempting to manage a horse, spite of her own fears and the warnings of those who were learned in such matters. She had her ambition and her weakness, and both had received a severe shock, when she and Firefly and Lawrence Barbour lay in a heap together within the sight of Piccadilly.

She desired to do everything well, and there were many things which she could not do at all.

Discovering this, she bemoaned her fate at not having been rich from her youth upwards, at not having been put on a pony in her infant days; in not having been used to horses all her life; in not having moved in the best society from her childhood; in not having been taught by the greatest artists how to play like Thalberg, and sing like Grisi.

"God is very good," Percy Forbes was wont to tell her; "if you had been too perfect, you would not have given any other woman a chance. No doubt it was wisely ordered, or we might all have been too fond of you."

And then Etta would flash round on him, and answer—

"Have you not been too fond of me, Percy. Have you not——"

"Yes; I plead guilty," he was wont to reply: "but I will never be too fond of you again, Hetty. Make yourself quite easy on that score, for I never will."

"I wonder at you, Percy; I wonder how you dare——"

"And so do I, sweetest, wonder how I ever escaped with life; wonder how, loving you as I once did, I ever can have come to love you not at all. Spare your pains, Hetty; keep your trouble for some one else, for I vow to you, I vow and I declare—you might as well try now to touch the heart of the dead, as the heart of Percy Forbes."

"Your heart is not dead," she would answer, scornfully.

"And did I say it was? Did you desire to kill me altogether? Did you want not to leave me a chance of escape, not even a little city to flee unto? Dearest Hetty, you are very beautiful, but you are also very wicked, and very cruel; as I said before, the Almighty has been good to mankind in not suffering you to have too much power over weak saints like myself."

They quarrelled, this pair ; quarrelled eternally ; and yet Henrietta was fond of Percy Forbes, and would fain have kept him at her feet for ever.

It was a sight to see the pair wrangling and disputing,—to behold how coolly Percy caught all her sneers and flung them back at her,—how she got crimson with passion, and, while she hurled taunts at him, dilated with a rage which she was impotent to express.

She was tall, and had a glorious figure ; she had a skin as white and as pure as the flower of a lily ; she had got masses of black hair, which hung in curls over neck and shoulders—in twining curls, that seemed to have life in them, that were, as Percy said, less like the flowing locks of a woman than the coils of a snake. She had small hands and feet, her head was well set on, and she bore herself with a haughty and defiant carriage.

She had regular features : a somewhat large mouth, with full, red lips, and eyes—what colour were her eyes?—that kept changing, changing like a cat's, as the varying light fell upon them.

Women she did not like, and, for that matter, she professed not to like men either ; but women certainly were her abhorrence, and the lady who presided over the establishment in Hereford Street, and who was *chaperone*, companion, housekeeper, all in one, could have testified to the truth of Henrietta's statement out of the fullness of her own experience.

Further, she might have added that women did not like Miss Alwyn ; which was the less to be wondered at, if the saying that love begets love be correct.

Very vague and very shadowy are these figures on my paper. It is merely the negatives which have been taken, but perhaps as the story proceeds the faces and the forms may grow more distinct, and stand out clearly as photographs before the eye of the reader.

It was after the fashion of photographs that father, and daughter, and house, came to be stamped in time on the memories of Lawrence Barbour and Percy Forbes.

Many a man and many a woman came and went and faded out of their recollection, but the features of Mr. Alwyn and his daughter never grew faint or cloudy on their mental canvas.

There were dwellings, once familiar, which became as strange habitations to them in the course of years, and streets that their feet once traversed frequently, grew in time to be forgotten localities ; but Hereford Street, and the house therein, where Henrietta and

her father abode, remained as ink upon paper, as carving on a rock, with both men to the end.

It is not likely that Hereford Street is a region of the West End well known to many who read these pages. It was never much of a thoroughfare, running as it did parallel with Oxford Street.

Running as it did ! for alas ! here, too, all is changed : where there were houses there is now a space of waste ground ; the south side of the street is demolished, and where Mr. Alwyn's opposite neighbours lived and died, ate and drank, married and gave in marriage, feasted and fasted, there is at this moment a little tract of desert land enclosed with low wooden palings looking wretched and desolate in the twilight.

Part of the north side remains for the present intact, but changed almost past recognition.

The front-doors of the former time are the back-doors of the present ; entrances have been made from Oxford Street, and the dining-rooms of the years gone by are filled with goods and desecrated by the voices of buyers and sellers.

Still, however, the house is standing where Mr. Alwyn lived and was great ; and if a man be at all imaginative, he may, in the evening firelight, people the now deserted rooms with their former inhabitants. He can fancy that the years have not gone by, bringing changes with them ; he can listen for the stopping of carriages at doors that only now open to take in the milk ; he can assign one apartment to this purpose and another to that ; he can fill the balconies with flowers, and see the guests trooping down the stone staircase to dinner ; he can assign a corner at the end of the drawing-room to the grand piano ; he can place couches on each side the hearth ; he can wait for the ladies coming up from the apartment hung with crimson flock-paper on the ground-floor, where a repast, not *a la Russe*, has just been served ; he can pass through a much ornamented door-way, and peep into what was once a sleeping-chamber beyond ; he can see the old-fashioned four-poster, hung with heavy draperies, and look at his own face in the mirror placed between the windows, in which beauty was wont to smile at the reflection of her own loveliness.

There are still the much ornamented ceilings, —still the richly-carved doorways,—still the mouldings, the cornices, the marks of where pictures have been hung, the old, old-fashioned chimney-pieces, where sienna is let into the white slab, and carried round the edges of the fireplace. There are the marble hearths, the grates of former days ; there is the imitation-

oak staining round the floor, marking just where the carpet was laid; there is the skirting round the room, finished off with much care, and a vast amount of moulding; there are the panelled doors; there is carving everywhere—on the wainscot, on the window-shutters, on the entablatures and jambs of the doorways. What more could a dreamer desire than to sit in such a room, in the fire-light, and bid the men and the women who formerly peopled it appear again unto him.

They come out of the gloom! out of the darkness, they come and stand in groups about the hearth, laughing, chatting, flirting as of old. They come, and he looks in their faces, and sees those in their youth who are now old, those old who are now dead.

He recalls the hopes and the fears, the joys and the sorrows of each; hopes never fulfilled, and forgotten fears that will trouble them no more; joys that have passed away, sorrows that they have taken to the grave with them.

Love, despair, anger, remorse, laughter, tears—all these have found a resting-place within the walls, that are now bare of life.

Let us away, friends, let us away from the house that now is, to the house that was; let us rise, and put the phantom host to rout with the presence of honest flesh and blood; let us leave the deserted rooms to the spectres of the past, and enter them no more, save when they are furnished and inhabited, with the men and the women who have each in this story a part to play out.

So! darkness is settling down upon the passages and the landing as we walk forth from the drawing-room, and pass down the stairs, and when we close the hall-door, which is now so seldom opened, behind us, and steal out into the saddening twilight, we leave the old house empty, and the once cheerful apartments without a living thing in them to take away the sense of desolation utter and complete!

(To be continued.)

CHROMO- AND PHOTO-LITHOGRAPHY.

In the following pages we propose to give a brief *resumé* of the most recent applications of the versatile art of lithography: to wit, chromo-lithography, or the process of picture-printing in colours, and photo-lithography, or the application of lithography to the extensive multiplication of the accurate reproductions of the photographer.

Lithography differs from other printing processes in that it is chemical instead of mechanical. From a wood engraving or from raised type, the impression is obtained by mechanical means: ink is applied to a raised design which

is afterwards pressed upon paper, and the paper, being absorbent, takes the ink from the raised surface. On a copper or steel plate the design is made by deep incisions or interstices; ink is rubbed into these, the normal surface of the plate being wiped clean, and the paper, being pressed upon the plate by passage through heavy rollers, as it were sucks out the ink from every line and dot of the engraving. But in the lithographic process there is no relieve or intaglio design, the printing surface is perfectly plain; the whole process is dependent upon the chemical nature of the materials employed. The key to the lithographic art is the mutual affinity that greasy substances have for each other, and the antagonism which oil has for water and *vice versa*; the process might almost be called *oleography*, since it is much more dependent upon the oily ink than upon the stone from which its present name is derived. In Germany it is known as chemical printing.

We all know how ineradicable is a grease spot, and how such a spot will resist the application of water: this fact will help us to a ready comprehension of the rationale of lithography: for suppose that we were to draw or paint a design on a smooth stone with oily ink or paint, and afterwards rub it with a damp sponge; no water whatever would adhere to the greasy lines and spots, but the remainder of the surface would be damped. If, while the stone is still damp, we were to rub or dab it with a dabber charged with greasy printers' ink, the affection of grease for grease would cause the ink to adhere to the greasy lines of the drawing, while the damped portions of the stone would, from the antipathy of oil to water, be left perfectly clean. If a sheet of paper were then laid upon the inked surface, and rubbed or pressed into close contact with it, the ink would attach itself to the paper, and thus the design would be transferred. Thus is lithography epitomised.

Lithography as an invention was an offspring of that fruitful mother, necessity. Seventy years ago a poor young actor in Munich, named Senefelder, having written one or two comedies, and not having the means to publish them, was trying various methods of engraving his works, by etching them on copper plates, and otherwise, with a view of becoming his own printer; but, inasmuch as his writings had to be executed backwards on the plate, in order to read forwards when reversed in printing, he was obliged to practise this back-engraving on some cheaper substance than copper plates; and accordingly he procured some Kilhelm stone, which he found to be a suitable material for his purpose. In his etching experiments he made use of an oleaginous inky compound, capable of resisting the acid used in the etch-

ing process. On one occasion he was desired by his mother to take a list of articles about to "go to the wash," and, as his most convenient writing materials at hand were one of his stone slabs and his etching ink, the list was duly made out upon the stone. When the time came to rub it off, it occurred to him that by eating away with acid the parts of the stone uncovered by the writing-ink, so as to obtain the writing in relief, he might be able to print from it. This he succeeded in doing; and he moreover found that it was not necessary to have the letters raised above the stone, as the chemical properties which kept grease and water separate were quite sufficient to keep the ink, when applied by the dabber, from adhering to any other part of the stone than the greasy letters. Improvement followed discovery, and after devoting attention to the perfection of a press and suitable printing appliances, and having found a partner in the person of a musician, possessed of a small capital, to help him, Senefelder published his first lithographs, some pieces of music, in 1796. He patented his process in various countries, and in 1801 it was introduced into England, where it was first used in the Quartermaster-General's Office at the Horse-guards, for printing maps of the seat of war, and plans of battles and engagements.

With this much by way of prelude, we will now ask the reader to lend his fancy to an imaginary visit to the establishment of Messrs. Day and Sons, in Gate Street, Lincoln's Inn, where a pleasant half-hour, spent under the attentive ciceroneship of a member of the firm, will give us as full an insight as we can desire into the processes that constitute the various branches of the lithographic art.

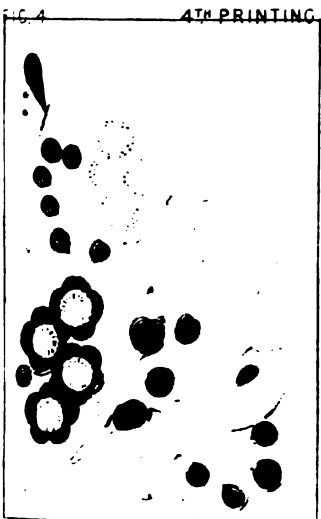
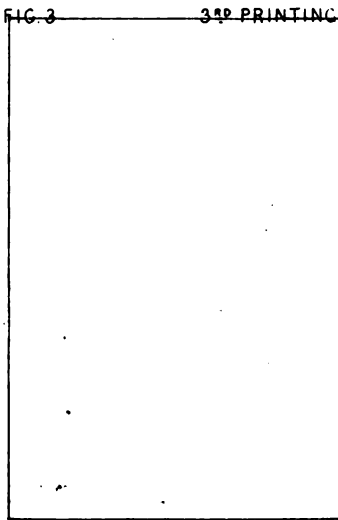
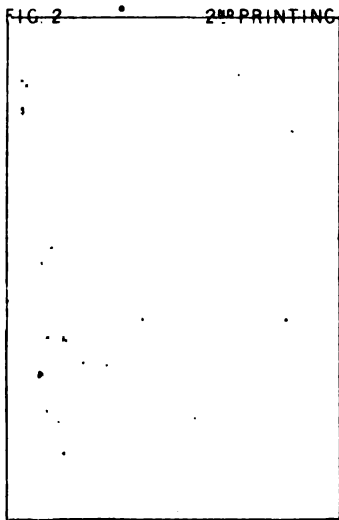
We will first confine our attention to the production of lithographs, or, as they perhaps ought to be called, *lithograms*, in plain black and white, as this will the better aid our comprehension of the means of producing them in many colours.

The first detail is the preparation of the stone, which is a peculiar slaty limestone found in the quarries of Solenhofen, in Bavaria. Similar stones have been found in France, Prussia, England, and America, but all these are inferior to the point of fineness of grain and closeness of texture to that of Solenhofen. The stones are cut into slabs of the required size, and from two to three inches in thickness, and their surfaces are roughly "trued," or levelled, by grinding them one upon the other with sand and water between. When they are perfectly level the coarse sand is washed away, and a finer quality, carefully sifted to free it from large particles, strewed upon them; and the grinding is repeated till a fine

smooth granular surface is obtained. For some descriptions of work the stones are further polished with pumice or slate-stone, and the universal polisher, elbow-grease.

The stones are then ready for the draughtsman, and we accordingly pass to the "drawing-room," where these artists are at work. The drawings on stone are made in various ways, and with materials suited to the particular class of work. If the subject be a plan, or map, or line drawing, it is drawn with a pen and a fluid ink of oily nature; if a picture containing gradations of tint, a greasy chalk is employed, the stone in this case being slightly roughed or "grained," to give it a tooth; sometimes both ink lines and chalk shadings are combined in the same picture. Some subjects are graven on the stone, so as to form an intaglio design, which is afterwards printed from in the manner of a copper or steel plate engraving. But, as is well known, whatever has to be printed from must be reversed, and hence the drawings or writings on the stones have to be executed backwards. This inversion, although easy enough to a practised draughtsman, is still inconvenient, and an important modification of this branch of the process has therefore been introduced. This consists in a method of putting the subject on the stone known as that of *transfer*, the rationale of which is extremely simple. Suppose that we were to write a letter with a greasy ink upon a non-absorbent paper, and then press the written side of the paper upon the surface of an absorbent stone; it will be easily understood that the ink will leave the paper whose pores are closed against it, and cling to the stone whose pores are open to receive it, and thus the writing will be transferred; and since it was *direct* upon the paper, it will be *reversed* upon the stone, or in the proper state to be printed from. This process is of great utility, and is consequently extensively applied. Not the least interesting of its manifold employments, is to the extensive multiplication of autograph letters. A written letter commands a reading where a printed circular would be doomed to the waste-paper basket unread: well knowing this, those who have occasion to issue circulars or letters in large numbers now take great advantage of the above ready means of producing them. A lithographer is applied to for a few dips of transfer ink and a sheet of transfer paper; with these the letter is written, as with ordinary materials, and handed to the lithographer, who lays it on a warm stone, and passes it through the press; the stone takes the writing from the paper, and fac-similes can be worked off from it by thousands.

Some of the draughtsmen, whose shoulders we look over, are accordingly writing or draw-



CHROMO-LITHOGRAPHY IN 5 PRINTINGS

EXAMPLE SHOWING 1ST BY FIGS. 1 TO 5 THE WORK ON EACH OF THE 5 COLOUR STONES

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ing upon this transfer paper, which is a paper prepared for the purpose by being thickly coated with size or gum, so as to prevent the ink from sinking into it; for if the ink adhered to the paper it would not yield itself entirely up to the stone, and a faulty transfer would be the result. But where due care has been exercised in the various preparations, the subsequent impression on the stone is well nigh as perfect as if it had been originally drawn there. Of course the stone is kept rigidly free from accidental greasiness, for the slightest soil of a greasy finger would be printed upon every resulting copy.

After a few minor details of treatment, having for object the rendering of the clean parts of the stone less likely to be attacked by the oily ink, it is ready for printing, and is put aside till its turn comes to be carried to the bed of the press, whither we will follow it. The lithographic press differs slightly from that used for ordinary printing; in the latter the pressure is applied vertically by a flat surface, or the rolling of a heavy cylinder; whereas in the former a *rubbing* action is employed; the stone with the paper upon it being thrust under a ledge of hard wood, which rubs over the back of the paper, and thus presses it into close contact with the inked surface of the stone. The stone being firmly fixed upon the platten of the press, and any gum that may have been applied to it to preserve it during the interval between drawing and working off, having been removed, the operation of printing commences. A boy, standing on one side of the press, lightly rubs the stone's surface with a damp sponge, so as to fill with water all the pores of the stone not filled with oily matter; a man on the other side having, during the boy's operation, inked a roller by rolling it over an ink-slab, passes the said roller over every part of the stone; the ink adhering only to the greasy drawing, and leaving the other parts of the stone intact. A sheet of paper is layed upon the stone, and the whole is passed under the "scraper," as the wooden ledge is termed, of the press, and then withdrawn; the paper is separated from the stone, and is found with every minute detail impressed upon it. Nothing more is required; the finished print is laid aside; again the boy damps, and the man inks and prints, till the requisite number of copies are pulled off. And surprising indeed is the number of impressions that a stone is capable of yielding; as many as seventy thousand prints have been produced from a single stone, and the last of them has been little inferior to the first.

Thus far initiated into the general principles and practice of the process in its simplest form, we may now proceed to a broad view of

the more complicated operations of the art of chromo-lithography. The principle of this consists in the employment of a number of separate stones, and as many separate printings, for the production of a single picture, one for each particular colour. It must be premised that any colours can be worked from a lithographic stone, provided they are ground in a suitable greasy medium.

The preliminary step is the preparation of the outline; this is placed upon the stone in the ordinary way, either by direct drawing, or by the transfer method already described. From this key-stone a number of impressions are worked, and these are immediately retransferred to clean stones, as many as are required for the various colours; the object being to ensure the preservation of exactly the same outline throughout the whole series of colour-stones. Upon a first stone a general tint is laid, covering well-nigh the whole picture, just as a general tint would be washed over a painting, and as many sheets of paper as there are to be copies of the picture are printed with this first tint in the usual way. A second stone is then prepared embracing all the shades of another broad or general colour, and every sheet already impressed with the first colour is worked over this stone. A third follows containing all the shades of a third colour laid over their proper portions of the picture, and for the third time the whole of the copies pass through the press. A fourth stone, a fourth colour, a fourth printing, leaves the copies a step further towards the semblance of a painting. A fifth, sixth, seventh, series of similar operations follow each other, every stone being painted at the proper spot, as determined by the fiducial outline or key drawing, with some new tint or colour, which is in turn transferred to the various impressions; and so on till the requisite number of colours have been worked in; the latter stones being used to give the finishing touches of bright colours to the work, and to glaze over and deepen such parts as are required to give vigour and effect to the finished picture. As many colours as the picture includes, so many stones have to be employed, and so many printings have to be undergone: hence infinite care and skill is obviously necessary to ensure the proper blending of the tints and the effective harmony of the resulting picture; for no painting out, no alteration or touching-up can be resorted to to correct an accident or hide a defect. Of course it is absolutely necessary that the paper fall upon every stone in exactly the same position relatively to the outline; for otherwise most ludicrous effects, as may be easily imagined, would be produced. This end is secured by means of pins fixed in a frame surrounding every stone, in

exactly the same position with regard to the outline, and by corresponding holes in the sheets of paper. The holes being carefully placed over the pins, insure the outline on every stone always falling into the same position on every sheet, and hence of every patch or touch of colour falling exactly on its appointed spot. The process is, throughout, one requiring the most skilful supervision; an injudicious selection of a tint, a trivial carelessness in the preparation of a colour, would vitiate, and perhaps render worthless, the whole of a valuable and laborious work.

We are shown at Messrs. Day's establishment chromo-lithographs in every stage of development, and of every variety of subject: coloured illustrations for books; patterns of works of ornamental art; title-pages for pieces of music; * reproductions of the revived art of "illumination," and copies of the works of famous artists. One of these last attracted our particular attention; this was a reproduction of Mr. G. Thomas's picture of the marriage of the Prince of Wales; a splendid piece of work, embracing about thirty colours, each copy having in consequence to undergo thirty printings. It was, when we had the pleasure of seeing it, in the course of the nineteenth, and probably by the time these remarks are printed, it will be completed, and in the hands, or rather on the walls, of its future possessors. It will be a triumph of the chromo-lithographic art.

Messrs. Day have kindly presented our readers with the accompanying specimen, illustrative of the chromo-lithographic process. This interesting and instructive plate shows the work done by five stones, separately and in successive combinations. The metal ground of the picture is produced by printing that portion with an adhesive varnish, to which the metal is afterwards applied in the form of either powder or leaf.

To fulfil the promises of our title, we have yet to say a few words upon the offspring of the wedded arts of lithography and photography, ycleped photo-lithography.

It has long been a desideratum to render more permanent and more easily multipliable the beautiful works of the photographer, and a chapter might well be filled in recounting the number and variety of processes by which this desideratum has been sought to be secured. That, however, with which we are now concerned, has been of all the most successful; although even now it is somewhat imperfect,

since the delicate gradations of tone that photographs alone possess still defy perfect reproduction by any but the photogenic process. Nevertheless, there is ample scope for the employment of photography's faithful and facile powers of copying upon subjects where gradation of light and shade is of no consequence, or is not needed—such as for the reduction or enlargement of maps and plans, (for which purpose a kindred process to that under notice is most extensively used in our own and foreign topographical departments of government,) for the copying of valuable manuscripts, the reproduction of rare and valuable printed books and engravings, and many other similar purposes. It is to this end that Messrs. Day and Son are especially applying the photolithographic process: the famous first folio edition of Shakespeare and a number of Shakespearian documents have already been reproduced and published, with a success that leaves nothing to be desired. And we had the opportunity of inspecting numerous highly interesting reproductions of selections from ancient works, in course of preparation for illustration of Mr. H. Noel Humphreys' "History of the Art of Printing," a *magnum opus* that could not be produced but for the facilities of facsimile reproduction which this new art affords.

Let us, then, endeavour to comprehend the means by which the photo- and litho-graphic processes are linked together. We have seen that whatever we wish to reproduce by lithography must exist in a greasy form, and the problem to be solved is, therefore, the conversion of the photograph into a grease-picture. The fundamental principle of the process depends, as do many others, upon some peculiar property possessed by some particular substance or material. This, in the process before us, is a compound of gelatine and a chemical known as bichromate of potash. When a mixture of these substances is exposed to the influence of sunlight, the chemical so decomposes the gelatine as to render it of a resinous nature and insoluble in water; whereas, if the mixture be kept in the dark, it remains perfectly soluble. If, then, a sheet of paper be covered with a solution of these substances, and dried in the dark, and one half of it be exposed to light while the other half is kept in darkness, it will be found upon plunging the whole sheet into water, that the gelatine will be washed away from the half kept in darkness, but left intact upon the half exposed to light. How this is applied to lithography we can now easily understand. An ordinary photographic negative (in which the shadows, or dark parts, are transparent, and the lights opaque) is taken, and a sheet of paper, prepared as above described, is placed beneath it, and in this

* It has become a fashion, or a necessity, to adorn inferior musical publications with 'picturesque wrappers,' which are often of far greater merit than the music they enclose. For our own part, we fight shy of this illustrated music, having almost invariably found the merit of the music to vary inversely with the gorgeousness of its title.

Wie der Wandlich Held Tewordannet mit dem An-
dern Ritter ein Turnier zu Fuß thet vnnnd zu überwande.



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position exposed to day or sunlight. If, after sufficient exposure, the paper were taken from the negative and washed in water, a faint picture would be produced, in which the shadows would consist of decomposed gelatine; the lights, of course, as their coating of gelatine would be washed away, remaining clean paper. This, however, is not what is done: the paper receives the following treatment. A lithographic stone is rolled over with an ink-roller, till every part of it is covered with an uniform coating of ink; the gelatined side of the paper, upon removal from the negative, is laid upon this, and the whole is passed under the lithographic press. Upon being removed, the gelatined surface is found completely blackened in every part with the greasy ink. The paper is then plunged into a bath of hot water, and mark the result. The parts of the gelatine film that have *not* caught the light, through the transparent parts of the negative, are dissolved away, and as the gelatine was the ground to which the ink adhered, the ink in these parts, being undermined, is washed away with it; but those parts of the gelatine film that have received the light, not being soluble, remain upon the paper undisturbed, and the ink, being also untouched by the water, remains adhering to them; so that a picture is produced in which the shadows are oily ink, and the lights clean paper,—a photograph in printer's ink,—and in precisely the condition required by the lithographer. In fact, such a picture is exactly similar to the "transfers" described in the earlier part of our remarks, and it is used in identically the same manner, i.e., it is placed face downwards upon a clean stone, and passed under the press, when the inky picture is effectually transferred to the stone, which is thus made ready for the immediate use of the printer. Impressions are worked from it to any extent in the usual way. And so satisfactorily have all manipulatory difficulties been mastered and overcome, that upon comparing a photographic with a photolithographic impression from the same negative, no difference, save in the colour of the pigments of which the respective prints are composed, can be detected between them.

But, in the matter of excellence, example affords better proof than assertion, and we accordingly have the pleasure to present to the reader a specimen of Messrs. Day's work, in the shape of a pure, untouched photo-lithographic fac-simile of one of the illustrative woodcuts of the "*Tewrdannck*," an allegorical poem, in German, written on the occasion of the marriage of the Emperor Maximilian I. with Maria of Burgundy, and printed on vellum by Schoensperger of Nuremberg, in 1517. This specimen is one of upwards of a

hundred such illustrations that are to be embodied in the above-mentioned elaborate and learned work of Mr. Noel Humphreys, for exhibition of the early progress of the arts of printing and engraving. J. CARPENTER.

"WHERE THE FAIRIES HIDE."

How now, Spirit, whither wander ye?

ALTHOUGH a belief in "the fairy folk" has long been on the wane amongst the more populous districts of the principality, a strong faith in their existence still lingers along the seashores, and in more retired portions of the southern counties, where almost every romantic spot has its fairy legend.

In Wales we have two sorts of fairies. The "*Tylwyth Teg*" and the *Ellyll*, which last is more frequently known as *Pwcca*. The *Tylwyth Teg* answers to the well-known good fairies one reads of as blessing new-born babes and showering gifts upon their adopted children. The *Pwcca*, upon the other hand, is the very impersonation of mischief, a Welsh Robin Goodfellow,—

That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk, and sometimes labour in the quern
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn;
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm,
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm:
Those that hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck.

Ever on the watch to work evil or cause trouble, this *Ellyll*, or *Pwcca*, has evidently formed the foundation of the famous "*Merrie Wanderer of the night*," whose character Shakespeare has given us in the "*Midsummer Night's Dream*." Puck being a very easy corruption of *Pwcca*, whose love of mischief he makes further allusion to when Jack Falstaff utters his pathetic wish,—

Heaven defend me from the Welsh fairy,
Lest he should transform me into a piece of cheese.

Many stories are told of this same sprite: a portion of the lovely vale of the *Clydach* in Glamorganshire is known as *Cwm Pwcca*, the *Pwcca's Valley*, and here a curiously misshapen rock was pointed out to me as that to the edge of which a countryman was led by the Welsh Robin Goodfellow, who, personating a little man with a lantern, led the unlucky wight a weary dance along the mountain-side, where suddenly catching the sound of rushing waters, he was wary enough to pause; just in the nick of time, it seemed, as the same instant his guide took a flying leap across what proved to be the Vale of the *Clydach*, and perching himself upon the rocks at the other side, held his lamp up over his hideously deformed body, uttering a mocking laugh.

All mishaps which happen in or about the house are attributed to the malevolence of the *Pwcca*; if the cows fall ill, or short of milk,

if the corn fails, or a child pines away with any malady beyond the skill of the local wise woman, the Pwcca is brought to account. There is one charm against them, and that is to grasp a blade of growing grass: this no fairy, good or bad, has power to break.

The forest of Maes Syward, near Pontyfon, a wild region enough, is rendered still more romantic by being associated with a haunting Pwcca, who inhabited a deep pit, wherein is to be seen an excavated chamber, from which an underground passage is said to lead to a neighbouring ruin. This I suppose was used by the Pwcca, as no one seems to have any traditional knowledge of an exploration taking place, or wherefore such a passage existed at all. It was the Pwcca's ground,—that was enough: issuing thence, clad in a red coat and cocked hat, he would ride or walk forth, bent upon doing whatsoever of evil or mischief came in his way; and so dreaded was he in the country-side, that no one would approach the forest after dark, except under very extraordinary circumstances.

The popular belief is that these elves possess a regular form of government, with courts and laws; that they quarrel, and go to war, even as earthly beings do; and many spots are pointed out as the sites of regular pitched battles, one especially among the Black Mountains, where a shepherd is said to have been the spectator of a fight so fierce, that lasting until sunrise, the early beams, falling upon the broken swords and spears, caused the ground to glisten as if strewn with diamonds.

People, especially children, were frequently carried off, and infants belonging to the elfin family substituted in their place.

The Tylwyth Teg are friendly towards the human race; they love cleanliness to such a degree that a slovenly person has no rest, and what with pinches, pulls, and sly pricks, is fain to do her lawful labour. Thieving they abhor, lying meets with its just recompense, and chastity being their favourite virtue, any dereliction from it is sure to be severely and promptly punished. They delight in retirement, and choose the prettiest spots as their haunts; they favour honest love as decidedly as they punish the other. It is said that having the power of transforming themselves, they have become enamoured of earthly beings, and more than one fair dame in olden days has had the credit of a fairy lover: the famous prophet Merlin, if I am not mistaken, is supposed to have been the offspring of such an union.

Dancing, however, seems their principal occupation, and the well-known green rings are pointed out as the scene of their midnight revelry. Stories are common of countrymen

who, being induced to join these dances, have in some instances tripped the light fantastic toe for a hundred years, returning to find their generation passed away.

A man named Sion Ewan, who lived at Pen-carreg, had a son who was thus spirited away. The lad went one day to search for a portion of the flock that had strayed; walking carelessly, and thinking, I suppose, more earnestly of the missing sheep than of any fairy lore, he inadvertently stepped into one of the enchanted rings, and was seized with an inclination to join the dancers; having danced for a little while, as it seemed to him, he stepped out of the circle, and turned to continue his search, when, to his amazement, the face of the country had undergone a complete change: fields, neatly walled in, lay where the wild common had been, cottages and their farmyards dotted the valley; the outline of the country was familiar, but all else was different. Wondering and troubled, the poor lad wandered on until he reached the spot where he left his father's cottage. A large house had risen upon the site, and a strange dog barked at him from the same corner of the yard where once stood his own faithful sheep-dog. What could it all mean? More and more perplexed, he went into the farmhouse to endeavour to elucidate the mystery, but no one knew of the people he spoke of, or even his name, until an old woman told them who this lad was, and that he had been spirited away by the fairies. So that the dread with which fairy-rings are regarded is by no means wonderful, or that a careful mother will never let her children wander in the fields without a strict injunction to avoid them.

Some say the screech-owl, at each midnight hour,
Awakes the fairies in yon ancient tower.
Their nightly dancing-ring I always dread,
Nor let my sheep within its circle tread,
When round and round all night, in moonlight fair,
They dance to some strange music of the air.

The charm supposed to be accomplished by sleeping within a fairy-ring upon midsummer's night, and the consequent peep into futurity, is as commonly credited here as in the Highlands of Scotland, and Ireland.

The romantic country near Neath was wont to be a favourite one, but the march of industry, and the regiment of tall chimnies, with their advance-guard of crowded villages, has driven the fairy people away; the far-famed vale is, however, still an occasional rendezvous, and one fall in particular has the credit of being a favourite bathing-place, and speaks strongly for the good taste of the little people, as a sweeter spot could not be found. The inhabitants of the vale tell a story of a child known as Gitto "Bach," or

"Small" Gitto, who used to wander away among the hills, and always persisted in saying that he met there little children who played with him. One day Gitto did not return home as usual, and although every search was made, no trace could be discovered. Two years passed away, and one day in walked Gitto Bach, ragged and tired, but not a bit bigger. He had been with the little people, playing upon golden harps.

Upon a large barren plain of sand, down upon the sea-coast of Glamorganshire, there stands a lonely ruined castle, attached to which is neither name nor legend; consequently it is said that the place was built by the fairies in one night, and that at some seasons the castle rises in all its former magnificence, watch-towers, battlements, and turrets complete, while at others it disappears altogether; and so imbued with a belief in all this are the people in the neighbourhood, that no one will approach it after dark under any pretext whatever.

Among the primitive dwellers upon the shores of Carmarthen Bay it is believed that fairy islands may be seen rising up from the sea. Islands so beautiful, and so covered by glittering palaces and lovely flowers, that the eye, which is once permitted to look upon one of these can never recognise any beauty in anything else, and pines away from an intense longing to visit these wondrous regions. These islands sometimes float close to the mainland, so close that strains of glorious music come stealing over the waves. And not so very many years ago, the inhabitants used to come to shore, and attend both Llaugharn and Milford markets, carrying off their favourite joints, &c., and leaving the just price upon the scale in the shape of silver pennies.

Fairy-bolts are flint-like stones, heart-shaped, and ragged at the edges, bearing somewhat the appearance of having been arrow-heads, or fairy-bolts, and were used by the fairy people to avenge themselves upon man or beast. The belles of the Graceful Foxglove are called Menyg Ellylon, or Elves' gloves. Toadstools are Bwyd Ellylon, or Elves' food; and a weird-looking hollow oak tree in Nannau Park was known as Crwben-yr-Ellyle, the Elf's Hollow Tree.

Wherever any prevalent faith in fairy lore is met with, there also do you find an equal credulity regarding all manner of supernatural manifestations, and, despite the progress of schools and schoolmasters, the root is there still alive, and ready to send up green shoots upon the slightest provocation.

Witchcraft in its more flagrant form has almost disappeared, but instead there is an increase of faith in what are called "cunning

men," who, upon payment of a small sum, will enlighten the curious upon any subject touching the past, present, or future, be it ever so dark. In years gone by one of these "cunning" men, living at Pentregethen, was accustomed to sell fair winds to the sailors and their sweethearts; and so eagerly did the people crave after such knowledge, that they actually went through the vile ceremony of passing a child through a fire or hoop, this being performed upon All Hallow Eve, and nominally as a sacrifice to his Satanic Majesty to attain the coveted power of second sight.

Corpes, or, as they are sometimes called, St. David's, Candles, are supposed to appear before a death, and hover round the house, or over a spot where an accident will take place. Of the still prevailing existence of this belief, I have had several proofs during my residence in Wales; the last whilst I was preparing this paper, and upon occasion of a wreck in the bay, when a woman asserted that she had seen the lights upon the very spot where the brig grounded. Spectral funerals also precede the reality, and are to be seen winding their way from the doomed house to the churchyard wherein the interment will take place. Wraiths are supposed to attend certain families, even as the Banshee does in the Sister Isle. Knockers are spirits who inhabit the mining districts, and guide the miner by their tiny hammers in his arduous work, and are to be found in Staffordshire, besides, I believe, Cornwall. Petroleum, as found in the crevices of the rocks, is called ymenyn Tylwyth Teg, or fairies' butter, and a sort of fungus, by the name of fairies' bread.

There is, however, a spiritual visitant, which is, I believe, peculiar to South Wales, and that is the Cycoeraeth,—a horrible apparition, female in appearance and dress, of a ghastly countenance, bloody and revolting, with black fang-like teeth, and long withered arms. Fortunately this dread spectre is seldom seen, though often heard shrieking on the night winds. When seen, it is generally in a deeply embanked stream, where it flounders in the water, vainly trying to escape; and where, glaring hideously upwards, its shrieks make the blood run cold.

The goblin hound haunts lovely lanes; and the sound of Gabriel's hounds in full cry, sweeping through the midnight sky, is a sure precursor of sickness or local calamity.

Welsh ghosts take various forms: the most favourite of these is the Green Lady, said to haunt Caerphilly ruins. The White Lady is likewise addicted to castles; where also appear, as in the vaults of Castle Coch, eagles with fiery eyes, keeping guard over miraculous chests of untold treasure; shaggy-coated dogs,

and figures clothed in flames of fire; and there are other forms, usually the spirits of some evil-doers, doomed to walk the night, until having redressed the wrong for which they suffer, they are permitted to find rest. Clergymen frequently endeavoured to "lay" such uncomfortable visitors; and within the memory of some now living, a ceremony of the like kind was performed at a quaint little town in Carmarthen Bay, when no less than seven clergymen assembled round the green grave that covered the remains of him they suspected of nocturnal wanderings, and with all due solemnity proceeded to speak peace to the unquiet soul.

The spirits which are said to inhabit mountains are of a different character, and many a wild legend is there well worthy of being better known. One is related of a lonely and picturesque piece of water in Carmarthenshire, called the Van Pool. Here, on New Year's-eve, after midnight, there is, or was, to be seen a fair spirit, with golden hair, girdle, and boat, dressed in a long shining white robe. The reputation for beauty attained by this spirit of the Van reached the ears and fired the curiosity of a young farmer near, and accordingly, upon New Year's-eve, he stationed himself upon the shore of the enchanted lake, and there saw the lovely spirit gliding in the golden boat along the rippling waters. Steadfastly he watched her, until the approach of daylight caused the stars to grow dim; when, seeing that the boat and its mistress were fading too, the enamoured swain called aloud, beseeching her to stay and be his wife.

The spirit only answered by a plaintive cry, and disappeared. The lover, mad with disappointment, returned night after night to the lake, neglecting his business and pining away by reason of his great love.

In this emergency he was advised to consult a wise woman, and was by her told to propitiate the spirit by offerings of home-made cheese and bread, an experiment which finally succeeded, and the fairy came home to rule over the farmer's dairy, one only caution being given, namely, that if ever her husband struck her, she would inevitably vanish.

This, one would imagine, was an easy enough agreement, but it appears not, as we read that upon two occasions the husband "pushed" the fairy wife, and that upon the third he not only pushed but struck her; whereon she, with the dowry of flocks she had brought him, instantly disappeared.

Although fairy lore is more accredited in the southern counties of Wales, one comes upon traces of the wide-spread superstition among the wild mountain lands of the north;

and, with the goblin legend of Cilman Froed-du, I shall close my present paper.

Cilman was a prince of Carnarvonshire, and owned lands bordering upon a wild mountain territory ruled over by a horrible demon, who, with his wife, an equally horrible gienteess, held court upon the pinnacle of the hill, keeping the surrounding country, with its human inhabitants, in continual fear.

Cilman, having an acquaintance among the wizards, heard that there was in the possession of this demon of the mountain a marvellous book, wherein was written good and evil, how to do good, and how to shun evil; and which being, moreover, the work of a magicienne, endowed the reader with full power to work out the precepts therein taught for the benefit of mankind. Of course such a valuable book was worth some risk, and Cilman having consulted his friend, determined to make an effort to obtain the prize, willing to die in the attempt rather than let such a treasure be lost to his people.

Cilman had a famous black horse, and, mounted upon this steed, he set out upon his perilous undertaking: all went well until he crossed a brook dividing his dominion from the demon's kingdom; then the trial began. Huge stones, yawning ravines, and roaring torrents lay in his path, yet in despite of all these, the gallant horse struggles on, only stopping when a perpendicular wall of rock towered high over-head.

It was the base of the fortress inhabited by the demon king, and must be scaled if the book was to be won. Nothing daunted, Cilman dismounted, and accomplished the ascent on foot. But, coming suddenly upon the gienteess, who, it is to be presumed, was taking a siesta, he tripped, thereby dislodging an avalanche of stones, the thundering of which roused the lady, who immediately attacked the intruder. To her aid came the demon, and a fearful conflict ensued, which resulted in the death of the fiend and the capture of the book, after obtaining which Cilman judiciously made off, and reaching his horse, spurred might and main. Well might he spur, and well might the good steed gallop; ten thousand demons followed fast, and were close upon him as he gained the brink of the bordering river, now suddenly converted into a roaring torrent.

Exhausted as he was, the horse rose to the leap, but jumped short; and Cilman, scrambling up the bank, so narrowly escaped that the red-hot grip of one of the pursuers actually clasped his heel, and from that day the foot remained blacked and shrivelled, giving him the name of Cilman Froed-du, or Blackfooted!

I. D. FENTON.



THROUGH the door soft airs are breathing
 Honey-sweet from blossomed furze :
 Unwatched stands the buck-wheat * seething,
 And the wheel no longer whirs.
 She has ceased from household cumber ;
 In her arms her baby lies,
 With the seal of dewy slumber
 On rose lips and violet eyes.

Sink and swell of chanted masses
 From the church the breezes bring,
Biniou's † note, and clink of glasses,
 And the dancers' beat and swing.
 Thankful mother, little needs she
 Heavenward help of priest or prayer ;
 Joyful mother, little needs she
 Call to dance or festal fare.

* Buck-wheat pottage is to the Breton what oatmeal porridge is to the Scotch peasant.

† The Breton pipe.

Since the marriage-girth * was buckled,
 Wedded life seemed dark and cold :
 Till her new-born babe she suckled,
 And from life the clouds were rolled.
 All the housewife's care is swallowed
 In the mother's quiet joy :
 All the housewife's rest is hallowed,
 Watching thus her baby boy. TOM TAYLOR.

"SANS MERCI ;"

OR, KESTRELS AND FALCONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY LIVINGSTONE."

CHAPTER XXXII. QUID PRO QUO.

THE sun broke bright and clear, through the half-drawn curtains, as Flemmyng woke; a cloudless winter sun, such as would tempt almost any man out, to hard or healthy exercise afield. But Vincent only turned away his heavy eyes, with a curse. Nearly the same syllables had been last on his lips when sleep overcame him. His brain was confused at first; but, soon, the full memory of last night's disaster came back with that quick, sickening rush, that all thorough-paced gamblers must have known, twice or thrice in their time. He stretched out his hand, and took up a scrap of paper, lying on a marble table close to his bed; one glance at the figures written thereon seemed quite enough: he buried his head in the pillow with a shudder and a groan.

Nevertheless, Flemmyng felt the necessity of bestirring himself. It would never do, for people to think that his losses had unmanned him; lying helpless there would not help him to pay them; neither would ruin be made lighter by ridicule. So he rang his bell, and proceeded to make a careful toilette, with decent outward composure; first bracing his nerves with a cup of black coffee, and a refresher of unusual potency.

After that same morning-draught, Vincent's ideas were turned into another channel; and, ere long, the remorse of the night was well-nigh swallowed up in the doubts of the morning. He began to think—how Flora Dorrillon would take all the news which she was sure to hear sooner or later, if she had not done so already? He felt quite sure of her pity; moreover, he cherished some vague hope that the gravity of his disaster might give him a certain grandeur in her eyes; and perchance she might set down his desperation to the right cause. It happens not to every one to risk such a stake as he had

lost; and there must be an end to a run of ill-luck, after all: besides, the proverb about Love and Play does, at odd times, come true. It was very like the man—wilfully to ignore the fact, that the first great *coup* was lost entirely by his own fault, and that Fortune had not been cruel, till her favours had been cast away.

However, a certain amount of self-delusion, aiding his overweening self-conceit, brought Flemmyng into a tolerably confident frame of mind again. He resolved to try conclusions in earnest, with Lady Dorrillon, that day. If he could only checkmate, or even bring her into a great strait, he felt that he could accept almost cheerfully the losses at the other game.

Stronger evidence of Flora's witchery could scarcely be found than in the dominion she had established over such a nature as this. Shallow, selfish, unstable, to a degree—Flemmyng was yet as thoroughly engrossed by his guilty passion, and as capable of sacrificing all earthly considerations thereto, as the most heroic mortal that ever has given up heart and soul to a blameless honourable love.

When his servant had left the room, Vincent unlocked his despatch-box, and took a small packet from a secret drawer.

"She wants proof, does she?" he said, between his teeth. "She shall have it, by G—d! What an idiot I was not to have thought of this trumpery before."

He thrust the papers hastily into a breast-pocket; and went down-stairs straightway, for the luncheon-gong was even then sounding.

He found that all the men, with the exception of Colonel Langton, and De Visme (whose suppressed gout was still troublesome), had gone forth a couple of hours before to shoot a distant cover. There was nothing extraordinary in this. Though so much had been done over-night, it had not been a specially late sitting; nor were its incidents likely to affect any one strongly, save the principal loser. None of those concerned, with the exception of Hardress, were particularly merciless or uncharitable. Living the life they did—it was much the same with them, as with those who rode in the front of the famous "Quarterly" run with the Quorn: their best friend might be in desperate grief, on their left or right, but—the pace was too good to inquire. Neither were any of last night's winners likely to be garrulous; about good or evil fortune betiding themselves or others.

Nevertheless, as Vincent made his morning salutations, with a very fair grace, he felt perfectly certain that nearly every woman present was aware of his unprosperous 'plunge.' Marion Charteris' manner was much kinder than it had been of late (for

* Part of the Breton marriage ceremonial consists in the bridegroom passing a horse-girth round the bride's waist, as a symbol of her subjection.

a coldness had undoubtedly sprung up between them): in Alice Langton's earnest gaze there was a sort of compassionate curiosity; and Flora Dorrillon's eyes were eloquent enough to satisfy even Flemyng, as she beckoned him to a place at her side, murmuring, as their fingers met—

"How could you be so rash? I'm really ashamed of you."

Now all this was rather comforting than otherwise; and Vincent's moral barometer began to rise rather rapidly. He consumed a very fair portion of the dainties set before him; and talked a little, in the calm subdued tones of one supporting some wholly undeserved misfortune, with constancy.

As they rose from luncheon, a low vibrating voice, just discreetly avoiding a whisper, said in his ear—

"I mean to do the gardens thoroughly this bright afternoon. Would you like to play *cicerone*? You must know the ground so well. You would like it? Then, you might meet me in the lower conservatory."

Thither Flemyng betook himself, in much perturbation of spirit it must be owned. Now that the opportunity he had sought so eagerly was certainly near, he did not feel quite sure whether he were glad or no. Those unhappy 'nerves' of his, were always asserting themselves, just at the wrong moment.

Whilst he waited at the trysting-place his heart kept beating with a quick irregular throbbing that was physically painful; and he was forced to throw away a cigarette, before it was a quarter consumed; the smoke fairly choked him. But he waited not long, before Lady Dorrillon appeared on the top-most of the three flights of steps leading down from the upper to the lower conservatories.

Perhaps, in all her life Flora had never looked more perilously tempting than she did at that moment, when after a moment's hesitation, she came down the marble stairs, swiftly, but with no unbecoming haste; never losing that strange undulating motion that—with other attributes—certain women have stolen from the Serpent.

Her attire, too, was so artistically chosen, from the trim hat almost smothered in soft grebe's plumage, down to the channelled heels of the wonderful balmorals—serviceable, though so daintily wrought.

No fault to find in that outer garment—of blackest velvet trimmed with blue fox-fur—just the patrol-jacket for the Life-Guards of an Amazonian Queen—nor in those braided festoons of violet *moire*, looped up over a quilted silken kirtle to match: no fault, certainly, with those delicate hosen, of the same

colour, somewhat lighter in hue; whose brilliant 'clocks' throw into ravishing relief the symmetry of the exquisite ankle, whereof we catch liberal glimpses from our station below.

It was just the figure, in whose fore-shortening poor John Leech would have revelled; and to which no other could render justice. Not in this generation, I think, shall the painter arise, able to wield the pencil that dropped from those deft fingers, all too soon.

Vincent's nervous hesitations were cured instantly and efficaciously as faintness is cured by a draught of some rare cordial. Before the lady reached his side, he was ready to dare to the uttermost, rather than leave his fate any longer in abeyance. When Flora asked him, —with a mischievous smile—'if he was not almost tired of waiting?' he felt so strongly tempted to snatch the slender fingers (whose grey-kid casing just showed beyond the border of a distracting little muff) and wring them hard, by way of answer, that a vague fear of making himself prematurely ridiculous, was scarce enough to deter him. He did refrain himself, however; and they had walked some steps into the keen outer-air before Flora spoke again, in a graver tone than Vincent had ever heard her use.

"Would you mind telling me all that happened last night? Indeed I don't ask from mere curiosity. I felt sure something had gone wrong when you did not appear at breakfast; and I asked Lord Ranksborough. He only said in his slow, listless way—how I hate it!—that 'the secrets of the smoking-room were sacred.' Afterwards, I got Bertie Grenvil to confess that there had been some very heavy whist and that you were the chief sufferer. But he would not tell me, how much you had lost. Will you?"

He named the amount with an indifference that did him credit: possibly, it was not all acted: at that moment, money-troubles might have seemed to him of no more account than floating thistle-down.

Lady Dorrillon could not repress a slight start.

"So much as that?" she murmured. "What fearful rashness! I am so very, very sorry. And so will Marion be, when she knows it. Only fancy—its happening under her roof!"

Thus far, Flemyng had been walking with his eyes bent steadfastly downwards: he raised them now; and looked Flora in the face, with unwonted courage.

"We had better leave Mrs. Charteris's name out altogether: don't you think so? I can't pretend to call much for her compassion. But I am very glad, you are sorry. You ought to be—a little. I should never have

been so mad, if you had spared me ten kind words—ay, or even ten kind looks—all through that weary yesterday.”

She laughed her own low musical laugh, that could rob even sarcasm of its sting.

“I wonder if there is any earthly mischance or misdemeanour, that men will not lay on our poor frail shoulders. Mine ought to be bowed with their burden.” (How shapely looked their statuesque slope just then!) “I thought it was only prudent and proper, to stand on ceremony a little, after our long *tête-à-tête* ride. One must sacrifice to conventionality now and then, you know. But I had no idea of the sacrifice turning out so costly—if it was really as you say. It is hard to believe it though, that it was *all* my fault.”

“Don’t suppose I mean to reproach you,” he answered hurriedly. “Or, if I did, when I spoke of being desperate, I was complaining of the cause—not the effect: that’s not worth a second thought. ‘Hard to believe.’ Ah! if I could only make you less hard of belief, I could laugh at worse ruin than fell on me last night.”

“And suppose I wanted to be convinced?” the low earnest voice said. “It is rather tiresome—being always on one’s guard. I told you frankly, the other day—too frankly of course—why I could not listen. You have done nothing since to shake my scruples, or prejudices, or pride: the name matters nothing.”

“I had little opportunity,” Vincent retorted. “But I own I was stupid enough, not to think, till this morning, of the weapon that lay close to my hand. I feel no shame in using it. I don’t know what shame means where *you* are concerned.” (That last romantic limitation was rather useless.) “Will you halt here for five minutes? It will not take you longer to test my sincerity.”

They had turned several angles of thick evergreen shrubbery; and were now in a path rarely frequented, albeit sunny and pleasant enough; for it led, away from the flower-beds and more attractive part of the pleasure, towards a side-gate into the walled gardens. The spot was absolutely screened from any windows in the house; and about as safe a one as could have been chosen for out-door confidences.

Vincent Flemmyng laid one hand, not overlightly, on the slender wrist, where it issued from the fur; with the other he drew from his breast-pocket, the packet that you saw him place there.

“You doubted how far my *liaison* with Marion Charteris had gone,” he said, speaking low and hoarsely. “Will these convince you? As I hope to be saved—bah! that’s a weak

oath—as I hope to win *you*—there is every line she ever wrote me. You may look over the others at your leisure: you’ll find none like that one, with the Genoa post-mark; and on that one, I’m content to rest my cause.”

Flora Dorrillon would not have been so dangerous a creature, if, to her strong passions and wayward recklessness, had not been added a rare power of self-control: not more than thrice, perhaps, in her life had this failed her, when its exercise was needful to save her credit, or cover her retreat. Nevertheless, it cost her no slight effort, now, so to discipline her face, as to prevent the betrayal of any outward satisfaction or triumph. The coolest of chess-players might be excused for showing a tempered exultation after the winning of a difficult match; wherein all his combinations had worked on in smooth unison towards the complete final victory.

Flora’s quick eye lighted on the Genoa post-mark, even before Vincent disengaged that letter from the rest: but she did not open the envelope; and stood for a full minute, as if irresolute how to act.

“It’s almost a shame to read Marion’s confessions. I could not do so—with you standing by. It seems so—I hardly know what it seems.” Yet I did bring this on myself, I own.”

“I’ll take all the blame, now and hereafter,” Vincent broke in. “Only *do* read. You can’t refuse, after what you said. It would be such cruel trifling.”

She smiled demurely and deprecatingly.

“I should be no woman, if I held out longer. Any other temptation than curiosity, please; and curiosity about one’s best friend’s failings! I will read a few lines; just to keep you quiet—you are so terribly impetuous to-day. But I can’t possibly do so, unless you set my unhappy wrist free. Thanks: that is better. Now, point out the passages I am to look at; and then turn your head away.”

Vincent did as he was bidden, dutifully. Otherwise, he might have been somewhat puzzled by the varying expression of his companion’s face, as she studied—or affected to study—the record of Marion Charteris’ folly. There was the strangest mingling, or swiftest succession, of careless pity, and mischievous amusement.

“I won’t keep you in suspense,” she said, at last. “If that is the worst of the ‘pieces of accusation,’ the verdict of the court is—‘Not guilty.’ I believe that it is the worst. I’ll just glance at the rest of the notes—*l’appétit vient en mangeant*, you know—when I am alone. Every scrap shall be burnt to-night: you will trust me thus far? So you have

leave to plead; and I am bound to listen. I don't promise, yet, that you will prevail. The world has said some hard things of me: I don't think it ever said, that I was easily won. But you shall have a fair field, without let or hindrance from others: and thereto I plight my troth."

She held out her gloved right-hand with an imperial grace—there is queenliness even in coquetry—and accepted the homage of Flemyng's lips thereon, without a shadow of coyness or embarrassment. But, under the rain of passionate kisses, the strong healthy pulses of the delicate wrist never quickened a whit; and Vincent might have abated somewhat of his delirious triumph, could he have seen how firmly the fingers of the other hand closed round the letters, that had just been bought and sold.

Lady Dorrillon freed herself, at last, gently but very decidedly.

"Do be reasonable," she said; with the slightest shade of impatience. "The Chloë and Corydon style is utterly out of date. Nowadays, if two people understand one another, it is quite enough. You will have plenty of time for special-pleading: it would savour too much of set formality, now—a sort of necessity of the position. You can be reasonable, you know, without being cross, or looking injured. I have something serious to say to you. It is easier to say than it was five minutes ago."

Nevertheless, she hesitated; and allowed Vincent to walk on, several steps by her side in silence—wearing, it is unnecessary to remark, a plaintive air of suppressed devotion; as if his raptures were with difficulty restrained, in deference to her capricious commands.

"I want to speak about last night"—Lady Dorrillon said. "I think I should have spoken even if—well—never mind the 'ifs.' I don't profess to be acquainted with your resources. But I know, very very few men have two or three thousand lying at their bankers. I won't be interrupted: it is my will to have my say out; and it is too early for you to rebel. Of course, you'll have to go to your lawyer: every one does, under the circumstances. *Ah! je connais mon monde.* Now, I want you to go to mine, instead. You have no idea what a pleasant person he is to deal with; especially if you take him a tiny note from me. Will you do this?"

It has been shown, ere this, that Vincent Flemyng had never been much fettered with delicacy, and, of late, had grown strangely dull to any sense of shame. But, when Flora Dorrillon was concerned, his whole nature seemed temporarily altered. A cavalier of the nicest honour could not have interpreted

the lady's suggestion more acutely, nor have answered more becomingly, than he; though his tone might have been less sullen and cold.

"I guess what you mean, of course. It pains me exceedingly to be obliged to refuse your first request, or reject your first advice. I am just as grateful as if I had accepted both. But I have no choice but to decline. If I could act otherwise, I should be still more unworthy of you than I am. No: I am not yet come so low; that I should borrow, even from you, to pay my debts of honour."

He spoke sincerely enough: yet it is probable that he felt a certain pride in her self-denial; and, as it were, wrapped himself in dignity, as he delivered his *tirade*. If so, he must have been sorely disconcerted by the manner of its reception. There was no anger in Lady Dorrillon's face; but a disdain, so intense, that it well nigh verged on pity.

"Is not that like a man—" she said in a bitter suppressed voice—"the real conventional man, of our good nineteenth century? You would move heaven and earth to compass my dishonour, if not my ruin in the world's eyes; and accept that sacrifice, freely. But you scruple about accepting a kindness that I would offer to Bertie Grenvil or any other old friend, just as readily as I offered it to you. Deep self-devotion—is it not?—to ask you to use two or three of the thousands that I have not a notion what to do with, till I may happen to want them? And that is your idea of love. Will you hear mine? Any woman, worthy of the name, would give the bracelets from her wrists and the rings from her fingers, to be staked at the hazard-table; if Play were her only rival, and her lover would not think her less beautiful without her jewels. Ah me—only to know such love as that—*again!*"

Lower and lower her voice had sunk, till the very last word was lost in a long passionate sigh; and the speaker turned hastily away, hiding with one hand her averted eyes. Truly, there was little of acting, here.

It is not hard to imagine how this sudden outbreak of emotion affected Vincent Flemyng; who had never dreamt of the like as possible in his haughty mistress. The incoherent string of protestations and excuses which he poured forth with feverish volubility, is certainly not worth transcribing. Of course, he accepted everything, with blind submissive gratitude.

"He would do anything she wished, if she would only, &c. &c."

Lady Dorrillon recovered her composure before the wordy torrent was in mid-course: she did not interrupt the orator till he was

fairly out of breath; but she would not allow a fresh flood-gate to be opened.

"That is enough. I don't want you to 'swear by earth and sea and sky,' but only to be reasonable and amiable. I'm so glad it is settled so. It is a real pleasure to be able to help you; and there need not be the slightest difficulty about it. I will tell you what to do in the course of the evening. And don't be so rash, again. You have not the same excuse, you know. Now, you shall take me in. I am not equal to lionizing all the gardens to-day: for I am tired already."

In truth Flora did look strangely pale; so much so that Flemyng dared not attempt to dissuade her from returning: moreover he himself felt as if he would fain be alone to think over all that had been said and done. So they strolled slowly and somewhat silently homewards; parting, where they had met, in that convenient nook of the lower conservatories.

An hour or later, Mrs. Charteris—coming in from a walk, during which she had taken occasion to exhibit a wonderful new dairy—was summoned to Lady Dorrillon's apartments.

The vast room was in semi-darkness; for there was only one shaded reading-lamp, on a table close to the sofa, on which the lady was reclining. There was a lassitude in the pose that struck Marion at once; for Flora, though intensely indolent, was never languid.

"You're not ill, darling?" Mrs. Charteris asked, eagerly.

"Not ill"—Flora said. "Only rather weary. One gets tired sometimes, with working the puppet-show—sick of the very sight of buckram and wood and wire. But all's well that ends well. And the labourer is worthy of his hire. And—I can't think of any other proverb just now. When Mr. Flemyng publishes his life and correspondence—as I suppose he will some day—he must leave your letters out, *ma mignonne*; or quote them from memory. There they are—every scrap of them, I do believe. Though, if it's any satisfaction to you, I've only glanced at about a dozen lines that he forced me to read. Don't blush, you foolish child! They were rather prettily expressed. But be less lavish of your pearls for the future."

It was good of Marion, that, in the midst of her expansive joy and gratitude, she could be checked by one misgiving.

"Flora, dearest, are you sure that you are safe, yourself? Can you tell me, that these miserable letters have not cost you too dear? I should never forgive myself, if you have got involved in trying to help me."

Lady Dorrillon kissed the fair penitent's

forehead, with more warmth than she was wont to display.

"You're a kind little creature"—she said. "It is not every one that looks back for their friends, when they have just got clear of the wood. No: you may burn those letters as soon as you choose. They have cost nothing that need weigh on your conscience or mine: nothing that even Sir Marmaduke would disapprove, if he knew all."

She only spoke simple truth, there; fair words and manual salutations are the merest common-places in diplomacy like hers.

So Marion Charteris—after briefly verifying the tale of the packet—saw it melt away into feathery ashes; laughing merrily the while. But, before the small holocaust was consumed, she had registered a silent vow against similar indiscretion; which, to the best of the deponent's belief, has since been religiously kept. These things being fulfilled, she left Lady Dorrillon to her repose, at the latter's especial request; and descended to minister to the entertaining of her other guests; carolling, as she went, for very gladness of heart, as she had not done for many a day.

But Flora Dorrillon did not sleep, though for a long time she lay quite still with eyelids fast closed; not unfrequently her lips moved; but they parted, once only, in an intelligible murmur—

"I am so glad, he wanted money."

After awhile, she seemed to grow restless; and, rising quickly, crossed the room towards a table, on which lay some jewel-caskets and a huge despatch-box. This last she opened: and took from a deep secret drawer a flat oval case of blue velvet. She held it in her hand for a minute or more, after returning to her sofa, as if half afraid to look on its contents. At last she touched the spring with a sort of petulance; as if angered at her own irresolution.

Within, was a tinted photograph, evidently taken from a half-length in oil, of life-size. It was the likeness of a man still young; with features too massive and deeply cut for regular beauty; under the heavy black moustache the lips looked braced and stern; and the deep dark eyes seemed apter for command than pleading. Great passion and great strength were written there, only too plainly. At the very first glance, you were aware that the original of that portrait must have been gifted with singular physical powers. The chest spread, broad and vast, under the steel of the cuirass (the dress was that of the Household Cavalry); and the muscles of the long sinewy hand, that rested on the sword-hilt, stood out under the gauntlet.

After another steadfast look, you guessed

that the man there represented might well have sinned and suffered above the measure of his fellows, and that there must needs be a story attached to his name.

Truly, there *was* such a story; and it has been told before—the story of Guy Livingstone.

That modest photograph had cost more than many a gallery-treasure of European renown. For it had been taken by stealth from an oil-painting hanging in the hall of Kirton Manor; and, when the old family-servant betrayed his trust, he could console himself with the reflection that a tithe of the bribe had led greater men astray.

On that face Flora Dorrillon gazed very long and earnestly. She gazed, till a change came over her own, such as no living creature had ever seen there. Her bright proud eyes grew soft and languid with unutterable passion; the blood mantled hotly through her clear olive cheeks; from her lips broke low thrilling murmurs of endearment, whilst they lavished on the senseless image caresses, that, not a few, in the flesh, would have risked their souls to win.

Folly? Of course it was the very climax of folly; scarcely worthy of a sentimental school-girl. But, I suppose, the cunningest of sorceresses have their weak point.

The paroxysm—no gentler word would aptly describe it—lasted not long: but, when it passed away, Flora seemed thoroughly exhausted. She thrust the miniature-case under a pile of sofa-cushions; and laid her head down wearily, there. In ten minutes, she was dozing quietly; but perchance, not dreamlessly. For ever and anon, the pomegranate lips would part in a faint languid smile, just revealing the pearl-rows within; as if sleep were making large amends for the troubles of the last half-hour.

When Lady Dorrillon woke, she was completely herself again; and was in brilliant spirits during all the remainder of the evening. Flemyng was almost beside himself with pride, as he gazed on her radiant beauty, and listened to her sparkling sallies.

There is so little to be recorded to that unlucky Vincent's credit, that it is only fair to mention, that he in no-wise attempted to abuse his advantages; and bore himself towards Flora with commendable discretion—not to say reserve. He did not affect to engross her attention, neither did he haunt her immediate neighbourhood too assiduously. Nevertheless, these two found several opportunities of converse, more or less confidential; and Flemyng was furnished with his credentials for Lady Dorrillon's lawyer: his further instructions were to be communicated to him in

writing. He conducted himself, too, in the smoking-room with a good deal of tact and judgment; not affecting to make light of his losses; but speaking of their immediate liquidation in such a matter-of-course way, that even Hardress felt comfortably reassured, and half repeated him of his suspicions. But nothing would induce Flemyng to tempt Fortune further: indeed the others did not press him: every one seemed content to let things rest as they were. Next day, Vincent started for town; having Bertie Grenvil for a travelling-companion. The former kept up his spirits surprisingly well, for a man going up to meet a heavy settlement. But this was not so wonderful, after all.

When the first impulse, causing him to reject Flora's proffered aid, had passed off, he came over to her side of the question with remarkable facility, and was quite reconciled to the position, by this time. Indeed he felt a certain pleasure on being helped over such a formidable stile, by that delicate hand.

Flemyng's adieux at Charteris Royal were gone through with sufficient cordiality on all sides. Marion went so far as to express vague hopes of seeing him there again ere long. But Castlemaine had estimated the gallant's chances of return aright. When Vincent drove through the lodge-archway that morning, the couchant dragons, crowning the ponderous iron gate, grinned down upon him, for the very last time.

(To be continued.)

A DAY AT CHISWICK.

A PLEASANT village is Chiswick; though it does not stand on the breezy heights which add such a charm to Hampstead, Highgate, and Richmond, yet it looks upon the silvery Thames; and, though the Chiswick *filles* have passed away, it has old associations, and literary recollections not inferior to those of any village within a dozen miles of this great metropolis. Let us then, "gentle reader"—for of course you are gentle—spend a few hours together in reconnoitring the ground which is redolent of one at least of the greatest geniuses which the last century produced. It is almost needless to add that Chiswick lies between Hammersmith and Brentford, and that it includes in its limits Turnham Green, famous in Cromwell's reign as the scene of "the battle of the apprentices."

Chiswick is not found in Domesday Book, but it is mentioned in various records of the reign of Henry III. by the name of *Chesewicke*. The Roman road from Regnum, or Ringwood,* according to Stukeley, passed across

* Other writers identify Regnum, not with Ringwood, but Chichester.

Turnham Green; but though Roman silver coins were dug up here in 1731, it is impossible to identify the course of the ancient road with any certainty. There is but very little mention of Chiswick before the 17th century, and almost the first important event connected with the place that is mentioned by Lysons* is

the fact of the Earl of Essex having assembled his forces there, being joined by the City train bands, after the battle of Brentford, and Sir W. Waller having mustered his forces there in Sept. 1643, when he was ordered to go to the relief of the Lord General's army, after the battle of Newbury. The village



Chiswick, from Barnes.

contains two manors, both of which originally belonged to the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's, who still hold the patronage of the living.

The parish church of Chiswick, which is shown in our engraving, stands near the water side. It is dedicated to St. Nicholas, the patron saint of the fisherman. The present structure, though adorned with a handsome tower, is disfigured by a fair share of the deformities of the architecture of the 18th century, and in other respects is quite in harmony with its sister edifices which grace—or disgrace—the valley of the Thames between London and Windsor.

It consisted originally of only a nave and chancel, and was built about the beginning of the 15th century, at which time the tower was erected at the charge and cost of William Bortal, vicar of the parish, who died in 1435. The tower is built of stone and flint, as was originally the north wall of the church. Some aisles or transepts of brick, in the hideous style of the Georgian era, jut out upon either side, one of them bearing the ominous date of 1772,

and the other of 1817. These excrescences were first erected in the shape of transepts; but as the population increased, and more space was needed by the parishioners, they were extended westwards, and, so far as they can be described at all, ought, perhaps, to be termed aisles, by courtesy. The inside of the nave is a most barn-like structure; and a modern roof, which not many years ago replaced the original handsome open timber-roof* of the pre-Reformation era, is heavy and cumbrous to a degree. Besides the tower, the chancel-arch is the only original feature now retained inside, the chancel itself being encased in thick solid plaster both within and without, so as to conceal every portion of the stone and its mouldings. A handsome modern window† of painted glass on the southern side of the chancel gives a faint idea of what the chancel must have appeared a little more than four centuries ago. It is surmounted by a flat

* This roof, in the opinion of Mr. G. G. Scott, could have been restored, although at a considerable expense.

† This window has been recently erected to the memory of the Rev. Cornelius Neale, sometime Fellow of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Senior Wrangler of his year, the father of the Church historian and poet, the Rev. J. M. Neale.

* Environs of London, Vol. II., p. 186.

white plaster ceiling, which entirely destroys the fair proportions of the building, and cannot too soon be made to give place to an open roof of timber.

Taking a general view of the interior of the church, we may say that, with the single exception of Bath Abbey, we never saw a sacred edifice whose walls are more hideously disfigured with "pedimental blotches," in the shape of marble mural monuments. These are of every date, from the fine classical sculpture in the chancel, which commemorates one of the Chaloners* of Elizabeth's reign in the boldest possible relief, and the more modest and retiring tablet which, adorned with a pile of bibles on either side, records the virtues of the wife of Dr. Walker, a Puritan minister during the Commonwealth, who signalized his incumbency by the first enlargement of the church, and by substituting the "Directory" for the prayer-book,—down to the present century. Among them are monuments to such a cloud of peers and peeresses and honourables, as ought to gladden the heart of "Garret" or "Ulster" himself. There is one to a Duchess of Somerset, another to one of the Burlingtons, three or four to the relatives of Sir Robert Walpole, all titled individuals; and another, very handsome of its kind, to one of nature's gentlemen, Thomas Bentley,† the able and public-spirited partner of Josiah Wedgwood, who resided in the parish, and whose virtues it commemorates. Garrick erected the monument in the chancel to his friend Holland,‡ the actor, who died at Chiswick House; and he also wrote the inscription.

Among the other parishioners buried in the church are several members of an old Berkshire family, the Barkers, whose name is still kept in memory by "Barker's Rails," opposite Mortlake, a place well known to all oarsmen as the goal of the University boat-races.

The tower contains a peal of five bells. The

curfew was rung every evening at Chiswick as lately as ten years ago, when it was discontinued through the parsimony of the parishioners. The vestrymen of Chiswick appear to have shown either extreme precaution, or else extremely aristocratic tendencies, for in 1817 (as we are told by a tablet on the wall of the church) they passed a resolution that henceforth no corpse should be interred in the vaults beneath the church, unless buried in lead.

Chiswick churchyard holds the ashes of more than a fair sprinkling of those whose names have been inscribed on the roll of the Muses, or have achieved or inherited names illustrious in history. Among those who sleep here their last sleep are Mary, the daughter of the Protector, Oliver Cromwell, Mary, Countess of Fauconberg,* Lord Macartney, our Ambassador to China, Ugo Foscolo, the Italian patriot,† Miles Corbet, the regicide,‡ Barbara, Duchess of Cleveland,§ fairest and gayest of the fair but frail beauties of the Court of the second Charles; Dr. Duck, an eminent civilian; de Louthenberg, the magnetiser and artist; William Rose,|| LL.D., critic and journalist, the translator of Sallust, and constant writer in the Monthly Review; Kent,¶

* Mary, Countess of Fauconberg, was the third daughter of the Protector Cromwell. She was married at Hampton Court in 1657, and resided at Sutton Court. In person she is said to have been handsome, and yet to have resembled her father. In the decline of her life she grew sickly and pale, and after seeing all the hopes of her family cut off by her father's death, she is said to have exerted such influence as she possessed for the restoration of Monarchy. She bore the character of a pious and virtuous woman, and constantly attended divine service in Chiswick church to the day of her death.—Noble's "Memoirs of the Cromwells." Vol. I., p. 18.

† His tomb, restored and surmounted by a fine block of Cornish granite in 1881, at the expense of Mr. Gurney, was visited by Garibaldi during his stay in England, who made a pilgrimage to it in company with M. Panizi, at an hour when few of the good people of Chiswick were out of their beds.

‡ He died in 1724, aged 83.

§ This Barbara Villiers was the daughter of William, Viscount Grandison, and wife of Roger Palmer, Earl of Castlemaine, one of the Palmers of Wingham, Kent, and Dorney Court, Bucks.

|| Among Dr. Rose's visitors, it appears, were many, if not most, of the literati of the day. J. J. Rousseau took lodgings in Chiswick, during his brief stay in England, in order to be near him; and there is recorded in Faulkner's "Chelsea" an anecdote of another visitor of very opposite principles, Dr. Samuel Johnson, who, as we learn from Boswell, often came to Chiswick. One day, being invited by his host to take a stroll as far as Kew Gardens, then in the possession, if not in the actual occupation, of Frederick, Prince of Wales, and subsequently of the Princess Dowager and family, he replied to Rose, "No, sir, I will never walk in the gardens of an usurper;" a tolerably convincing proof, if one be needed, of the great lexicographer's Jacobite partialities being still unabated at a time when the crushing defeat of Culloden was still ranking in the minds and memories of all the adherents of the exiled family. This anecdote, it may be added, was communicated to the late Mr. J. W. Croker, for insertion in his edition of Boswell's Johnson; but suppressed by him from motives (as he thought, no doubt) of prudence and propriety.

¶ Kent lies buried in the vault of the Cavendishes. He was the father of modern gardening. He was the Paxton of the last century. Horace Walpole says of him, "As a painter, he was below mediocrity; as an architect he was the restorer of the science; as a gardener he was thoroughly original, and the inventor of an art which realises painting, and improves nature. Mahomet imagined an elysium, but Kent created many." He frequently declared that he caught

* This Sir Thomas Chaloner was a chemist of great ability, and is said to have made a large fortune by the discovery of alum mines on his property near Yorkshir, having brought from Italy a knowledge of the method of its preparation.

† He lived in a large and substantial mansion in the high road leading from Hammersmith to Turnham Green, now occupied by Mr. Vaughan Morgan. The bas-reliefs of which he speaks so often in his correspondence with Wedgwood, still grace the walls of the house, which (if we except a few additions) is much in the same state as when owned by Bentley.

‡ Charles Holland was the son of a baker at Chiswick, and was encouraged by Garrick to follow his bent for the stage. He made his first appearance in 1754 at Drury Lane Theatre, and was cut off by the small-pox at the age of thirty-five. The following is the inscription on the tablet to his memory:—"If talents to make entertainment instructive, to support the credit of the stage by just and manly action, if to adorn society by virtues which would honour any rank and profession, deserve remembrance, let him with whom these talents were long exerted, to whom these virtues were well known, and by whom the loss of them will be long lamented, bear testimony to the worth and abilities of his departed friend, Charles Holland, who was born March 13, 1733; died Dec. 7, 1769, and was buried near this place. D. GARRICK."

the second-rate painter, moderate architect, but admirable landscape gardener; Sharp, the well-known and worthy engraver; Judith, Lady Thornhill, the widow of Sir James Thornhill, the painter of the ceilings of Blenheim and Greenwich, and of the dome of St. Paul's; her daughter, married to the immortal Hogarth; a sister of Hogarth—and last, not least, the great caricaturist himself, William Hogarth, to whose memory a large and conspicuous monument stands erected in the churchyard, on the south side of the church, surmounted with a brazen flame like the Monument of London. For it David Garrick, no less great than his friend, wrote the following inscription, which, though often quoted, will bear repeating here:—

Farewell! great painter of mankind,
Who reach'd the noblest point of art;
Whose pictured morals charm the mind,
And through the eye correct the heart.

If genius fire thee, reader, stay;
If nature move thee, drop a tear;
If neither touch thee, turn away,
For Hogarth's honour'd dust lies here.

The monument is adorned also with a mask, a laurel wreath, a palette, pencils, and a book inscribed "The Analysis of Beauty."

Dr. C. Mackay, in his interesting volume entitled "The Thames and its Tributaries," criticises this inscription rather severely, remarking that "the object of an epitaph is merely to inform the reader of the great or the good man who rests below," and that consequently "there is no necessity for the word of leave-taking." He adds, however, that "The thought in the last stanza is much better; and, were it not for the unreasonable request that we should weep over the spot, would be perfect in its way. Men cannot weep that their predecessors have lived. We may sigh that neither virtue nor genius can escape the common lot of humanity, but no more; we cannot weep. Admiration claims no such homage; and, if it did, we could not pay it."

Cary, the translator of Dante, was resident here, in the house that was formerly Hogarth's, and lies buried in the churchyard, close under the south wall of the chancel. His monument was recently rescued from oblivion, and

his taste for landscape gardening from reading the picturesque descriptions of the poet Spenser. Mason, who notices his mediocrity as a painter, pays the following tribute to his excellence in the decoration of rural scenery:—

"He felt
The pencil's power; but fir'd by higher forms
Of beauty than that poet knew to paint,
Work'd with the living hues that Nature lent,
And realized his landscapes. Generous he
Who gave to Painting what the wayward nymph
Refus'd her votary, those Elysian scenes
Which would else emulate, her nicest hand
Must all its force of light and shade employ."

restored by the present vicar, who has carefully enclosed it with iron railings.

It appears from the parish books also, that Joseph Miller, of facetious memory, and who was a comic actor of considerable merit, was for many years an inhabitant of Strand on the Green, in this parish, where he died at his own house, according to the Craftsman, August 19, 1738. Near him sleeps James Ralph, well known as a political writer, and a friend of Franklin. He published some poems ridiculed by Pope in the "Dunciad."

Silence ye wolves; while Ralph to Cynthia howls
Making night hideous, answer him ye owls.

If his poems were not good, at all events his political tracts showed great ability, and he was in high favour with Frederick, Prince of Wales.

On the outside of the wall of the churchyard, on the north-east, facing the street, is the following curious inscription, which is of interest as showing the sacredness of consecrated ground two centuries ago. It takes much the same view as that expressed at such length by Sir Henry Spelman in his book, "*De non temerandis ecclesiis*:"—"This wall was made at the charges of ye right honourable and truelie pious Lorde Francis Russel, Duke* of Bedford, out of true zeal and care for ye keeping of this church yard and ye wardrobe of God's saints, whose bodies lay (*sic*) therein buried, from violating by swine and other profanation. So witneseth William Walker, V. A.D. 1623."

It is noteworthy that, in the church and churchyard, lie buried a considerable number of Roman Catholics, including many members of old English and Irish families, some of the Townsleys† of Towneley, Mr. Chideock Wardour,‡ &c.

The registers of Chiswick date only from 1680; the parish books go as far back as the year 1625. The latter contain, *inter alia*, an account of the great plague, and of the sanitary measures adopted by the parish. Among other curious precautions it should be mentioned that a resolution was passed by the parish that all loose and stray dogs and cats are to be killed for fear of conveying the infection, and that the poor bedesmen are to nurse the patients ill with the plague. The books during the next half century contain several curious entries of rewards paid to the beadle for driving away out of the parish sundry poor women, who came into its aris-

* This is a clerical error; at this time the Russells were only Earls, not Dukes, of Bedford. The ducal title was not bestowed on them till the year 1694.

† The Townsleys owned a house in the village on the site of the former residence of the Earl of Bedford.

‡ There is a fine monument in the chancel to his memory.

tocratic precincts in a condition which showed that they were likely to add to the population, and so entail a charge on the parishioners. To account for the disappearance of all earlier registers, it is said, but upon what authority

we know not, that the Protector quartered his troops in the church, and that on that occasion he and his soldiers tore up those documents to light the fires, or for other and viler purposes. We may be pardoned for adding



Chiswick House.

that, although there is a tradition that Lady Fauconberg got possession of her father's body at the Restoration, and deposited it carefully here, and although Miss Strickland, in one of her biographies, mentions a report that the real child of James II. died of "spotted fever," and was buried at Chiswick, no traces of any entry of such burials are to be found in the parish records, which have been carefully searched for the purpose.

A little further to the west, on the road towards Brentford, stands Chiswick House, one of the many seats of the Duke of Devonshire, almost hidden from our view by the tall cedars and other trees among which it stands embowered. "Procul, O procul, its profani!" This house stands on classic ground: for did not Charles James Fox* and George Canning† pass many hours of their chequered

lifetimes in elegant retirement here, and did not they at last die, at an interval of some twenty years or so, within its hospitable walls?

The house was erected by the last Earl of Burlington in the reign of George II., from a design by Palladio; and it is a proof of the skill and taste of the noble architect, though its merits have been variously estimated. Its early history is given as follows in Faulkner's "History of Chiswick:"

Of Chiswick House, Horace Walpole, whose judgment in the fine arts is well known, observes that it is "a model of taste, though not without faults, some of which are occasioned by too strict adherence to rules and symmetry. Such are too many corresponding doors in spaces so contracted, chimneys between windows, and what is worse, windows between chimneys, and vestibules, however beautiful, yet little secured from the damps of the climate. The trusses that support the ceiling of the corner drawing-room are beyond measure massive; and the ground apartment is rather a diminutive catacomb than a library in a northern latitude. Yet

before, and was, therefore, less likely than others to be damp and unsuited. The room, he adds, commands no view whatever but looks out on a gloomy back-yard, and nothing can be more cheerless than the paper on the walls or the furniture of the apartment.

* Lady Chatterton says that when she visited Chiswick, she had pointed out to her by Samuel Rogers the room in which Fox had expired, and the very place where his bed had stood. It is a small room on the ground floor. When she saw it, at a fete, the room was used to serve refreshments. *Sic transit gloria.*

† Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, in the New Monthly Magazine, describes the room in which Canning died, as a small, low chamber upstairs, which had formerly been a nursery, and which he chose when he went there, sick and ill, on account of the duke having accidentally slept in it a few days

these blemishes, and Lord Hervey's wit, who said the house was 'too small to inhabit and too large to hang to one's watch,' cannot depreciate the taste that reigns throughout the whole. The larger court dignified by picturesque cedars, and the classic scenery of the small court that unites the old and new house, are better worth seeing than many fragments of ancient grandeur which our travellers visit under all the dangers attendant on long voyages.

The garden is in the Italian style, but divested of conceit, and far preferable to every style that reigned till our late improvements. The buildings are heavy, and not equal to the purity of the house. The lavish quantity of urns and sculptures behind the garden front should be retrenched."

The ascent to the house is by a double flight of steps, on one side of which is the statue of Palladio, on the other that of Inigo Jones. The portico is supported by six fine fluted columns, of the Corinthian order, with a very elegant pediment; the cornice, frieze, and architraves being as rich as possible. The octagonal saloon, which finishes at top in a dome, through which it is lightened, is truly elegant. The inside of the structure is finished with the utmost elegance; the ceilings and mouldings are richly gilt, upon a white ground, giving a chaste air to the whole interior. The principal rooms are embellished with books, splendidly bound, and so arranged as to appear not an encumbrance but ornament. The tops of the book-cases are covered with white marble, edged with gilt borders.

The gardens are laid out in the first taste, the vistas terminated by a temple, obelisk, or some similar ornament, so as to produce the most agreeable effect. At the end opposite the house are two wolves by Scheemaker; the other exhibits a large lioness and a goat. The view is terminated by three fine antique statues, dug up in Adrian's garden at Rome, with stone seats between them. Along the ornamental waters we are led to an inclosure, where are a Roman temple and an obelisk; and on its banks stands an exact model of the portico of St. Paul's, Covent Garden, the work of Inigo Jones. The arched gate,* formerly of Beaufort House at Chelsea, also the work of Inigo Jones, and the gift of Sir Hans Sloane to the Earl of Burlington, was removed here. The pleasure-grounds and park include about ninety acres, together with an orangery, conservatory, and range of forcing-houses, three hundred feet in length.

Horace Walpole, being a *connoisseur*, must needs find fault with something. He desires that the lavish quantity of urns and statues behind the garden front should be retrenched; and this might be desirable if these urns and statues were not exquisite gems of art, and individually of great beauty and value, demanding a more undivided attention than would be given them if considered merely as ornamental appendages to the grounds. The bronze statues of the Gladiator, Hercules with his club,

the Faun, are worthy a place in any gallery. Three colossal statues, removed hither from Rome, although mutilated, are very fine, as are also the profusion of minor marbles scattered throughout the grounds. Nothing can be more exquisite than the taste that presides over this Versailles in little. The lofty walls of clipped yew, inclosing alleys terminated by rustic temples; the formal flower-garden, with walks converging towards a common centre, where a marble copy of the Medicean Venus woe you from the summit of a graceful Doric column; the labyrinthine involution of the walks, artfully avoiding the limits of the demesne, and deceiving you as to its real extent; the artificial water, with its light and elegant bridge, gaily painted barges, and wild-fowl preening themselves upon its glassy surface; the magnificent cedars feathered to the ground, kissing with pendent boughs their mother earth; the temples and obelisks, happily situate on the banks of the river, or embowered in wildernesses of wood; the breaks of landscapes, where no object is admitted but such as the eye delights to dwell upon; the moving panorama of the Thames, removed to that happy distance where the objects on its surface glide along like shadows; the absolute seclusion of the scene, almost within the hum of a great city, make this seat of the Duke of Devonshire a little earthly paradise. The house, notwithstanding Lord Hervey's sarcasm, is a perfect gem, and a worthy monument of the genius and taste of the noble architect. Nowhere in the vicinity of London have wealth and judgment been so happily united; nowhere in the neighbourhood of the metropolis have we so complete an example of the capabilities of the Italian or classic style of landscape gardening.

Dr. Waagen, who visited Chiswick House for the purposes of art criticism, reports that "among the pictures are many good, and many even excellent, but that unfortunately they are partly in a bad condition, either from wanting cleaning, or from dryness. Several pictures too," he adds, "are hung in an unfavourable light, so that no decided opinion can be formed of them."—"Works of Art and Artists in England." 1838. Vol. I, pp. 243-271.

Among the pictures are several of Vandyk, Gaspar Poussin, Paul Veronese, Titian, Tintoretto, C. Maratti, Sir Godfrey Kneller, Cornelius Jansens, Holbein, &c., and one very exquisite miniature portrait of Edward VI. after Holbein, by Peter Oliver, son of Isaac Oliver, one of the favourite painters of Charles I. Perhaps the finest of all the paintings is one of Charles I. and his children, by Vandyk, as to which it is uncertain whether it is a duplicate or the original of the picture in Her Majesty's collection at Windsor.

Another celebrated picture is by J. Van Eyck, which Horace Walpole mentions in his book on painting in England, the Virgin and Child attended by angels, as representing in the figures which it contains several members of Lord Clifford's family (from whom the Earl of Burlington was maternally descended), though the statement was controverted at considerable

* This gateway, originally erected at Chelsea on the premises which once belonged to the great Sir Thomas More, but afterwards were known as Beaufort House, being occupied by the head of that family. After having stood empty for several years the house was purchased and pulled down by Sir Hans Sloane, about the year 1738. The removal of this gate occasioned the following lines by Pope:—

PASSENGER. O Gate, how cam'st thou here?
GATE. I was brought from Chelsea last year,
Batter'd with wind and weather,
Inigo Jones put me together;
Sir Hans Sloane
Let me alone,
Burlington brought me hither

length by an eminent antiquary and genealogist in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for Nov., 1840, p. 489.

Among the other articles of *vertu* in Chiswick House is a splendid present from the late Emperor of Russia to the late Duke of Devonshire, a magnificent clock in a case of malachite, surmounted with a representation of the Emperor, Peter the Great, in a storm, who is standing in a boat with his hand upon the helm, in a firm and defiant attitude. The boat itself, which is about a foot long, is of bronze.

In 1814 the Emperor Alexander of Russia and the other allied Sovereigns visited the Duke of Devonshire here. In June, 1842, Her Majesty and the late Prince Consort visited his Grace here, and on June 8, 1844, the Duke gave here a magnificent entertainment to the Emperor (Nicholas) of Russia, the King of Saxony, the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge, and about 700 of the nobility.

In the ninth year of Edward IV., one Baldwin Bray, whose ancestors were settled here for many generations, conveyed the lease of the manor of Sutton within Cheswyke to Thomas Coveton and others; and during the civil war this manor was sequestered to the lord mayor and aldermen of London. In 1676 the lease came into the hands of Thomas, Earl of Fauconberg, whose son's great nephew, Thomas Fowler, Viscount Fauconberg, assigned it about the year 1727 to Richard, Earl of Burlington. After the Earl's death, the lease was renewed to the Duke of Devonshire, who married his daughter and sole heir. The other, or prebendal, manor, is still in the hands of the Weatherstone family.

The Duke's villa stands near the site of an old house, which, it is said, was built by Sir Edward Warden, or Wardour, but which was pulled down in 1788, and by Kip's print of it seems to have been of the date of James I. Towards the latter end of that king's reign, it certainly was the property and residence of Robert Carr, Earl of Somerset, whose abandoned Countess died there in misery and disgrace. The earl, who was a partaker in her crimes, survived her many years, but was never able to retrieve his broken fortunes and dishonoured name. On the marriage of his daughter, Lady Ann,* with Lord Russell, he was obliged to mortgage his house at Chiswick to make up the marriage portion which the Earl of Bedford demanded with his wife,

and the mortgage never being paid off, the estate passed away into other hands, from whom again it passed through several changes into the possession of Boyle, Earl of Burlington, already mentioned.

The Russell family had an ancient seat in this parish, where, in 1602, Queen Elizabeth paid a visit to its then owner, William, Lord Russell; and that his son Francis, first Earl of Bedford, lived here, and took an interest in the concerns of the parish, is plain from the inscription on the churchyard wall already mentioned.

A few hundred yards north-west of the church, in a lane leading towards one entrance to the grounds of the Duke of Devonshire's villa, still stands the little red-bricked house which was once occupied by Hogarth, and still bears his name. The house is very narrow from front to back; one end of it abuts on the road; but the front of it, which apparently is in much the same condition now as when Hogarth lived, looks into a closed and high-walled garden of about an acre, in which a prominent object is a fine mulberry tree planted by the painter's own hand. At the bottom of the garden is the workshop in which he used to ply his art, secluded and alone; and hard by against the wall are memorials in stone to his favourite dog and cat, engraved, it is said, by his own hand, although this is manifestly impossible in one case, at least, as the dates do not correspond. They are as follows:—

LIFE TO THE LAST
ENJOYED,
HERE POMPEY LIES.



1759.

ALAS!
POOR DICK.
1769.

There was once a similar memorial to a favourite bird of Hogarth's; but the part of the wall to which the stone was affixed was blown down, and the relic was lost. The two leaden urns which adorn the entrance to the house were the gift of David Garrick to his friend.

Passing on a few steps further, we come to a plain house, externally more modern, occupied by Mr. Cock, a worthy gentleman, in whose garden stands Hogarth's portable sun-dial, duly authenticated. The same gentleman owns Hogarth's chair, a stout, strong arm-chair made of cherrywood, and seated with leather. The latter is very much decayed, and one of the arms is a good deal worm-eaten, but the rest is sound and good.

* "It is a curious fact that though Chiswick was sold by the beautiful Lady Ann Carr's father, to enable her to marry, it was not lost to her descendants; for Rachel, the daughter of Lord Russell who was beheaded, and his celebrated wife, married the second Duke of Devonshire, so that the present duke is descended from that lovely girl, and is a possessor of the place where her youth was spent—the home of her ancestors."

FACILENER'S "Chiswick," p. 391.

This chair, in which Hogarth used to sit and smoke his pipe, was given by the painter's widow to the grandfather of the present owner, who was a martyr to the gout. It moves very easily on primitive stone castors, three in number. To this same gentleman's grandfather it was that Mrs. Hogarth offered to sell a quantity of her late husband's pictures for £20; but the bargain was never concluded, and his paintings were eventually dispersed.

There are many other interesting localities within the limits of the parish of Chiswick, but we have not room to describe them at length. The old Manor House, which was once inhabited by the lords of the Manor, and has all the imposing exterior of a French *château*, is now Dr. Tukes' lunatic asylum. In the middle of the village is the Griffin Brewery, where, aided by the medicinal virtues of a spring of their own, Messrs. Fuller, Smith, & Turner produce ales in no way inferior to those of Bass and Allsopp. Most of our readers are aware that Chiswick was the place where Whittingham, towards the close of last century, set up that printing press which turned out so many beautifully printed octavos and duodecimos; but they possibly may not be aware that the house in which Whittingham's press was set up, was originally the Pest-House* of Westminster School. What was then the school-room is now called Chiswick Hall, and the gloomy old dormitories still exist, though turned to far other purposes from those intended by the designer.

Originally a little fishing† village, Chiswick has now come to have a population of some 7,000 souls, of whom the greater part are engaged in the market gardens, in which the district abounds, and which have long since superseded the rich dairy and pasture lands whence the parish is thought by some to have derived its name of Cheese-wick. It has not been improved by recent buildings. Some thirty or forty years ago a large quantity of poor tenements were erected between the villas on the river bank and Turnham Green,

* The school was removed to Chiswick once or twice during Dr. Busby's days (about 1657) on account of the "hot and sickly season of the year." But there is no record of the house being so used since that date, though to this day a piece of ground is reserved in the lease of the house as a play-place for the Westminster scholars. Lysons says that a few years ago the names of Lord Halifax and John Dryden, who were Busby's scholars, could be seen written on the walls of this interesting old house, but, we fear, they have long since perished.

† In 1286, according to Lysons, an agreement was made relating to the fish within the manor of Sutton in Chiswick between the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's and the Prior of Merton, who enjoyed a grant from the King of the fisheries of the River Thames, for a certain district, which included the shores of Chiswick. By this agreement, the men of Sutton and Chiswick were permitted to place "forty weirs (burrochae) for catching barbels and lampreys (sic) only;" for which permission they were obliged to pay 23s. per annum to the Prior of Merton.

and these became rapidly inhabited by a poor and much neglected population, among whom the Irish element largely prevailed. Of late years much has been done to reclaim these Arabs of the street, and Mr. Sharpe, the banker of Fleet Street, erected in 1848 a small church, parsonage, and schools, in the middle of the poor population. To this the present vicar has added an infant nursery; and the little church, though totally unendowed, and scarcely ever entered by a wealthy parishioner, is rendered more than self-supporting by the recent adoption of the weekly offertory, the establishment of a good choir, and the seating of the floor with chairs instead of pews.

E. WALFORD.

ANNAN WATER.

I.

"ANNAN Water grows black and gurdy,
Annan swirls 'neath the wind so surly!
Quick, gallant steed! let's up and away
Full fifty miles hence by break of day!
For Edyth waits at our trysting-place,
A world of love in her sweet bright face:
Idle fears must not dim those eyes,
I would not cause her or tears or sighs!"

II.

Speeds the swift grey to the Annan's ford!
On flint, on moss, through muir or through sward,
Clatter the grey's hoofs hamlets among!
Hark! Sir Bevis breaks out into song!
"Soon (hold up, good grey!) soon Edyth's mine!
Soon (soft!) round Edyth mine arms shall twine!"
But Annan Water grows black and gurdy,
Annan swirls 'neath the wind so surly!

III.

"Ho! good knave! quick thy boat, quick thine oars!
See the sun sinks, the darkness lowers!
Earn thee my purse—'tis thy toil for weeks!"
"I dare not take it; the kelpie shrieks,
The lynn boils—list! it acenteth its prey!
Good Sir Bevis, wait here till the day;
For Annan Water grows black and gurdy,
Annan swirls 'neath the wind so surly!"

IV.

"Shame, coward, shame! My grey, win my thanks!
Struggle, swim stout, see yonder the banks!"
They plunge in, they swim, the cold stream draws,
The kelpies watch them with hungry jaws;
Sinketh the grey, Sir Bevis strikes out,
Suck'd down he dies with a last wild shout!
And Annan Water grows black and gurdy,
Annan swirls 'neath the wind so surly!

V.

Day by day in her dainty bower
The lady sits out each ling'ring hour;
But ne'er comes lover, that lady to greet,
Ne'er hears she more the grey's clattering feet:
But Edyth's wraith still sits there each night,
With eyes that flash in the moon's pale light.
When Annan Water grows black and gurdy,
Annan swirls 'neath the wind so surly!

M. G. W.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER XIII. MINOR TROUBLES.

THROUGH the glorious summer weather Lawrence Barbour lay in hospital.

Into the wards of St. George's the sun streamed brightly; from the windows of the hospital the convalescents could see Hyde Park and the Queen's gardens full of leaf, and green with verdure. The Row was by no means deserted; the Drive was thronged day after day with carriages; along Piccadilly and down the Knightsbridge Road the stream of human life poured continually; the water-carts spread a pleasant coolness on the streets as they went by; there were trucks full of flowers, that looked gay in the middle of the London thoroughfares; whichever way one turned there were cool muslins and light silks and white straw bonnets; the parks were alive with children; there was no frost, no mud, no fog; the pleasantest time of all the year to be in the Great Babylon had come; the best season for seeing London, its palaces, its churches, its squares, its bridges, its docks, its shipping, its river, its long, long lines of streets, its suburbs, its crowded resorts, had arrived; but still Lawrence lay, as I have said, in hospital, creeping his way back by slow degrees to comparative health.

That was a part out of his life; he learned no useful lesson; he acquired no sweet virtue; he failed both in patience and gratitude. It was a blank page on which, in the after days, he never could perceive that any beneficial line had been traced.

Thankless and uneasy, he often turned his tired eyes towards the light, murmuring, "Would it not have been better, O Lord, to have taken me at once than to leave me to drag on my life thus?" but he never, at any stage of his illness, so far bowed his heart as to say, "God's will be done."

Well, it was hard. There is nothing harder than to bear; and that was all the work Lawrence had set him to do at the time of which I am writing.

He was young, and the young always grudge the loss of even an hour of their existence. He was naturally active, and it is not easy for an active man to lie by with equanimity. He was willing to work, and the sole labour allotted to him was idleness. Morning after morning, the sun rose and

shone into the wards; day after day the summer brightness gladdened the London streets: patients went and came continuously; men left their legs behind them, and departed; had their arms set, and were made sound again: recovered from the effects of frightful accidents, and walked away in company with their friends; but still he lay on, and thought his thoughts, and bore his pain in silence.

Visitors not a few came and sate by him. Mr. Alwyn did his duty of course; and Lord Lallard was very kind and considerate to the son of his old neighbour, calling in often to cheer him up with news of the outer world, and asking him to go down and stay at Lallard House for a time, whenever he was able to travel.

Mr. Barbour did not return to town after his first visit. Travelling was expensive, and his interviews with Lawrence had not, as a whole, been productive of pleasure or satisfaction to either; he resented Mr. Alwyn's attempts to force his hospitality on him as insolent condescension, and Mr. Perkins's well-meaning proffers of friendship as impertinent familiarity.

He had told his son he considered starvation preferable to such association, and entreated him to return home. To which Lawrence had answered, "Each one to his taste; for my part, I had rather beg in the London streets, than go mouching in idleness about the Clay Farm as I used to do."

After a very few such passages, Mr. Barbour wended his sorrowful way back to Mallingford, feeling that the business taint brought into the blood of his family by Miss Perkins would never be obliterated; and when on the following Sunday a sermon was delivered on "Original Sin," the disappointed gentleman associated in his own mind the fall of Adam and the marriage of his great-grandfather with the drysalter's daughter.

He turned his hopes next on Edmund, who certainly had developed no trading propensities, but this was unfortunately rather because he was idle, than because he was proud; rather because he detested work of any kind, than because he desired to push himself on, and rise to eminence in any other pursuit or profession.

Lawrence was the son who could have

brought green leaves and goodly fruit on the bare and barren family tree—Lawrence, and he would not! He had chosen his own road in life, and was resolved to follow it to the end! What wonder that Mr. Barbour left London disgusted and disappointed, and tried to forget that evil for which indeed there seemed no remedy?

He had his paternal feelings however, nevertheless, and wrote frequently to his first-born, pressing of him to come home for a time; at least, till his health should be re-established.

Mr. Sondes—the only person Mr. Barbour had seen in London whom he could endure, and in whose house, far east though it might be, he had been good enough to stay—answered these letters on behalf of the patient, and softened down all those harshnesses of expression for which Lawrence was famous, as he wrote.

In due time, also, Edmund managed to scrape together enough money to come up and see London and the invalid. Which spectacle he enjoyed most it would perhaps be invidious to inquire.

As for the Perkinses, there was neither beginning nor end of them, for Mrs. Perkins, greatly to Lawrence's distress, considered it incumbent upon her to visit him in his affliction, and made up little parties for the purpose of inducing him to forget his "troubles a bit," so she phrased it.

In this laudable object Mrs. Perkins succeeded to admiration. No other person who ever entered St. George's ever caused Lawrence so thoroughly to lose all sense of his bodily ailments as the chemist's wife.

She called him a "poor dear," and kissed him with motherly demonstrativeness. She sat with his hand in hers till both got clammy and wet, when Lawrence could endure such marks of affection and attention no longer. She brought him the most wonderful cakes, the most astonishing delicacies, the stalest of fruits. She wore hideous bonnets, and either a white or a crimson shawl; she had always a child with her: in fact the children looked upon Lawrence's illness as something rather agreeable and productive of excitement, and were much vexed and troubled in spirit when, by reason of his recovery, the pleasant pilgrimages to Hyde Park Corner ceased.

Sometimes Mrs. Jackson accompanied her friend, and then indeed Lawrence wondered women so ugly were allowed to live, why women with such tongues were not gagged and got rid of.

Ada, too, assisted at these ceremonies with great vivacity and loquacity. At an early stage of the proceedings, viz., on the occasion of her first visit, she climbed up on the bed,

thereby occasioning Lawrence such agony that he damned the engaging child so heartily and loudly, as to bring the nurse to his side, and cause the whole ward to be convulsed with smothered laughter.

He endeavoured subsequently to apologise to Mrs. Perkins for his warmth, but his excuses were unnecessary—Mrs. Perkins having already taken his part to the extent of threatening to inflict punishment on Miss Ada when she got her home, and of declaring to the offender that she would tell her "par of her goings on," who would never, never let her come to see her "poor, dear, sick cousin again."

"Now, if she only holds to that," thought Lawrence, while Ada put up her shoulders and dropped her under lip, and swelled out her cheeks, and got very red in the face: all preparatory signs of a thorough good sobbing fit.

"If you let her cry, you will both be turned out," exclaimed Lawrence wildly, regardless of whether there were any truth in his statement or not; "they won't allow any noise here." Whereupon Ada was desired to behave herself, and gulped back her grief accordingly.

Unhappily for Lawrence, however, she did not prove as good as her word, for she brought Ada, not merely again, but frequently, and Ada invariably came into the ward bearing in her hands a huge bunch of flowers, which she presented to her cousin.

These flowers were scentless, limp, and long-gathered, as it is the nature of London flowers—of the commoner sort—to be; further, the stalks were wet and sticky, which last fact was to be attributed to the persistency with which Ada had eaten sweets all the way in the Blackwall omnibus which conveyed her and her mother from Limehouse to Piccadilly.

Then there were occasional incursions of the younger children, who surveyed Lawrence with astonished interest, and asked Mrs. Perkins—

"What made his face so white, like chalk, and his eyes so big, and his bones so plain, and his voice so queer?"

"Is he soon going to die?" asked the youngest but one, the first time he was permitted to look on Lawrence after his accident.

The child had sat silent for many minutes, staring at his relative, and occupying that vantage post of observation, his mother's lap, must have arrived at the above result by a slow and careful course of reasoning, the cleverness of which Mrs. Perkins seemed unable to appreciate, for she declined to gratify his curiosity, and desired him to "Hush!"

declaring, in the same breath, that children should "be seen and not heard."

Lawrence mentally amended this sentence. He thought children ought to be neither seen nor heard; and the "same rule would hold good with regard to many grown-up people too," he finished, having in his mind's eye more especially Mrs. Perkins, who had a pernicious habit of taking off her gloves and pulling them out finger by finger, of unfastening her bonnet-strings and setting that article of attire very far back on her head, of throwing off her shawl, and remarking with vehemence on the heat, breathing deep sighs, at intervals, expressive of being oppressed and weary; weary with fanning herself with her pocket handkerchief, perhaps, for that was a duty in which she never relaxed voluntarily.

Ah! belles and ladies of fashion, could you but see how your little affectations—how your airs and graces, your habits, your attitudes, your foibles, are imitated and caricatured by the vulgar herd; how in omnibuses, in second-class railway carriages, in steamboats, in the back seats in church, ay, in your servants' halls, women are all engaged in doing ill that which it is your patent of nobility to do well, viz., making themselves artificial, and as far as possible from what God intended they should be;—would it, I wonder, induce you to fall back on the graces of simplicity, on the beauties of perfect naturalness?

Percy Forbes, who was in the habit of coming often to St. George's and watching with somewhat cynical eyes the ways and manners of *le beau sexe* as there exhibited, took a delight in noticing how the lower class aped the weaknesses of the higher, and in declaring that women, rich or poor, high or low, were all alike.

He was hard upon wives and daughters, this young man with the chestnut hair and the brownish-grey eyes, which seemed the less excusable, since wives and daughters kept each and all a pleasant look and word for him.

He had his ideal possibly of what a woman ought to be; but if so, certainly none amongst his acquaintances came up to his requirements. Decidedly not Mrs. Perkins, at any rate, whom he often had the felicity of meeting, and to whom he was christian and courteous even to the extent of accompanying her out of the hospital, and walking forth with her into Grosvenor Place and hailing an omnibus for her, and handing her and whatever child she had brought to see Lawrence into the same, and lifting his hat to her when the conductor banged his foot on the step, or slapped the panel with his strap, signalling thereby to the driver that he could go on: just, Mrs. Perkins

was wont to remark to her husband, "as if I was a countess."

Altogether Mrs. Perkins was charmed with both the young men, for Lawrence, though sometimes sharp, seldom failed in outward civility. There were some things however which he could not have done even out of politeness. For instance, he could not have voluntarily escorted Mrs. Perkins up Piccadilly. In this respect Percy had the advantage over him, and perhaps Lawrence did not like his new friend any the better for it. Nevertheless, the two young men had become friends after a fashion, and spent a considerable amount of time talking together on various subjects.

Mr. Sondes also often travelled westward to see his *protégé*, and never entered St. George's without a lovely bouquet, hidden away in moss, which Olivine sent to Lawrence with her love.

Those were the sweetest flowers that reached the sick man in his extremity—pure, and fresh, and sweet, and cool and simple; not too rare to touch, not overpowering in their rich fragrance; not arranged to order by the hands of the gardener who tied them up with bass, as was the case with the bouquets from Mallingsford, but just a sprig or two, a few buds nestling among moss, grateful to the sense, refreshing to the eye, green and bright as though that moment gathered, grouped together daintily as it was in the child's nature to group the most simple of flowers.

She lived in the country, all through the hot summer weather, in an old-fashioned house down by the river edge, some five-and-twenty miles from town; and the flowers and the moss told tales to the invalid lying in hospital, of the fields and the trees which he was debarred from seeing.

Not that Lawrence loved the country much, or sighed greatly after its delights; only when he was restless and feverish the flowers seemed to talk to him of rest and shade, just as the sound of running water is grateful at times to a man who, it may be, loves best to drink wine.

One cannot tell how or why these things make any impression on apparently unimpressionable people; we only know the effect is produced, and wonder to remark it. And the effect produced on Lawrence Barbour was to make him long almost passionately to get out of hospital, to flee away, not to Lallard House, nor to Mallingsford End, nor to Clay Farm, nor to Ramsgate, as Mr. Perkins suggested, but to Grays, where Mr. Sondes had a house that commanded a view of the river, and from which you could see the ships going up and

down with their sails all set and shining in the morning sunshine.

Now Lawrence had never seen the river, except from London or some of the other bridges, and once from Grays. He had never sat beside a window idly looking over a great expanse of water: never beheld the sun rising upon and setting over it; never watched it in storm and calm, in daylight and in the deepening twilight. He was not an imaginative man; but he had every element in him for becoming a solitary one; and therefore it happened, perhaps, that in his sickness the idea took firm hold of his mind that if he could but get away to Grays he should soon be restored to health,—to comparative health, as has before been said. He wanted to run off from London, to be clear of Mr. Alwyn, and Mrs. Perkins, and doctors, and nurses, and diet, and the sight of illness and suffering; he was sick of the hot days and of the hotter nights; he longed for the river breeze, for the solitary bedchamber, for the cool grass, for the fresh wind to come and fan his temples. And so the days went by—the days and the weeks; and late on in the summer he walked feebly out of St. George's cured.

CHAPTER XIV. A LITTLE SURPRISE.

CURED! Very bitterly Lawrence Barbour repeated that word to himself as he drove along Piccadilly and across Leicester Square, and so by the Strand and through the City back to Limehouse.

He felt sick with the unwonted motion of the cab; the noise of the streets irritated his nerves. By the time he had reached Tichbourne Street he was faint and sick and weary, but still cured. The doctors had done all they could for their patient—given him what measure of health it was in their power to bestow, and discharged him sound and strong as it was likely he would ever be.

The human machine had been repaired to the uttermost, the instrument had been put in such tune as was possible after the jar it had sustained; but the machine could never work again so smoothly as had once been the case, the instrument might never more give forth so strong a tone as formerly, let the man's life be long or let it be short.

"And this is being cured," he said, feebly, as the cab jolted along over the stones down King William Street and so into the Strand. "This is being cured. Last time I passed this way I was well and strong as anybody need to be; I did not know what it was to have ache or pain, and now—the clothes in which I left Limehouse *that day* are literally hanging upon me, and I could not walk even

from your house to Stepney Causeway if I were offered all the gold in the Bank of England for doing so."

"You will mend of that," answered Mr. Perkins, cheerily. Mr. Perkins had come to fetch his relative out of the hospital, and now sat beside him in the cab. "You will mend of that. You must eat well, and drink well, and get away either to Ramsgate or Grays; and then after that we will talk about your being cured, but not till then. You have had a nasty bout of it, and we must try to repair the damage done to your constitution."

"If Mrs. Perkins break a tea-cup she can send Jane out to buy another; but can she ever make the old cup sound again?" demanded Lawrence, peevishly.

"No," answered Mr. Perkins; "nobody ever thought she could; only, you see, the difference in this case is that you are not a tea-cup. It is dead and you are living; it is inanimate matter, with no physical power of repairing a waste; you are animate, and therefore have within yourself the capacity for acquiring fresh strength, for knitting broken bones, for making in course of time, in fact, a sound body out of an injured one. What is the use of looking at the worst side of things? If you were eighty the question might indeed be a different one; but you are young, healthy, naturally of a strong constitution, with good blood in your veins, and good sense in your head. Make use of that sense now, and ask yourself whether it is reasonable to suppose a man who has been in hospital for so long would feel strong enough to ride a steeple-chase the first day he gets out into the open air. The thing is absurd. Wait, as I have said, for a month, and then tell me how you feel about being broken up for life."

"But the doctors warned me," began Lawrence.

"Never mind their warnings," interrupted Mr. Perkins, "or at least only take them for what they are worth. Doctors are not infallible; doctors are not God Almighty, and no one but He can say for certain what time and rest and patience may not do for you yet. It is just possible," went on the chemist, with a delightful inconsistency, "that your chest may never be quite strong again; but what of that? How many people are going about the world now with delicate chests. How many have only a piece of a lung left to breathe through, and yet keep themselves alive winter after winter——"

"Ay, keep themselves alive," commented Lawrence, "I had rather be dead at once, than feel my breath pulling me back every step I took."

"But you have got both your lungs, and

although they may not be very strong now, still——”

“Still the cracked cup lasts a long time if it be not much used,” finished Lawrence. “That is the worst of it, Mr. Perkins; with my bread to win, with my way to make, I shall have to keep the fact of my broken health always in mind. Well, so be it; I have made my last complaint, I have uttered my last moan. I accept the inevitable, and will try to make the best of a bad bargain.”

“That is right,” remarked Mr. Perkins, “you will not find the bargain so bad an one after all. Are you getting very tired? It is an awful long drive for you to take for a beginning.”

What Mr. Perkins said was perfectly true, and by the time Lawrence reached Distaff Yard, he felt glad enough to crawl up the stairs and go straight away to bed.

“This is nice,” he observed, as he laid his head on the pillow in his own little room again,—“this is nice,” and that was the first approach to a really grateful speech which Mr. Perkins had heard him utter. “Do you want me to eat?” he added, “and I so comfortable.” But he raised himself up for all that, and swallowed what Mr. Perkins gave him; and afterwards his relative closed the door and ordered the children down-stairs, and left Lawrence to go to sleep.

Oh! the blessedness of that sleep—the happiness of lying with his eyes shut, all alone—the pleasure of waking, and not finding one on his right hand, and another on his left, suffering and making lamentation.

It was late in the evening when he awoke, and then he only did so sufficiently to assure himself there was really no other occupant of the room, and dropped off to sleep again.

“Thank God,” was his latest conscious thought, “that when we take our rest for the last time, we shall each have a separate coffin.” It was a strange idea to come into a young man’s head; but then Lawrence Barbour was a strange young man, who had been much accustomed to solitude all his life, to whom nothing seemed so perfectly unendurable as having people always about him, and who spoke merely the simple truth the next morning when he told Mrs. Perkins he had never enjoyed anything so much before, as the past night’s sleep in Distaff Yard.

“And I am sure it has done you a world of good,” answered Mrs. Perkins; “and now, don’t you think, my dear, you could persuade Josiah to let you and me and the children go down to Ramsgate or Southend all together comfortably? It would be ever so much better for you to be with us than moping in that dull house at Grays, alone with Mr.

Sondes and Olivine. There would be some life about my children, but nobody ever saw a bit of life about her—not that I mean to say Olivine is not a nice little girl enough, considering the unchristian way in which she has been brought up—but still cheerfulness is one thing and melancholy is another. My poor father used always to be singing ‘Away with melancholy,’” concluded Mrs. Perkins, commencing forthwith to hum that remarkably difficult air all out of tune.

Lawrence made no answer. He lay still, considering that, if he went to the seaside with Mrs. Perkins and Ada, the journey might be considered an unnecessary expense. “I could go to Bedlam when I came back,” he decided, “but certainly to no other place.”

He pictured to himself Ada scampering about the sands, and shuddered, as in a prophetic vision he saw her thick legs, her light hair, her upturned nose, her blue eyes, her forward manners, and her eternal giggle astonishing the Ramsgate visitors. Already he felt the weight of Mrs. Perkins’s hand as she took hold of his arm, down whatever public promenade that place might boast. It was all very well to do the agreeable to Mrs. Perkins at Limehouse, but even to propose to his own mind the idea of doing the agreeable to Mrs. Perkins anywhere out of the locality in which her husband carried on his business was a thing not to be thought of.

Having decided this point by the time Mrs. Perkins had dusted his looking-glass, and shaken his toilet-cover, and put the room what she called “to-rights,” Lawrence informed her he could not possibly get off going to Mr. Sondes’, that he had promised to spend some time at Grays, whenever he was strong enough to travel anywhere.

“Oh! dear,” exclaimed Mrs. Perkins, standing in the centre of the room the very personification of household uncomeliness, and holding her duster tightly in her hand, and looking most grievously annoyed while she spoke, “Oh! dear; then there’s no chance of me or the poor children getting away for a breath of fresh air before the summer is over. Mr. Perkins would have let us go, if you had gone, but now—but there, what is the use of talking about it? That Mr. Sondes is the antidote, or bane, or whatever you call it, of my life. There is nothing I want he does not put his foot in somehow. I don’t blame you, of course; but it is provoking, now, confess yourself, isn’t it? Here I am month after month, slave, slave, slave—worse than any negro. I am sure I earn every bite and sup crosses my lips. What other woman with a family like mine, and Josiah in business on his own account, would do with only one

servant, and her a fool. I cook, and iron, and have his food always wholesome and hot, and the children have never a hole in their stockings, and the house is as clean as a new pin, and I am up every morning as soon as the men get to work; but I might just as well be a slut and a lie-a-bed, and waster, and extravagant, for all the thanks I have. It is that Mr. Sondes' doing—all—every bit. Likely as not he knew I wanted to go to Ramsgate or Southend, and made up his mind I shouldn't. He knows everything,—perhaps what I am saying to you at this present minute. Well, let him know then; listeners never hears no good of themselves," said Mrs. Perkins, by way of ending to her speech, which had got not merely illogical, but ungrammatical towards its conclusion, by reason of the vehemence of her feelings. "They never does," and Mrs. Perkins aimed a blow at an imaginary cobweb depending from the ceiling, while Lawrence remarked—

"That he was positive if Mr. Perkins knew she wanted to go out of town, he would make no objection to her doing so," to which straightforward speech Mrs. Perkins made answer, "Much you know about it,—much you know about what husbands object to; not but what, in his way, Josiah is good enough in the main, only I would rather never set foot beyond the doors, than worry and torment like some wives. I don't want to go out often. I had just as lief stay here, but the children, poor dears, will be disappointed; ay, that they will."

Now what was Lawrence to do? He felt guiltily conscious in the matter, so conscious, in fact, that he said, after a pause and a struggle—

"Mrs. Perkins, if you wish so much to go to Ramsgate, and can only get there if I accompany you, I'll explain the state of the case to Mr. Sondes, and——"

"No, thank you, Mr. Barbour," she interrupted; "I don't want to be under no obligations to Mr. Sondes for nothing; and it is of no consequence to me—further than wishing you well, and thinking your visit to a person who wants to marry you to his niece a mistake—where you go to stay, whether in that dismal old house at Grays, or in nice genteel lodgings at Ramsgate, or well, say—Southend."

"Marry me to his niece," Lawrence repeated. He never heard a word after that clause of the sentence. Mrs. Perkins's telling contrasts had been lost upon him.

"Marry me to his niece! what niece?"

"What niece?—why Olivine; he has no other that ever I heard of."

"But she is only a child."

"I know that she is only a child now, but she will be a woman some day, if she lives long enough."

"And I, if I ever do marry, will not until I am forty."

"Trust you for that," observed Mrs. Perkins.

"You may trust me, for I have a notion that when people marry so young they get tired of it somehow; besides, Mr. Sondes would not want a pauper like me for a nephew-in-law. I do wish, Mrs. Perkins, you would put that notion out of your mind. I can't imagine how it ever got there."

"It is not into my mind alone it has got, let me tell you," answered Mrs. Perkins. "There's Mrs. Jackson (a sensible woman she is too) as is quite of my opinion. She said no later than last night, setting comfortably over her tea, and me on the other side of the table listening to her—'Mark my words, Mrs. Perkins,' she says, 'that'll be a match some day.'"

"What'll be a match?" I asked, knowing all the time who she meant.

"Why, between your young gentleman," she says, "and little Sondes."

"I wish to Heaven Mrs. Jackson would mind her own business, and leave mine alone," said Lawrence angrily.

"But she is just like her neighbours, and people won't leave your business alone," answered Mrs. Perkins.

"Well, then, they shall hold their tongues to me about it," he retorted. "How would you, Mrs. Perkins, like any one to say that you wanted to marry me to Ada?"

In a moment Lawrence perceived the error he had committed; in an instant he saw that such a report would not have been far from the truth; and he hurried on without waiting for any reply.

"The one thing is quite as absurd as the other; I have got my way to make in the world, to get rich and independent; by the time my hair is grey I may think of taking to myself a wife, but I do not mean to clog my steps meanwhile. And another thing I am confident of is, that Mr. Sondes will either expect his niece to marry high or not at all."

But, although he said this, Mr. Lawrence Barbour's vanity was flattered at the idea of being considered already eligible. Two future brides growing up for him; a mother and an uncle deciding that it would be a "good match" for their girls. Vanity is a feeling easily awakened, difficult to kill; and Mrs. Perkins had something to answer for in making this youth look favourably on his own perfections.

He had heard of men educating wives for themselves; why should Mr. Sondes not de-

sire to educate a husband for his niece? After all, might there not be a grain of truth at the bottom of Mrs. Perkins's bushel of chaff. It was pleasant to him to think so, at all events, and though he professed to be very indignant about the matter, still there can be no doubt but that, on the whole, he felt a good deal flattered, and less than ever inclined to take up his abode in genteel lodgings at Ramsgate in company with Mrs. Perkins and her progeny.

Still, he was sorry for the woman's disappointment, and told her so; to which she replied that "sorrow was poor sauce," a statement Lawrence felt himself in no position to contradict, although he took an early opportunity of opening his mind to Mr. Sondes on the subject of the Ramsgate trip.

"She is a vulgar wretch," replied that gentleman; "but still, I suppose, she requires a little change and variety as much as any lady in the land. I will speak to Perkins about it;" and he did, with such good effect, that, before a week had passed, Miss Ada was digging graves for herself on the shore at Ramsgate, and jumping in and out of them with much of what she doubtless considered lightness and agility, while Mrs. Perkins alternately quarrelled with her landlady and ate shrimps in quantity. As for the younger children, the visit proved one of torment to them, for they were bathed, were dipped, shrieking and kicking in the sea, and borne back to the machine, where their mamma stood triumphantly waiting to receive them in an elegant undress of wet blue serge,—red in the face, and bordering on convulsions.

Whilst his family were thus enjoying themselves, Mr. Perkins "stuck to business," and Lawrence went down to spend the remainder of the summer in that house at Grays which Mr. Sondes had taken for the sake of Olivine.

(To be continued.)

THE QUEEN OF THE RUBIES.

THERE was once in the city of Meydoon, in Rajpootana, a king—the ruler. He governed the country justly, and by his wife, Baidee, the Ranees, an only son was born unto him, and was named Ahmed. The young prince was very precious to his parents; but in the midst of his glory the king died, and in his last moments committed his wife and child to the care of his wuzeer—Ashirn.

"Watch over the young prince," said the dying King; "perfect his education, and be to him what you have been to me."

"On my hand and eyes be it," replied the wuzeer; "but oh, my lord! where is your signet? Without that, who will believe me?"

"The Ranees has it; go to her," said the King, and expired.

Now Ashirn was a wise man and a crafty, so when he had firmly gathered the reins of power into his hands, he cast aside the Ranees and the young prince, and expelled them from the palace. The Ranees took her son, and, accompanied by a faithful black slave, went to reside in an obscure quarter of the town. Now the vizier having obtained the substance of his ambition, one would have thought that he would not have troubled himself much about a mere shadow, a symbol of power, the signet of the late King; but it was not so, for night and day he had no rest for the thought of this signet, and after greatly importuning the Ranees upon the subject, he at last caused her house and person to be searched, in the hope of discovering its place of concealment: but no; search high or low, no ring was forthcoming; for the Ranees, knowing well the value of the ring, had prevailed upon her husband to intrust it to her, and having made a cut in the flesh of the slave Munbodh, had placed the signet there; the flesh had now grown over it, and there was no fear of its being discovered: still, seeing the unquiet state of the vizier's mind, and the daily searchings and troublings, she feared more and more, knowing that she was watched, and that the life of the young prince was not safe.

One day, as the slave Munbodh was standing in the Ranees's gateway, he saw a procession of white-robed men, with scarlet turbans, approaching, marshalled by an old and grey-headed servitor of respectable appearance; each man carried a tray, and as they drew nearer, Munbodh became aware that the trays were filled with most savoury viands.

"I see," said he, "sweetmeats, and silvered too; some rich man is doubtless dead; the second tray is,—yes, kabobs, with just the delicate shreds of red pepper to which I am so partial; truly the cook was a worthy man, a man of taste, and a notable acquaintance. Koorma, too, as I live, and dressed with cocoa-nut. I must follow this assemblage, for the discussing of these good things is a matter of moment."

Thus soliloquised Munbodh, gazing wistfully at the tray-bearers; what, however, was his astonishment to see the major-domo-like individual who headed the procession stop before him with the salutation of "Salam Aleikaum, Peace be with you."

"To which Munbodh wonderingly replied, "Aleikaum salam. May your bounties increase; and in what way can I serve you?"

"Oh, Jemudar," replied the grey-beard, "my master sends a respectful salutation to Her Highness the Ranees; (may Allah prosper

her;) and he begs the acceptance of these trays as an offering on his daughter's marriage."

Having said thus much, at a sign from him, the tray-bearers passed forward into the arched gateway before the astonished Munbodh; each tray was placed deftly on the low benches under the verandah in the little courtyard, and the white-robed train, filing noiselessly out one by one, with an "Allah protect you from the Khansamah," were all disappearing in the direction whence they had come, before Munbodh had recovered from his state of coma.

Then he muttered to himself, "God is great. Ah, I must run after this worthy Khansamah, and inquire the name of this dispenser of good things. Yet stay, there was young Prince Ahmed in the courtyard just now, and it would not do to let him disturb the beauty of those trays before the Kanoum had refreshed her eyes therewith," and he cried to himself, rubbing the palms of his hands together, "Wah! wah! surely this is wonderful."

Now the trays gave forth a fragrant steam which drew Munbodh as with a chain of sweetness, cracking each joint of his fingers as he went, until he stood before the viands.

"Allah! what magnificence. Hoseinee kabobs! I always did hunger after them. 'Tis but a little dish, after all, and the Ranee is generous to her slave; it would come to me by-and-by to a certainty,—what harm?"

Thus muttering to himself, he sat down and speedily became absorbed in the discussion of the savoury sticks of meat, finishing with a draught from a pitcher of pomegranate sherbet, which had accompanied the trays; then, rising up well pleased, he washed his hands, stroked his stomach, and, arranging the folds of his turban, bethought himself that a fragrant chillum of tobacco would act well as a digestive; but somehow to-day the tobacco had not its usual soothing properties,

"Arey! arey!" groaned he; "this is the servant of disobedience. Ah! ill-fated kabob, that could allure me from the path of duty. Ah! kabob of iniquity, to what abominable torments dost thou subject me; now here, now there. Infernal pain, wilt thou then seize my whole body?"

And he squatted on the ground, rolling himself backwards and forwards, until his agony being insupportable, he yelled and bellowed, so that the whole house was alarmed, and he was carried in to the Ranee. There, in the intervals of the paroxysms of pain which racked his whole frame, he confessed his fault, and recounted everything that had occurred. In half an hour he was dead. Then the Ranee saw that this had been a trap laid by the vizier to destroy the prince, herself, and the whole household, and she knew that they were

no longer safe in the city; so she closed the house and dismissed the servants, and with her own hands laid out the body of poor Munbodh, taking care with one clean incision to cut out the signet of her late husband: this she secreted in her robe. Then, when night closed in, and all were wrapped in slumber, she took the young prince by the hand, and alone and together they went forth through the lonely streets of the silent city. On they wandered, far, far away, and when morning dawned, they had entered into the great desert that bordered the country far away.

For two days and two nights they travelled, until the prince was well-nigh spent with fatigue, and his mother, who was an elderly woman, and had probably never been out of the harem in her life, was almost exhausted. Weary and travel-worn, they came suddenly upon a mighty sheet of water, where, under the scanty shade of a date-palm, the Ranee lay down, and, utterly exhausted, she recited the confession of faith, gave her son his father's signet, and, commending him to the hands of the All Merciful, she expired. Prince Ahmed was quite overwhelmed by the great and unexpected train of disasters which had befallen him during the last two days, and this final blow almost overpowered him, so that he sat beside the body with his face covered with his garment all that day and night. Next morning he smoothed the features of his dead mother, and, reciting the prayer for the dead, he buried her in the sand at the foot of the palm-tree. Afterwards, he went to the water's brink, and, having performed his ablutions, went through the morning prayer. As he arose, he noticed, lying in the sand by the river's brink, a wondrously large and lustrous red stone, which blazed in the morning sunlight with crimson and purple radiance. Taking it up, he saw that it was a ruby, a stone of priceless value, meet for a king's ransom. Farther along the shore he lighted upon another, and again another—the whole bank was strewn with them. Then Prince Ahmed put his finger in his mouth, and he thought—

"Surely, now, it is but to fill the end of my turban with these precious stones, and I am rich for life; but then how of my mother's wish—that I should win back my father's kingdom from the vizier Mahmoud." And he took out the king's signet, and putting it on his finger, walked thoughtfully on, turning it round and round. Presently, as he paced along the water's edge, he came to a vast "buryup" tree; it was a perfect grove in itself, this tree; an army might have encamped beneath it; so Ahmed sat himself down and rested in the shade, thinking of the rubies, and

how they came there. He thought to himself, surely this water is wondrous, for it extends as far as the eye can see, and yet it is not the ocean, for it is sweet water. Then, leaning back against a root of the tree, he saw above

him, built on the outspreading boughs, a rough platform of sticks, on which, also, he fancied he could see something moving. This roused his curiosity; so he rose, and, climbing up, found that this platform was a monstrous nest,



with three young, unfledged birds in it; but such birds! They were in size, as winged elephants. When the nestlings saw Ahmed, they did not seem at all frightened, but said, in very good Hindustanee, "Toom hara durkar kia hai?" that is, "What do you want?"

Then Ahmed knew that these must be the young of the wonderful simoorg; for but to one bird on the earth has Allah granted the power of human speech. So he fed the young birds with some sweetmeats which he had with him, and even while he was doing this the smallest of the three cried,

"The nest-father is coming!"

And straightway the prince made haste and hid himself, for he feared the coming of the monstrous bird. Presently there came a noise as of the wings of myriads of wild fowl, and the simoorg overshadowed the tree with his wings, descending to his young ones with a scream as harsh as that of the magical fire-carriage of the Feringhees.

"What has been here?" he cried; "I saw something in the distance that seemed like the shape of one of those cursed sons of Adam."

But the young ones lifted up their voices in favour of Ahmed, so that the monster bird became appeased, and smoothed down his

angry ruffled plumage, and he called to Ahmed to come forth. So the Prince came with many protestations, and besought protection.

"What is your desire?" said the simoorg.

And Ahmed gave answer—

"If your servant may speak, he desires to cross this mighty water, and find out whence come the rubies which deck its shores."

At this the bird laughed, and said,

"Oh, young man, yonder is the country of the Jins and Afrites; assuredly, you would not escape with your life if you went there—ask something else."

But the Prince remained silent, saying to himself,

"That or nothing."

So he sat down disconsolate at the foot of the tree, and the simoorg busied himself with his young ones above. Presently there came a noise as of a rushing mighty wind, and lo! the female bird, with outspread wings, came sailing to her nest, and she turned the male out, and nestled with her young ones.

When she heard the story of the Prince, and how he had fed her callow young ones, she angrily turned upon her mate, and cried—

"How of thy pride, oh mighty one? Give him only one of your wing-feathers, and you know he will be invisible. What cursed Jin can meddle with him then?"

Thus it came about that Ahmed attained to his desire. So the male simoorg said to him,

"Shut your eyes, and stuff well your nose and ears with cotton, otherwise the rushing of the air will steal away your life."

And Ahmed did as he was told.

Then the simoorg took him gently in his talons, and flew across the water so rapidly that the Prince's head began to whirl and grow giddy, until, in a short time, they reached the earth again. And the simoorg quickly (for he was anxious about his wife and children) plucked a feather, which Ahmed put in his cap, and so went his way.

Now the country in which the Prince journeyed was lovely and pleasant to the eye, and, as he went on, he saw, reclining on a turf hillock, a beautiful dark-eyed maiden, fastened by a light chain to a stake in the ground. She was dressed in a flowing robe of white, open at the neck, round which was a bright scarlet ring. Now, as the Prince stood there in wonder he saw a large dark blue pillar of cloud coming down one of the forest glades, and concealed himself, for very fear, forgetting that he was invisible. When the maiden saw the cloud, she started up in terror; but there came a voice, saying words that Ahmed could not understand; and straightway the maiden became fixed as a

stone, with her large dark eyes wide open, staring glassily.

The cloud came on and enveloped her in its folds, and then in a moment melted away, and standing beside the maiden, Ahmed saw a being fearful to behold: swarthy and dark, with long black wings, and pointed ears; his body covered with long living hairs like twining worms, while fire flashed from his eyes. He stood by the body of the maiden, which was stretched on the ground headless, and in the Afrite's hand was the head, the eyes fixed, and staring in horror; in his other hand was a dark brown stone, glittering with yellow sparks, and he touched with it the damsel's lips, and spoke; and his language could be understood by the Prince, for it was that of his own country. Said the Afrite,—

"How long shall I be king of the Jins?"

And the head answered him,—“Until the parrot in the golden cage tells the secret.”

At this the monster laughed, and the trees shook. Then he asked,—

"How is it with Mateemat?"

And the damsel answered,—

"He is in the desert, sorrowful, under the palm-tree."

At this again the demon shook with laughter; and Ahmed looked and saw that all the blood of the maiden was dropping into a brazen dish which was on the ground, and the Afrite took the dish, and he put his fingers into the blood, and lifted them up, sprinkling the drops back into the dish, and the globules fell back congealed and petrified. Then the demon called in a loud voice, ordering that the carbuncles should be taken and offered to the sacred river, whereupon a pearly grey pillar, with violet light streaks, came floating forward, and enveloped the dish, so that the Prince saw it no more; but in his own heart he thought, "These, then, are the precious stones of the mighty water," and when he looked he saw nothing but the turfbank, and the dark-eyed maiden seated. Then Prince Ahmed came near, and spoke to the maiden, but she paid no attention to him; he touched her shoulder, but she sat quite still, with her head bent down, moaning and rocking herself to and fro.

Then Ahmed was greatly troubled in his mind, and he began to think to himself,

"What of this parrot in the golden cage? Ah!" thought he; "if this sweet maiden would only speak."

And he was almost minded to take the feather out of his cap, but he feared lest the genii might see him; so once again he addressed her, telling her who he was and how he wished to help her, but she paid no more

heed to his words than to the wind. Then he bethought himself of Mateemat.

"Yes, perhaps he may know something—in the desert: what desert? I will go and find Mateemat; perhaps he can help me against this foul Afrite, and bring succour to this innocent damsel."

Then stooping down, the Prince pressed his lips to her forehead; but she moved not; and as he went away into the forest he saw her still sitting in the same position; so he went on very sorrowfully.

Now the Prince wandered aimlessly on, and towards nightfall he arrived at the border of the forest. There he found that all verdure ended, and before him, as far as the eye could see, lay a vast plain, bare and treeless.

"This, perchance," thought he, "is the desert where Mateemat is."

As it was too dark to see, however, he laid himself down under a tree to sleep.

At the first blink of dawn he rose and walked out into the plain, straining his eyes forward, and as the morning light grew stronger, he saw, far in the distance, a solitary palm. Then his heart leapt within him for joy, for surely, he thought, here I shall find Mateemat. Girding himself tightly, and having taken a long drink at a small forest spring hard by, he steadily set his face towards the palm. As he approached he saw that a pure, clear light like a star was burning at its foot, like a lamp. Going nearer he saw a beautiful young man, chained to the tree; and on his forehead played a tongue of silvery flame. Round the tree swept pillars of cloud, and, as he gazed, the night fell. Quietly he walked on: he saw that Mateemat was writing strange characters in the sand: and it grew darker. It was a wonderful sight. The Prince turned the matter over in his mind, and thought,

"How shall I ask about the parrot in the golden cage?"

Then he looked again at Mateemat, pondering, and saw that the characters in the sand, which the genii had traced with his finger, were luminous, and the Prince read:

The night is full of darkness,
My thoughts are full of strife;
Therefore I long for daylight,
For the sunlight is my life.

When he had read this, Ahmed sat down to wait for the dawn. As the morning sun fell upon him, he rose, and became aware that the eyes of Mateemat were fastened on him; then he feared exceedingly. And the genii spoke,—“What mortal is here?”

And Ahmed straightway fell on his face, and made obeisance, nothing doubting that his invisibility was gone, and crying his

“Tobah! tobah!” he besought forgiveness, and told his story. Then Mateemat said,—

“For twenty-four hours you have neglected to give thanks to the Almighty; therefore is the virtue of the simoorg’s feather now waning, and I saw your shadow thrown on the sand in the beams of the morning sun; therefore, if you would not be destroyed by the Jins who watch round this place, hasten quickly and repair your omission.”

So the Prince straightway performed his ablutions with sand, and having recited the Kulina, gave thanks. Having completed his devotions, he assured himself that the feather was securely fastened in its place, and then besought Mateemat to tell him how to find the parrot in the golden cage, for that his whole being longed to succour the beautiful damsel whom he had seen in the forest.

“It is a merciful task,” replied Mateemat; “although who this maiden may be I know not. One thing, however, you must promise, and that is, that if you succeed, you will not forget that I also am fettered here by the power of Jahvorka, the Jin whom you saw with the damsel in the forest.”

So the Prince swore to him to do all that he should require for him; whereupon Mateemat called to an oriole who had made her nest in the date palm-tree, and asked,—

“How of the parrot in the golden cage?”

In reply, the bird arched its wings over its head, and chirruped and lirrripped lustily, but Ahmed could understand nothing, for he knew not the language of birds.

“The parrot is in the forest of Thritee,” said Mateemat; “in a well many furlongs deep. Over the cage is a layer of deadly serpents, and over the serpents a layer of water, and over the water a layer of fire. You will know the well by the column of smoke hanging over it, which can be seen many miles off.”

So saying, the genii gave to Ahmed a small copper gong, curiously wrought and set with emeralds, and told him that if he were in any deadly peril, and wanted help, he must lay himself on his back on the ground with the gong over him, and strike three blows thereon. After this Mateemat would say no more, but again began to write in the sand, and to all Ahmed’s solicitations only replied by a sign that he should depart; so with many obeisances the Prince took his leave.

Returning towards the forest, he did not go in the direction which he had come the night before, but took a more southerly course, for, said he, I did not see any smoke before in that part of the forest, or I should have noticed it. So he travelled until night fell, and reaching the border of the forest once

again, he climbed a tree to get what sleep he could, for he was afraid to sleep on the ground among the dark overhanging trees. When it became light in the morning, he climbed higher up, until he reached the topmost bough, which swayed and bent with his weight: looking around, far in the distance, he saw over the tops of the trees a dark cloud as of smoke, rising up. On seeing this he was joyful, thinking that "This perhaps is the smoke that the genii told me of. I only hope it will not turn out to be some extraordinary large Jin; however, it won't much matter if it is, for he will not be able to see me."

So saying, he put his hand to his turban to adjust it, and feel that the simoor's feather was in its place, but it was no longer there; it had fallen out probably when he mounted the tree on the night before, but though he searched everywhere, not a sign of the feather could he discover. Now Ahmed was greatly disheartened at this, but still he was not going to give up his object, so he repeated the confession of faith, and directed his steps towards the quarter where he had seen the smoke rising. On and on he walked through the thick trees, until at last he heard the roaring and crackling of a great fire.

"This, then," thought he, "is the place; but what to do next I cannot tell."

And as he stood there thinking, the rushing and roaring of the flames grew louder and nearer, and he saw that a great fire was spreading and running out, as it were, into two wings on each side of him. Then he became alarmed, and tried to retrace his steps: but, fast as he went, the mighty fire crept along faster, and the smoke and sparks began to come so thickly that the Prince, growing dizzy and bewildered, tripped and fell full-length upon the ground. As he fell, the little gong, which he had suspended from his neck by some twisted grass, striking against a stone, gave out a pleasant mellow note, a sound which spoke of most welcome assistance to poor Ahmed, and called to his mind the words of Mateemat; so quickly turning upon his back, he called upon the name of Allah, and struck three blows upon the gong. On came the dre, crackling and roaring with fury to obtain its victim, but under his head Ahmed heard another sound, as of creeping myriads; the earth beneath him seemed growing soft like mire, and he felt that he was settling down into it. Myriads of small white insects with yellow heads were working beneath him—they were the white ants! Down he sank, lower and lower. Ah! how the fire cracked the great trees in anger over his head, but by this time he was twenty feet down, and safe. After recovering some-

what from the first shock of his novel position, Ahmed looked round as well as he could on his narrow bed, and on the whole was not at all sure that he would not have preferred taking his chance above to being buried alive below. Above him the walls of the shaft down which he had come were alive and swimming with white ants. The Prince found this work decidedly unpleasant; besides, the dust and ashes from above kept falling into his eyes, and making him sneeze, which, as everybody knows, is a most unlucky thing. Well, there was the gong; but then its effects were very doubtful, and it would not be at all surprising if its sound should be taken as a signal that he wished to sink quicker; but anything, he thought, would be better than this. However, just as he was going to strike he fancied that there was some diminution in the crawling mass beneath him, and so he held his hand. The long and almost perpendicular shaft, at the bottom of which he lay, some thirty feet deep, looked very gloomy, and Ahmed felt a cold shudder run through him, for he fancied that the little bit of blue sky which was visible at the top had grown smaller. Yes, decidedly the creeping had stopped, and all the ants were hastening up the sides of the shaft, and disappearing one by one into the round holes or ant-galleries that could be seen all round. Ahmed waited and waited, looking for what would happen, when suddenly he thought he heard a tiny murmuring from one of the ant-galleries which was rather larger than the rest, and suddenly from the earth, on each side of the entrance, sprang forth two small lamp-like flames. Out swarmed a host of small scarlet beetles, who took up their position to the right and left of the hole; then came twenty-four white spiders; they were transparent, and Ahmed could see the life liquid running through their bodies. These spiders pulled and hauled at a rope made of their own threads, until at last a small car of copper and emerald, shaped like half an egg came into view, and in this sat a personage, a thing which Ahmed at once determined in his own mind must be the king of the white ants, and so he was. This creature had a long yellow-ringed body like a worm, which looked like dead baby-flesh; he had no legs, but this writhing naked body was crowned with a human head, very small and very wizened; but a head it was, and out of the top of it came what Ahmed thought was its crown—it was shaped like a silver lily. Ahmed hastened to offer his salutations; at the same time begging that His Highness would excuse his rudeness in not rising, but that the fact was, he was afraid to move for fear of the sides of the shaft falling in.

The king nodded his head, and the twenty-four spiders immediately attached twenty-four threads to the small copper car, and let it down, until it came about a foot above Ahmed's face. Then the wizened little face peered at Ahmed over the side of the car, and the silver lily nodded and shook, as a mighty voice, like iron striking iron, demanded in deep tones,—

"What did Mateemat require of his friend, and why had the young man come hither?"

And Ahmed answered,—

"Oh, my lord, I seek the parrot in the golden cage."

Then rolled forth the thunderous voice in words that the Prince did not understand, but it was apparently an order, for all the millions of white ants with which the walls were studded, depressed, and then elevated their antennae, and Ahmed involuntarily translated this movement audibly to himself,—

"To hear is to obey."

Swift ran the twenty-four white spiders, up rolled His Majesty's hemispherical car, and the silver lily nodded an adieu to the Prince, as the wizened little face disappeared into the crevice from whence it had issued. Blow trumpets! advance the oriflamme! and the little army of red beetles march stately off, bringing up the rear! and at the same time Ahmed became aware that he was once more off upon his travels, sliding head first into a hole in the side of the shaft. Darkness fell upon him, and a deadly fear, as he was impelled along upon a million of small legs which crawled beneath him. On, on, in the cold dreary darkness, no sound but the crackling rustle of myriads of insects, like a hundred pin-points beating upon ivory. The Prince lay afraid to move, hand and foot bound with fear, till a hollow roaring sound, dull and muffled at first, but coming nearer and nearer, told him that he was nearing the pillar of fire. Suddenly the movement stopped, and slightly turning his head, looking through a cleft in a large mass of rock before him, Ahmed gazed once more into an open space, small and confined, a mere rock chamber, but still a space that gladdened his heart.

There, before him, on a pedestal of adamant, veined with beryl, was the glittering golden cage, and within sat the bird, the object of all his perils and troubles. Many-coloured and beautiful was the bird, as it sat pluming itself and nibbling daintily at its food in the crystal trough by its side—curious and glancing was its eye in expression—a mixture of the monkey and the owl, at once grave and malicious. Up and down, hither and thither it looked, eyeing wistfully the thin white columns of the ants as they poured out of the crevice, and advanced on to the cage from all sides. Mean-

time Ahmed watched in silence, thinking, "What will they do?"

And the ants by thousands, by myriads, by millions, swarmed up the ^{side} fire, and through the wires, covering the parrot. At first the bird only pecked at them ^{perilously}, but as they increased in number, their bites became insupportable, so that the parrot screamed loudly, and fell from its perch, and its screams were like sharp needles piercing the ear. At the noise of this screaming, came two Jins,—vast, hairy, and terrible,—and they went to the cage, cajoling the parrot, asking,—

"Why this noise, oh! greenness of beauty? Beautiful art thou, O parrot, even of the colour of fresh-split emeralds."

Then, seeing the white ants, they stopped, saying, "what mischief is this?" and kneeling down, breathed fire upon the ants. Then the slender white columns were scorched, and rolled back by their devouring breath; but still the cage remained full, and they dared not breathe thereon for fear of harming the bird. Again came forth fresh swarms of the tiny white insects, and again and again were they withered and scorched by the fiery breathings of the genii; but still the ants came on like a never-ceasing torrent, and the bird in its agony screamed still more discordantly; so the genii were abashed, and put their fingers in their mouths wondering. At last one said to the other,—

"Of a truth there is mischief in this. Go you and call the master."

So one went, but soon returned, saying,—

"I went, but found him sleeping above, beneath the sacred pupal tree; and I dared not disturb him, for his wrath is terrible."

Then the parrot, like to die, screaming, said,—"Kan meir puttur, kan meir puttur."

Immediately the ants ceased from biting, and commenced to retreat; seeing which, Ahmed said to himself,—

"What is this? Can this be the secret? 'Kan meir puttur,'—'in his ear the stone.' What is this secret?"

Suddenly he bethought him of the dark brown stone with the yellow sparkles, with which the Jin Jah-rka had touched the lips of the lovely damsel in the forest glade, and it seemed to him as lost as if the daylight had shone upon him, so great was his joy.

"That, then, is the secret of his power, and he carries it in his ear; oh! lovely parrot!"

Again they moved on through the long dark tunnel, which his indefatigable little allies drove forward, and Ahmed wished with all his heart that all this underground business were over. As he lay there, impelled along so slowly that he almost forgot that he was moving, his thoughts went forward to what he

would do when he became possessed of this wonderful stone, this talisman of power and supremacy. What would he do? Well, first he would free that lovely princess (she could not be less than a princess, as she was so beautiful), and marry her; then the good Mateemat, to whom he owed his success, would be reinstated as ruler of the Junis; and then, having laden himself with rubies, he would return to the city of his fathers, dispossess the usurper, and reign happily ever after. Dispossess the usurper; yes, very good! but how? Why, thought he, the rubies will be an admirable introduction to the royal favour, and I am certain to be asked where I got them, and shall then reply that they come from Paradise; on this most surely the King, who will be anxious to possess himself of my beautiful wife, will propose that I should make another trip thither, and to this I shall assent, stipulating that the court shall fast and pray four days for my safe return, for during the fast my wife will be safe. Then the King will have a large heap of wool, wood, and other combustibles piled round me in the big square, and all the court will give me messages and injunctions to their departed ancestors. Just before the fire is lit, I shall assume my feather of invisibility (for the simoorg will surely give me another on my return), and walk forth unseen to my house; the genii will procure me the old family seals of the different people, the King included, who have given me messages to the departed ones, and I will then write sealed and authentic replies to all, telling them that Paradise is such a delightful place that they cannot do better than come there under my guidance. On the fourth day I shall present myself before the King, and deliver all the answers to the letters; the King and all his ministers will enter the fire with me, and while I shall be conveyed away by the genii, they will be consumed, and I will then produce my father's signet, and take possession of the throne.

As Ahmed thus soliloquised, he saw that the ants had driven a small tunnel up into the earth right over his face, and that down this circular opening streamed the partially-obscured daylight. Also, over the hole he saw what looked like a great pointed hairy ear. He gazed wondering, and even as he gazed, down upon him from the ear fell a brown glittering stone. As it touched his breast, strength returned to Ahmed's limbs, courage to his heart; he clutched it in his hands, and rising, fastened safely in the folds of his sash the talisman which promised victory over the Jins. Boldly he strove to climb up the narrow shaft, and as he came out once more into the light of day, Jahvorka, with his long-

pointed ear still in the position whence the stone had fallen, took no heed. Then Ahmed knew his power, and gazing round, beheld at the foot of a tree the princess wrapt in slumber, as when his eyes had first dwelt in ecstasy on her beauty. He drew near timidly, and covered her hand with kisses, but sleep held the princess fast. He raised the helpless form in his arms, and began to give way to despair. At this moment some hard substance pressed against his arm. The talisman! He snatched it from his sash, and placed it against the half-parted lips. Allah kerim! The dark eyes were open, wondering at the face of Ahmed as he bent over her.

"Adorable princess! the power of the accursed black angels which had thrown its spell over you is at an end; rise, that we may fly together from this place of desolation."

And the princess, with a look of terror towards the prostrate Jin, clung to the side of Ahmed, who plunged boldly into the forest.

A beautiful oriole, whose plumage gleamed like living gems, seemed to invite the pair onward through the winding glades, now by glancing joyously backwards and forwards before them, now by calling from a more distant tree, and, with the precious talisman in his hand, Ahmed followed in faith. Ere long the mighty trees and tortuous alleys melted as it were from their path, and the oriole settled in the single palm-tree, under which sat Mateemat still chained. The star on the forehead of the genii grew larger and brighter as Ahmed and the princess drew near him, saying,—

"Genii, the power of Jahvorka is gone; the maiden stands beside me. How shall I redeem my vow?"

"Touch these fetters with the stone, Ahmed."

And at the touch the chain dissolved, and Mateemat stood free; but at the same moment darkness fell upon the eyelids of Ahmed, and he became unconscious.

When light again broke upon him, the Prince started up to find himself under the date palm which shadowed the grave of his mother, and he thought, "Allah! what dreams!" but as he rose, at a little distance lay the princess in a calm sleep, beautiful as the morning. This was no dream, and scattered round her lay numberless rubies—large, blushing in the morning sun.

The talisman of Jahvorka had vanished. To mortals it was but as any pebble of the desert. But the rubies were wealth, and the signet on his finger was power, and the usurping wuzeer fell before it, and the people of Meydoon were happy under the wise rule of Ahmed and the Queen of the Rubies.

NEWELL HERBERT.

THE KING AND THE BISHOP.



BEFORE Roskilde's sacred fane,
 (The first the land has known)
 Attended by his courtier train,
 And deck'd, as on his throne,
 In costly raiment, glittering gay
 Beneath the noon-day sun ;
 All fresh and fair, as though the day
 Had seen no slaughter done—

As though the all-beholding eye
 Of that Omniscient Deity,
 Whom—turning from the downward way
 His heathen fathers trod,
 He, guided by a purer ray,
 Hath chosen for his God—
 Had seen no darker, dreader night,
 'Twixt yester morn and yester night,

Beheld by his approving eye,
Who, now, would draw His altar nigh;
Ay, fresh and fair as to his soul
No taint of blood did cling,
As though in heart and conscience whole,
Stands Swend, the warrior-king.

On his, as on a maiden's cheek,
(Though bearded and a knight)
The royal hues of Denmark speak *—
The crimson and the white;
But mark ye how the angry hue
Keeps deep'ning, as he stands,
And mark ye, too, the courtly crew,
With lifted eyes and hands!

Across the portal, low and wide,
A slender bar, from side to side,
The bishop's staff is seen;
And holding it, with reverent hands
And head erect, the prelate stands,—
A man of stately mien.

"Go back!" he cries, and fronts the king,
Whilst clear and bold his accents ring
Throughout the sacred fane,—
And Echo seems their sound to bring
Triumphant back again—
"Go back, nor dare, with impious tread,
Into the Presence pure and dread,
Thy guilty soul to bring,
Impenitent—oh! thou, who art
A murderer, though a king!"
A murmur, deepening to a roar,
'Mid those who were clust'ring round the door;
A few disjointed but eager words—
A sudden glimmer of naked swords;
And the bishop raised his longing eyes,
In speechless praise, to the distant skies;
For he thought his labour would soon be o'er,
And his bark at rest, on the peaceful shore;
And he pictured the crown, the martyrs wear,
Floating slowly down, on the voiceless air;
Till he almost fancied he felt its weight
On his brows—as he stood, and blessed his fate.

With a calm, sweet smile on his face, he bow'd
His reverend head to the raging crowd—
(Oh! the sight was fair to see!)
And "Strike!" he cried, whilst they held their
breath,
To hear his words: "For I fear not death,
For Him Who has died for me!"

King Swend look'd up, with an angry glare,
At the dauntless prelate, who braved him there,
Though he deem'd his hour near;
And he saw, with one glance of his eagle eye,
That that beaming smile and that bearing high
Were never the mask of fear!

* The Danish king, Swend, soon after his entrance into the Christian Church, slew some of his "jarls" without a trial, and, on presenting himself, after the commission of this crime, at the portal of the newly-built cathedral of Roskilde, in Zealand, found it barred by the pastoral staff of the English missionary and bishop who had converted him. After receiving the rebuke given in the poem, and forbidding his attendants to molest the bishop, he returned whence he came, and, shortly after, made his reappearance in the garb of a penitent, when he was received by the prelate, and, after a certain time of penance, absolved; after which they became fast friends.

Right against might had won the day;—
And he bade them sheathe their swords; then
turn'd,
Whilst an angry spot on his cheek still burn'd,
From the house of God away.

Ere the hour had wing'd its flight, once
more
Behold! there stood, at the temple door,
A suppliant form, with its head bow'd down,
And ashes were there, for the kingly crown;
And the costly robes, which had made erewhile
So gallant a show in the sunbeams' smile,
Had been cast aside, ere its glow was spent,
For the sackcloth, worn by the penitent!

The bishop came down the crowded nave;
His smile was bright, though his face was
grave;
He paused at the portal, and raised his eyes,
Yet another time to those sapphire skies,
But he thought not, now, that the look he cast
To that radiant Heaven would be his last;
And he thank'd his Master again—but not
For the martyrdom that should bless his lot;
For the close to the day of life, whose sun
Was to set in blood, on his rest was won:
Far other than this was his theme of praise,
As he murmur'd: "Oh! Thou, in Thy works and
ways
As wonderful now as when Israel went
Thro' the sea, which is Pharaoh's monument;
Though I pictured death in the flashing steel,
And I look'd for the glory it should reveal,
Yet oh! if it be, as it seems to be,
Thy will, that I stay to glorify Thee,
To add to Thy jewels, one by one;
Then, Father in Heaven, that will be done!"

Then on the monarch's humbled brow,
The kiss of peace he press'd,
And led him, as a brother, now,
A little from the rest—
"Here, as is meet, thy penance do,
And as thy penitence is true,
So God will make it light!
Then mayst thou work with me, that thus
The light that He hath given us
May rise on Denmark's night!" M. T. F.

ANOTHER CHAPTER ON RINGS.

THE worst crime against mankind, says Pliny, was committed by him who first put a ring upon his finger. The historian, a cynic in his opposition to the luxurious refinements of an enlightened state of civilisation, considered rings and other ornaments professing to improve the handiwork of nature,—and chiefly remarkable for the utter absence in them of any useful end,—to have been discovered for the sake of females only. A more sweeping condemnation could, from a Greek or Latin mouth, scarcely have been uttered. No plea is admitted by him in their justification, none in their excuse. The value of "precious" stones was an abomination to this "martyr of nature." Pompey had his portrait

taken in pearls; by which probably is meant that his portrait was surrounded by those jewels—"his hair thrown back from the forehead, delighting the eye." This, says the uncompromising censor, had been a downright ignominy and disgrace were it not a presage of that time when the pearl-crowned head was to be severed from the body.

An iron ring was, at an ancient period of Roman history, a mark of military prowess. The use of rings of gold created a wall of division between the knights and the commonalty; to the latter this ornament was interdicted. On these rings sometimes were engraved images of the ancient deities. "At the present day"—about 50 A. D.—says Pliny, "a fashion has been introduced, even among the men, of wearing effigies upon their fingers representing Harpocrates and other divinities of Egypt." Harpocrates appears to be a name

of Horus, the god of silence. If this ring were used as a seal it would indicate the secret and confidential nature of the written communication to which such seal was attached. Subjoined is an engraving of an



iron ring with an image of Serapis.

The specimens on page 186 represent a key and ring together: they are of considerable antiquity. From their appearance, they must have been very cumbersome to the wearer. The desire of the ornamental seems, indeed, in their case, to have succumbed to that of the useful. Clemens Alexandrinus thus describes the rings worn by the early Christians: "The figures on our rings," he says, "are those of a dove, or a fish, or a ship sailing before the wind, and sometimes of a lyre like that of Polycrates, or of an anchor, which Seleucus was in the habit of using for his device. For we must not engrave upon them idols, which it is even forbidden us to look upon. Nor must a sword or bow be on the seal of those who follow after peace; or cups on that of those who are temperate." He then comments on the heathen custom of those who had the ladies of their thoughts displayed on their seals, "so as not to be able to forget them, even if they would, but to recall continually by their images passions of lust and intemperance."

We wonder in what terms Clemens would have spoken of the *cartes de visite* of the present day. The sculpture of the dove which he refers to, bearing a branch of olive, with Noah's ark below and a rainbow above, needs no explanation for the educated Christian.

A sign composed of the two first letters of the name of the founder of their creed, was also used by his followers on their seals. The sign here annexed is much the same as the well-known cross of Constantine the great.



The dilemma of the early Christians in the ornamental sculpture of their rings seems to have been this: they could not, on the one hand, without fear of betraying their creed, design a cross nor any other of the Christian mysteries, nor could they, without insulting it, adopt an idolatrous or, as Clement would call it, a libidinous device.

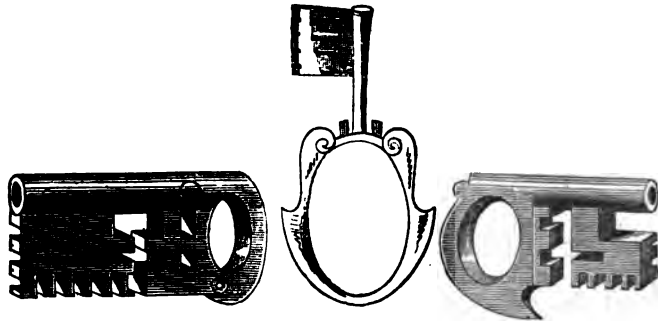
The fashion of wearing rings on the fingers is certainly more convenient than that adopted in the East Indies and other places far away, in which we read of their being worn in the nose, lips, cheeks, and chin. When Peter Alvarez had his first audience of the King of Calicut, he found that monarch adorned with jewels on every available part of his person. The barbarity of a ring in the lip cannot be sufficiently stigmatised by a lady who wears one in her ear. The lady who affects the lip-ring considers the pierced ear a sign of slavery, as it was known to be by the Hebrews long ago. Travellers in India have realised the nursery tradition of the lady with "rings on her fingers and bells on her toes;" and we know that the tinkling feet of the Jewish women incurred the reprobation of the prophet Ezekiel. All nations seem to agree in this love of personal ostentation. The entrails of the earth are torn to extract gems for a lady's finger. How many hands, says Pliny, are worn down that one little joint may be ornamented. "If the infernal regions really existed, certainly those burrows of avarice and luxury would have penetrated into them."

"A espada e o anel, segundo a maõ eou que estiver," says the Portuguese proverb, intimating that the value both of a sword and a ring depend very much on the person who carries them. In the sense of the proverb, the value of a ring is often augmented by a consideration of the hand from which it came. In these cases, it is the person—the donee or the donor—who gives value to the ring; but when we see a brilliant of the finest water on the hand of a gentleman whose shirt appears to have undergone as long a probation as Isabella's famous holy linen, it is the ring which gives value, just its mercantile value and no more, to the person.

The subject of rings leads us to a reflection upon precious stones, with which they are usually ornamented. "To them," says Bacon,

"a fictitious value has been given, to show a value in riches beyond that which man's rational happiness requires." For all useful purposes, the emerald is far less valuable than the flint. Its rarity alone gives it estimation. It would seem needless to make this observation had not Pliny apparently overlooked the distinction when he talked of the majestic might of nature presenting itself to us contracted within a very limited space—"in arcum coacta verum naturæ majestas." He gives a story, however, which lends a colour

to the supposition that the above remark must be interpreted ironically. "Ismenias," says he, "a man who used to accompany the chorus on a flute, was in the habit of displaying great numbers of glittering stones, a piece of vanity on his part. An emerald, upon which was engraved a figure of Amymon (one of the Danaides) being offered for sale in the Isle of Cyprus at six golden denarii, he gave orders to buy it. The dealer reduced the price of the stone to four, upon which Ismenias remarks, 'By Hercules, he has done me but a



bad turn in this, for the merit of the stone has been greatly impaired by its reduction in price."

Superstition has attributed marvellous and supernatural effects to various stones, and popular credulity has subscribed to and adhered to them with a degree of faith *opiniâtre*, in a degree proportionate to its want of reason. Thus, in the ancient popular mind these fables held their dusty and venerated niches—that the stone Alectoria, so called from being found in the crop of poultry, alone rendered Milo invincible: that other stones imparted divine dreams, predicting all the coming on of time; that some called the gods from heaven to earth, and others the shadows of the damned from hell; that the stone in the ring which Moses gave to his Egyptian wife taught her to forget him; that the ring of Vespasian cast out demons, and that of Gyges rendered him invisible. To these may be added the story of the ring which was long preserved with great veneration in Westminster Abbey. This was supposed to cure the cramp and falling sickness. This ring, says Hospinian, was brought to King Edward by some persons coming from Jerusalem, and was the same which he had himself given some time previously and privately to a poor person, who had asked alms of him for the love he bare to St. John the Evangelist. A crooked sixpence, we believe, is by some thought to have the same efficacious virtue.

Of rings generally, Tubal Cain and Prometheus have both been mentioned as the inventors.

The marriage ring is a variation of the subject too well known to admit of much treatment. Everybody tells us that it dates from the most remote antiquity. Its circular form allegorises eternity—of affection, or other sentiment.

Our knowledge of the impurity of guinea gold, of which wedding rings are usually made, spoils the otherwise pretty posy of Robert Herrick:

And as this round
Is nowhere found
To flaw or else to sever,
So let our love
As endless prove,
And pure as gold for ever.

But perhaps the alloy is but a delicate image of the *amanium iræ* which make the love more durable.

We all know the story, disbelieved in by sceptical anatomists of modern time, about the vein which runs directly from the finger on the left hand to the heart, bearing along with it cardiacal virtues from the ring. The observation of Pliny on the subject is perhaps less generally known. It is tainted with his accustomed bitterness. "Whoever it was that first introduced the use of rings, he did so not without hesitation; for he placed this ornament on the left hand, the hand which is

generally concealed, whereas if he had been sure of its being an honourable distinction, it would have been more conspicuous upon the right."

It seems most probable that the ring occupies its position solely on the ground of convenience: it would be difficult to conceive any place in which it would be more out of the way. The golden circlet] has, however, scarred the faces of promising youths, when a certain rigidity of thought has prevented the mother taking it off previously to their evening ablution.

A ring, apparently of the fifteenth century, was found some time ago in Yorkshire, made of gold and with a device of two orpine plants joined by a true-love knot, with this motto above, "*Ma fiance velt,*" my sweetheart wills. The stalks of the plants intertwined symbolised the union of the lovers.

Rush or straw rings were formerly used in France, and perhaps in England, to marry those who, having given dalliance too much the rein before all sanctimonious ceremonies were ministered with full and holy rite, still wished to save their souls from the danger they had incurred by their sin. Nothing but the notoriety of their evil doing, or their own predilections, could have prevented the marriage of these persons by a ring of gold. The ring of straw would seem to symbolise in this case, to each party to the contract, the exceeding fragility, and perhaps also the worthlessness of the virtue of the objects of their choice.

J. M.

"SANS MERCI,"

OR, KESTRELS AND FALCONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY LIVINGSTONE."

CHAPTER XXXIII. BOOT AND SADDLE.

So, winter softened into spring, and spring ripened to summer, bringing no incident worth recording; unless it be the removal of the Princess's Own from Torraster to far less seductive quarters in the centre of the manufacturing districts. The War Office, as is well-known, is sometimes almost feminine in its caprices, regarding the roster as a pleasant military fiction, or a subject for grim practical jokes. In the present instance, the route came down without the slightest previous notice; taking every one concerned by surprise, and causing the rupture of all manner of engagements. There might have been heard, I fear, that morning in Torraster barracks, a vast amount of indifferent language, whereof the mess-room was guilty of its full share.

The Colonel, as a rule, somewhat over-free

of speech, was strangely silent, now. But, as he sate in the orderly-room, more than one man noticed his face—how set and black it was; save when gleams of fierce impatience flashed across it. The instant he was free, he ordered his horse, and rode swiftly away; never drawing bridle till he reached the lodge-gate of Blanche Ellerslie's modest demesne.

Two or three men were working at the parterres, dotting the wide expanse of smooth-shaven lawn, in the centre of which the quaint picturesque old house was set. To one of these the colonel flung the rein of his steaming hack: bidding the man 'walk the animal about till he was cool. It was not worth while putting him in the stable.'

The next minute, with a heart fluttering like a girl's, Vane stood on the threshold of the sunny southern boudoir; where Blanche nestled among her flowers—more fresh and tempting than the rarest of her own Provence roses. She evinced a proper amount of regret and surprise on hearing the news, was profuse in petulant invective against the tyrannous War Office; scrupling not, indeed, to speak evil of the highest dignities—and lavished pity on the unlucky exiles to the Cimmerian country. But this did not seem to satisfy her visitor at all.

"I've got something else to tell you this morning—Blanche," he said. "Mayn't I call you, Blanche—just for this once?"

Yes, he might call her so, if it pleased him: farewells have great privilege. Besides, Mrs. Ellerslie was always 'Blanche' to her friends. And they had been very good friends—had they not?—though not very old ones. But what could he possibly have to say to her of such importance? He was not to keep her in suspense: she never could bear it.

Truly, the fair impatient was not long left in doubt as to Vereker's meaning. Before they were three minutes older, he had asked her, if she liked him enough to be his wife.

To say that the lady was not intensely gratified, would be untrue. It was a triumph worth recording even in *her* diary. Colonel Vane was a brilliant *parti* in every worldly point of view: he was still in the early prime of manhood; well-born—brave, to a fault—very handsome too after a truculent fashion,—and, doubtless, he loved her with all his soul and strength. But then—he was notoriously violent and arbitrary of temper: it was not likely that he would connive at, or even patiently endure, the innocent diversions so dear to Blanche's coquettish little heart: moreover she had her own ideas—not in accordance with the received theory—as to the post-nuptial reformation of 'rakes.' She had enough, now, and to spare for all her

wants, and a delicious sense of freedom to boot. On the whole, she thought she would leave well alone.

Vereker read her hesitation aright: he saw that the scale was turning against him; and grew terribly earnest in his pleading.

What was it that she doubted about? Only let her speak: there was no possible fancy of hers that he would not meet half-way. Of course, he didn't expect her, to go knocking about with the regiment. His papers should go in directly: he had been sick of the Service, this year past. If she didn't like his home, when she saw it, she should live wherever she pleased; and have her own friends always round her. If he had been too precipitate, he would even wait awhile for her answer. Let her say anything in all the world but—'No.'

She was more moved than she cared to betray; yet—having once come to a resolution—she wavered not a whit.

"I must say it"—she answered, softly and sadly. "For your sake, not less than my own. I'm not worthy of half that you offer; for I'm foolish, and giddy, and wickedly capricious—don't interrupt me: I know myself better than you can do. But, if I were a hundred times better we should never be happy together: I am certain of it. I am so sorry for this: but it serves me right, for being so thoughtless. I fancied you were only amusing yourself, when—Well: never mind. I should be sorrier still, if we did not part friends. Surely we may do that—still?"

She held out her hand, in the pretty winning way, that few men, or women, were able to withstand; but Vane did not seem to notice it.

"Why can't you speak truth"—he growled—"and say, who it is that you like better?"

The dark savage look in his eyes sent a thrill of vague terror through Blanche's steady nerves. But she looked him fairly in the face, without flinching.

"There is none such, on my honour"—she said.

Even in our conventional generation, there is wild work at times, when the passions of men—pagans in all save the name—break loose. Harm might have come to some one—though none, of course, to herself—if Blanche had not spoken simple truth that day; and if Vereker Vane had not believed her.

But he could not choose, but trust her—thus far.

"Then there is no hope for me: none whatever?"—he rose, as he spoke.

"No hope—from me"—she answered. "But the world is very wide, and it has

many distractions for such as know how to seek them, as well as you do. You will soon forget all this folly. But *don't* forget, that I thanked you for offering—what I could not take; and that I shall always wish you well. Now—say good-bye at once. It is best so: indeed it is."

And she, too, rose, reaching forth her hand once again: once again the proffer was unnoticed, if not actually spurned. They would have made a curious picture as they stood there: the trim slight figure, and delicate demure features, of the dainty little fairy, contrasted so wonderfully, with the proportions, and lineaments of the stalwart soldier.

For several seconds Vereker Vane's eyes were riveted on his companion's face, with the desperate hungry eagerness of those who look their very last. Before she had an idea of his intention, his strong arms were clasped round her waist, and he was straining her to his breast, with a rough energy that left her breathless long after he had set her down; raining down, the while, fierce kisses on her cheeks, and brow and hair. All was so suddenly and quickly done that the lady had no time to remonstrate or upbraid; even if she could have found voice to express her surprise and anger. The daring ravisher quitted the room and the house, without uttering one word of apology or adieu; he was soon riding swiftly away under the flowering limes, before the pretty bird had half composed her ruffled plumes.

Mrs. Ellerslie's first glance, on recovering her scattered senses, was turned towards the French windows opening down to the lawn; and her first thought was—

"How very lucky that no one was working on that side of the house!"

When she was sure that no indiscreet eyes had witnessed her discomfiture, she felt greatly comforted, and much inclined to laugh aloud; for she could savour ridicule keenly, even at her own expense. But a certain hysterical swelling in her delicate throat warned her to forbear. So she soliloquised mutely; somewhat in this strain.

"Did any one ever hear of such an infamous abuse of confidence? He was so nice, too, at first, with his humility and unlimited concessions. 'Put not your trust in Prancers,' I'm sure one might say. Well: I needn't pity him: that's one comfort. If I did him any harm, we are more than even now. It only shows how right I was, in holding fast to my—No. Fancy, living with such an incarnate tornado, as that man! He'll keep his own counsel—I feel sure of that: otherwise I think, I should try and poison him. If Laura Brancepeth were to get hold of this, I

should never hear the last of it. Now I must go and repair damages. I suppose I shall have another farewell-visit to-day, from that handsome wicked Armytage boy. I can keep him in order at all events; especially after such a lesson. I wonder whether he will propose to me too? *Ce serait drôle tout de même.*"

We need not assist at that second passage-of-arms, which was not marked by any violation of the laws of courtly tourney.

As Vereker Vane paced slowly in through the barrack-gates, the troopers sitting outside the guard-room rose up to salute him. When he had passed, said one,—more observant than his comrades—

"What's up with the Colonel this morning, I wonder? He's never been and got another crumpler? It ain't jumping weather now. But he looks a sight worse, than he did, that day when he was so near drowned."

Truly, the Colonel *had* gotten a fall; and a heavy one to boot. But all outward signs thereof soon vanished. Men of his stamp don't die of heart-aches, neither do they often fall sick of sorrow. His life is good enough for most insurance offices even now; and he may be backed to out-last most of his hard-living fellows; though he has forced the pace fearfully since he sold out. Only that hard, battered look, which used, occasionally, to disfigure his handsome martial face, has settled down there,—now, for ever and aye.

One meets Vereker Vane incessantly—always in the best of bad company. You may see him leaning over a certain low sweeping phaeton, when Pelagia halts her steppers at the head of the Ladies' Mile, to give our wives and sisters a lesson in dress, if not in manners—lounging in the background of the stage-box, in the front of which sits Anonyma, like a robber-queen of old, all-a-blaze with ill-gotten jewels—or gazing down from the corner windows of the Café Anglais, on the turbulent lamp-lit Boulevard, with Emerald's glittering green eyes, or Coralie's ruddy tresses, close to his shoulder. (His *petit nom* out there is 'Bruno': he is so apt to growl and bite on slight provocation.) Since his small idol of fair white marble was shattered, the images, before whom he casts down a careless irreverent worship, have all been of plaster, or sham Parian at the best. In plain words—from the hour that Blanche Ellerslie said him Nay, Vereker Vane has never wooed a woman, whose love was not to be had for the asking, or to be bought with gold.

Some who chance to be acquainted with this episode, are apt to impute most of the *Sabreur's* after misdemeanours to the dangerous widow. So think not I. I believe there

was a dash of the Bohemian in his blood, that was sure to assert itself sooner or later, though perchance not with such open audacity. I believe, that if Blanche had said Yes instead of No, the marriage would have been an unhappy one; and that the result—so far as Vereker was concerned—would have been nearly the same, only longer deferred.

But this opinion is strictly in confidence between us, reader of mine. Whenever the subject is mooted, and those two names are mentioned together, I shake my head as significantly as any other commiserant. I know my duty as a son of Adam better, than to lose an opportunity of shifting blame or responsibility on to the ivory shoulders of an absent Eve. Indeed, in this case, it would hardly be worth while to argue the question. The balance-sheet of that reckless little trader in hearts is so hopelessly heavy already, that it can matter nothing, if another creditor's be unrighteously added thereto.

CHAPTER XXXIV. ERUPIT.

WE take up the main thread of our story again, at Mote.

Within the last few months things were altered there, decidedly for the worse. Mrs. Maskelyne's temper had waxed more capricious and ungovernable—her husband's less even and enduring. Perhaps Brian was less disposed to be patient from the fact, that these sullen or angry fits were invariably more frequent and bitter after one of Daventry's visits: the latter came and went pretty much as he liked now,—always on the same pretext, of Mr. Standen's business.

Certain households go on from year's end to year's end, very respectably if not smoothly, in spite of ceaseless jangles and jars; indeed, these appear sometimes only to keep up such a wholesome irritation as shall prevent the connubial blood from stagnating. But the heads of such families as these are not cast in Brian Maskelyne's mould.

His nervous horror of anything like a quarrel, had caused him for awhile to be weakly indulgent, rather than irritate his wife's uncertain temper; for which he was then prone to find all imaginable excuses. Even now, when he was growing each day more heart-sick and weary of it all, he still forebore to answer her according to her folly; and invariably controlled himself in her presence; though he had to wrestle with his rising passion, as with a spasm of physical pain.

Beesie knew this; and would own it, sometimes, with a sort of tempestuous remorse, and vague self-accusation. But the knowledge did not make her a whit more considerate, nor permanently soften her. Brian loved

his wife so dearly still, that common kindness on her part—to say nothing of demonstrative affection—would have won him back again in a week. But of this Bessie Maskelyne seemed incapable: all her pretty petulance had vanished; in its place was a sullen listlessness, varied, on the faintest provocation by violent outbreaks: to use the servile vernacular—‘there was no pleasing her, any way.’

It was not in human nature—much less in a nature wayward and wilful as Brian’s—to endure all this tamely. His absence from home began to be more and more frequent: he affected a keen interest in all county-affairs, which he had hitherto utterly neglected; and greatly relaxed his rule of going nowhere unless Bessie’s name was included in the invitation; it came to be understood that Maskelyne was not averse to sleeping where he dined; and he would sometimes stay over the following day, if an agricultural meeting, or the like, was in prospect.

Oddly enough—though Brian cordially hated his wife’s cousin; and, perhaps, imputed to the latter’s evil influence much of the discomfort prevailing at Mote,—he never dreamt of suspecting Daventry of any criminal design.

The fatal *ophthalmia maritalis* was upon him: the disease that, often, is to be cured only by surgery so terribly severe, that the patient is fain to cry out in his agony—

“Ah, friends! why have ye healed me?”

It is possible surely to give a certain Great Personage his due, without constituting oneself his Advocate. On this principle, I would take leave to suggest that Jem Standen’s daughter hardly had a fair chance, after all; considering how fearfully her antecedents were against her; and how difficult it must have been to cast old entanglements adrift. If she had married a man, endowed with a will stronger than her own, and with cool judgment to boot; he might have over-awed her violent temper, till he brought it into wifely subjection: such an one she might have feared at first, possibly have loved in after-days; and, with such a guide, she might have struggled through the mire and brambles that needs must have beset her path through the strange country, till she reached the open ground beyond. Then, it might have fared with her—not worse than with many—the noon and evening of whose life has passed tranquilly enough, after a dark and stormy morning.

But she began by despising her lover as a brain-sick boy: and honour her husband she never did, from the moment that she uttered a lie at the altar, even to the black and shameful end.

You may easily guess that, amongst the houses chiefly frequented by Maskelyne, in his roaming-fit, Warleigh stood first and foremost. It was not the best place for him, in some respects.

To begin with, he was made almost too welcome there; it was somewhat too palpable that both his host and hostess considered their guest might have excellent reasons for preferring another fire-side to his own. Moreover, when he hinted at domestic troubles, and growing causes for discontent, if he was not actually encouraged to unbosom himself, he assuredly was not checked. Once, when Brian had been unusually explicit on this point, Mrs. Seyton did feel certain conscientious scruples, and confided the same to her lord. But Tom utterly declined to view the matter in this light.

“What does it matter?” he grumbled. “He’s sure to find her out sooner or later.”

In this un-repentant frame of mind Kate was fain to leave him; neither did she care to broach the subject again. With this foolish pair, feeling was ever apt to carry the day against rigid principle. Indeed, they were too staunch in friendship not to be somewhat un-Christian in their antipathies.

It was a dull sultry evening in June—not a breath of air stirring—and there was threatening of storm; though, as yet, only summer lightning gleamed against the dark bank of cloud, from behind which came, ever and anon, faint murmurs of distant thunder. Seyton and Maskelyne were sitting alone over their claret: the latter had come over early in the previous afternoon, to dine and sleep: both, that day, had attended the meeting of an agricultural society close by; and Brian was not to return home till the morrow. They were on the point of rising to take their coffee under Kate’s auspices, when a servant came to say that the head-keeper from Mote wished to see his master immediately.

“Send him in here,” Brian said carelessly: “that is—if you don’t mind, Tom. They’ve been meddling with the tame pheasants I suppose. But why on earth, should Farnell come bothering over here about it? He knows what to do better than I can tell him; and he has plenty of help at hand.”

The instant the keeper entered, Seyton, at least, saw that there was no question of fur or feather here. He was a fine sturdy specimen of his class; his bluff face, florid by nature, had been weather-tanned to a deep copper-red; but its colour now was as of one lately risen from sore sickness; and the sweat stood in big drops on his forehead: as he stood there, kneading his cap nervously in his brawny hands, he looked strangely unlike the

man, whose name was a bugbear to every poacher, and poacher's child, within leagues of Mote.

"Take a glass of wine, Farnell:" Seyton said. "What the deuce has brought you over in such a hurry? You must have run every yard of the way."

"I druv over—" the other answered shortly. "And I'd rather not drink, Sir; thanking you all the same. But I'd like to say a word or two to Master—alone, if I might make so bold."

"What utter nonsense"—Brian was beginning. But Seyton stopped him at once.

"Didn't you say, a minute ago, that Farnell knew what to do as well as you could teach him. That's just what I think, now. I'll leave you together. If I'm wanted, I'm always within hail."

Some apprehension that he could not define caused Tom to go no further away than the hall, without. He heard the keeper's gruff voice murmuring monotonously: then a quick startled exclamation in Brian's tones; and Farnell's brief reply. Then, the door was thrown violently open, and Maskelyne stood on the threshold, beckoning to him.

There was on his face nearly the same expression, that it wore on the night of his mother's death, when he reeled under the sudden blow; only, now it was marked by a ghastlier horror. His fingers closed round Seyton's wrist convulsively, as he drew him within the doorway; and his voice sounded hard and grating, like the voice of one whose throat is parched with fever.

"Do you remember my asking you, long ago, if you knew anything about my—my wife? May God in heaven forgive you, if you guessed half of—what I know, now!"

He dropped the other's arm, as if he cared not to wait for a reply; and sate down on the nearest chair, burying his face in his clasped hands, resting on the table.

Instantly it flashed across Seyton's memory how Emily Maskelyne had once addressed him, in nearly the same words. In both matters he was surely, guiltless; and could scarcely have acted otherwise than he did; nevertheless his conscience smote him again, sharply. It was perhaps impatience of this self-reproach, that caused him to accost Farnell, somewhat angrily.

"What has happened over there? In the devil's name, man—out with it at once. It only makes things worse to falter over them."

The keeper was in no-wise hurt or disconcerted by the manner of Seyton's address: indeed—to use his own expression—"it did him good, to be roughed a bit, just then." Without more ado he told his tale: it was terribly simple and convincing.

Late on the previous evening Daventry had arrived at Mote. On that same afternoon, Farnell, going his rounds had met the cousins walking through the park-woods. 'Met'—is hardly the right word; for they were talking so earnestly that they passed within thirty yards of the keeper, as he came up a cross-ride, without knowing it. Their manner and bearing towards each other were so strangely confidential and familiar, that even Farnell's rude instinct told him something was wrong. So he followed and watched, as his knowledge of the ground enabled him easily to do, till he had seen and heard enough (they chanced to halt for a while close to where he lay couched in the fern), to establish strong circumstantial proof of Mrs. Maskelyne's guilt.

It was some time before the sturdy keeper could collect his scattered wits, enough to act up to his simple ideas of duty.

"I were fairly dazed"—he said, afterwards. "If it had been anything in *my* line, I'd ha' known what to do. But sich goin's on as these, is contrary to everythink."

Eventually it occurred to him, to find Brian Maskelyne, with the briefest possible delay: he chanced to have heard that the latter had gone over to Warleigh; so thither Farnell betook himself as fast as his stout old pony could draw him.

Seyton listened, without speaking a syllable; only grinding his teeth now and then. Before the tale was quite told, he had rung a bell sharply.

"Let Mr. Maskelyne's phaeton come round at once"—he said to the servant. "Don't stand staring there" (for the man could not dissemble his amazement); "but tell them to be quick about it."

Then he turned and laid his hand on Brian's shoulder, who had not stirred since he sate down.

"I go with you to Mote, of course. I'll say three words to Kate before we start. myself can't be sorrier, than she will be. Go down-stairs, Farnell; and get a draught of something, if you can't eat. I don't wonder all this has sickened you. I needn't tell you, to keep a close tongue in your head. So far, you have done right well and wisely."

So Seyton went to seek his wife at once. You may guess at Kate's grief when she heard the shameful news; but she, too, was more shocked than surprised.

"I'm so glad that you can go with him, Tom"—she said.

"I couldn't do otherwise"—her husband answered. "If Brian went back alone, there might be black work done before morning; and blood won't wash out such a scandal as

this: more's the pity—I'm half inclined to say. There's one miserable comfort: the disgrace must have come sooner or later; and the thieves' brood will be cleared out of Mote, to-night, for good and all. Kiss me once, my Kate, before I go. When I hear these things, I feel as if I never thanked Providence half enough, for giving me—you."

When Seyton returned to the dining-room he found Maskelyne sitting in the same posture: he did not lift his head till his carriage was announced: then he rose, and followed his friend out, silently. His face could scarcely be paler than its wont; but there was an unnatural whiteness about the lips; and in his great black eyes there gleamed an evil light. Tom was thoroughly right: Brian was not fit to be trusted, that night, alone. Few words were spoken, and these of no special import, from the moment that Seyton, at a sign from the other, took the reins, till they reached the side-entrance into the Mote demeane, that lay nearest to Warleigh. It was locked; but the groom opened it with a master-key. Their road led, not up the main avenue, but across an open part of the park whence a considerable part of the house was visible; indeed, it was necessary to coast round an angle of the gardens, before you branched off, either to the front entrance, or the stables in the rear.

Just before reaching this point, Seyton felt his arm grasped suddenly: and turning, as he drew rein, he saw that his companion was pointing towards three windows, nearly opposite to them now, brilliantly lighted, and apparently open; though the distance was too great to make sure of this.

Seyton was as much at home at Mote as if he had been born therein; and guessed Brian's meaning, at once. Those windows belonged to a room called the Oak Parlour, which, for generations, had been the usual dining-room of the family, when they had no strangers to entertain. It was nearly a certainty, that those whom they sought were there.

"Take the reins;" Tom said, to the groom who sat behind them; "and mark what I tell you. Drive very slowly, along the turf by the road-side—there's plenty of light for that—till you come close up to the stable-archway: the asphalte will deaden the wheels there, if you go in at a foot's pace. Get some one to help you with your horses whom you can trust, not to make a noise. Neither of you are to leave the stables till you're sent for—mind that. And don't take the harness off. Your master does not wish it known in the house, that he has returned. You understand, I can see: that's enough. Come along, Brian."

In another minute, the two men had leapt the

sunk-fence of the gardens, and were approaching the house; masking themselves where they could, by clumps of shrubs and the like: ere long, they found themselves close under the open windows of the Oak Parlour—so close that they could hear low voices and smothered laughter from within, though no words were distinguishable. There was a considerable downward slope from the front of the house to the rear; so that—entering *à plain-pied*, from the north—you found yourself some twelve feet above the ground, when you looked out southward, with a basement-story below you.

"There's sure to be a ladder near the tool-house"—Brian said in a hoarse whisper; speaking, now, for the first time.

Indeed, they found one, without any difficulty, of a length convenient for their purpose; and laid it noiselessly against the ivy curtaining the walls, so that the topmost rung lay just below the window-sill.

As Maskelyne was about to mount, Seyton grasped his arm.

"You won't be rash?" he said in his ear. "For God's sake keep cool."

The other shook his head; and, extricating himself, impatiently went up with swift cautious steps, till he could discern plainly what was going on within, without much danger of giving immediate alarm.

Can you guess what Brian Maskelyne saw, when he came to the house of his fathers, like a thief in the night?

(To be continued.)

REST.

Toll out, ye bells! sound midnight through the air;
Tick out men's lives, now groaning under care;
Wear out great Time with clashes everywhere—
I wait, yea long, for rest.

Stride on, stop not, ye finger-marks of woe;
Haste ye, ye shades! Oh! let the sunlight go;
Wing past, ye hours, life is too sad and slow—
I wait, yea long, for rest.

Bud forth, ye flowers, let Spring and Summer die;
Bend down, ye sheaves, let Autumn, too, go by;
Cold blow, ye winds, another Winter's night—
I wait, yea long, for rest.

Rest cometh not, rest is not for the young;
Rest liveth not, it lies the graves among;
Rest comes to age, so yonder death-bells sung—
I wait, yea long, for rest.

Rest cometh not with worldly joy and mirth;
Rest cometh not until the soul's new-birth;
Rest cometh not until we die to earth—
Then cometh rest indeed.

Death clasps our lives, stealeth them carefully;
Rest guards our souls now lying peacefully,
Closest our lips, which murmur thankfully—
"Now have we rest indeed."
AGNES STONEHEWER.

VESTIGES OF THE CORNISH TONGUE.

It is held by some philologists that the syllable *Corn* in "Cornwall" and that in "corner" is one and the same root. Whether or not, it must be allowed that Cornwall is *par excellence* the *nook* of southern Britain. After the advancing foot of civilisation had trodden out the main part of local dialects and customs in other portions of our England, both speech and manners held on tenaciously in Cornwall and in Wales, and defied the impending invasion.

The Cornu-Britannic tongue is one of the great Keltic family. Of the numerous remains of the Keltic, there are three branches which are properly classed with the Cornish, for they are as like it as Gaelic is like Irish, and as Shakespeare is like Chaucer. These are the Armoric (which still lingers in Bretagne), the Manx, and the Welsh. An educated Welshman can make out pretty well any of the other branches; and for this reason Cornish has suffered perversion since its virtual extinction about 150 years ago. The eminent Keltic scholar and antiquary, Lhuyd, was perhaps the greatest offender in this way. But the offence is excusable, since the very similarity between Cornish and Welsh is a fruitful occasion of error.

Of the gradual decline and ultimate extinction of Cornish we have the best evidence. Beginning with quaint old Andrew Boord, whose "*Breviarie of Healthe*" was in the sixteenth century an esteemed repertory of medicinal prescriptions, and Norden, the antiquary, who made his survey of Cornwall in 1584, down to the partly trustworthy and partly fabulous accounts of Dolly Pentreath, who enjoys the melancholy fame of being the *last woman* who spoke Cornish, we have a tolerably complete "History of the Decline and Fall" of the little Cornish empire. Boord tells us of "many men and women the which cannot speak one word of English, for all is Cornish;" and Norden marvels that "though the husband and wife, parents and children, master and servants, do mutually communicate in their native language, yet there is none of them in manner but is able to converse with a stranger in the English tongue, *unless it be some obscure people that seldom confer with the better sort.*" The old tongue must even then have been straitened, and the tyranny of English already felt throughout the length and breadth of Cornwall. Still, up to 1640, and probably a little later, there were remains of these "obscure people;" and we are happy to learn that their ignorance of English was no bar to their enjoyment of the consolations of religion.

for William Jackman, says Hals, "was forced for divers years to administer the sacrament to the communicants in the Cornish tongue, *because the aged people did not well understand the English*, as himself often told me." Whether Jackman was fond of boasting of his skill in Cornish, or was given to grumble at his being "forced" to read the Communion Service in Cornish, is a matter of conjecture. Ray, the naturalist, who visited Cornwall in 1662, and again in 1667, was so fortunate as to find two men of some education, one Diokan Gwyn, and one Pendarvis, who were skilled in Cornish; and he testifies to the fact that "few of the children could speak Cornish." Scawen, who wrote about the same time, mentions some "old people who could only speak Cornish;" and records the fact of a sermon having been preached in Cornish at Landawidnick.

Turning the corner of the seventeenth century, we find Lhuyd recording that Cornish still lingered in five or six villages towards the Land's-end. In 1720 it was still spoken by a few fisherfolk and tinnars at St. Ives, St. Just, Mousehole, St. Paul, and Newlyn. In 1736, one old fisherman at Mousehole, William Bodener, and a little later one old fishwoman at Paul, Dolly Pentreath, were raked up by the curiosity of antiquaries, as being able to jabber a little Cornish, and who probably made a pretence of talking it well. This old woman seems to have survived the old man; and when she died in 1777, there remained not one vestige of the old tongue unobliterated by Civilisation and Death.

This old fishwoman has suffered, as I have said, a melancholy immortality. In her name the memory of Cornish is personified. Her portrait is shown at St. Michael's Mount; and Prince Lucien L. Bonaparte, and the Rev. John Garrett, Vicar of St. Paul, erected a memorial of her in the wall of Paul churchyard. The likeness is probably faithful: we wish the memorial inscription had been so too. Mr. Halliwell (to whose "*Western Cornwall*" the writer is indebted for references to the works of Norden, Lhuyd, &c.) detected two serious errors in the inscription.

Here lieth interred Dorothy Pentreath, who died in 1778, &c.

Dolly was buried in the old cemetery, not in the churchyard; and she died in the month of December, 1777. She has long enjoyed the repute of having lived to the age of 102. To have ever spoken Cornish as her everyday speech, and to have survived all her contemporaries who spoke it, she need have lived to that age. Probably the need was father to the tradition: for Dolly must have lived on

till 1805, at the very earliest, to have justified the report of her extraordinary age; for the entry of her baptism was found by Mr. Halliwell among the registers of Paul parish, where she is stated to have been baptized on May 17th, 1714 (*i.e.*, May 28th, new style): but dying in 1777, she could not have completed her sixty-fourth year. Are we to believe that of all the Cornish-speaking inhabitants of western Cornwall in existence in May, 1714, there was not one who survived a woman who was not sixty-four when she died? To credit that we must first believe that there were but a *small few* who spoke it about the time of her birth: but this is expressly repugnant to her own statement to Dr. Borlase, that up to twelve years of age she sold fish in the Cornish language, "which the inhabitants in general, even the gentry, did then well understand." This, however, is already disproved. But on the other hand, if she was born when Cornish was virtually extinct, how came she to speak it?

Such is the cluster of difficulties surrounding the traditional story of Dolly Pentreath. The fact is, the fishwomen of western Cornwall have at least one of the three qualities attributed to the Cretans by Epimenides: they are liars; and in this respect I fear poor Dolly must go down to posterity in company with Mary Kelynack, who walked to London to see the Great Exhibition of 1851, and visited the Queen at Windsor. This adventurous dame ever afterwards obtained great profits on a stock of straw hats, which she sold at enormous prices to visitors, each one in turn being warranted to be the very identical hat in which she had visited the Great Exhibition and Windsor Castle.

If the Land's End district is not the land of liars, it is at least the land of fables. Visitors are everywhere introduced to the scenes of a mythology which was never believed in till modern times. In one place they are shown a hurly-burly of boulders which the gigantic Cornu-Britons of "those days" employed in what might well be called a *pitched* battle; in another, they see the stone circles where equally fabulous Druids were wont to worship; in another, the holed-stones though which the pious mothers of Cornu-Britain used to pass their children, in deference to a rite imported from India or Phœnicia. In every mining district of the west, the visitor meets with the evidences of an equally fabulous Jewish settlement. The old disused smelting-houses are familiarly called "Jews' houses;" and the round pieces of tin-slag, or tin, often found there are called "Jews' pieces." Penzance has a dirty back street near the harbour, called "Coinage-Hall

Street," where doubtless the Jews of "those days" had their mint; and "Market Jew Street" (the principal street in Penzance) is significant of the commerce carried on by that ancient people in the neighbouring village of Market Jew, or Marazion. Here we are in the very thick of Jewish traditions: the very name of the place is Hebrew! "Here," it has been said, "the Jews once dwelt among a hostile and fanatical people; and, as tradition has it, they once, in their despair, when driven away from one town, turned and looked back upon it, and with mingled tears and imprecations, gave it the name of Marazion ('Bitter Zion,' in contrast to Zion, the once beautiful 'city of the Great King,') which name it bears to this day." Curious, if true, that the place should have acquired the name given to it by a people who had already left it! If this mode of interpreting Cornish names is to be allowed, we ought to be told that the Jews on leaving Marazion settled on the north coast; but being once more driven forth, they "turned and looked back upon it with mingled tears and imprecations," and gave it the name of Piran-Zabulon (in contrast to the Zabulon of Palestine), and it bears the name of Piran-Zabuloe to this day!

But the spell of such fictions is soon broken. Piran Zabuloe (or Perran-Sabulo), is St Perran's on the sands, and is rather Latin than Cornish! The sands there are two miles long, and as level and hard as a bowling-green. The Church of St. Perran's, like the house in the parable, was founded on the sand, and fell a victim to the floods. It is now wholly buried in the sands. The same fate befell St. Gwithians, in the eastern part of St. Ives's Bay.

But if Marazion be not Hebrew, what is it? Why, Cornish, and, if I do not greatly mistake, presents a common Cornish inflection. Some Cornish substantives have two plural forms. *Marth* is Cornish for a wonder. Its plurals are *marthys*, and strangely enough, *marthagyon*; each means *wonders*. Yet I cannot help believing that *marthagyon* must have been derived from some obsolete form, as *marthak* or *marthek*, just as *marregyon* (*knights*) is from *marrek*, or *marhag*, a knight. Now the usual plural of *marhas*, a market, is *marhasow*. But, by analogy, *marhasion*, *marazion* or *marghasyon* (for the spelling was for the most part phonetic), also would mean *markets*. That this is the meaning of the proper name Marazion, is rendered extremely likely by the certain fact that Market-Jew is partly a translation and partly a corruption of *marhasow*, or *marghasow*; for the name of that little town (for such it once was) is spelt Marghaisewe in the Charter of Incorporation, 13 Elizabeth. My conclusion

is that Marazion and Market-Jew (i.e. Margha-jew) are plurals of the Cornish word for *market*, so that the proper name means *the markets*. Pryce, however, gives the derivation of *marhas-sidn*, the *market on the shore*. This is a fanciful conjecture, wholly unsupported by evidence. The name, in fact, was never so pronounced, to judge by the various orthographies which have come down to us.

Those who find Hebrew in Marazion will doubtless be rejoiced to find in Cornish names almost every language under heaven. The Scilly Islands have a rich crop of extraordinary names. There is a place in the west called *Santasperry*: this, in Mr. E. Norris's opinion, is French, (*Saint Esprit*). On the west also are *Gorregan*, which sounds like Irish; and *retarrier*, which is rather French, and *cadedno*, on the west, may well be Welsh (*Caer-dydn*, the Fort of St. Tydn), since it is doubtless Cornish. The family name of *Calamansack* should be German (*Kielmannseg*); *Voundervoor* might be Dutch; *Rouffignac*, French, and *Kessel*, Belgic. *Hugo*, *Carolan*, and *Catran* are Spanish; as they may well be, since the Spaniards invaded the Land's End district near the end of the last century; of which evidences may be seen in the registers of burial for Paul parish, and in the old house at Mousehole, now called *The Keigwin Arms*. But unluckily for such speculations, some of these names are pure Cornish: e.g., *Hugo*, which means a *Cave*. There is no more slippery ground for the exercise of conjecture, than the proper names of an extinct language.

The modern speech of Cornwall, even in the west, is remarkably pure English, but with a peculiar intonation, which may be heard in parts of the Highlands. Its purity, however, in some villages is marred by the admixture of two other elements, viz., the modern Cornish dialect (which of course is, for the most part, of Anglo-Saxon derivation), and a modicum of genuine Cornu-British words and phrases. Prince Lucien L. Bonaparte* has issued the *Song of Solomon* in the modern dialect; and there are various vocabularies of extant words, Anglo-Saxon and Cornish of various degrees of completeness and accuracy. The visitor at Newlyn and Mousehole may still hear an enraged fishwife threatening her wretched infant thus, "I'll scale thy brains out!" where the mother of Dolly Pentreath would have said "Squallys yw dhe ampydgnan!"

Of the literature of Cornwall there are extant, besides some translations from the Bible and the Book of Common Prayer, a multitude of proverbs, and four miracle plays, all of

which are probably translations from works originally composed in a foreign language. These are (1) the Creation of the World, with Noah's Flood, of which there are two editions, that of Davies Gilbert, 1827, and that of Mr. Whitley Stokes, 1864; (2) Mount Calvary, edited by Davies Gilbert, 1827; (3 and 4) Ordinalia, edited by Mr. Edwin Norris, with a Grammar of the Language, 1859. To each of these there is a translation in English. Besides the MSS. of these dramas, which are in the British Museum, and the Bodleian, the Cottonian Library contains a MS. vocabulary of the older Cornish, of about A.D. 1000. But for the acquirement of the language in which these dramas are written (circa 1500), the Lexicon Cornu-Britannicum of Mr. Robert Williams of Rhydygroesau, is of high value.

When it is considered that so scanty are the materials for learning Cornish, one is at first surprised to see that tongue registered among the century of languages said to have been acquired by Cardinal Mezzofanti: but on second thoughts we remember that he had acquired the Bas-Breton; and doubtless by the aid of that he would be able to understand not a little of the structure of Cornish. But at most his knowledge must have been insignificant.

C. M. INGLEBY.

FADED LAURELS.

I.



WAS a poor old horse
by the road-side
Fettered, and blind,
and lame—
None knew how it
had wandered
there,
None asked from
whence it came.
But it chewed the
dusty grass which
grew
Along the hedge-
rows bare;
You might have
thought that
never horse
Had known such
dainty fare!

II.

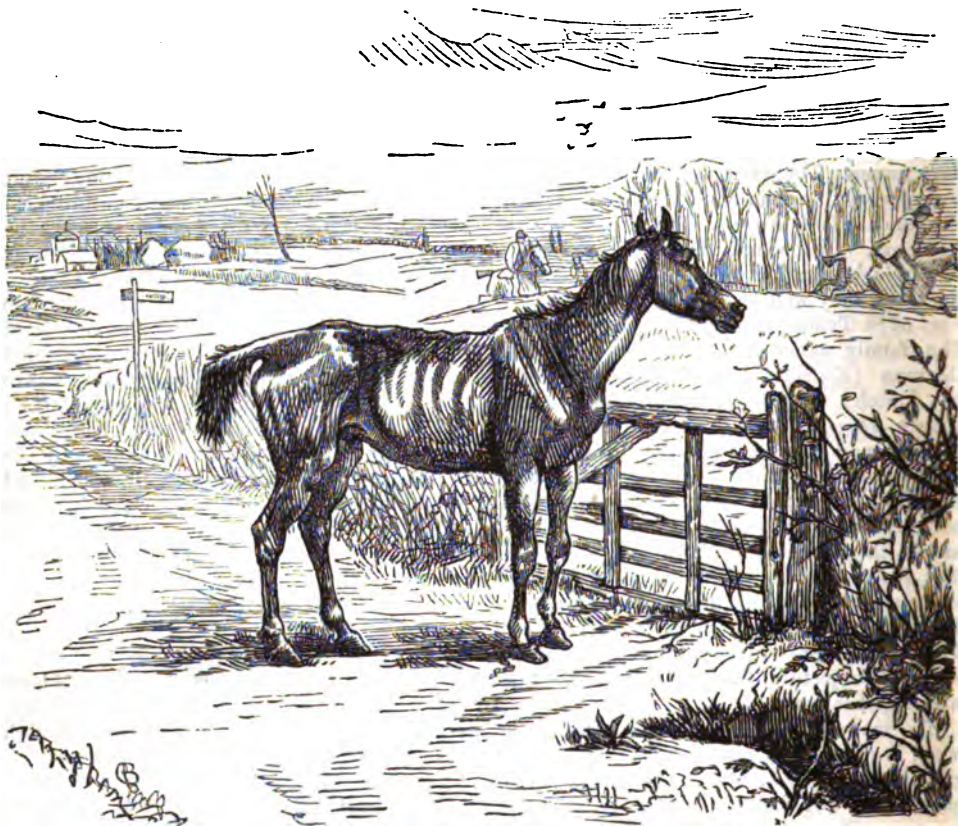
Yet he had been a young colt once,
And had carried his master's son
Away, away—ere the dawn of day,
And back, when the race was done.
In all the country round I ween
Was never a colt like him—
So soft each curve, so strong each nerve,
Such grace in every limb!

* The Prince, Mr. Edwin Norris, and Mr. Whitley Stokes, are the greatest living authorities on the subject of the Cornish tongue.

III.

And then when his early days were past,
A hunter fleet was he—
How he pawed the ground, at the light horn's sound,
And strove till his head was free!

Then o'er hill and brake—over hedge or gate—
He sprang with exulting bound,
Till the huntsman's cry showed the end was
nigh,
And the dead fox lay on the ground!



IV.

And the wintry days will come again,
And the huntsman's horn once more,
Over moor and fen—on hill and plain,
Shall be heard as in days of yore—
But never again the master's foot
Shall that trusty steed bestride,
For he's but an old horse blind and lame,
Chewing grass by the hot roadside!

V.

And unto me that poor old horse
Speaketh with accents clear,
I'll lowly bend to the trusty friend
For I cannot choose but hear.
For he tells me how at the master's word
We must see our glories die,
How from many a throne we must totter
down,
And creep where we once did fly!

VI.

How oft in the dusty road of life,
We are jolted and thrust aside—
Our feelings wrecked 'neath the cold neglect,
Or torn by the look of pride!
How the things we were, or the things we wrought,
The labour, the toil, the pain,
Are vanished all like a dream forgot,
And never return again!

VII.

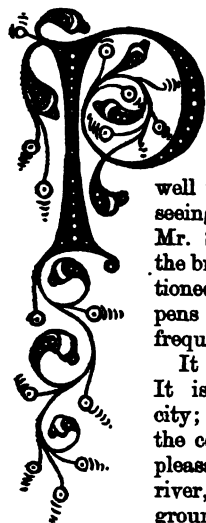
And harder far than at once
With our garlands fresh and gay,
To linger on when our work is done,
Our strength nigh passed away.
Oh! then wise is he who with pliant mind
Can bow to the fickle blast,
Who can yield the laurels his brow entwined,
And stand aside with a heart resigned,
While the rude crowds hurry past!

C. S. C.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER XV. AT GRAYS.



PERHAPS, for the benefit of those readers who have patiently followed the course of this unromantic story up to the present point, it may be

wall to explain where Grays is, seeing that the place wherein Mr. Sondes abode, during all the bright summer months mentioned in previous chapters, happens to this day, to be one little frequented by Londoners.

It is not difficult of access. It is within an hour of the city; the air is pure and bracing, the country around is open and pleasant; it lies down by the river, and from the low rising ground beside the town you can see the Thames beneath, flowing

on golden and shining in the sun. Nearly opposite, though a little more to the east, lies Gravesend; nearly opposite,—this time, however, a little to the west,—is Greenhithe, and on the same side of the river as "Grays Thurrock" itself, and south-by-east of the town, we find Tilbury, where the four pro-consular ways made by the Romans crossed each other.

Grays, the attentive reader will conclude from all this, is on the north bank of the Thames, and boasts a station on the Tilbury line. Even to the present day Grays Thurrock is a very small place, consisting, in fact, but of one street, the houses in which are built principally of wood. For its size, however, it contains more hotels, or, to speak with greater correctness, hostelries, than any other town in England. Further, there are a greater number of outfitters' shops than a chance visitor might suppose could hope to find customers, every ordinary necessary and luxury of life seeming to be subservient to the clothes and et-ceteras needful for a sea voyage—to boxes, blankets, pea-jackets, ropes, flannel-vests, and such like.

There is a small church surrounded by a large burying-ground, the former of which had some additions made to it within the last twenty years, and is having some further

additions made to it now. Even the oldest portion of the building is far from old, and can bear no comparison in point of interest and architectural beauty with the lonely church of West Thurrock, that lies away by itself in the fields, within sight of the river, and has not a dwelling-place near it, save the habitations of the dead.

Many vessels put into Grays, which fact accounts for the taverns and the outfitters; also, perhaps, for the wonderful little pies exhibited on deal boards in some of the windows, and a tarry smell about the lower portion of the town that greets the nose of the new-comer. Human ships seem also to put into Grays—ships which may never cross the seas of life more—for the churchyard is, as I have said, large, and many a stranger lies buried there, who scarcely thought, when he was starting in existence, of the quiet port wherein he should eventually find shelter and rest.

Here, too, the gravestones bear frequently the merest record of a great tragedy.

"Unfortunately drowned" is the inscription on one, and indeed what need of more? What man who has ever seen the great depths, and listened to the howling of the winter wind, but can supply the rest? Mother earth has taken to her arms dead, those who left her living, and laps them up tenderly and lovingly with the soft green turf, while they sleep the sleep that may know no waking till Eternity.

It must be a wild bleak place in the winter time, this Grays Thurrock, when the storms beat the staggering vessels in here for shelter, and the wild wind speeds flying over the green hillocks and the flat lands down by the shore.

It must be fearfully exposed, and cold, and dreary, and desolate then; but in the summer season it is a sweet spot; pleasant and open, as before stated, and with a cool refreshing breeze generally blowing off the water, or across the lonely country that lies around. It is a nice place even now, in the summer time, for children who love the green fields;—but it was a nicer place still in the days when Lawrence Barbour knew it, for the bricks were not then moulded which have since built the few rows of cockney houses that spoil the neighbourhood; the chalk pits were still lying unquarried, and labourers'

cottages—such as are now erected in Argent Street and on the hill side, beyond the house where Mr. Sondes dwelt—were not needed.

There was no spick-and-span new brewery: there were no wharves; the staring two-storey houses, with their front gardens fenced round with walls built of crags, now cover ground where, in the days of which I am writing, the grass grew and the corn waved.

Well, people must live, and people must be housed; and there are plenty of green fields still left, thank God—enough, at any rate, to gladden your eyes and mine, reader, even at Grays, where we can look east and west and south, and behold mile after mile of lonely country with scarcely a house, while the river runs on beside the fields that lie close down to its brink; and away on the other side are the Kentish hills, and there is a great hush in the air, a silence that a Londoner, accustomed to the noise and rattle of the busy streets, feels, and marvels at.

To this place came Lawrence Barbour to recruit his health. As a horse who has met with some grievous accident in the first fifty yards is sent back to paddock, there to be nursed and seen to, so Lawrence, stricken down almost before his race for wealth had begun, travelled to Grays, hoping that the fresh air and the thorough rest and the unutterable repose of that quiet retreat would, as Mr. Perkins phrased it, make a man of him again.

Over the roofs of the houses, on a level with which the train sped along, he looked with a vague wondering interest, marvelling what history each dwelling contained: past the cemetery—then not so full of graves as it is now—he was swept; within sight of many a manufactory, of endless chemical works, of countless factories, the engine laboured away; but at last came the open country—the blessed country, and Lawrence, lying back in his carriage, could have cried for very joy at being free again—for very sorrow, because he might never look on the face of nature more, feeling just the same as formerly—as strong, as sound, as healthy as of yore.

Fields, and still more fields; miles without a house; a country as flat as an Irish bog but not so desolate, because the marshes are green, and lie also well exposed to the sun, which shines cheerily across them. Here and there a homestead, with its few trees, with its great stacks of hay, with its cattle grazing or lying still in the splendour of the summer afternoon; past Barking, leaving Dagenham, where it is said stood the house wherein the egg of the Gunpowder Plot was laid by the conspirators, far to the right; on through Rainham, and so to Purfleet, which would be

one of the loveliest spots round London for a pic-nic, were it not for the proximity of the Government magazines; then more fields—miles, and miles, and miles of them—and the line and the river approach closer to each other, and Lawrence, straining his eyes, could see over the flat lands the Thames, like a silver thread, winding away among the grass, while the hills on the south side came nearer and nearer every moment.

At this point the country on the right-hand side of the down line is so flat that all idea of distance and size is lost. It is only by the gleaming of the river, wide though it be, that the traveller can tell there is water between him and the rising grounds in Kent: thousands of acres of marsh-land, without tree or house, or hedge or ditch; great tracts of country over which the Thames has played, from time to time, strange tricks; then the church of West Thurrock, standing in a position so lonely, that Lawrence began to marvel whether any congregation were ever collected within its walls, or if the dead rose from their graves, and trooped in their shrouds through the door and into the building at sound of the Sabbath bells—a weird and ghastly procession; after that, coming nearer and nearer to the river, Grays, with its small station, with its few passengers, either alighting or proceeding—Grays, where Mr. Sondes met him, and conveyed him in a phaeton to the house he had taken for the season.

It was a charming abode, standing on the top of a hill, from whence you could see down over the town of Grays, and all the open country stretching away to the south-east; while the Thames lay below—so still, so tranquil, under the summer's sun, that it looked less like a river than like a lake.

The house is still there, but changed. Where were hedgerows are houses; where was a garden is a brick-field; but there is a private road still up to the close gates, that seem the fashion in that part of the country; and beyond the road a pleasant footpath leads across the fields, just as it used to do.

By the hall-door stood Olivine, ready to welcome the visitor. There was something pleasant and homelike in the figure of the child; something that struck back to Lawrence's heart bitterly in the day of his blackest repentance.

Unconsciously the mind receives all kinds of impressions without the slightest act of volition on the part of the spectator; every variety of picture is stamped on our brains, and we never know till the light falls hither and thither what scenes we have gathered up and stored in our memories, for good or for evil, for joy or for sorrow.

It was thus with Lawrence Barbour: there stood the child, with her dog at her side, with her kitten, now grown into a great cat, in her arms, looking up in his face with those sweet lovely eyes, into which there came tears as she gazed; there was Olivine, to whom he had sung his songs in the old house at Stepney, waiting to greet him, with the sunlight shining on her, with the flowers around her. Very gently she put the cat down and came forward shyly, and quietly as ever; but she clung to his hand and stroked it softly, and when he stooped to kiss her, she put her arm round his neck and began to cry.

The scene was stamped at the instant on his memory, and yet, as the days went by, the picture was thrust aside into the lumber-room of memory, and forgotten.

Time passed on and the years went by; but when the years had come and gone—come and gone, behold! he saw before him, clear and fresh as though that moment painted, the house and the child, the cat and the terrier. Once more he felt the soft hand stroking his—once again he kissed the pure young lips, and knew that she was crying because he looked so changed; and then—and then—he wished—oh! God, *how* he wished he could go back and live the years over for the second time, and, seeing light, leave the darkness behind him for ever.

There was no noise about Olivine's welcome; the child seemed to live in a sort of perpetual hush. Even her tears were not as the tears of other girls of her age, and her joy was less like their joy even than her grief.

When Lawrence returned to Distaff Yard, Miss Ada greeted his arrival with dancing, clapping, pirouetting, and jumping, to an unlimited extent.

If he had been some kind of rare fruit which she was trying to bring down, her leaps could not have been higher or more persistent.

"Look at him! look at him!" she cried, till it affords me pleasure to record her father boxed her ears, and told her not to make such an "infernal fool of herself."

She climbed on a table and embraced him; she told her younger brother, "their cousin had not died yet;" she displayed more of her legs than even Lawrence had ever seen before; and she looked uglier than of old.

"I came to see you in the hospital," she said, a day or two after his return, climbing on the back of his chair, and imparting this piece of information to his very ear.

Whereupon Lawrence suddenly rose, and the interesting child was suddenly capsized, giving vent, as she went down, to such a

shriek as brought Mrs. Perkins from the kitchen to inquire what was the matter.

"He went and done it on purpose," sobbed Miss Ada, snivelling the while as only a child with a snub nose can. "He got up and let the chair down upon me, and he is a brute, and I hate him."

Whereupon Lawrence felt it necessary to offer some explanation. "How was I to know she was standing on the rail of the chair?" he asked. "If she is hurt, I am sorry; but I could not help it. Never mind, Ada, the first time I go out I will buy you some sweetmeats." Pacified by which promise, Ada professed her sorrow for calling him a brute, and stated that she only said so because she had hurt her head.

Now with Olivine there was nothing of all this; she had no affectation, she had no schemes, she did not want to attract notice. With her little heart brimming full of affection she could have sat apart for hours, asking neither for word, nor look, nor sign; she could gather flowers, and lay them softly beside Lawrence, without ever drawing his attention either to them or herself, she could carry out the sofa pillows for him to rest his head on when he lay stretched on the grass, and never say, "I thought you would like them;" she could bring him the books he wanted and never ask for a story out of them; she could carry his jelly and grapes and take no surreptitious mouthful, as was the manner of Miss Ada.

Once she prayed him to sing, that was the only thing she ever begged him to do for her; and the cry of bitterness which broke from her lips when he said, "Ah! Olivine, I am afraid my singing days are over," was a thing to be remembered. "I do not think I shall ever be able to sing again," he went on, laying his hand on her head as she sat on the grass beside him; "you must learn to sing for me, will you, pet?"

"I will try," she answered sadly; "but then I am not clever, like you; uncle says you are clever and I am not."

"You are clever," he said, "clever as a woman ever wants to be, and you must learn to sing for me, and I will lie and listen, so;" and he stretched himself out full length on the turf, while Olivine laughed and covered him with daisies, and told him he was very naughty and told fibs to frighten her.

"It is no fib, child," he replied. "I lost my voice for love of Miss Alwyn one day, in Hyde Park."

"Now I know you are telling stories," she said; "because you don't love Miss Alwyn, not an atom."

"What makes you think that, little one?" he asked.

"I don't think it, I know it; I heard you talking to papa about her, and you said you hated her, and I thought then how wicked you were to hate anybody."

"What a saint it is!" remarked Lawrence. "Did you never hate anybody, Olivine? Now, honour bright, did you not?"

Olivine paused; she cast round and about her short life, routed out the inhabitants of this dark corner and of that, before she answered—"No, I never did, though I once very nearly hated Ada Perkins."

"What dreadful sin had she committed?" asked Lawrence, lazily.

"Well, you see," replied Olivine, confidentially, and looking round to discover if any one were listening; "she came to spend one afternoon with me——"

"I hear, Olivine, but I do not see," interrupted Lawrence, who loved to torment the child.

"She came, at any rate," went on Olivine, with a little pout, "and we were playing with the cat that begs, you know, beside the open window, and Ada took her up; but pussy would not stay with her, and always walked over from Ada to me. As fast as she came to me I gave her back to Ada, and as fast as I gave her to Ada pussy came to me, till at last Ada got cross, and said, 'You nasty ungrateful beast, you shall not stay with either of us,' and pitched her out from ever so high into the garden."

"And what did you do then?" inquired Mr. Lawrence Barbour.

"Oh, I felt I don't know how! Nurse Mary says I tried to jump out of the window after pussy, but I don't remember that. I cannot remember anything except Ada crying and saying she did not mean to hurt it; and then Nurse Mary brought me pussy, safe and sound, and after that she put me to bed, and when I awoke pussy was asleep beside me. But I am afraid I struck Ada," continued the child. "I am not certain, and nobody would ever tell me, but I think I struck her, and I never struck anybody before; and if I did strike her, I could not help it."

"Come and give me a kiss, Olivine," said Lawrence, who enacted the grand seigneur in those days, and had every person at his beck and call. "I am sure you are a good child, and—shall I tell you a secret?—I hate Ada Perkins myself!"

"But you must not, it is wicked, it is bad; you cannot go to heaven if you hate."

"I shall have to take my chance of that," answered Lawrence, calmly; "for the present this world is enough for me."

He should not have uttered such a sentence, and next instant he knew he had been wrong, for Olivine put her little hand upon his mouth and "hushed" him, as though they had been standing in a church.

"Do not say that," she pleaded, "it is naughty, and you must not be naughty; please be good, please—please," and Olivine flung herself beside him, and threw such a tone of earnest entreaty into her voice that Lawrence, struck with a sudden wonderment, answered,

"It would be easy for any one to be good who was always near you, Olivine. I think you must be a child-angel, you are so perfect."

And he drew down the sweet face and kissed it once,—twice,—thrice, little deeming, as he did so, he was kissing in very truth the good angel of his life.

It was very happy, it was very innocent, it was very pleasant, but all at once Olivine started up, crying,—

"Oh! Mr. Barbour, there are some strangers coming in; I must go to Nurse Mary, and see who they are."

Nurse Mary, however, saved Olivine the trouble, for she came forward into the garden at the moment, announcing,—

"Mr. and Miss Alwyn are in the drawing-room, to see Mr. Barbour."

CHAPTER XVI. TAKEN UNAWARES.

WITH anything rather than a good grace Lawrence rose to his feet and prepared to obey Nurse Mary's summons. Inwardly, he anathematised Mr. Alwyn, and Miss Alwyn, and all visitors. In his heart of hearts he wished father and daughter far enough; but still he rose and walked into the house, and entered the drawing-room, where Mr. Alwyn greeted him with a sort of nervous cordiality.

"Taken you by storm, eh? Went first to Distaff Yard, but found the bird flown; next best thing that presented itself was to take the train at Stepney and come on here. Mr. Lawrence Barbour—my daughter. Etta, you ought to know this gentleman without my introduction."

At which plain hint Etta advanced and shook hands, putting on her most seductive smile, and saying in her softest voice—

"I really do not know how to thank you, Mr. Barbour. I cannot tell you how grieved I am to think my safety should have been purchased at so terrible a price. Are you better? I trust you are." And Lawrence felt the hand she still suffered to lie in his, tremble, as Miss Alwyn asked this question.

Then, for the first time in his life, he experienced a strange and unwonted sensation.

He had looked at this girl often, previously,

at a distance—he had mocked her riding—he had sneered at her hair—he had stared at her in church—he had mimicked and derided the siren whom he could not now find words to answer—before whom he now stood for a moment confounded and abashed.

"You look so pale," she went on; "and I am so sorry. If I had been the one injured instead of you, how much better it would have been; for you, papa tells me, are going to be a great worker, while I am but a cumberer of the ground."

"Nay, nay, Etta," interrupted Mr. Alwyn, who felt that perhaps this was going a little too far, while Lawrence answered, a little, bitterly—

"The humble creatures of this earth, Miss Alwyn, are for use, and the beautiful are for ornament. Men crush the useful, and admire the beautiful, and I am happy to have fulfilled the universal law and saved you from injury."

"What a cynic!" she remarked.

"No, I only speak the truth," he replied, and he raised his eyes and fixed them boldly on her. "I am happy to have been of use to you, and I did not feel there was any happiness in the matter five minutes since."

"Am I to accept that speech as a compliment?" she asked, trifling with the fastening of her glove, as she spoke.

"Not as a compliment," Lawrence answered, at which reply Mr. Alwyn laughed, and said,—

"Upon my honour, young gentleman, it is a pity you were not born a courtier, for your speeches are fitter for a palace than for the homes of ordinary mortals. If Etta were not accustomed to flattery, I should beg you to remember she is but a merchant's daughter, and not a maiden of romance. As it is, however, I suppose she knows pretty well the value of such commodities, and prizes them accordingly."

Once more the blood rushed hot and swift through Lawrence's veins, and he would have stood up to do battle for the genuineness of his sentiments, but that Miss Alwyn interrupted him.

"On the contrary, papa," she remarked, "I prize Mr. Barbour's words exceedingly, feeling confident he really means what he says, which is more than I should venture to affirm concerning most of my acquaintances." And with that Miss Alwyn smiled once again sweetly on Lawrence, who felt inclined at the moment to turn and flee away.

"As a rule," a clever woman once informed me, "we dislike people whom we do not know," as a rule, likewise, I think, we instinctively recoil from those who are destined to work us

evil. It is nature's warning: it is her hand laid on us in appeal, it is her voice bidding us beware; and if we disregard the warning, the appeal, and the caution, what then? Why, then we are but as the moths who, put out at one window return through another, and are burnt in the flame before a hand can be stretched forth to save them!

Up to that time Lawrence had hearkened to the voice of his better angel, and remained resolutely deaf to all the seductive charms of Mr. Alwyn's discourse. Not that gentleman's polite and delicate attentions, not the hot-house flowers, not the rare fruits, not the pressing invitation to stay at Mallingford, not the entreaties that he would consider Hereford Street his home, had moved him from his fixed purpose of keeping the Alwyns at arm's length; but now a woman's voice and a woman's smile made him an unwilling captive. He would not turn and flee away. He could do nothing but remain and listen to the songs of the mermaid, whose tones rang out their sweetest and fullest for his benefit.

"I wish we could have persuaded you to come and stay with us;"—this was the burden of the melody—"papa would have taken a house at Brighton, Folkestone, Torquay—anywhere, if you had only consented to join us. We were so grievously disappointed, and I may say for myself, so hurt——"

"Hurt, Miss Alwyn?" echoed Lawrence.

"Yes, hurt," she repeated; "no one could have grieved more than I did about the consequences my accident entailed upon you. But it was not my fault, now, was it, Mr. Barbour?—and ought you to have borne malice towards me, ought you?"

"Malice," he said, stupefied.

"I do not blame you," she went on. "I cannot tell how I myself might have felt had any such calamity befallen me; but I want us to be friends, now. I want you to believe that we regret your accident more than it is possible for you to do, and—and—I have come with papa to-day to tell you this, and to say that I, like you, have been angry—angry at your refusal to come to us; but that I am now only sorry. What a wretched thing it is never to be able to express one's meaning perfectly," finished Miss Alwyn, with engaging abruptness, leaving the disentanglement of her sentence for Lawrence.

Fill up that sentence, reader, with a by-play which was beyond all writing; with a look—with a smile—with a blush—with a drooping of the eyes—with a movement of the hands—with a peeping in and out of a dainty foot—with a tone, now of reproach, now of pathos, now of pleading; and you have the position. You have the woman who

attracted Lawrence and lured him on—on, spite of his former antipathy, of his instinctive aversion.

He was but a lad, for all his wise thoughts and firm resolves, for all his manly resolution and keen perception; he was but a lad—but a reed in the hands of such as she, but as wax capable of receiving any impression she chose to stamp upon him.

Everything was in her favour—manner, appearance, dress. Shall we say dress is nothing? Shall we babble about nature unadorned? Shall we say a pretty woman is equally pretty in any attire? Bah! There are times and places when dress is everything; when Venus herself, if she appeared with no article of attire save a piece of drapery artistically arranged, would never be asked to dance, but rather be taken forthwith in charge, and escorted to the nearest station-house. Given, a man who has not seen much of female society, and see which divinity he falls down and worships—the pure and simple, or the gorgeous and sensuous; barefooted virtue, or vice resplendent with diamonds; the lily which has toiled not nor spun, but trusts to its own native loveliness, or the Queen of the East, clad in all manner of rich garments, and followed by a train of slaves and servants.

Which? Ah, friends, many a weary mile humanity travels before it learns to choose the light of the home taper to that of the will-o'-the-wisp; many a heart has broken running after the end of the rainbow; many a soul has gone far astray because of the lust of the eye, which takes pleasure—and innocent enough pleasure, oftentimes, as it seems to us—in everything that the art and the skill of man have combined together to make beautiful and attractive.

This was the first moral stumbling-block that came to obstruct Lawrence Barbour's course in life. He was a slave to his senses. In his own person he disregarded luxury, he was willing and able to bear hardship and discomfort; but for all that, the fashions of this world influenced him. A handsomely furnished room, an elegantly dressed woman, a splendidly appointed equipage, an array of servants, a blaze of light, and glitter of glass, and shining of plate, produced an effect upon him all through his life which can scarcely be understood by those who have always viewed such accessories as mere matters of course—as the landscape in the background of a portrait, as the photographer's stock pillar or antique chair.

Lawrence had sense, but it was impotent against this involuntary passion. He was taken captive by his eyes, by the sweep of a dress, by the shape of a bonnet, by the ar-

rangement of a room, by the tone of a voice. He was a slave at last: she had him to have and to hold from that day forth till the hour arrived when, bleeding and maimed, he escaped from her toils, having learnt wisdom in the only school where each man eventually becomes his own philosopher, and preaches great truths to himself out of the lesson-books of his personal experience.

She had him—she netted him with the hair he was wont to laugh at, with the eyes which had in them neither a pure nor a holy light, with the hands which were so white and treacherous, with the smile that was so sweetly cruel, with the rich attire which became her so royally—she had him, this lad, who when he grew to be a man, and entered into possession of man's estate of responsibility and sorrow, cursed the day in which he met her, the mother that bore, and the father who begat her.

Sweetly she ran on with her pleasant unisons. Strictly speaking, the music she made might not be critically correct, but Lawrence never thought of analysing it.

He wanted to hate her, and still he could not. He tried to shake off the spell she laid upon him, and think of her as the Miss Alwyn whom he and his brother were wont to mock at as she came forth from the gates of Mallingford; but the attempt was useless, he did not want to admire her but he could not help himself; he had detested her at a distance, and now, when she spoke and smiled, he loved her.

Loved her! What a poor and feeble expression to convey an idea of the passion which took possession that day of Lawrence Barbour, and became more and more intense as the years went by, till its very fierceness worked its own destruction—till there was no more fuel left in his heart to feed the flame which had consumed his happiness.

Meanwhile, Mr. Alwyn walked from window to window, contributing his mite to the conversation, and graciously expressing his approval of the view.

"The Thames really looks exceedingly well from here," remarked the West-ender. "I had no idea there was anything so pretty on this side of London. Should not mind having a house here at all, but then the want of wood is a drawback, and timber does take such a deuce of a time to grow."

Having delivered himself of which opinion Mr. Alwyn took up another post of observation, and declared that the choice of such a residence did Mr. Sondes credit.

This sentiment, reminding Miss Alwyn of the fact of Mr. Sondes' existence, she suggested the possibility to her father of their

being intruders, and the consequent desirability of their immediate departure.

"Very well, my dear," acquiesced Mr. Alwyn; "just as you like. Now, Mr. Barbour, I depend on your paying us a visit; you must return a lady's call, remember; no getting off that; no escape possible, recollect; and no compromise accepted. Come to Hereford Street any day you like—only the earlier day the better, and take care of yourself, and—God bless you," which was rather a favourite form of speech of the colonial broker, and one which always raised a doubt in Percy Forbes' mind as to the god he meant,—“whether Mammon or not,” finished that incorrigible scapegrace, when alluding to the matter at a subsequent period of this story.

"And good-bye," said Miss Alwyn, in her softest tone of voice; and then Lawrence opened the drawing-room door for them to pass out, and went down the stairs, and was about to accompany them to the outer gate; but just at that juncture Olivine came shyly forward, and beckoned him aside.

"Do not let them go, please," she said, pulling his sleeve piteously, and turning her back a little towards Miss Alwyn, who caused great anguish of mind to the child by staring at her, persistently. "I have asked Nurse Mary to get dinner for them and all, and uncle will soon be home; and he would not like them to leave. Please keep them, please do."

"Are you certain your uncle will not be angry?" he inquired.

"Certain—sure!" And Olivine's answer was so emphatic that Lawrence, without further hesitation, laid the state of the case before Mr. and Miss Alwyn, who, nothing loth, accepted the child's invitation, and turned back into the house, Mr. Alwyn saying, in his loftily-jocular manner—

"Remember, little girl, if we get into trouble through this, you are to take the blame, and see us out of danger."

"Yes, sir," was Olivine's demure reply; and then, addressing Miss Alwyn, she asked, with the quiet self-possession of an experienced hostess—

"Would you like to come with me and take off your bonnet?"

"Yes, I should, very much," answered Miss Alwyn, adding, in an undertone, to her father—

"Isn't it a perfect curiosity?"

When the bonnet had been taken off, and the shawl, also—when Miss Alwyn had smoothed her hair and arranged her personal appearance generally to her liking, she happened to turn suddenly round, and caught Olivine looking her over as only children and women know how.

There was something in that look which put Miss Alwyn out, and she inquired sharply, "Well, you funny little thing, are you admiring me?" to which plain question Olivine, equally disconcerted, perhaps, returned the plain answer, "No, I am not."

(To be continued.)

RATS AND MICE.

PERHAPS few persons are aware how many kinds of mice are to be found in the world, or the extent of the ravages they will commit. It is a curious and interesting fact that in many cases where mice have increased to a great extent in corn or grass lands, and in extensive plantations, birds and beasts of prey increase in proportion to feed on them. Kites, hawks, owls, magpies, jays, and crows, as well as stoats, weasels, foxes, &c., may then be found in great abundance, assembled to feed on these destructive little quadrupeds, perhaps in localities where few of them had seldom been met with previously, so accurately does nature provide against what might otherwise be a serious evil. Mice will produce from six to eight young ones at a time, and breed several times in the course of the year, so that their increase must be very great, were it not for their numerous enemies.

The mouse is exceedingly attached to her young ones. A lady of our acquaintance on removing a box in a room very seldom used, found a mouse's nest behind it. The female mouse on being discovered, sat upright on the nest, and began to scream in a very loud and alarmed manner, evidently apprehensive for the safety of her young ones. My informant was so surprised at this occurrence, that she went to call her father to witness it. On her return with him, after a very short absence, it was found that the parent mouse had removed all her young ones away, and they were afterwards discovered under a chest of drawers in the same room, but on the opposite side to that in which the nest was first discovered, so rapid had been her proceedings, and so great her alarm for the safety of her young.

It is very difficult to account either for the dispositions or the proceedings of some animals. One would think that a cat would on all occasions in her power kill a mouse, especially when she had her kittens to feed; but this has not always been the case. An eminent surgeon, and an excellent man, whose veracity may be strictly relied on, on visiting a prison in one of the Midland Counties, came into a room accompanied by an attendant, in which he saw a cat suckling two or three kittens. "If you will stand quiet for a

short time," said the man, "you will see a strange sight." He did so accordingly, when, to his great astonishment, he saw a mouse creep out of a hole, go to the cat and begin sucking her. The attendant assured him that

this was a circumstance of constant occurrence, and our informant was so struck with it, that he not only witnessed it himself on subsequent occasions, but brought some of his friends to do so. This curious fact need not



be doubted, although it is difficult to account for its occurrence.

An old gentleman of my acquaintance was in the habit of sitting before a fire in his library, and dosing there for some time, remaining perfectly still. A mouse was in the constant habit of crawling up his leg and sitting on his knee, and rubbing its whiskers. Unfortunately the housemaids had not been told to refrain from hurting the mouse, which they at length discovered in the room and killed, to the great grief of my old friend.

Those who have been in the habit of taking their walks in the country, cannot fail to have observed dead shrew mice in their paths. It has been a common opinion for many years that these mice were killed by cats or mice, and not eaten on account of their

poisonous nature, or from the strong scent which they emitted. On mentioning the circumstance to an eminent surgeon, well known for his researches into minute anatomy, he asked me to send him some specimens of these dead mice. On examining them he found that they were all males, and their death was occasioned by their fighting for the females in the spring: the jugular vein was separated in every instance, thus accounting for their being found in the manner above mentioned.

Amongst other varieties of mice, we have the long-tailed field mouse. It is brown on its back and its belly is white, with long ears and a tail nearly as long as itself. It lays up stores of acorns, nuts, corn, &c., and Pennant tells us that the chief damage done to the fields results from swine grubbing up the

ground to get at these stores. We have also the short-tailed mouse.

The last mouse I shall mention is the dormouse. In some of its habits it resembles the squirrel, by collecting nuts, &c., for its winter food, and, like that quadruped, eats its food in a sitting posture, and sleeps like the squirrel during a great part of the winter. The dormouse is not often seen, as it hides itself in woods and thick hedges, and, according to Pennant, makes its nest in the hollow of a tree. It is, however, more common than is generally supposed.

We have two varieties of land rats in this country and one water rat. Of the former, the brown or Norwegian rat has now nearly exterminated the original black rat of England, the latter being now regarded almost as a curiosity, although it is affirmed that it is still to be met with in some of the great brewing establishments in London. The increase of the brown rat is enormous. They have three broods in a year, generally from fourteen to eighteen in a litter. Their increase, therefore, would be enormous, did they not, as is well known, devour each other. Sometimes the size of an old male rat is very great. I remember some years ago paying twopence to see a dead rat, killed in one of the London drains, which was nearly as big as a moderate-sized rabbit. It was grey with age. In the Abattoir near Paris, such was the increase of rats, that their burrows extended to a considerable space round the building, and in one night they devoured the carcase of a horse.

Some years ago, when the breed of pheasants was strictly preserved in the Kew Gardens, and every weasel, stoat, and hawk was destroyed, a colony of rats, probably from the adjoining town of Brentford, established themselves in the gardens. Their burrows were extensive, and had something of the appearance of a rabbit warren. The consequence of this was of course the destruction of pheasants' eggs and of the young birds, and it was some time before these marauders could be got rid of.

It is astonishing how cunningly and quickly rats will run along the hawser of a ship attached to another ship in order to search for more abundant food than they could procure in the ship they have just left. This is generally done in the night, but the migration has been witnessed in the day time. When rats have devoured all the food in a barn, they will migrate in considerable numbers to another. A friend of mine, a clergyman, witnessed one of these migrations, and saw an old blind rat holding a short bit of stick in his mouth, and another rat holding

the other end; in this way the blind rat was conducted safely along. This anecdote may be doubted, but I have too high an opinion of the veracity of my respectable informant to doubt it myself. The contrivances of rats to procure food are sometimes very extraordinary. They have been known to insert their tails into an oil flask, and then lick off the adhering oil till the flask was emptied, or, at least, till their tails would reach the oil no longer. It has also been ascertained that they have made deposits of eggs in some concealed place, as a future stock of food, they were conveyed without breaking them, although it is difficult to guess in what way.

But enough has been said to show the peculiar habits of rats and mice. We will conclude with what a Roman author once said with respect to the foresight and cunning of the latter quadruped—"Mus non uni fidet antro."

EDWARD JESSE.

A VENDISH CHRISTENING.

A GLORIOUS July morning was shining down upon the waving flax and corn-fields of one of the most fertile Vendish* districts on the left bank of the Elbe, as I drove with my friend, the clergyman of the parish, to a small village in the neighbourhood, where he was to christen the child of a well-to-do farmer. The two fine, high-spirited horses which drew our light char-a-banc, carried us along like the wind across the plain. As far as the eye could reach, nothing but fields, orchards, and meadows; only here and there a village bosomed in oaks, or a dark pine-forest, contrasted with the light green. In some fields they had already begun to cut the corn, and on each side of the road the mowers stood whetting their scythes, and the fresh, sturdy peasant-women, who were binding up the sheaves, paused for a moment from their work to look at us as we flew past.

A long row of willows—the favourite tree of the Vends—showed that the village was near, the houses of which were buried amidst oaks, alders, and willows. It consisted of a single broad and tolerably long street, on either side of which was a row of barns and stables: behind these were the large, open yards, and in the background stood the dwelling-houses. The latter were surrounded with

* The general appellation of Vends was given to those Slavonian populations which had settled in the northern part of Germany from the banks of the Elbe to the Baltic. It now applies especially to the Slavonians of Lusatia, who to this day preserve their national language and customs. Even now a Vend can be known in Germany by his marked peculiarities of physiognomy,—black hair, almond-shaped eyes, with a mixed expression of Oriental cunning and languor, strangely belying their actual character.

flower, fruit, and vegetable-gardens, and behind these again were meadows and fields, the *ager publicus* of the parish.

We stopped before a well-built house, where the christening was to be celebrated. The master of it, a strong, fine-looking man of about forty, with brown curly hair, and an open, cheerful countenance, came out of the door towards us, and cordially shook hands. His first words of salutation to the clergyman—"Err Pastor"—betrayed unmistakably his Vendish origin, for that people share a peculiarity not unknown in England, by totally ignoring the aspirate. Indeed, although the Vends have lived for centuries on the bank of the Elbe, and are in many respects completely Germanised, still, if they were to find themselves at the present day in the position of the "fugitive Ephraim," and, on arriving at the "ferry of the Elbe," some word beginning with that fatal eighth letter of the alphabet were to be their Shibboleth of recognition, their chances of ever reaching the opposite side would be doubtful, to say the least. Many curious mistakes between the Vends and Germans occur through this omission.

Entering the large, cheerful parlour, we found only a few of the guests assembled, since, having driven fast, we arrived a considerable time before the hour fixed for the ceremony. The room was simply furnished; but order and neatness compensated for the want of better furniture. Everything was *simplex munditiis*. The window-seats, posts, and frames, the tables, chairs, and benches round the wall were painted red, the Vendish national colour; the cupboards and presses were carefully polished, and the walls white-washed and clean as snow. I looked through the open door into the next room, where stood the cradle with the little child, and saw, to my astonishment, that, in spite of the bright mid-day sun which was beaming in at the windows, two candles were burning on the table. This custom had its reason, as I learnt afterwards from the clergyman. The Vends believe that the so-called underground folk (the dwarfs and gnomes of popular legends) spy after newborn children, steal them, and put their own misshapen children into their place in the cradle. Those "underground people," however, are afraid of any burning lights, and for this reason a candle or lamp is lighted immediately upon the birth of a child, and not extinguished till after the christening. After this ceremony, they have no longer any power over the child. In some villages a leaf of the Bible or the hymn-book of the church is placed under the pillow in the cradle, as a preventive against evil until baptism. Notwithstanding these precautions, lest "some-

thing might happen," anxious parents hasten the christening as much as possible.

Gradually the dignitaries—that is to say, the godfathers (for if the child is a boy, the services of godmothers are dispensed with)—and the rest of the guests arrived. First appeared a few aged women. In all civilised countries it is the custom to offer the first salutations to the elder members of the family, but at a Vendish christening length of days alone constitutes no prior claim to recognition. Without speaking a word, these women, all dressed in black, crossed the room and went into that adjoining: there they went up to the cradle, and, one by one lifting up the white kerchief which covered the child's face, said, with a solemn mien and voice, "God bless it!" This benediction over, each immediately changed her previous expression of solemnity into that of joy, and going up to the parents and the guests, greeted and congratulated them affectionately. Had they forgotten to pronounce first of all this blessing upon the child, it would, according to popular belief, have been exposed to all possible temptations. This "God bless it!" plays altogether a great part in Vendish superstition. If an old woman, or stranger, or suspicious-looking man should happen to look into the stable without first uttering this prescribed formula, a Vend sees at once in his imagination all kinds of terrible figures, witches, and wizards about to destroy his cattle.

Soon after, the godfathers entered in state. They were three stout and thriving Vendish farmers, of whom the eldest was to hold the baby during the actual irrigation. Although it had not rained for a whole week, and the field-paths were therefore not muddy, yet it seemed to me that the state of their boots neither corresponded to the smart appearance of the rest of their apparel, nor was exactly in accordance with the solemnity of the occasion. I remarked that the trio were an exception to all the other male guests, who had by no means been sparing in the use of bacon-rind, the Vendish means of imparting the customary lustre to the lower extremities. This seeming neglect, however, had its peculiar purpose. If the new citizen of the world is to be in the enjoyment of a clean skin during his lifetime, his godfathers must not polish their boots on the day of the christening. Consequently, as every genuine Vend knows the meaning of such inattention to blacking, the peculiarity provokes no comment.

All having now assembled, the actual ceremony began. As soon as the clergyman had recited the prefatory prayer, the mother of the child seized a Bible, and, sitting down in a

corner of the room, began to read in a low voice with great eagerness, whilst the godfathers listened with the utmost attention to the clergyman's address, and almost inaudibly muttered after him the passages from Scripture which he happened to quote. By doing this, the mother and godfathers, according to a Vendish belief, secure to the child the capability of being a good scholar later on. The one who held the child went still further in his zeal. Pressing as close as possible to the clergyman, he stretched his head forward, and looking fixedly over his book from in front, tried to spell a few words in that position. One talent the little fellow seemed already to possess in a rare degree—that of screaming. I fancied I saw the clergyman a little put out by this noisy conduct of our diminutive hero, although he must have christened many a tuneful Slavonian before; at all events, parents and godfathers alike showed, by their happy faces, that such hearty screams were a thing to rejoice at. Happy parents! Did not this music tell them that long life and health would be the portion of their first-born? Great is the sorrow when the child is silent during the ceremony, for it is sure, they say, in that case, to die during the first year of its little life. I must, however, in justice to the parents, remark that except on these occasions they by no means encourage such over-noisy practice of the lungs, and the child is in most villages drawn thrice through the steps of a ladder to prevent its repetition.

When the ceremony was over, the clergyman addressed his congratulations to the parents, but the godfathers rushed out of the room as if the house was on fire. I followed, and saw one of them run into the stable, and, snatching up the currycomb, pass it several times up and down the horses' backs: the second ran to the cows, and threw before them an armful of hay; and the third seized an axe and began cleaving a piece of wood. All this had also a meaning. If the low repetition of Bible passages was to secure to the little one mental capabilities, these different domestic labours were to ensure to him bodily strength, dexterity, and perseverance. If the child should be a girl, then the godmothers run into an adjoining room, and spin for a few moments, or scour some utensil. Whenever the baby is christened in church, it is the duty of the youngest godfather to take it in his arms, *in limine primo*, on returning home, and to run with it in all speed to its mother, whereby it is supposed to gain additional aptitude for work.

If children of both sexes have to be christened, parents are generally very unwilling that they should both be baptised in the same

water. If the girls are baptised first, then the boys, it is said, will remain beardless: if the latter take precedence, it is to be feared that the girls when grown up will see transferred to their upper lip the hirsute ornament of the male sex.

The little banquet which followed the christening was ample, and, for a peasant, luxurious. The favourite dishes of the Vends were conspicuous—dumplings, rice, beef, and stewed prunes. The daily "black bread," however, was not there; on this festal day it had been put aside as too common, and its place was supplied by the "paggeleitzen," small wheaten loaves, baked in the shape of a horse-shoe. These loaves are national favourites, and are eaten in incredible quantities on festive occasions.

Should a Vendish child not prosper, it is assuredly no fault of the godfathers, since every formal act or omission refers to its future welfare. This tender solicitude continues during the meal. All three seemed to emulate each other in heaping on the mother's plate a portion of every dish on the table, for her to taste something of all. This, I learned, was to prevent any habits of fastidiousness in the child.

Custom requires only one more act on the part of the godparents. This is, that they should come and see the child on the day when its mother goes to church, and bring it some present. The parents, on their part, have to take care that no dog or cat is kept in the house before the expiration of a year, since otherwise the life of the child is in jeopardy. It is a firm belief among the Vends, that a child and animal cannot prosper together.

E. FAIRFAX TAYLOR.

MY FIRST EVENING IN STOCKHOLM.

We had arrived in Stockholm late one hot summer's evening in the year 1827, and after spending the next morning in unpacking and settling ourselves in our hotel, we started towards five o'clock to dine with Count W—, with whom we had had some acquaintance during his stay in England some months previously.

As our host had considerably promised, there was no party, only himself and one of his unmarried sisters who presided as hostess; for the count himself had never been married. We were therefore a "*parti carré*," but by no means a quiet or stiff one, for we had many topics of mutual interest to discuss. The count had his old English friends to inquire after, and we on our part had many questions to ask with reference to the new acquaintances we hoped to make during our stay in the

Swedish capital. In the course of our excellent little dinner I happened to remark on the beauty of the furniture of the suite of rooms, in the end of one of which we were then sitting, and my observation induced the count to say that as I had admired some, he would show me all, if we would walk through them after dinner. After dinner, however, brought its own talk, and we sat round the open window gazing into the twilight, talking over our mutual acquaintance without again thinking of our host's offer.

One family in particular we touched upon, known to us all—an English family, to one member of which Count W—— alluded when he said to me,

"I should not have thought you could have known her, for she lived abroad for some years before her death."

"Yes," I replied, "but still I quite remember seeing her when I was about fourteen; a beautiful tall girl, with a fine figure, and melancholy dark eyes. There was something unattractive to me about her though, in spite of her beauty, for her manner was cold, almost repelling."

"To those with whom she was but little acquainted her manner was indeed reserved; but to her friends, her depth of feeling, and occasional demonstration of ardent affection atoned amply for her apparent coldness. Indeed, the exclusiveness of her tastes, and the very few intimate friends she cared to possess made her an object of worship, almost, to those few. Of whom," he added, "I was one."

"You knew her well, then?" I asked.

"Intimately," he answered, "both before and after her marriage."

"I have heard," I said, with some hesitation, for I was uncertain how far I might venture with him on the subject, "that her married life was not a very happy one."

"She suffered," he said, in a tone of deep feeling, "she suffered bitterly, and undeservedly. Never was there a more virtuous being, in reality, though appearances were against her; and even had she not been pure as she was, her disappointed sorrowing life would surely have atoned for much."

I was becoming deeply interested, and was meditating on how I could draw out from the Count more of this melancholy history, over which there had always hung a veil of mystery, when, to my disappointment, he said,—

"But I have forgotten to claim your promise: you said you would honour me by looking through my rooms. You will come, will you not?"

Conceiving that he wished to terminate a conversation which was perhaps painful to him, I at once rose, and followed him as he

led us from the *salon*, and through a sort of small vestibule, to the door of a room.

Here he stopped, and turning to me with a slight smile, he said, "I am about to make a strange request. Will you look at my bedroom?"

"With pleasure," I said, smiling also; and we followed him into his bedroom. A plainly furnished, yet comfortable apartment, with two windows, a bed, tables, chairs, and the one door only by which we had entered.

"Now," said he again, "I have a second request to make—stranger, you will think, than the first. Will you oblige me by sitting for one moment in the chair beside the head of the bed? Thank you," he said, as I did so. "I have a reason for asking you to sit in that particular chair, which you will appreciate when you have had the kindness to listen to a story which I propose telling you, if you have the patience to hear it. But first let us return to our chairs in the *salon*."

Again settled as comfortably as before, close to the open windows, for the evening was hot and sultry, Count W—— began his story, which I will relate as nearly as I can remember it in his own words:—

"We were speaking just now of Lady A——, and you asked me if I knew her. She was one of my dearest friends, and I was ever proud of the warm affection, confidence, and sympathy which existed between us. She lived a great deal abroad with her parents, and her sister, and rarely visited England, though she did so the year of her ill-fated marriage, which must have been the occasion you alluded to just now.

"At the Imperial court, at that time, there was a young officer, attached to his majesty's person, good-looking, clever, and well-born. But in those words I have summed up his fortune, for he had not a penny in the world.

"He had no prospect of promotion either, except what was to be obtained by the Imperial smile, which unfortunately was not often turned upon him, for his family's political principles were in opposition to those of the existing ministry, whom his majesty had good reasons for wishing to conciliate. And therefore, though from a personal feeling of friendship, he had given the young man the post he then held, policy forbade his further advancement.

"The reigning beauty was Lady A——, and where all worshipped one star it was not thought strange that the eyes even of so humble an official as Gustav von L—— should turn in admiration to her who walked so proudly amongst them all.

"Indifferent it seemed to the admiration of others, and to their devotion also, this fair

creature had a heart wholly given, though for some time she was scarcely aware of it herself, to young Gustav.

"There were no secret meetings, no appointments, for none were needed. They met often in the crowded rooms, and none noticed the powerful mutual magnetism which always drew him to her side, and caused her eye to wander eagerly over the heads of others anxious for her smile, till it rested on the beloved object. Once sure that he was there, she gave herself up to the brilliant conversation, of which she was the soul and spirit, and charmed all; while she herself grew more and more animated, knowing that he would soon join the circle and listen to her words, and answer them with his own ready wit and sparkling merriment.

"But this could not last for ever! It passed like a dream, and the awakening came.

"There was another, a hard stern man, who could not look untouched on such charms, and his position, unlike poor Gustav's, fully entitled him to demand her hand. A chamberlain to the Emperor, of unblemished honour and ancient family, Count M—— stood at the head of the nobility of his country. He made advances, which were not repulsed, for with her thoughts full of Gustav, she was blind to the motives of others. And the count at length felt himself fully warranted by her encouragement to make proposals in form. He was haughtily refused.

"Never before had he met such a rebuff, and opposition only increasing his resolution, he determined that he never would forego his object. It is needless to relate how he carried his point, but carry it he did; and Lady A——'s visit to England at that particular time was a last effort to postpone, at least, the hated marriage. To decline it was now impossible; the Count had manoeuvred so well that he had won all her relations over to his side, and I, alas! her only sympathising friend, was powerless. Gustav I knew and loved. But what could I do? Her marriage with him was out of the question. All her relatives would have scouted the very idea, and his fortune was in Count M——'s hands, to make or mar. And mar it he most certainly would, had Gustav crossed him in a point like this.

"The marriage took place, and Countess M—— was everywhere fêted, and praised, and admired. But soon I saw her beauty fading, her beautiful face lost its lovely colouring, and grew pale and thin, an expression of pain grew habitual to her, and her eyes had in them a depth of suffering which revealed to me, who knew her secret, the agony of those constant meetings with Gustav, which she

dared not openly avoid for fear of exciting suspicion, and which always aroused fresh pangs in her wounded heart.

"I besought Gustav to go, to leave the Court. But whither was he to fly? Appointments were applied for, but in vain: none saw the reason why so accomplished a cavalier should seek to leave the court; and his doom was fixed when, after some years of service, promotion was offered to him, and that in so gracious a manner that it could not be refused.

"I believe also that Gustav himself could not make up his mind entirely to leave her presence. He told me then often, when I tried to reason with him, that the sight of her was necessary to his existence, and the one or two words which daily passed between them were hoarded by him as his greatest treasures. Her intercourse with him was now of necessity less familiar than of old; and I remember well his look of sorrow when a week passed without her addressing one word to him; and his tone of despair when he said to me, "She forgets me, she *will* forget me now," imprinted itself deeply on my heart. So as time passed on, he went on drinking in the sweet poison, inflicting tortures on the heart of her he loved, and on his own—till the fatal end. But I must not anticipate. Countess M—— was rigidly faithful to her husband, and none knew or guessed the volcano that burnt in her bosom, but it raged none the less fiercely for being shut up, a close secret in her own heart.

"A few years passed and I left her country, my diplomatic duties bringing me here to a northern home. Our parting was a sad one, for I was almost her only friend, and she loved me doubly, I knew, for Gustav's sake. And I thought then I should never see her again.

"One night I lay sleeping in the room you have seen, when suddenly I awoke with a start, and hearing a slight rustling sound, I raised myself in my bed, and to my unutterable horror I saw distinctly by the light of a lamp which burnt beside my bed, the figure of Countess M——!

"Paralysed with affright I watched it. It advanced slowly, and taking up my dressing-gown from the chair in which I asked you just now to sit, the figure laid it down on the foot of the bed, and seating itself in the chair, gazed silently on me with its dark sorrowful eyes.

"I gasped out, 'What is it?' and the soft gentle voice I knew so well, answered:

"'Have you not heard?—oh! have you not heard?'

"'I have heard nothing: what is it? what is it?'

“‘Go to Gustav, go to Gustav!’

“‘To Gustav!’ I said, gasping with terror, so that I could scarcely utter a word; ‘why, what has happened?’

“‘Go,’ her voice said once more, ‘go.’

“I looked fixedly at her, but she disappeared, and I fell back again in my bed, and must have slept, or at least I think so now, for the next thing I remember was starting up again, and seeing that lovely apparition once more by my bedside, and hearing words of melancholy unspeakable which rang through my ears:

“‘Are you not gone? Oh! go to Gustav. He needs comfort. Oh! go, go at once.’

“‘I will go,’ I said; but the horrible feel of impending calamity, and the terror of the present moment were so strong upon me that I could not stir, and could only feel that her eyes were fixed on me with a wild eagerness; and though the wish to speak was great, I could not utter another syllable. For what seemed to me an age, though it could not have really been more than a minute, she fixed those eyes upon me, and then, as before, disappeared.

“Again I fell into a kind of stupor, when for the third time the thrilling rustling sound aroused me, and for the last time Countess M——stood beside my bedside, and the agonized pathos of her voice will ring in my ears till my dying day.

“‘You are not gone,’ she half said, half sighed. ‘Oh, poor, poor, Gustav!’

“‘I go,’ I cried, ‘I go instantly.’

“And then her last words,—

“‘You are too late! Poor Gustav! Too late, too late!’

“The last words got fainter and fainter, and as the sound died away, the figure vanished also. I sank once more into a state of unconsciousness, and when I roused myself the sun was shining into my chamber, and everything wore its usual aspect. I tried to persuade myself that my vision of last night was only a dream; but my eyes fell upon my dressing-gown lying in its unaccustomed place on the foot of the bed, and not on the chair where I knew I had placed it the night before, and I felt sure then of what had happened.

“It all came upon me at once, and I was right. The next post brought me the news of the death of Countess M—— at V——, hundreds of miles from where I was. Another letter told me that a friend had broken the news to Gustav, and an hour after he was found in his room, a corpse. Alas! I was indeed ‘too late.’ His death must have taken place at the moment at which she appeared to me for the third and last time!”

T.

FROM THEOCRITUS.

IDYLL THE FIRST.

THYRSIS.

SOFTLY the sway of the pine-branches murmurs a melody, Shepherd!

Down by the rim of the fountain, and softly dost thou, on the Pan-pipes,

Pipe to the pines: next to Pan thou bearest the bell for rare music.

Say that he wins a great-horn'd goat, then thine is the she-goat;

Say that the she-goat is his, but thine is the kid, then; and tender

Savours the meat of a kid—till she comes to the bearing and milking.

GOATHERD.

Sweeter I call thy strain than the tinkle of water that trickles,

Tinkling, and trickling, and rippling adown the green shelves of the mountain.

If we must grant the high Muses their prize from the pick of the wethers,

Certainly thine is a ewe: or if a ewe pleases their fancy,

Then at the least a lamb comes to thee—to drive to thy sheep-folds.

THYRSIS.

Sit thee adown, good friend—sit down, and pipe to us, Shepherd!

Here where the side of the hill slopes fair, and the myrtles are thickest,

Blow the bold music out: the yearlings can pasture around us!

GOATHERD.

Nay! 'twere a sin, 'twere a sin—the sun's at his highest, my Thyrsis;

Pan would be anger'd to hear me—just now, he breaks off from hunting,

Stretches his hairy limbs in the shade, and puffs his great nostrils,

Panting, and surly for lack of breath, and longing for slumber.

You now—Thyrsis—might sing! you know the ballad of Daphnis:

None of our woodsidesingers have half such a trick at the measure.

Couch we now under these elms, on the grass at the foot of the stone-god,

Facing the fountain, and looking right over the mountains and meadows,

Over the tops of the oaks; and if you sing but as deftly As you did on the day when Chromis the African dared you,

Look ye! I'll give you yon she-goat; the dam of a couplet of weanlings,

Udder she carries for both, and then to fill two of thy milk-bowls.

Her, and a cup cut in beech, two-handled and polished with beeswax,

Clean and new, with the smell of the chisel and fresh wood about it;—

All round its rim, on the top, there creeps a string of ground-ivy,

Twisted and tangled with woodbine, while here and there, in the circle.

Tendrils curl and clasp—with the bunches of berries
among them.
Outside a damsel is carved—so fair the gods might have
wrought her!

Neat and trim, with her mantle and net—and this hand,
and that hand,
Two youths—both long-hair'd—both comely, contend
for her favours



Angrily,—never a jot cares my pretty jade for their
anger!
Sometimes she flings a smile to one, and frowns on the
other,
Sometimes she softens to t'other—and there they stand
in the beech-wood,
Laugh'd at, but mad with love—half-teased, half-
pleased at the wanton.

Next there a fisherman comes, cut out on a rock, and
its ledges
Jut up rough and stark—the old boy, done to a
marvel,
Staggers and sweats at his work—just like a fisherman
hauling;
Looking upon it you'd swear the work was alive, and no
picture :

So do the veins knot up and swell in his neck and his shoulders,
 For, though he's wrinkled and grey, there's stuff left yet in the ancient.
 Next to this old sea-dog you see a vine, with its branches
 Heavy with globing grapes—a little lad sits by a thicket
 Guarding the grapes, but near at hand two foxes come creeping,
 One in the vineyard munches the clusters—one's after the wallet:
 Gods! you can see his scheme—he'll keep his eye on the youngster,
 Till that he finds a chance, and leaves him dinnerless:—blind one!
 Why do you sit there weaving with grasses a cage for your crickets,
 Plaiting the grasses, and wholly forgetting your wallet and dinner,
 Wholly forgetting the grapes—wrapped up in those grasshopper engines?—
 All the work in this cup's filled in with leaves of *acanthus*;
 'Tis an *Æolic* thing—and sooth, of a wonderful fancy,
 Sirs! it cost me to buy of the Calydon sailor, a big cheese
 Made of snow-white curds, and a she-goat into the bargain;
 Yet it has touch'd no lip, but lies this while in my cottage.
 See now! I mean it for you! 'tis yours, if you sing us that ditty
 Half so well as you sang it before to the Himera shepherds.
 No thanks! do but sing!—there's no more sunshine or singing
 Under the grass—in the realm of the dead—where all is forgotten!

EDWIN ARNOLD.

"SANS MERCI;"

OR, KESTRELS AND FALCONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY LIVINGSTONE"

CHAPTER XXXV.—EVASIT.

In the remotest corner of the room, buried in the depths of a luxurious arm-chair—his bloated limbs supported on another—Mr. Standen was sleeping heavily; his stertorous breathing stirred the cambric kerchief that veiled his face till it heaved again; it was evident that the roll of a drum would scarcely have wakened him. But Brian never glanced at this figure: two others, in the same room, engrossed all his interest. It was no wonder. Those other two made up a picture that *Le Mari Complaisant* himself would hardly have contemplated with calmness.

Daventry was lounging indolently on a low couch, drawn up to a round table laden with all manner of rare fruits and wines: his complexion was not much altered, but there was a 'puffed' look about his face, which, together with a certain glaziness of eye, betrayed

that he had been drinking deep: neither was his carouse finished, it would seem, though he had begun to smoke; for each time that he took the cigar from his lips, he refreshed himself with a copious draught from a huge goblet at his elbow.

On some cushions, strewn close by the couch's side, Mrs. Maskelyne half reclined; so that her shining tresses almost brushed her cousin's shoulder: her dress—absurdly rich for such a family-party—seemed expressly fashioned to enhance her beauty: she had never looked more transcendently handsome.

Distraught as he was with anger and shame—her unhappy husband noted this: he noted something else too; something which added the last drop to the full cup of his dishonour. On Bessie's fair face there were no vulgar signs of excess; nevertheless it was too evident that she had shared in the night's revelling more freely than becometh womanhood. A few cups more would ripen the lovely Bacchanal into the reckless *Mænad*. As it was, her head might have formed a study for *Ariadne* at the bridal-feast, before *Evian* license had degenerated into orgie. Just at that moment, she was humming below her breath a verse of one of *Béranger's* earlier *chansons*; a good knowledge of French was among Bessie's rare accomplishments.

"That sounds rather nice"—Daventry said, lazily. "Sing it out loud."

"You wouldn't understand it"—she retorted. "Besides—you must ask more prettily than that, before I exert myself to amuse you. You're not quite the sultan yet, remember; or, at all events, you're not in your own harem."

"So, you want to be entreated"—the other said, with his own devilish sneer. "You must do as you're bid, young lady. I wonder you haven't learnt that much, by this time. You're spoiled by the company you've been keeping lately. One would think, you were playing the fool with that whey-faced husband of yours. I wonder, how he'll like finding me here, when he comes back from Warleigh. Why don't he stop there altogether? Curse the whole lot of them!"

Mrs. Maskelyne held up her fore-finger in imperious warning: it was a white and shapely finger enough, albeit not quite so taper as might have been desired.

"Now, Kit—you'd better drop that, at once. I won't hear the poor harmless boy abused behind his back; and you've less right to do it than any one living. You don't frighten me with your big words. If I sing, I'll sing to please myself—not you. And I'll have my wages before-hand; or something on account, at all events."

No need to ask what these wages were, as she held up her ripe lips, poutingly. Before such a temptation even Galahad might have owned himself in sore strait.

The Lawyer laughed a coarse careless laugh; he bent his head nevertheless, to meet the caress half-way. At that instant a slight noise from the window behind them diverted the attention of both. After one glance over his shoulder, Daventry sprang up with a startled oath, echoed by a shriek from Bessie. But before he had fairly gained his feet, Brian Maskelyne's gripe was on his throat, and, amidst a crash of shivering glass the two men rolled over on the floor, in mortal grapple.

All this while, Seyton had stood stock-still; watching his friend's movements, heedfully, and keeping himself ready for prompt action. As Maskelyne laid his hands on the window-sill to swing himself up, Tom's foot was set on the ladder; and he mounted at his best speed. But—quick and agile as he was—he came on the scene some seconds too late. Indeed, Brian had sprung, as it were with a single bound, from the ledge of the window to his enemy's throat.

When Seyton vaulted lightly in, Mr. Standen had just started from his chair, and was staring about him with wild lack-lustre eyes, like some hideous old somnambulist. Bessie had thrown herself back against the mantel—her hands clasped tightly, her beautiful face convulsed with terror: her firm nerves were, for the moment, utterly unstrung; and her agonised entreaty was almost unintelligible.

"Part them—Oh! for God's sake, only part them!"

Seyton needed no bidding to do that. It was only by a desperate strain of his tough muscles, exerted, too, with very scant ceremony, that he succeeded in wrenching the two men asunder. It must be owned, that even in his rough handling Tom evinced a certain respect of persons. He dragged Brian back and loose by main force; but, in so doing, he used the Lawyer's prostrate carcase as a fulcrum for his own foot: it was many a day before those aching ribs forgot the merciless pressure.

Brian ceased to struggle, directly he found himself fairly in Seyton's grasp. A thin stream of blood was trickling from a small triangular cut just above his eye-brow; for even in that brief confused grapple the diamond on Daventry's left hand had found time to come home; missing by about half an inch the fatal temple-vein. The Lawyer was in yet worse case. He was two stone heavier than Maskelyne, and infinitely his superior in strength and science: but all these advan-

tages were neutralised by the murderous gripe on his throat; had there been none to part them, those slender hands of Maskelyne's would assuredly have done hangman's work. As it was, for several seconds after the struggle was over, Daventry lay choking and gurgling helplessly, before he managed to rise and stagger into the nearest chair.

Seyton was the first to speak; addressing himself to Brian.

"I'm utterly ashamed of you. Is this what you promised me? Do you think you can better things by meddling with a hound like yonder one? We'll have no more witnesses in, at all events."

He strode to the door and locked it—just in time. For hurrying footsteps sounded in the corridor; and a tremulous voice asked, "what was the matter?"

"Go down-stairs again"—Tom said quietly. "And don't come back till you're rung for: you're not wanted here. You know me well enough, to do as I bid you."

There was a whispered consultation; then some one said, in firmer tones—

"It is Mr. Seyton, sure enough. It's all right, if he's there"—and then the footsteps went away.

All the while, Maskelyne leant against the opposite angle of the mantel, from that where his wife was standing; he still drew his breath hard and pantingly; and from time to time stanchied the blood that had not ceased to flow from his forehead, with a kind of mechanical carelessness. Bessie had quite recovered her self-possession. She was one of those obstinately dauntless persons, who never will throw up any game, whilst a single card remains to be played; so now, she would make a last effort; perhaps—to do her justice—for the sake of others, rather than for her own. She crossed over to where her husband stood, and laid her hand on his arm; with a brave attempt at her old imperious gaiety.

"Why, Brian; are you utterly mad? What penance do you mean to pay, for frightening me out of my wits, and nearly killing my cousin; when we were neither of us dreaming of harm? Somebody must have been poisoning your mind against me: I think I can guess who. But it isn't like you—to condemn people unheard: especially your poor wife; who has every one,—but you—against her. Kit—why do you sit so helplessly there? Surely you might take my part—if not your own."

Thus adjured, the Lawyer did speak; but it was hoarsely and with difficulty; and he kept constantly clutching his throat, as if he were choking still.

"I can't for the life of me understand.

what it's all about. The world has come to a pretty pass, if a man can't dine with his own cousin, in her own house, in her own father's presence, without being throttled unawares. I'm not likely to trouble Mote with my presence again: but I'd like to set things straight before I go. Mr. Maskelyne, on my honour, there's nothing—"

He came to an abrupt stop here; fairly disconcerted by the other's glance; even his case-hardened hide was not proof against its cold cutting scorn. To neither his wife nor her kinsman did Brian answer one word. But he shook off Bessie's hand, as if the taint of leprosy was in her fresh beauty; and turned to Seyton with a ghastly laugh.

"They talk of punishment on this side of the grave. Mine ought to count for something. That I should have let my mother die, rather than break faith with *her*; and, before I had put off my mourning—to hear what I've heard, and see what I've seen to-night. A pretty picture it was! By G—d, there's not a better one in all the 'Harlot's Progress.'"

If it was not fear, it was some feeling nearly akin thereto, that caused the guilty wife to shrink back before the hate and loathing of those fierce black eyes. But Seyton came forward, and grasped Brian's arm; speaking coldly and gravely.

"You're not fit to talk just now: your head is turned with all this. I'm sure I don't wonder at it. Will you let me speak for you; as I spoke for your mother, long ago?"

The other nodded assent, as he cast himself down on a couch; the physical reaction was coming over him, and he felt strangely faint and weary.

"Mrs. Maskelyne"—Seyton went on—"I can give you no other title whilst you are under this roof—when I say, that your husband knows *all*, I have said nearly enough for all present purposes. There is evidence, enough and to spare, against you, should such be needed; but, I fancy, your side will hardly care to push ours to proof. As to what future steps Brian may think it right to take, I can say absolutely nothing. You must see the expediency of leaving Mote with as little delay as possible: your father is ready to escort you. If you wish to communicate hereafter with your—with Mr. Maskelyne, you know his lawyer's address, perfectly well."

Whilst Seyton thus delivered himself, a marked change had come over Bessie's bearing and demeanour. As she drew her superb figure up to its full height, no injured patrician dame could have looked more royally defiant.

"Have it your own way"—she said, "and tell your own tale. I shan't take the

trouble to contradict you, now or ever. So I am really to turn my back, to-night, on Mote for good and all? Well—as the woman says in the play—'I will go to mine own people.' The change won't break my heart, I can tell you. I'm nearly tired of playing the great lady—getting small thanks and less credit for it. I'll try the old roving random life again: it suits me best, after all. Papa—why do you go on whimpering in that absurd way? Of course, you'll be taken care of, somehow. And Kit—don't look so downcast: it's no more your fault than mine, that our genteel comedy could not be played out. Hanging our heads and moping over it, won't mend matters, at all events. Whenever you go, and wherever you go, I go too; that is—if you care for my company."

Even while she was speaking she had passed over to where Daventry sat, and laid her hand on his shoulder. The Lawyer twisted himself away uneasily; muttering something about "infernal folly," and "rashness"; and never lifting his dark spiteful glances from the ground. But Bessie did not seem to heed her cousin's ungracious manner; she kept her place, resolutely at his side; as if conscious that *there* henceforward—come what might—she was destined to abide.

She could spare no repentant word—no pleading or pitiful look—for the beguiled husband, who had laid all that man holds dearest at her feet; never grudging the sacrifice so long as he believed her true; who would have drained his heart's blood, drop by drop, to save her from injury and insult. All her care and tenderness were kept for the sullen craven who had tyrannised over her from childhood; and now—in the midst of the ruin he had caused—was brooding only over the partial discomfiture of his own sordid ends. Daventry liked his cousin well, in his brutal sensual way: but—had the scene been shifted to the shore of the Eosphorus; and she had stolen forth, at peril of her life, to join him—Kit would have betrayed her retreat for a sufficient "consideration"; ay—though he had guessed that her portion, the same night, would be sack or bowstring.

All this Bessie knew, whilst she kept her place unflinchingly at his side. Despite the woman's cynicism and ingratitude, few men would have been free from a shameful fascination—gazing on her grand defiant beauty. Throughout all ages, Crime—fair-faced and audacious—has never lacked admirers. Unless old tales lie, the hearts of some of our ancestresses fluttered with more than pity as they watched Olande Duval—all lace and lawn, and scarlet—passing airily to his doom on the Tyburn Tree.

But Tom Seyton, being a very practical matter-of-fact person, was not apt to be impressed by stage-effects, however striking; and was singularly indifferent to the romance of sin.

He answered Bessie's last words, with provoking coolness.

"You are under a great mistake, when you talk in that strain. After you have once gone forth from Mote, you can drag Mr. Maskelyne's name through the mire, at your pleasure, as long as he chooses to let you wear it. But while you are under this roof, you are under his authority; and you must leave it according to his fancy—not your own. It is best to avoid unnecessary scandal: so, it will be best, that you should go away quietly, with all your belongings; under your father's escort, as I said before. As for your cousin—there's no need to stand on ceremony with him; nor is there any need that he should cumber the air here, three minutes longer."

Daventry rose up on his feet with a miserable attempt at bravado.

"You're giving yourself a deal of trouble about nothing," he said. "I'm just as keen to be out of this, as you can be to get rid of me. I wish I'd never seen the inside of these doors. If you'll unlock that one, I'll go to my room, and start as soon as I've got my traps together. The devil thank you for your hospitality! Now—do you mean to let me pass?"

Seyton turned away from the speaker towards Maskelyne; who sat with his head bowed on his breast, apparently scarcely heeding or hearing what passed around him.

"Brian; I've a fancy about this. You don't mind my indulging it?"

Tom had to take silence for consent; but he went on without a pause; addressing himself to Daventry, now.

"I shall not unlock the door; nor let you pass—simply, because your way out lies there." He pointed to the open window. "The road that was good enough for honest men, is too good for a cur like yourself. Take it—do you hear me?—and without parleying, if you're wise."

Even Daventry's base blood, torpid under any ordinary insult, surged up furiously in revolt; besides, the purely animal instinct, that sometimes rises the most cowardly of brutes to show fight, caused him to remember that a woman stood by who had dared and lost all for him. He set his feet firmly; and his savage eyes glanced round, seeking a weapon, as he said through his clenched teeth—

"You may do your worst and be hanged to you. I'll go my own way."

The tardy defiance was never finished. Before it was half uttered, Seyton had begun to draw nearer and nearer to the speaker, with a measured determination, more ominous than haste; his face settling fast into the dark fell menace that possessed it, on the night when he sought and found Brian Maskelyne.

You may, perchance, remember that, our prudent Tom's grand theories concerning long-sufferings and the like, were absurdly apt to break down in time of sore trial; as is the case with more eminent sages, his precepts were infinitely better than his practice.

Daventry had seen those features thus transfigured once before: but the sight was utterly new to Bessie Maskelyne—so new, and strange, that she was fairly startled out of her audacity and self-possession. Her only anxiety now, was to get her cousin out of harm's-way.

"Go, Kit. For God's sake go—this moment;" she managed to shriek out.

And, clutching his arm, strove to drag him towards the window with all her strength—a strength passing that of ordinary womanhood.

The Lawyer did not need much coaxing or compulsion: with every step that Seyton advanced, he himself receded two, till his back touched the window-sill. There, he shook off Bessie's grasp roughly; and—muttering something about "two to one being no fair-play;" swung himself up and outwards: he groped about cautiously with his feet till he felt the uppermost rounds of the ladder; but directly he did so, he began to descend in such haste, that he stumbled midway, and fell heavily on the turf beneath.

He came to no hurt however; for Bessie, leaning anxiously from the window saw him rise at once, and disappear into the darkness; first growling out a curse on the house and all it held, that made even her blood curdle; though she was as 'steady' under ordinary foul language, as an adjutant's charger under fire.

Then, a great revulsion of feeling came over the guilty wife. Utterly reckless of her own dishonour—she sickened at her paramour's shame. Now that he was safe, she felt as though she had rather he had died where he stood, than have escaped—*thus*.

How many are there in this world, I wonder, who, bewailing their past weakness—ay, with tears of blood—have cried aloud that, were the choice given them again, they would take the scathe rather than the scorn?

The effect of this scene on Bessie Maskelyne was very remarkable. When she turned inwards from the window, her spirit was thoroughly quelled: she had neither heart nor courage now to fight out the losing

battle; and she addressed Seyton with a submissive humility piteously significant, considering the nature of the woman.

"As Brian won't speak to me—I can't blame him—will you tell me what I am to do? I don't wonder that you are anxious to get rid of us. We won't trouble you a minute longer than we can help; and we won't rob you, either. I'll only take what is really necessary for travelling; so we shall very soon be ready. When do you wish us to go?"

Before Seyton could reply, Maskelyne lifted his head; and spoke in a dull heavy voice,—like one newly roused from narcotic sleep.

"Make her understand—I can't—that I wish her to take—everything she has ever called her own; except my mother's jewels. It will be a kindness: the very last she can ever do me."

"You hear what Brian says?" Seyton resumed, in a somewhat gentler tone. "I am sure you will not argue this point; but do just as he wishes. As for the time of your departure—you will fix that yourself. The carriages to take you into Torrcaster will be ready whenever you choose to order them. As long as you are under this roof, you are still mistress of all. I don't want to be officious or dictatorial; but I am forced to speak for Brian, as you see. I confess I think it would be far best that you should part here—at once—and not meet again."

Bessie bowed her head—always with that same strange humility—murmuring—

"Yes: it will be far best so."

Then she moved towards the door, which Seyton had unlocked and held open; taking her father's arm as she passed him: the miserable old man needed both guidance and support. But she turned on the threshold, as if checked by some sudden impulse; and walked back with the quick firm step you might have noted on that first evening when you saw her under twilight. Maskelyne did not seem to heed her approach; and, for some seconds, Bessie stood behind his shoulder, gazing down on her husband's motionless figure, rather wistfully. Then she said—

"Brian: I don't deserve to be listened to. But, if you shut your ears to the very last words that I shall ever trouble you with, perhaps you'd be sorry, some day. I'm not going to sham penitence: I daresay, if it were all to do over again, I shouldn't come much better out of it. I'm not going to excuse myself, either. But, if you knew all, you would set something down to the school I was trained in: girls who see and hear what I did before I was sixteen, don't often make good wives to honest men. They took care

to clip my wings early: long before you saw me, I had less free-will left than most decoy-ducks. I've had a hard life of it, sometimes; and I shall have a harder yet, in time to come. 'It will serve me right'; everyone will say. So, say I: but I wouldn't change it, even if I could. But I am sorry that we ever met—so sorry, that I wish one of us had died first. Remember—I have never asked you to forgive. But, if I ever say a prayer again, I will pray that you may one day forget that you ever knew either me, or mine. Farewell."

She spoke in a low steady voice; pausing a little between each curt sentence. With the last word, she stooped and just brushed Brian's hair with her lips. Then she passed swiftly out into the corridor where her father stood still, muttering and moaning.

I have not alluded to Mr. Standen throughout; simply because no one present had taken the slightest heed of him. But, in truth, he supplied the horribly grotesque contrast which often seems to bring out in blacker relief the other features of any picture of human sorrow or pain. While he went mauding on—first entreating to be informed "what it was all about;" then whimpering out cautions to every one, "to keep their tempers, and talk it over quietly"; finally subsiding into querulous curses, levelled chiefly at the culprits who "had turned him adrift again in his old age"—he might have suggested to Doré a fresh illustration for the *Inferno*.

Brian never stirred or lifted his head, whilst his wife was speaking: only he shivered slightly, when he felt her warm breath on his neck. But, as the last rustle of Bessie's dress died away in the corridor, he rose and came hurriedly towards Seyton.

"Let us go back to Warleigh at once"—he said. "We have no more to do here. I think I should go mad, if I stayed in this house an hour longer."

And indeed, the pupils of his eyes were fixed, in the unnatural dilation which betokens pressure on the brain.

"Don't excite yourself"—Tom answered soothingly. "We'll start, as soon as I've seen Dunlop, and when you've had your head looked to. That's a nasty cut: does it pain you much?"

Maskelyne looked at the speaker, in a vacant puzzled way; putting his hand to his brow, on which the blood had now congealed.

"The cut? I'd forgotten all about it. It's not worth thinking of. No: my head don't pain me much. Only, it feels like a lump of hot lead. This room is horribly close; and the air outside is little better."

Nevertheless he went straight to the window; and leant out into the murky night; as if the dark blank void could bring him rest.

In a couple of minutes, Tom had so far set things to rights, that there were few traces left of the recent struggle, beyond a small heap of shivered glass and china. Then he rang for the butler; and that dignitary soon appeared; wearing his imperturbable company-face.

"Look here, Dunlop"—Seyton said. "I've always considered you both prudent and trustworthy. We shall soon see if I'm right or wrong. There has been sad work here, to-night, as you may guess: there's no need to make things worse by prying or babbling. You'll know all about it, some day. All that I can tell you, now, is that Mrs. Maskelyne and her father leave Mote within a few hours, and that it is not likely they will return. You will see that everything is properly arranged for taking them into Torrcaster; and—mark this—that lady is your mistress, so long as she is under this roof; and you will have to answer for any disrespect or disobedience shown to her. I'm not afraid of you; but I expect you to keep the other servants in order. Send round to the stables and tell them to put to: your master goes back with me to Warleigh. And bring something to bandage a cut; a couple of cambric handkerchiefs will do. Do you fully understand me?"

Mr. Dunlop listened with deferential attention; his staid serene countenance betraying no shade of surprise. Long experience had taught him to ignore—at least outwardly—all the faults, failings, and disasters of those whom he condescended to serve.

"I am grieved to hear this sir," he replied, with a decorous sympathy. "But I understand you perfectly; and you may thoroughly trust me. I should be sorry to forfeit your good opinion."

So the butler departed; his grave brow slightly over-cast with care. Yet not more so than might have been expected, if he had been charged with some important domestic commission, not easy of execution, such as, for instance, the preparation of a state banquet at very short notice. Let it be recorded, that he carried out his order faithfully, to the letter. Up to the moment when the train moved out of Torrcaster station, and the liveried footmen, left on the platform, saluted her retreating figure, Mrs. Maskelyne could not have complained of the faintest abatement in the observance due to the chatelaine of Mote.

One, out of all that great household chose

to follow Bessie's fortunes, her French maid, Rosalie. That young person was singularly free from prejudices; and was by no means punctilious as to the virtue of her mistresses;—sagely reasoning, that liberality in morals generally entails liberality in perquisites; so that the social bankruptcy of a great dame ought to make her waiting-maid's fortune.

"Le caractère de madame, est un peu vif—" Rosalie confessed to a friend and compatriot—*"et elle a la langue passablement déliée. Mais elle est bonne diablesse au fond. Et j'aime mieux les diablesse que les bégueules. Va!"*

The threatenings of storm had all passed away; and it was a faultless morning, when Mrs. Maskelyne came down to the carriage that was to take her into Torrcaster.

She was pale certainly: that might be accounted for by sleeplessness; for preparations for departure had occupied her throughout the night. But on her beautiful face there was never a sign of shame or sorrow: as she walked through the hall, for the last time, her foot faltered no more than when she crossed it first, as the mistress of Mote. And she seemed to have imparted somewhat of her own spirit to her unhappy father. If Mr. Standen could not bear himself with dignity under his reverses, he could at least refrain from betraying unmanly weakness. Even his ludicrous attempt at bravado, as he followed his daughter out—whistling a low defiant tune, and returning the servants' salutes with a careless condescension—was better than the drivelling of some hours ago.

It was an open barouche that took those two to Torrcaster station. As it drove off Mrs. Maskelyne rose up on her feet, and—resting her hand on the hood—looked back long and steadfastly. There is always a vague charm attaching to objects, seen surely for the very last time, even if we have not loved them well. Perhaps Bessie's unromantic nature was not altogether proof against this, just at that moment. Certain it is, that the grand old house, and the stately demesne around, had never seemed to her so fair, as they did on that especial morning. As she thought, how all this had been won—and lost, she could not stifle a deep regretful sigh. The next instant, she laughed out loud at her own weakness; and kissed her hand in a saucy adieu. As she sat down, she began to sing softly to herself the last lines of a ballad that was very famous once: she had a good clear untutored voice; and Byron's was about the only poetry that Bessie cared for:

"With thee, my bark, I'll quickly fly,
Across the ocean brine:
Nor care, what home thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine."

"What on earth are you singing about?" Mr. Standen growled savagely. "Are you satisfied with the mischief you and your ——— cousin have done between you? I wish the d—— had taken him, before he ever showed himself here!"

To which his daughter retorted that—"singing was better than whining any day; that, if he wanted to curse Kit, he could wait and do it to the other's face; and that, if he couldn't talk without making himself disagreeable, he might as well hold his tongue."

Which irreverent advice Mr. Standen thought it prudent to follow.

In this wise, the glossy bright-eyed kestrel, whom tiercels' training could not reclaim, shook off silver bells, and velvet hood, and brodered jesses; and fled away—to consort, henceforward for evermore, with gleds, and hawks, and such birds of prey as make their nests deep in Bohemian forests, or in the desolate places of the Wilderness that girdles the frontier of the reputable world.

(*To be continued.*)

OVER THE RIVER.

[THE New York correspondent of the Times, some time since, thus concluded an account of Stonewall Jackson's last moments in the hospital at Wilderness Row:—"Then his manner changed, and he murmured, '*Let us cross over the river, and rest under the shade of the trees.*'"]]

I.

"Over the river—over the river—
There, where the soft-lying shadows invite;
And fann'd by the south wind, the forest-leaves
quiver,
And fire-flies dance through the sweet summer
night!

II.

"Soldiers and comrades, we'll cross that broad river,
Far from the tumult of trumpet and drum,
And the cannon's deep boom, and the fierce squadron's
shiver
As they reel in their saddles:—then come, brothers,
come!

III.

"Over the river—over the river—
Come, ere the sun goeth down in the west;
Angel-forms beckon us, sent to deliver
The weary from labour, to offer him rest."

* * * * *

IV.

Over the river, a fathomless river,
Is the land where no shadow is needed or seen;
Where the leaves of the forest-trees wither—no,
never—
And the fruits are all golden, the pastures all
green.

V.

From the couch where the warrior lay stricken and
dying,
He saw in a vision that country so fair;—
All its streams, and its valleys, its mountains out-
lying,
And the city whose gates are of pearls rich and
rare.

VI.

Over the river—the dark-flowing river,
Death bore the hero, and victor, and saint;
Great in earth's conflicts, greater than ever
When they had left him, bleeding and faint.

VII.

Waiting to cross it—all radiant with glory,
Strong in the faith which is born of pure life;
Bequeathing a name to the records of story
That tell of bold deeds in the patriot's strife.

J. DAPFORTH.

JOHN GIBSON, R.A.

In Memoriam.

If any one should attempt to compose, or compile, a series of biographies of men who have "risen from the ranks," it is from the race of painters and sculptors that he will find himself forced to draw the largest part of his subjects. Thorwaldsen, the Dane, as a boy, was a poor wood-carver, as also was our own Chantrey; Flaxman was brought up in the shop where his father made and sold plaster figures and ornaments, and at an early age was placed by kind friends in the school of the academy. Canova showed his earliest signs of talent by modelling figures and ornaments in butter for the table of Count Faliero, whose dairy was managed by his humble peasant parents.

The birth of Gibson placed him in no higher position than his brethren of the chisel: his father was a plain man, who owned or rented a small market-garden at Conway, in North Wales, though his real position has been fancifully magnified, by some writers of late, into that of a landscape gardener. The family were by no means well-to-do in the world, when their son John was born, in 1791; year after year no brighter prospects dawned upon them; and so, when the future sculptor was just nine years old, they removed to Liverpool, in order to better their fortunes, by emigrating to America, should an opportunity occur. Fortune, however—or, as we ought rather to say—Providence, willed it otherwise; and, like Oliver Cromwell a century and a half before, the Gibsons found their destination altered, and themselves sentenced by circumstances to remain in England. When quite a child, John Gibson showed an in-

instinctive taste for art, and especially for the pencil; and at an early age was in the habit of drawing on paper the portraits of such domestic animals as he saw around him in the country. He was happily encouraged by his mother in these early efforts, and at Liverpool he added fuel to the artistic flame within him by gazing hour after hour at the prints displayed in the shop-windows of the streets. Ere long he was apprenticed, first to a cabinet-maker and afterwards to a wood-carver, under whom he learned, if not high art, at all events the lesson of attention to details, while he executed such little ornaments as were required in his master's trade. Afterwards, quitting this place, he became apprenticed to a marble-worker.

Some two years later, about 1807, he was relieved from the irksome drudgery of the workshop by the Messrs. Francis, of whom he never ceased to speak to the end of his days as the best and the kindest, as they had been the earliest, of his benefactors. These gentlemen saw in his work traces of powers too high and great to be wasted on laborious details, and recognised a creative faculty which, in their opinion, needed only time and opportunity to reveal itself to the world in all its force. They purchased from his master the remainder of his time; and instead of seeking, like Barnum, to fill their own pockets by trading in his brains, they gave him every possible encouragement to persevere, and to aim at higher things, and altogether treated him with the greatest consideration. Aided by an introduction from one of the partners, young Gibson was fortunate enough to attract the notice of the late Mr. William Roscoe (the author of the "Life of Lorenzo de Medici," and the panegyrist of Lord Castlereagh), a man of wealth and taste, whose residence in the neighbourhood of Liverpool was a storehouse of works of art, and to it the owner gave the youth free access. The delights of the statuary's yard were heightened in Gibson's eyes by the sacred relics of art which he found in the home of the man of taste, the connoisseur, who could dilate in ardent words on the glories of Greece and Italy—of Phidias and Michael Angelo. Roscoe saw a small figure of Time, modelled in wax by Gibson's hands; and the artistic skill which it betrayed was a sufficient inducement to that gentleman to throw open the doors of his gallery and library to a young man, who, in addition to giving such signs of future excellence, was so modest and amiable in his disposition as Gibson. It was now but a step to Italy, with the glories of which city Roscoe, the art-historian, had filled the young sculptor's mind.

At Mr. Roscoe's house he soon found a

circle of admirers, and before long he had gained some fast friends. By their aid he was furnished with a sum sufficient, and more than sufficient, to cover the expenses of a journey to Rome, and a temporary sojourn in that great metropolis of the arts. Never was money more wisely or more judiciously laid out, or with better prospects of bringing in an abundant return—a rich over-payment to all parties concerned in it.

Yes, to the honour of human nature be it said, Gibson's pilgrimage to the Eternal City was made possible by the liberality of discerning friends; and, to the honour of artist-nature, he never forgot their generosity, and was careful to give full proof that it was not misapplied.

The rest of the story of his singularly uneventful life may be soon told. Calling on Flaxman by the way, and armed with his all-powerful introduction, Gibson soon found himself in the presence of Canova, at Rome, who at that time was at the height of his fame. The great sculptor received him with the greatest cordiality, and again the spirit of generosity was evoked in his favour. Canova offered him his purse, and threw open to him the doors of his studio. He declined the purse, but gladly welcomed the privilege of entering the home of the famous sculptor, whose pupil he now became. But within four years from the period of his entering Rome, Gibson had founded a studio for himself, and commenced his imperishable series of marble groups, inspired by classic poets, and on which he may be said to have laboured till his death. He soon made brief work with the misconception and stigma which continental art-critics had created at that time and cast on the British name—denying to Englishmen any capacity for the arts of design. Fame came to him speedily. Canova took the late Duke of Devonshire to see the young English sculptor's first work, "Mars and Cupid," and his group found its way to the famous gallery at Chatsworth. "Psychè and the Zephyrs," the next work from Gibson's chisel, was purchased by the late Sir George Beaumont, another eminent connoisseur. This exquisite group, when beheld in snowy, transparent whiteness, was coveted by the Prince Torlonia of Rome and the Grand Duke Constantine of Russia—for whom duplicates were made. So runs the pleasant story. But Gibson was not to be turned aside from improvement—"Nil actum reputans dum quid superesset agendum." Canova died, and then he sought in the studio of his great rival, Thorwaldsen, for insight of the manlier features of the great art which the Italian's dainty chisel had not revealed to him. Gibson had feasted on ideal delicacies of form and beauty

more than mortal; but from the Danish chisel it was surmised that he might gain strength and majesty. This proved to be so.

Not long before this Thorwaldsen had sculptured his three Graces and his Venus, which many thought to surpass Canova; and Gibson must have seen these works, as well as the noble frieze representing the triumph of Alexander, which Thorwaldsen modelled to decorate the Quirinal on the occasion of Napoleon's entry into Rome—the most extensive work of the kind that has ever been produced in modern art. Gibson seems at first to have struck a middle course, between the somewhat insipid classic affectations of Canova and the dryness of Thorwaldsen; later he came nearer to the antique than either, and this with more freedom and originality in his study of nature, as we see, for example, in his "Hunter," a work that in the opinion of many judges stands as his *chef d'œuvre*. Gibson altered his touch. His forms seemed at once to take firmer hold on the ground, and reflected with greater force and truthfulness the ideal nature which he always sought and worshipped.

His next important work, "Hylas and the Nymphs," which was bought by Mr. Vernon, is now in the National Gallery, as part of that gentleman's bequest to the nation. The "Aurora," "Venus Venatrix," "Wounded Amazon," "Venus and Cupid," "Narcissus," "Cupid disguised as a Shepherd Boy," are all much the same in style as the two groups of "Hylas and Psychè;" but in 1850 Gibson produced his "Hunter," already mentioned, a nude figure of a Greek holding back his dog in the leash, which was the gem of the Great Exhibition of 1851, and was executed for the Earl of Yarborough. According to the art-critic of the Daily News, "This figure is one that for its vigour and truth of modelling may be compared with the famous antique gladiator or warrior of Agasias, and yet the pose is not in the least borrowed from the antique, although the style is eminently antique."

Great and manifold must have been the advantages which a sculptor like Gibson derived from the access which he had gained to such a studio as that of Thorwaldsen, and in a city where so many sublime art monuments of antiquity were daily and hourly presented to his eye, and where he could learn by attentive observation the canons which regulate the symmetry and proportion of the human frame in its perfection of ideal stateliness and grace.

"He sought not, however" (observes one who knew him well), "in forms of stone alone for that fervour, energy, and grace, which lives in all that he touched. In the land of his adoption, and in his daily walks, he beheld subjects for his chisel in women and children embrowned by the sun. The elastic step, the burning glances of love or hatred, were there in

living classic types. In his old age it would please Gibson to tell how he derived from incidents of common life, and often from among the very poor, suggestions for his noblest creations. The young peasant mother with her boy on the Roman way, would grow into a Venus and a Cupid. Where might he hope to find models more worthy of the whitest Carrara and the most delicate of chisels? In all Gibson's groups (and they are almost numerous enough to have peopled the groves of Athens in the hour of her pride) he derived in the first instance his ideas from actual flesh and blood; and hence the nature, the wondrous look of life, which startles the spectator in all his works. The refinement of flowing drapery, chaste ornament, and antique fringe, might serve to enhance, but never hide, those elements of humanity which appeal to the common human heart in every costume—the affections, the emotions shine in every look and peak in every action."

Commissions now began to flow in upon him with great rapidity, and in a few years he had the satisfaction of seeing that, however highly his works were prized at Rome, he was not forgotten by his friends in England. Honours, too, began to fall on his head in quick succession. In 1833, though but few of his works had been exhibited in London, he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and three years afterwards was advanced to the full honours of an R.A. He was, however, from the first to the last, but a fitful and occasional exhibitor; but though perhaps personally he would have enjoyed a wider popularity had he exhibited more regularly at Trafalgar Square, it is scarcely possible that his name could have stood higher among learned and artistic circles than it did at his decease.

During the period—nearly half a century—of his residence at Rome, Gibson produced more works of first-rate excellency than any other man; and he reaped the full reward of his industry both in fame and in money. It would be impossible here to record the names of a tithe of the exquisite sculptures by which he will hereafter be remembered. It may, however, be asserted, without fear of contradiction, that few of them surpass in beauty his two celebrated bas-reliefs, "The Hours leading forth the Horses of the Sun," and "Phaethon driving the Chariot of Phœbus," works which, without flattering the genius of our countryman, may be said to approach as nearly as any creation of modern times to the grand and noble style which marks the frieze of the Parthenon at Athens. A writer in the Daily News gives the following account of the circumstances which led to the production of these bas-reliefs:—

Many years ago, Lord Fitzwilliam, who was a great racing and hunting man, came to Gibson at Rome, as most fashionable English people did, and asked him whether he could not sculpture for his

lordship a hunting or racing subject. Gibson was rather taken aback by the request, for he had never attempted to model a horse in his life, but he promised to think over the subject, and see what he could do. Lord Fitzwilliam was a liberal patron, whose means he knew would be amply bestowed upon any work to which the sculptor, then in his prime, might choose to devote his whole energies. So Gibson, always full of his strong feeling for classical art, and remembering the Parthenon frieze, which at that time had not long been exhibited, and which he had constantly heard extolled to the skies by his master, Canova (who had supported Lord Elgin in his opinion of its importance), set to work to find a subject suitable for the taste of a British nobleman devoted to horses. He decided upon the first of the two above-mentioned—"the Hours." The three sisters of the Greek myth, it will be remembered, were the daughters of Zeus; they presided over the Seasons, and guarded the gates of Olympus; and it was their duty to harness the divine horses to the chariot of the Sun, and to attend him in his course. Gibson began his study at once, like a truly great artist, from the life. He chose a beautiful little Roman horse, which he had brought every day into his work room. The sculptor was, he admitted, completely taken by surprise at the world of grace and beauty he had found in the attitudes and antics of his new model, and he soon began to model with an enthusiasm and energy that sustained him almost night and day. When his sketch was completed, it was with some misgivings lest his noble patron might not like this very classical allusion to the stables; but when at last it was shown, the Earl was enchanted with the noble treatment of his idea of "something about horses," and at once requested the sculptor to "do another." The two splendid works now occupy each an end of the great hall at Wentworth House; and when the evening sun strikes into the hall, it falls upon "the Hours."

Amid all his triumphs in Rome, Gibson was never forgetful of England and home friends, or of his native Wales. Often he came hither to pay his visits of affection, or of professional business. The majority of his commissions were derived from his English connections, and sometimes, leaving the Graces, he laboured to bestow such immortality on some great man—on a Huskisson or a Peel—as perishable marble may impart to philosopher or statesman.

Years made no change (says one who knew him well), in the great sculptor, who retained to the last that simplicity and uprightness which are ever characteristic of true greatness. He never failed, on his English visits, to inquire for the humblest of his old associates. The merchant prince shared his sympathy with the household servant. It was delightful to behold his face kindling with kindness as he inquired after some faithful old domestic; and servants showed their gratitude in ways congenial to him. They remembered his habits, his little prejudices, his fondness for simple English diet. A favourite dish placed unexpectedly before him called forth the gladness of a child. Great artists are in heart and soul children all through life. In his fondness for literature Gibson was old-fashioned enough to delight in Pope, and he would sit delighted at the window while he had listeners to the round, polished, critical verse of his pet poet. Only

those who heard him could imagine the pleasure the reading of Alexander Pope gave him. He was an Englishman all through. Though praised and honoured by foreigners, he retained to the last his affection for, and laboured for the honour of, England, and especially of his native Wales.

Gibson lived in the simplest style at Rome. He was highly honoured both by Roman artists and also by the highest and best society of that metropolis; by his favourite pupils he was literally and simply idolised. He was a member of the Academy of St. Luke, and he was generally appealed to whenever any question of antique art arose, as when the colossal bronze gilt statue was found last year, the style of which was so warmly disputed, when Gibson spoke strongly in favour of its being a work of Greek art. Few could hope to have a finer perception of the antique than he possessed; in this respect he quite equalled, if not surpassed, Flaxman.*

It is well known that of late years, and not without mature consideration, Mr. Gibson brought himself to accept the conclusion that the Greeks coloured their statues; and this conviction led him to adopt a practice which it must be owned is, at all events, an innovation on the present acknowledged rules and practice of the sculptor's art—we mean that of colouring his statues. He introduced this novelty, as is well known, into his "Tinted Venus and Cupid," which formed one of the chief attractions of the Great Exhibition of 1862. We hear that a more recent work of his chisel—a youthful Bacchus—is conceived completely in the same spirit, but of a different character. This has not yet been exhibited; when it is made public, it will probably be placed high amongst his finest works. In the late sculptor's studio remains also a Hebe, only just finished, but tinted in the same style.

In person Gibson was what would be considered a very handsome man; he was young-looking to the last, retaining all his thick grey hair and beard, with a powerful brow, and clear, deep-set, dark eyes. He lived and died unmarried, and leaves a considerable fortune, part of which it has been said will go to the Academy, as it is known that he offered, not many years ago, to give them £30,000 and a complete collection of his works, towards the building of a new gallery. Sir F. Chantrey made a similar noble gift of £90,000 for

* Flaxman never had the opportunity of fully showing his power over the figure, for he executed very few statues, his fame resting chiefly on his bas-reliefs, his outlines illustrating Homer and Æschylus, and those sketches and models which he left behind him, the best of which are at University College Hall. Flaxman never attained the reputation that Gibson enjoyed, and therefore, though showing the same fine feeling and still exercising great influence in art, he accomplished less than Gibson.

the purchase of works of art; so that the Academy should blush to think how indifferently sculpture has fared at their hands.

The writer in the *Daily News*, whom we

have already quoted, thus speaks of the great sculptor who has just departed:—

Not much more than a year ago I spent a morning with him in his sanctum at Rome, which was a



John Gibson, R.A. (From a Photograph by Messrs. Maull & Co., of Piccadilly.)

very small and a very plain room over his large studio, crammed with his sketches and original models, and found the great man dressed in his well-worn and plaster-stained long grey coat, busy modelling a small bas-relief from one of the many subjects in the beautiful legend of *Psychè*. It was delightful to hear him tell his favourite episodes in the story, and to see his fine face beam with animation and feeling as he spoke. He entered, too, in the simplest and most unaffected manner upon the difficulties of designing bas-relief, insisting much on the prime importance of the outline sketch before beginning to fill in with the clay, and model the parts in relief.

Though five years ago he had reached the span of "threescore years and ten," still his was a green and cheery old age, if that can be called old age which employs itself actively in its professional work to the end; for he never showed the least sign of failing hand or weakened genius, and to the very last pursued his modelling with all the earnest love and zeal of his youth. It is just possible that had he lived more in England, and entered

more into the affairs of the Academy, his influence might have led to something better for his art. But though he was a rare exhibitor, and his connection with the Academy comparatively slight, yet his name was in honour throughout the world, and sculpture suffers in his death a loss that will long be felt.

Fortunately only a few years ago Gibson sat for his portrait to one of his earliest and dearest friends and fellow academicians—Boxall. The portrait was commenced in the sculptor's studio in Rome, and completed from the life in London. The picture, one of the happiest efforts of the ablest of English portrait-painters since Reynolds, is now one of the chief treasures of the entrance-hall of the Royal Academy in Trafalgar-square. It is also not very long ago that Messrs. Maull and Polyblank, of Piccadilly, took the beautiful photograph of Gibson, which, by their kind permission, we have above given to our readers.

Besides Boxall's portrait of him in the

Royal Academy, there exist several others in this country. Among the number is one by Mr. Charles Martin (son of the famous painter of that name), a half-length crayon portrait, which Gibson himself considered one of the best likenesses that have been produced. Caldiase, the photographer at Colnaghi's, took three full-length portraits of Gibson when he was in England in 1862. Lastly, there is one by his intimate friend and fellow-countryman, Penry Williams, of Rome, which was executed in the summer of 1865, for the Umbrian Academy at Urbino, of which Gibson had been elected a fellow, and to which every member has to present his portrait on his election. Penry Williams has delineated him in profile, half the size of life.

Gibson was indeed an artist of the old school; he loved his art, and his art thoroughly contented him. He loved his studio—loved it all the better, it is true, when some congenial friend stood by his elbow: but still he loved it for its own sake, and the sake of the dumb deities that he had hewn out of the stone. He was a "personage"—one of the "illustrations" and "sights" of Rome. To leave the Eternal City without having seen John Gibson would have been considered almost disgraceful by any cultivated English traveller; nor, indeed, was it difficult to see him. He never stood upon his dignity, but mingled freely in the pleasant café life of the city. At the "Gréco," the famous haunt of Italian artists, the old man would occasionally take his seat amongst the youngsters, infinitely honoured by them all, or would gossip with the few who could be looked on as his rivals or his peers. His existence was very happy—it could hardly be otherwise. One likes to think of him, grave, proud and prosperous: surrounded by forms of loveliness that he had himself created, and holding weighty converse with poets or nobles; a man who began life in a little Welsh village, who had carved the legs of tables for a livelihood, and who was neither ashamed of his early poverty nor unduly arrogant now that wealth and fame had been earned. As for his work, whatever rank it may ultimately be assigned, it was satisfactory to himself—it went far to realise his own idea; and, tried by any standard, it was magnificent. It may be that he did not absolutely rise to the standard of that Greek type which it was his aim to reproduce in perpetuity; that he had not, perhaps, the strength to repel some of the barbarisms which invaded even the classic school. But if his work was not absolutely perfect and faultless, at least it had not the commoner vices of clumsy handling or tame and feeble conventionality.

Gibson was not only a sculptor but a draughtsman of the highest order of ability. His power of delineating the human figure, and the facility with which he embodied an idea or any incident that had come across his observation, were wonderful to behold, and astonished and delighted those who enjoyed the privilege of inspecting his portfolio. No matter what the material, paper and crayon, slate and pencil, or a whitewashed wall and charcoal, he dashed off with rapidity and truth, with surprising memory after any length of time, an incident that had struck his fancy.*

To this talent may in part be attributed his great success in the execution of *bassi relievi*, perhaps the highest branch of the sculptor's art, though least appreciated by the multitude. Of these he has left numerous examples, which are little known, because he made a point of never exhibiting his works except in his own studio. Consequently his critics are generally quite ignorant of what he has effected in art.

Besides the "Hours and Horses," and the "Phaethon," he modelled numerous subjects in bas-relief, both sacred and profane, as well as monumental effigies. Among others the "Cupid and Psychè," the "property of Her Majesty," and "Christ Blessing little Children," in the possession of his friend and patron, Mr. Sandbach.

The youthful Bacchus was produced in 1857-58. It is a work of great beauty, and one which, to the misfortune of this country, has never left his studio at Rome. Since then he had modelled "Pandora," the "Nymph and Cupid" (exhibited in 1862), "Hebe," a group of "A Wounded Warrior and Female" (not yet come to England), "Psychè about to descend into the infernal regions," "A Dancing Nymph," after the celebrated dancer Cerito, of whose attitudes Gibson made many beautiful studies, and "Theseus Chastising a Robber"—the work upon which he was occupied when he died.

By one of his newspaper biographers Gibson is described as having been "shrewd and worldly," but, were this the time and place, it would be very easy to prove, by anecdotes and letters, that he was quite the contrary. He was as simple and unsophisticated as a child, in all except what belonged to art; and so far from being sordid, he really cared for nothing but fame. If he amassed money it was because his wants were few; but no man was ever more open to imposition by designing persons than he was. He paid all his

* Some years ago Hogarth in the Haymarket published a volume of "Gibson's Sketches," little known to fame, but requiring only to be seen in order to be appreciated by all true lovers of art.

work-people at a higher rate than any artist in Rome, and his private charities and aids to struggling artists are well known to his friends. From his extreme ignorance of the ways of the world he got into numerous difficulties and predicaments, especially when he quitted his much-loved and familiar Rome, and the accounts he used to give of his mishaps in his journeys in England were amusing in the extreme.

A friend, who knew him well, writes to me:—

“So far from loving or caring for flattery, he asked for and accepted fair criticism more good-naturedly than, perhaps, any artist of our day, at the same time that he preserved his temper and gentle manner in the face of the severest animadversion which I have heard addressed to him, in the shape of advice, by visitors quite ignorant of art. Moreover, he was quite devoid of envy or jealousy, and gave credit for talent and ability to all his competitors, and I remember his saying, in reply to a deprecatory observation about the work of a living sculptor, ‘I should have been proud to have been the author of the work.’ He was truly a great man, and had few, if any, of the littlenesses of human nature. He was not at all open to flattery; in fact, he did not care about it.”

Those who knew him best never heard him make the observation which has been assigned to him, “No one understands colour but myself,” though they were present when he made his first essay upon the “Venus,” and perhaps had more communication with him on the subject of colouring statues than most of his friends. He was not in the habit of giving his opinion with such arrogance, and was most anxious to obtain information and instruction on the subject, from competent judges of art, whether ancient or modern.

In a letter received by a friend of the writer only a short time ago from an illustrious Italian artist at Rome, he says, “Mr. Gibson is busy modelling his group of ‘Theseus,’ which promises to be a chef-d’œuvre. It is of life-size, but I should like to see it of a colossal form, which, cast in bronze, would be a noble work for a public building, or, much better, for a square. I hope that somebody will think of it and raise a subscription, with the view of giving an order to the modern Praxiteles; and what an ornament it would be to one of the squares of London!” The art critics of Rome, therefore, are fully alive to Gibson’s merits, even if these fail to strike the eye of London critics.

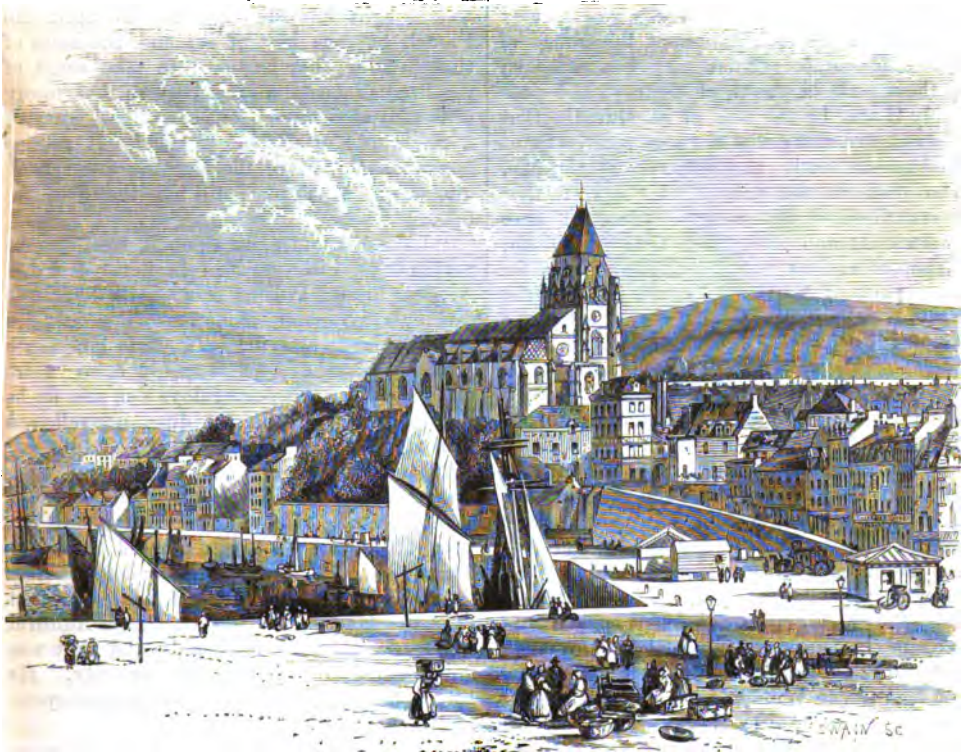
When the present year came in, Gibson was to all appearance, hale and hearty as ever, and as likely as any other man to see an-

other New Year’s Day. But *Dis aliter visum*. He was in his seventy-sixth year; he had been famous for nearly half a century; he had gained the highest pinnacle of his profession; all that he now could covet was a quiet and peaceful death. Fortunate in this, as in all things, he passed away with little physical pain. A touch of paralysis struck him down, and it was plain that the hand would never again touch pencil or clay; but he did not altogether lose consciousness, and he was taken home and carefully tended. There was a rally of life for a time, but fresh strokes of paralysis benumbed his frame, and silenced him. Death under those circumstances is held to be nearly painless. For some days, yet, he lingered; but at length, on Saturday, the 27th of January, he fell quietly asleep. And so another illustrious memory is added to the august traditions of the Eternal City, where he lived, and where he lies buried in the Protestant cemetery.

The Athenæum, in an obituary notice of John Gibson, denies to the great sculptor the possession of almost every quality by which his name will be made to live hereafter. According to this estimate, he had “noteworthy accomplishments and much acquired facility, little insight, and less artistic enthusiasm,” the place of these virtues being filled by mere “archæological fervour;” and the writer sneeringly claims “some apology” and “ample sympathy” for a man who could prostrate himself before Phidias and his predecessors, saying “these are my noblest models, here is the perfection of art.” But this assessment of Gibson’s powers will not, we think, be accepted by the public at large. So far from being a tame and servile imitator of ancient outlines, he was eminently original, though his originality found expression in classical forms and shapes; so far from being a mere worshipper of archæology, he loved his art, and for its own sake, with a sincere and undivided love; and even if we allow that his ideal was not of the very highest kind—which we are by no means disposed to concede—he soared as near to perfection as any one in these degenerate and unpoetic days could hope to soar. And so the great old artist, at threescore years and ten, still delighted in his Venuses, Psyches, and Zephyrs, his Cupids and his Mercuries, while younger men, and even younger women, laboured near him, content if they could feel and express one half of the fine fire and classical enthusiasm which glowed in his bosom, and which, in our humble judgment will ensure to him for many a long year to come a seat of high dignity in the temple of the Muses, beside his masters, Canova and Thorwaldsen.

E. WALFORD.

A NORMAN WATERING-PLACE.



(Tréport.)

WATERING-PLACES cluster as closely on the north coast of France as upon the coast of Kent or the shores of the Bristol Channel. Beginning at the north-eastern extremity, and going westward towards the Atlantic, we have Dunkerque, Calais, Boulogne, St. Vallery, Cayeux, Bourg d'Ault, Tréport, Dieppe, Écamp, and Trouville. These places are more or less known by English travellers on the Continent: Boulogne, of course, being known by nearly all of them. There are not so many English people at Dieppe as at Boulogne; and at Trouville there are fewer than at Dieppe; and at Tréport it is rare to see any. It is of Tréport (Le Tréport, as it is more correctly called) that I am going to speak; because Tréport deserves to be known to our fellow-countrymen.

It is situated to the north-east of Dieppe: a two hours' ride from that place by diligence and three hours' ride from Abbeville. It is placed at the mouth of the little Breisle, at the eastern boundary of the département of the Seine Inférieure. There is a High and a Low Town. The High Town

is the older. Here are the oldest inns; and here, upon the steep hill-side, is the parish church—

With spire and sad slate roof, aloof
From human fellowship so far;
Where a few graveyard crosses are,
And garlands for the swallow's perch.

Anyone who remembers Mr. Browning's description of the French watering-place at which the academician and the young girl met—in the wonderful poem "Dix Aliter Visum; or, Le Byron de nos Jours"—might be excused for believing, when he saw Tréport, that that was the bathing town referred to. Only when he recollects, in visiting the church, "You called the porch we left by, *Norman*," does he perceive anything that does not accord with the description. For the situation of the town is very picturesque—picturesque even for the coast. Tréport shelters under a great hill-side; behind it stand the white-faced cliffs; in front of it is the fresh green sea of the Channel; on one side, the hill country; on the other, a small stretch of pasture-land, beyond which rise again the pale battlements

of the coast, crowned with grass and corn-fields.

But to speak briefly of the history of Tréport. The place was known to the Romans as *Portus Uterior*; but Tréport's real history begins with the foundation of the abbey of the same name. Christianity was preached in these parts in the third century, and probably it was by the zeal of St. Quentin that it was heard along this Norman coast. Saint Mellon—an early Englishman, by-the-bye, who died in the district of Caux, further westward—and St. Victrice preached here afterwards; and after their time St. Firmin, Bishop of Amiens, was a veritable apostle for these parts of Northern France. It was the Firmin to whom the noble Cathedral of Amiens is dedicated; we remember the name in Thackeray's story, and how it was a good omen to the hero on his wedding journey when he found out about St. Firmin, at Amiens Cathedral.

When William of Normandy set out for England, the Count of Eu—the greatest man in this part of the land—furnished sixty vessels. They were small vessels, no doubt; but the number of them gives us a hint of the activity of the port of Tréport in those times. That Robert, Count of Eu, crossed the Channel himself, fought at the battle of Hastings, and had the recompense which was meted out, not scantily, to William's followers. He came back fourteen years afterwards to die in France, and was buried in the Abbey of Tréport, by the side of Beatrix, his wife.

The invasion of England by the bold Duke of Normandy was a bad thing for France, because the new sovereigns of England kept possession of their old lands, and there were constant quarrels about them. Every school-boy knows this. Well, in 1091, William Rufus, disagreeing with his brother, crossed the Channel, landed with a great number of soldiers on the beach at Eu—that is to say, at Tréport, for Eu, being a mile inland, had no beach, save in the mind of the chronicler. There were more disputes after this, and for a long time the people of Tréport had cause to remember that the English were not far away. In 1296 they were down upon them, burning the principal street of the town—the Grande Rue, such as it was. In 1339 and 1340 other attacks were made. In 1413, after an unsuccessful attempt to land at Dieppe, they landed at Tréport, and did as much harm as they could. In 1523 they came again. It was in the month of August, the Feast of St. Bartholomew. At four o'clock in the morning three or four English ships were discerned. The Mayor of Eu had his great bell rung, to summon the people.

Soon afterwards he and the citizens he had collected round him marched to the assistance of the people of Tréport. The English disembarked on the sands towards Mers, and there was a fight immediately. In the fight the French got the best of it; and, the issue of that decided, they hastened to take some of the English boats, and did so, so that many of the invaders were drowned. Shall we give a few words of the old French? It relates how a companion of the English came back afterwards to France, to tell the dreadful tale.

"L'en dict année, on a depuis sceu que un portugaloys, qui estoit en la flotte des dits Angloys, qu'ils avoient contrainctz demourer avec eulx, pour faire monstre, qu'il y eust des Angloys mors plus de deux cents cinquante sans les blessés, nont il peult estre mort plusieurs. Lequel portugaloys s'en alla de la à Rouen, qui compta les dites nouvelles à monseigneur le grand sénéchal de Normandie."

In 1545 the English came again, and then they did damage which was neither easily nor soon repaired. It was not until about the year 1785 that Tréport recovered from the long sleep consequent upon the defeat which its inhabitants had last suffered. In that year the Duc de Ponthièvre, Grand Admiral of France, did what he could—and that was much—to restore its former prosperity. He very greatly improved the harbour, thus opening the way for increased trade.

When Louis-Philippe and his family were staying at the Castle of Eu, in September, 1843, Queen Victoria, on her way to visit them, landed at Tréport. But of that visit I shall say nothing, for the place to which it was paid, the noble Castle of Eu, may possibly be the subject of another paper.

I have not forgotten that Tréport is a watering-place, while going over these bits of history, which may have proved too dry. I only desired to show the difference between the Tréport of old, the little fishing town of fluctuating fortunes, dreading ever the sight of English ships on the horizon, and the Tréport of to-day—the bathing-town *en vogue*, with full hotels and crowded terraces, and a lively little casino, and a sea-shore whose "common objects" are neither shells nor seaweeds, but sojourners from Paris. I have said that Tréport is in vogue; but not with people who expect when they go to the coast to find a theatre, and daily concerts, and frequent balls. There is no theatre in this little bathing-town. I regret to add, there are no out-door concerts; this is a mistake; for however pleasant it may be to be "within the hearing of the wave," I submit that it is quite as agreeable, when one walks upon an esplanade,

to be within the hearing of a good band. As for dancing, they dance every evening in *petit comité*; but there is nothing to satisfy the man who wishes to bring the habits of

Belgravia or of modern Paris to the sea-side. But there is a splendid sea—that emerald sea of the Northern coasts that laughs in the sunlight; not the sapphire sea of the South, that



(Beneath the Cliffs, Tréport.)

scarcely ripples under its rays. Tréport is a watering-place to which people go for rest, for air, for bathing—not for excitement. It is, as yet, eminently respectable; holding in France very much the position that Folkestone or Eastbourne take in England; only the prices are cheaper, because they have not had time to grow dear. Lodgings are expensive enough already, and they do not

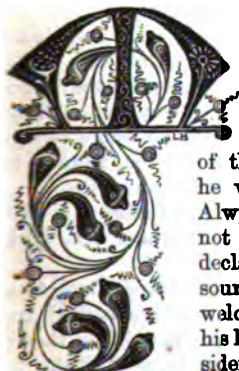
care to have you for less than a month. But food is cheap, and if you dine out, so much the better; for there is such a restaurant as would go far to reconcile you to the place, even if Tréport were not pleasant and pretty, and healthy—which it certainly is, if strong fresh breezes have anything to do with health.

T. FREDERICK WEDMORE.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER XVII. ADVICE GIVEN BUT NOT TAKEN.



R. SONDES, when he returned from London, was not a little surprised to find his house in possession

of the enemy, for as such he virtually regarded Mr. Alwyn. Nevertheless, war not having been openly declared, there was no resource left for him save to welcome the new-comers to his house, and bid them consider themselves at home.

He was glad Olivine had played her part in the drama so discreetly; not for worlds would he have failed in any act of courtesy or hospitality.

For father and daughter to have left without eating, or drinking, or taking rest, would have mortified him intensely; and accordingly he laid his hand on his little girl's head and told her she had done well, which was the more gratifying to Olivine, as she had her own misgivings on the subject of Miss Alwyn.

But now her uncle approved of her performances, the child felt relieved and happy.

Deposed from her seat on her uncle's right hand, she still, from her corner beside Lawrence, surveyed Miss Alwyn, and made that young lady somewhat uncomfortable by reason of her scrutiny.

When Lawrence came to know Henrietta better, the beauty confessed she had undergone much at Grays by reason of Olivine.

"The little wretch made me eat in spite of myself," she said. "I felt afraid to leave any pieces, feeling those eyes were upon me," at

which confession Percy Forbes, who was present, laughed delightedly.

"The East End child seems not to have appreciated West End fashions," he remarked, and the remark caused Miss Alwyn to flush angrily, while Lawrence answered for her, that he thought the West End fashions might do a great deal for the East End child.

"Oh! you do, do you?" said Percy Forbes; and he laughed again, for they were all very intimate and plain-spoken in those days which had still to come, when Olivine sat on Lawrence Barbour's right hand, and kept watch over Miss Alwyn, who felt "put out" by the child's close inspection.

There are some games in which bystanders see too much of the play; there are smiles and looks, and tones and gestures, which bear a different signification to a third party to what they do to one at least of the performers. The man who guesses the secret of thimble-rigging is *de trop* between deceiver and dupe; and there is many a conjuror of whom the law takes unhappily no cognisance gliding about drawing-rooms, and putting in an appearance at evening parties, who hates the sight of a pair of unbelieving eyes, the curl of a contemptuous lip, when going through her paces for the benefit of some fresh victim—of some credulous simpleton.

Those were early days for Olivine to be *de trop*, and for Miss Alwyn to feel that she was so. The social comedy, as a rule, is one not easily understood by children, and Olivine did not understand the part Miss Alwyn acted in it for many a year—oh! no, not for many a year. She only felt intuitively the same instinctive aversion to her as a dog might have done; but the young lady felt this aversion, and writhed under it.

Her prettily rounded sentences were checked at sight of Olivine's inquiring eyes; the applause which her sharp witticisms usually elicited was not sought for on this occasion, because she knew Olivine would not see the point; she had to eat, as she said, and feign no fine ladyish airs; she had to finish her wine, and allow the glass to be replenished, and utter no entreaty of "Stop, pray stop"—because she feared Olivine would lift her dark eyes and fasten them upon her wonderingly.

"What a mistake it is to have such terrible children in to dinner!" sighed Miss Alwyn, as the train dashed over the marsh lands back towards London.

"Yes. But then she is such a good little creature," answered Mr. Alwyn; "and pretty." For Mr. Alwyn was not blind, and could appreciate the making of a beautiful woman when he saw it.

"Oh dear! do you think so?" said his daughter. "She is so plain and peculiar." "Peculiar, but not plain, Etta," replied Mr. Alwyn. "She is anything but plain; and you will allow me to be a judge on that subject, at least, I hope."

After which the judge fell asleep, and Etta continued her musings in the twilight.

Of course there is no such thing as prospective jealousy in the world; the scientific man feels no soreness when the possibility is suggested to him of that young Ozone rubbing his memory out of men's minds as the years go by; the doctor who has prescribed for all manner of ailments for forty years, invariably lays down his pen and puts his spectacles in their case, and blesses benignly the mere lad who comes to push him from his stool. It is human nature, is it not, to do so? to smile on the man or woman who is to fill up your place in the world when you have grown old, and weary, and obsolete; it is human nature to like those who are to come after you, whose feet will travel the road to success when your limbs are tottering and feeble, whose ears will listen to the throbbings of other men's hearts, when yours are deaf and treacherous; who will write books, and perform wonderful operations, and build stupendous bridges, and conquer natural difficulties, and solve still unsolved enigmas, and be sought by the learned, and titled, and wealthy, and be famous and renowned when your name, friend, when your name, high as it stands now, shall be but as a word that has been spoken, as a song that has been sung.

Is this human nature? Ah! reader, is not this, rather, artificial nature—conventional nature—the nature men put on when they summon up all their courage, and swear to themselves that they will not tremble when the fatal Monday comes; but go forth to meet the inevitable, calmly and decently?

Do people like being hung? do they like Jack Ketch when they shake hands with Calcraft, or any other of his representatives? are they perfectly resigned, think you, when they murmur their last prayer in time before being launched into eternity? No. Well, there is a time of youth, and popularity, and sunshine, for most of God's creatures, and after that the eternity of temporal nonentity, and age, and winter gloom.

But the children and the lovers, and the beginners and the strugglers are bathed in the sunshine still, and the most that those whose day has gone by, can do, is to sit down resignedly by the quiet hearth and thank God for the glory which once lighted up their path, though the glory and the brightness have departed.

And the application of all this? you ask. The application is, that although Miss Alwyn's feelings towards Olivine Sondes were not amiable, still they were natural. The one success in life which a beautiful woman can achieve she saw prospectively achieved after she was *passée* by another. Prospectively she was jealous—the present beauty of the future belle—of the loveliness which was coming—of the grace that was to charm.

Instinctively, as Olivine disliked her, so she disliked Olivine—disliked her from the moment when the child answered her question as to whether she were admiring her, with the words, "No, I am not."

That was the glove thrown down—that was the challenge to battle, and nothing Olivine essayed could take the sting out of that sentence.

All in vain she tried to amuse Miss Alwyn after dinner; brought her books, exhibited her pets, took her round the garden, gathered her a bouquet, and did her childish best to make the rich man's daughter comfortable.

All in vain. Miss Alwyn closed the books, buried her nose in the flowers, and then said they were overpowering; the terrier would not make friends, and she merely smiled listlessly at the begging cat; while she teased the parrot till he bit her; whereupon the young lady screamed aloud, and declared that so dangerous an animal ought not to be kept.

"Why did you not tell me he would bite, you stupid child?" exclaimed Miss Alwyn, red with anger and pain.

"I did not know, ma'am; I did not—I did not, indeed!" Olivine pleaded. "He never bit me."

"Of course not. What is there about you to make him do anything of the kind? You never excite him nor tease him. Horrid wretch! I wonder somebody does not twist his neck. I am sure I should if I were in the house."

"I don't think you would," said Olivine, quietly.

"Don't you, indeed, Miss Wisdom? What should prevent me?"

"I would," answered the child, and her breath came quick and short as she spoke the words; "you should not touch my parrot, —no, not unless you killed me first."

Whereupon Miss Alwyn burst out laughing.

"What a little tragedy queen it is," she said; "how its cheeks flame and its hands clench, and its eyes sparkle at the idea of the combat. Come to me, Olivine," she finished; "I was only in fun; I would not touch your parrot, child. Now, tell me all about yourself, and how you contrive to spend the days."

Very doubtfully Olivine accepted this apo-

logy; with still greater doubt she replied to all demands on her confidence; but yet, having nothing to conceal, she told how she amused herself and Lawrence; how he had to sing to her and tell her stories, and how sometimes he told her stories still.

There was not a detail of their daily life but Olivine found extracted from her in due course by the lady whom she did not admire, and who left the flowers Olivine had so carefully gathered for her behind on the table, while she carried away, with a smile and a coquettish affectation, a few buds Lawrence selected and arranged with trembling hands, and presented to her with a certain boyish grace as a souvenir of her visit to Grays.

"As though I were likely to forget it?" she said, from her seat in the railway-carriage; and then their fingers somehow locked together in another good-bye; and though the light was fading, Lawrence could see that she blushed violently.

Another moment, and the guard banged to the door, the whistle sounded, and the visitors were off.

Home through the twilight walked the youth, feeling dizzy as if he had drunk too much wine, and yet seeming to tread on air; home, to think of her, to dream of her, to feel all his old acquaintances and pursuits insupportable, to ask himself what it all meant, what glamour she had cast over him.

When he reached Mr. Sondes' house, Olivine and her uncle were seated together in the drawing-room looking out upon the Thames and the surrounding country that lay bathed in the light of a young moon.

"You saw them off, Lawrence?" Mr. Sondes said, interrogatively.

"Yes, sir," was the reply; "and I promised Mr. Alwyn I would dine with them on Friday next, even if you could not get off your engagement."

"Quite right, my boy. It is you they want, not me," answered Mr. Sondes. "On the whole, that adventure of yours is not going to turn out such a misfortune as I once thought it would."

"I do not know what you mean," Lawrence said; and immediately Mr. Sondes laughed, and answered,

"Ah well! you will know what I mean some day, without any further explanation," and he laughed again; but Lawrence did not feel pleased for all that, and sat down and looked out at the moonlight, marvelling.

"I think you are wrong about Mr. Alwyn," he ventured, after a pause. "He said to me, over and over again, that he did wish you to come very much. He is most anxious to know more of you."

"Think of that!" exclaimed Mr. Sondes, meditatively; "and I have done business with him these twenty years, without ever having an idea of anything of the kind."

"And we lived beside him for nearly four years," returned Lawrence, "and were never asked inside his door. But I am not going to bear malice on that account," went on the youth magnanimously; "a man has a right to choose his acquaintances for himself at any time of his life."

"Certainly," acquiesced Mr. Sondes; "and a man has a right to decline making acquaintances at any time of his life"—which, being an incontrovertible truth, Lawrence abstained from any reply likely to force its application to the case in point.

"It is decidedly a good thing for you," said Mr. Sondes, after a pause. "Mr. Alwyn can push you on in the world if he likes. He can give you a good berth and a good salary to-morrow, and initiate you into the mysteries of his business the day after. If you continue to visit at Hereford Street you will mix much in society and see a good deal of the world. You will form acquaintances such as you could never hope to meet with in Stepney; and altogether it will be your own fault, I should say, if you do not make your fortune somehow or other out of the affair."

"Make my fortune with a constitution not worth that!" and Lawrence as he spoke held out his hand full of leaves he had been nervously pulling off one of the flowers out of poor Olivine's rejected bouquet—"not worth that!"

"Tut, man!" retorted Mr. Sondes. "What a fuss you are in about your ribs! If every bone in your body were broken, you could not make yourself out a greater cripple. You will be strong enough some day; and, meantime, it is a great matter you have found a backer like Mr. Alwyn, able and willing to give you a lift."

There was silence for a few minutes, then Lawrence spoke—

"Mr. Sondes," he began, "I wish you would not misunderstand me in this business. I wish you would believe I am in earnest when I say that no offer Mr. Alwyn could make would induce me to leave you and Mr. Perkins, so long as you are both willing to keep me. There is no unselfishness in this," he continued hurriedly, seeing Mr. Sondes was about to reply. "None; I could not bear to owe anything to Mr. Alwyn, either to his kindness, his generosity, or his justice; and if you think in accepting his invitation and going to his house I lay myself under an obligation of any kind, I will not go. I place myself in your hands; I will go, or I will

stay, according as you answer," and Lawrence leaned forward across the window, and sat with the bright moonlight streaming full upon him waiting for Mr. Sondes' reply.

But Mr. Sondes did not reply. He turned towards Olivine and said—

"It is high time you were in bed, little one. You ought to have been asleep an hour ago. Run away now, my pet. Good night, Olivine, good night:" he put the hair back from her brow and kissed her, and then he took her head between his two hands and turned it towards the window, and looked at the child with such an expression of love in his face as Lawrence had never seen upon any face before.

Afterwards he kissed her once again, and bade her depart. But before she obeyed, she went up to Lawrence, who, according to his custom, kissed her also whilst he bade her good night.

Up to that time, Mr. Sondes had taken no notice of this polite attention on Lawrence's part, or, if he did, had passed it over as something not worth thinking about, but on the occasion in question a troubled look came into his eyes, and an idea into his mind that he was not the very first person who had built castles only to see them levelled with the ground.

Even while Olivine was closing the door behind her, he had made up his mind as to his future course; and then he threw himself back in his chair, and gazing out at the Thames and the lowlands lying down by the shore, and the Kentish hills across the river, rather than at Lawrence, answered the young man's question thus,—

"If I had a son of my own come to your time of life, I should reply to him just as I am going to reply to you now. Take all I am about to say for what you think it is worth. My opinion is, that in going to Hereford Street you place yourself under no obligation, but you put yourself in danger."

"In danger," repeated Lawrence; "I do not exactly——"

"I was about to explain," interrupted Mr. Sondes. "Miss Alwyn is a very handsome young lady, probably you never knew how handsome till to-day, and you may have happened to gather out of the course of your reading, Lawrence, that men will be men, and fall in love with pretty women, let the after-cost of that pleasure prove what it may. Now suppose you fell in love with Miss Alwyn."

Here Mr. Sondes paused; but Lawrence made no observation. He seemed to have gone inside himself for the time being, and sat there with his hands clasped tightly together, silent and listening.

"Suppose you fell in love with Miss Alwyn," continued Mr. Sondes, "you will surely be preparing a great disappointment for yourself; she is certain to marry wealth. That is a game in which I fear all the moves would be against you; for she will lead you on, step by step; she is just the woman to do it for her own vanity's sake; and then, when she has got your heart, she will cast it away. I am told that was what she did with Mr. Forbes."

"Percy Forbes!" exclaimed Lawrence. "The man never had a heart either to give or be cast away."

"Perhaps so, perhaps not," was the cool reply; "in any case, I have said my say. Now decide for yourself, go or remain away; accept or decline; only remember my words, the girl is not a straightforward honest girl, and she will not develop into an honest, straightforward woman. She has too much manner, she is full of compliment and address, she would like to have everybody at her feet, ay, even an old fellow like myself; she is not the sort of daughter-in-law I should care to welcome home had I a son. But there, I have done. Do not answer me; do not think me prejudiced and unkind, only think over my words. And God bless you, lad, and God keep you, for you have the voyage still to make, and cannot know where the quicksands lie on which so many a gallant ship has foundered."

With that Mr. Sondes arose, and held out his hand to Lawrence, who took it, gratefully.

For an instant he hesitated whether he should not follow Mr. Sondes' implied advice, and keep away from Hereford Street. Pride, consistency, caution, all bade him turn a deaf ear to the blandishments of the parvenu's daughter.

Should he visit at the house he had vowed never to enter; should he be indebted to Mr. Alwyn for so much as a single dinner; should he throw himself in the way of incurring expenses he could ill afford; of acquiring tastes he had no means of gratifying? He would flee the temptation, he would. He decided he would, and he opened his lips to say so; but then a vision of Miss Alwyn, as he had seen her that day, in her perfect feminine attire, with her seductive smiles, appeared unto him once more, and Lawrence was lost!

"I will think it over," he said; and the strange calmness of his tone struck Mr. Sondes as peculiar. "I will think it over; and, meantime, thank you."

Having uttered which speech, Lawrence went up to his own bed-chamber on the upper story, and there the storm broke out.

"Danger!" he thought. "Danger from her—from the girl I have laughed at. Fall in love with her, indeed! A good idea." And he tried to feel amused, but failed. "I don't believe she is the same," he continued. "There must be two sisters, or cousins, or something; that cannot be the girl that used to ride out with her groom close beside her every day. Marry wealth, will she? We shall see. I suppose that is a race where horses of all colours may enter! Not honest and straightforward! The man must have taken a few glasses too much wine. Would like to net him. No such difficult matter, I should say," and Lawrence, standing by the upper window, looked out over the landscape, and thought of her with just that passionate intensity which such a nature was certain to feel for the first woman who had touched his boyish heart, and had captivated his boyish fancy.

Next morning he said to Mr. Sondes,—

"I think I had better go to Hereford Street; it would seem rude and ungracious not to do so; and besides, I promised to go—that is, if it will make no difference between us."

"Difference! not the least in the world. I will always do what I can for you. That is the way," soliloquised Mr. Sondes, as the youth left the room;—"that is the way with all of you. If God sends a woman into the world, you avoid her as you might a pestilence; but let the devil furnish society with a first-rate article out of his own department, and men break their necks running after her sinnership. So, Master Lawrence Barbour—that is the result of our chemical experiments, of our walks, and talks, and various readings. It is all for the best, no doubt. So I must e'en build my castle elsewhere."

And the first castle Mr. Sondes set about erecting after this was a country house near Chingford in Essex, to which cheerful abode he consigned Olivine, and an elderly governess, seeing her of necessity so seldom that the child's heart was almost broken, and her health and spirits began to fail. Then the man repented him of his rashness, and took the little girl home once again to the old mansion in Stepney, where Lawrence Barbour hardly ever came in those days, to sing songs to cheer her loneliness, to repeat stories to fill her imagination and satisfy her heart.

Lawrence had by this time discovered a much more excellent way of spending his life than devoting his leisure to the entertainment and instruction of "such a baby as Olivine." While he worked, he worked, as Mr. Perkins said, like "a Briton;" when he idled, he exchanged his office drudgery for but another kind of labour.

Had the London streets been a treadmill, he could not more regularly have traversed them.

West, due West, every moment he could spare, to Hereford street. West, due west, carefully dressed and with an eager anxious face, he sallied out continually in the evenings, to concert, or theatre, or opera, or any place where he had a chance of meeting her; while Mrs. Perkins, watching his departure from kitchen or parlour, was wont to remark with a sound which seemed something between a sigh and a sneer and a groan:

"There he goes again,—there he goes."

CHAPTER XVIII. SNARED.

AT about this period of my story, Mrs. Perkins considered it her duty greatly to inconvenience the household at Distaff Yard, by first turning every room out of window, and then presenting for the consideration of those interested and uninterested in the subject, a creature which had always been Lawrence's especial horror, a baby.

The house-cleaning, Mrs. Perkins kindly explained to Lawrence, she superintended in person, and assisted in at various times, because "nobody knows what may happen, and I should not like poor Josiah to think I left everything in a muddle behind me."

"Hang it all," retorted poor Josiah on one occasion (only his phraseology was stronger), "if I had my choice in the matter, I would rather you left things in a muddle, than kept us in such a devil of a mess;" whereupon Mrs. Perkins said he had not the heart of a man, and declared he never would know her value till she was laid out, and he a-wearing a black 'at-band for her,—if you would even do that much out of respect," finished Mrs. Perkins with a burst of tears, that as it seemed to Lawrence might have continued flowing for ever, had her attention not been distracted from her wrongs to her rights by Ada, who, having at the beginning of the conference, stuffed her entire hand into her mouth, now sat in a corner rocking herself backwards and forwards, and giggling as though some capital joke were being enjoyed by those present.

"You'll do that again, will you, miss?" exclaimed Mrs. Perkins, administering such a series of slaps to Miss Ada's bare neck, that her shoulders resembled, after the operation, nothing so much as a piece of very inferior and undesirable raw beef. "You'll do that again! laugh at your own mother, and sit idling there, instead of being at your book or your sampler. It is a step-mamma you want ever you,—that is what it is, and that is what you may have before you are many weeks older, let me tell you——"

At the contemplation of this appalling picture, Ada's courage succumbed, and she gave way to the most frightful shrieks imaginable—shrieks, however, that were in due time eclipsed by the new comer, which lifted up its voice and wept in vain remonstrance at having been born into the world in general and into Distaff Yard in particular.

Lawrence was rather amusing over that baby in the drawing-room at Hereford Street. To do him strict justice, he did not hold his cousin's ménage up to ridicule, or call Mr. Perkins' children by opprobrious names in the select regions of the West; but the baby was common ground. Any baby, everybody's baby, the little circle unanimously decided was fair game. A baby could not be considered so much the part of any special family as a unit of the great nation of babies.

"They all look the same—they all cry the same—they are all worshipped the very same! Anything else, Percy?" finished Miss Alwyn.

"No, thank heaven; my experience of the creatures has not been sufficiently extensive to enable me to describe their peculiarities," answered Mr. Forbes. "We must all yield the palm in that respect to Mr. Barbour. He is grand, I consider, on the subject. Now, Mr. Barbour." And thereupon Mr. Barbour entered into a long description of the state of the household, which was in some respects a pure democracy, in others an absolute despotism, "with poor Mr. Perkins as meek as a lamb, and the baby a raging lion." He told of the tin saucepans, filled with unutterable compounds, in the parlour—of Mr. Perkins' resignation—of the rejoicings of various visitors—of an elderly and fat individual, who seemed to think she deserved well of heaven and her country for having assisted at so many ceremonies of a similar nature.

"She and I are at daggers drawn," continued Lawrence, "because I cursed the baby—screeching little wretch! It is no joke turning into bed at twelve and turning out regularly at six, and having one's night's rest destroyed by a continuous wail. She said the worst wish she wished me was that I might never have one, and I answered that I hoped to heaven I never should, at any rate not within hearing distance. Whereupon she observed—'Bless its little 'art, a precious lamb;' and I remarked, 'Hum! not—bless its little throat for a yelling imp!'"

"Why do you not come and stay here?" inquired Mr. Alwyn, one day as he sat at dessert.

"And have to leave at four in the morning, to get to Limehouse at six?" answered Lawrence.

"Why not cut Limehouse altogether; why not try for a situation in the city?"

"Because I am learning a good trade where I have cast my lot, because the business suits me and I suit the business, because I never shall be able to sit at a desk, because chemistry is precisely the occupation I like best," was the reply.

"And because chemistry as practised in Distaff Yard is so peculiarly respectable," remarked Mr. Alwyn.

"We are honest in our dishonesty in Distaff Yard," retorted Lawrence, "which is more than many first-class city firms could assert,"—at which home thrust Mr. Alwyn felt a little nettled, and answered,—

"That is one of Mr. Sondes' opinions. It is a pity for a young man to adopt ideas second-hand."

"If the cut of my coat chance to resemble Mr. Sondes', that is no reason why I should be accused of borrowing it from him," said Lawrence hotly. "I have gone in for chemistry, Mr. Alwyn, and I mean to stick to it, and I intend to make my fortune out of it. I suppose there is money to be made from other articles on earth besides West India produce."

"Take another glass of wine, Mr. Barbour," was Mr. Alwyn's reply; and Lawrence took the hint as well as the wine, and let the discussion drop.

He would not allow the rich man to help him up. He accepted his hospitality, but that was all; for money, or assistance of any kind, he never was indebted to the owner of Maltingford; nay, more, when he went down to Hertfordshire, eighteen months after his first arrival in London, he would not stay with the Alwyns, preferring rather the meagre hospitality of the Clay Farm, and the somewhat solitary state of Lallard House, to a week's sojourn in his old home.

In his outward man he was much improved by his residence in the great city. Without any of the personal advantages nature had lavished so freely on Percy Forbes, he was yet sufficiently good-looking and gentleman-like to pass muster in any society. There was something in his appearance also which attracted attention, something in the peculiar expression of his eyes, in the firm, hard set of his face, which was old beyond his years; in the decision of his manner; in the courage, not to say occasional brusqueness of his replies.

The world has a respect, as a rule, for those who are not afraid to contradict its maxims. It is apt to attribute to cleverness expressions which oftentimes spring merely from a positive and self-reliant temper. Women especially

took kindly to the young man, and tried hard to lure him from the allegiances of his existence; but in vain. To business and the East End, he devoted his working-hours; to Hereford Street and Henrietta Alwyn he gave up every leisure moment.

Not but that he fought against himself and her; not that she ever had him in such subjection as her other admirers. He would stand in his own room after he returned from one of the Hereford Street parties, and swear by everything holy and by everything evil that Henrietta Alwyn's reign over him should have an end, that he would go no more to her father's, that the acquaintance should cease; and once, I think, he might have held fast to his purpose, had not Percy Forbes said to him as they walked together down Brook Street the following night,—

"Look here, Barbour. I know you do not like me, and I know you do not trust me, but I want to say something to you for all that. Don't get too fond of Miss Alwyn; she will only fool you as she has fooled others; and even if she were willing to marry you, no worse luck could happen. I have been through the fire there, and know all about her from bitter experience."

"And it is manly for you to speak about Miss Alwyn as you are doing, I suppose," was the reply.

"It is friendly, at all events," answered Percy coolly, as they parted, the one to make his way into Piccadilly, and the other to walk back slowly and thoughtfully on his way to Limehouse.

He would not give her up, he would believe no falsehoods about her, he would work, he would learn, he would make a name, and a fortune, and a position, and lay all at her feet, only praying her to take him along with them.

He felt sure, he felt as positive as he was living, that Miss Alwyn loved him; she might have fooled others, she might have flirted with others, she might have rejected others, but she should not refuse him, she should not.

And then he cursed his destiny which prevented his asking her to marry him at once. Poor as he still was, he could not run the risk of being thought mercenary; and so he hung back, growing shyer and shyer as the weeks and the months went by, while she became kinder and more gracious every day, making more evident advances as he receded, and filling his life full of sunshine, gilding his work with a glory of love and hope, and causing the hours to flit by on the wings of joy and happiness.

He was too sure of her; he never heeded the

voice which whispered caution in his ear. In spite of all advice, notwithstanding his own misgivings, forgetful of his former prejudices, he had set himself on a course in which he was determined to continue spite of wind or weather. As Jacob served Laban for Rachel, so Lawrence Barbour served mammon for Henrietta Alwyn, for the girl that in his in-

most heart he despised himself for loving, that he knew was ill-tempered, hypocritical, unfeeling, cruel; but at the same time beautiful exceedingly, and fascinating to a degree. Her beauty was the bait that allured him; he had still to learn fully the strength and sharpness of the hook which that bait concealed beneath.
(To be continued.)

WAGER OF BATTLE.

ON the 17th November, 1817, Abraham Thornton was placed by the Sheriff of Warwickshire upon the floor of the criminal side of the Court of King's Bench to answer to an appeal of murder brought against him by William Ashford, brother and heir-at-law to Mary Ashford, for whose murder Thornton had been tried and acquitted at the previous Warwick Assizes.

Any one who reads the short-hand report of that trial will see that it was peculiarly a case of circumstantial evidence, with much to be said on both sides, and the jury had to strike the balance between counterpoising evidence. The presiding judge was satisfied with the verdict, although he would have been as content if it had gone the other way.

Popular opinion took the opposite view. The fate of the young woman (who was no doubt brutally murdered) was at the time made the subject of more than one sensational drama. Even now it is commonly supposed that Thornton was never tried at all, and escaped scot free, because, in the first instance, he availed himself of the fact that he was a bigger man than Ashford.

As a first step, Thornton was moved into the civil side of the Court, and given into the custody of the Marshal. He was then called upon to plead to the appeal that was read to him, and pleaded "Not guilty." He was next asked how he would be tried, and no doubt was expected to answer as usual—"By God and my country." Luckily for him he had retained a counsel really learned in the law, and under his advice electrified the Court and audience. From the depths of his counsel's bag (wherein for the sake of concealment they had been brought into Court) were produced a pair of horseman's leathern gloves. One of these did the prisoner put on his left hand, the other did he throw on the floor. He then held up his gloved hand, and said that he was "Not guilty, and ready to defend the same with his body."

The counsel for the appellant actually did not know what to do. The last occasion that

wager of battle had ever been appealed to, was in 1638. Sir Henry Spelman records an earlier case, and adds that, even then, this method of procedure caused great "perturbation" to the lawyers.

In 1815 Irish ingenuity had exhumed this fossil species of trial from the cobwebbed depths of black-letter law. One Clancy murdered one Reilly, in open day, before many witnesses. The murderer made no attempt to escape or deny his crime. On the contrary he signed a full confession of his guilt before the committing magistrates. His trial came on at Mullingar summer assizes, and he pleaded "Not guilty." The counsel for the prosecution proposed to put his confession in evidence, but it was rejected on technical grounds. In expectation that the confession would be sufficient, no witnesses had been summoned on behalf of the Crown. As the prisoner had been given in charge to the jury the trial could not be postponed, and he was therefore acquitted from want of evidence. The brother of the murdered man brought an appeal of murder, and Clancy demanded the combat. The matter was, however, compromised by his withdrawing his demand, and pleading guilty to the appeal, upon condition that he was only to be transported for life.

In such a dilemma Ashford's counsel appealed "ad misericordiam" of the Court, stating that he was surprised that the charge against the prisoner should be put in issue that way. The trial by battle was an obsolete practice, which had been long out of use, and it would be extraordinary that the person who was accused of murdering the sister should be allowed to prove his innocence by attempting to murder the brother. If the combat was allowed, next-of-kin would be unwilling to risk their own lives in furtherance of the ends of justice, which would be against public policy. If the Court would look at the person of their appellant (for he was obliged to be personally present in Court) the judges would see that he was young in years, weak of body, and in other respects by no means capable of combat-

ing in battle with the appellee. Perhaps therefore the Court would not permit the issue to be decided by personal strength and brute force.

The appeal of murder had never been favourably regarded by the Court. It was virtually an infraction of the maxim "that no man should be vexed twice for the same cause," which maxim is a leading principle of English jurisprudence. It was not brought for the benefit of the public, but the private interest of the appellant, and the proceedings were in the nature of a civil suit entirely under his control. It might be brought after trial and acquittal at the suit of the King, whilst execution under it was entirely at the discretion of the party suing it out, whose object might not be the just punishment of an evil-doer, but the extortion of something for his own personal advantage. It is true that Justice Holt did on one occasion say that "he wondered that any Englishman should brand an appeal with the name of an odious prosecution, as he for his part looked upon it as a noble institution and one of the badges of English liberty." This was, however provoked, by a previous dictum of Chief Justice Treby, who on the same occasion said, that "it was a wrongful odious prosecution, and by no means deserved encouragement." More than once had the propriety of abolishing such a method of legal procedure been brought under the notice of Parliament, but the point had always been blended with matters of a political nature, which prevented a calm discussion of the subject.

Under the circumstances, Ashford was only likely to get such favour as the strict letter of the law allowed him. His counsel was told that the wager of battle was an usual and constitutional mode of trial, and that the combat was the right of the appellee, and that the law of the land favoured his demand of it, and that the appellant had for his own purposes brought the risk, if any, upon himself.

The appellant was therefore obliged to counterplead or show to the Court reasons why the appellee should be ousted of his right. If the appellant had been a woman, an infant under the age of fourteen, a man above the age of sixty, a priest or a citizen of London, the combat would not have been allowed. If the appellee had broken his prison, thereby showing his fears of consequences, or had been taken in the fact, or if the evidence showed no reasonable presumption in his favour, his claim to the combat would not have been allowed.

The combat was refused when the evidence against the prisoner was such as not to admit of denial or proof to the contrary. When how-

ever, there was anything in his favour which rendered it too uncertain for a jury of the country to decide, the omniscience of the Almighty was invoked by the lively faith of those who in this particular case mistrusted the wisdom of man. The very gist of this method of trial was that it left to Providence, to whom all secrets are known, to give the verdict in such a case by assigning the victory or vanquishment to the one party or the other, as might be just and known to Him alone. The notion of the special but constant interposition of the Deity, in order to detect a criminal, had been and is an article of belief in all ages and climes. The Hebrews, the Greeks, the Saxons did; the Hindus and Maoris do, use some species of ordeal. The book entitled "God's Revenge Against Murder," is but a catalogue of instances in which this interposition has been manifested. The vulgar opinion at this day, that a corpse will burst out bleeding at the approach of the murderer, is also based upon the idea that the usual laws of Nature would be interrupted to prevent the escape of so guilty a man.

Until this counterplea was decided, the glove remained in the custody of the officer of the Court, as the counterplea was a denial that the appellant was bound to take it up, and he called upon the Court to decide the question. In this case Ashford counterpleaded that the guilt of Thornton was so manifest as to deprive him of his right to the combat. This was denied by the appellee, and the Court decided in his favour. The appellant, thinking that discretion was the better part of valour, withdrew from any further prosecution of the appeal. Thornton was then remitted to the Crown side of the Court, and indicted upon the appeal at the suit of the King. He pleaded that he had been tried previously and acquitted upon the same charge. The Attorney-General confessed this to be true on the part of the Crown, whereupon the Court acquitted the prisoner.

In a short time an Act of Parliament was passed, abolishing this method of procedure. One instance still remains wherein the absurd ceremony of throwing down a glove may be still resorted to. When her present Majesty was crowned, a clergyman claimed to act as her Champion, and to challenge the world on her behalf. When her grandfather was crowned, the glove thrown down by the Champion was taken up by a partizan of the unfortunate Stuarts.

As in Thornton's case the right to the combat was not proceeded with, references must be made to older authorities for the ceremonies attendant upon a grant of the battle; and it must be remembered that such a grant was

made both in civil and criminal cases, but there were divers important differences in the method of procedure.

In the 13th year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth, one Love and others brought a writ of right to recover lands in Kent from one Paramour, who selected the trial by battle, and brought before the Justices of the Common Pleas as his champion one Thorne, a strong man and square (*quadratus* * is the very word), for his champion. The demandant brought one Naylor, a master of defence, as his representative. Had it been a criminal matter, the parties could not have engaged substitutes,—they must have fought themselves in person.

The Court approved of the champions, and awarded the battle. Thorne then threw down a glove on behalf of the defendant, which Naylor picked up and took home with him, after that they had both been duly sworn to perform the combat at Tuthill in Westminster, upon an appointed day, in the presence of the entire Court.

In the time of Edward the Third, Sir William de Fakeham and Sir John Sythest did battle before the King himself, as chief of the Court of Chivalry, for the right to wear a certain armorial bearing claimed by both.

At the appointed day and place a list had been prepared at Tuthill upon an even and level piece of ground, sixty feet square, set out according to the points of the compass and surrounded by a double pallisade,—the one to keep the mob out, the other to keep the combatants in.

Outside the barriers on the west side was erected a seat for the Judges, looking down upon the lists, and covered with the very furniture used in Westminster Hall, and brought thence for this occasion. Behind this tribunal were pitched two tents, one for each champion. Seats were placed for the Sergeants on the platform, at the feet of the Judges.

On the other three sides of the square were erected tiers of seats for the spectators, of whom four thousand were present. Properly speaking no woman or male child under fourteen ought to have formed one of the crowd.

The champion for the plaintiff, Naylor, had been during all the early morn parading the City, preceded by drums and trumpets. The gauntlet of challenge was borne before him on the point of a sword. One of the twenty-four royal yeomen carried the ell-long staff, tipped with horn, and the target of double leather with which he was to do battle. The champion was arrayed in a wadded coat of a martial

colour (whatever that might be), loose trousers made of a stuff (moserica) with a silken woof and a woollen warp, and a silk cap adorned with a red plume and ribands. Thus adorned he proceeded to Tuthill, where a knight, Sir Jerome Brown (afterwards an ambassador of good repute to the Czar of Muscovy,) was waiting to receive him in his tent. Thorne had arrived there previously, and was "waited upon," as the Fancy would say, by Sir Henry Cheney.

Had the combat arisen upon a criminal matter, the parties themselves would have been given into the custody of the marshal on the previous night, who would have had them armed and present in the lists before sunrise—as they would have had to fight without intermission from the rising to the setting of the sun, unless one of them had uttered the word "Craven," which would have ended the fight. If the appellee could maintain the fight until after sunset, he gained the day.

As in reality a civil matter was in dispute, the Judges met in Westminster Hall about 10 a.m., arrayed in their coifs, scarlet robes, and appurtenances, accompanied by the Sergeants, similarly dressed. The Judges (except one detained at home by illness) then adjourned to Tuthill.

The proceedings began by a proclamation for silence, and the spectators were warned not to cry out, nor make any sign to the combatants, nor strike a blow in their behalf. The plaintiff was then summoned before the Court, and upon his non-appearance, his champion, Naylor, was summoned. He came into the lists, on the left hand side of the Bench. His head was uncovered, his arms bare to the elbow, his legs exposed from the knees downwards, with red sandals on his feet. He was accompanied by his knight, carrying his ell-long staff, and his yeoman, carrying the buckler. The two went round the lists to the side fronting the Judges, where Naylor knelt down and made obeisance to the Court. He then rose, advanced to the centre of the lists, and did the same. He next proceeded to the bar in front of the Judges. Having knelt again, he was ordered to rise and take his standing-place on the right-hand side of the Court. Thorne, after similar proceedings, was ordered to stand on the left-hand side. Two Sergeants, being of counsel for each party, then took up their position between the combatants. After all this prelude the plaintiffs were again summoned, and as, by arrangement, they did not appear, judgment was given against them. The champions and spectators were then ordered to depart in the peace of the Queen, and the farce was played out.

There is no doubt that prize-fights, which

* Compare Aristot. Ethic: *εὐεργετικὸν ἔστιν ἡδύς*, rendered in the Art of Pluck by "a regular brick." "To go square," on the turf, means not to break the eighth commandment.

take place in a square ring, ranging with the points of the compass, are a mimic representation of such a combat as above. To render the similitude more perfect, the "second" and the "bottle-holder" of the pugilist are the successors of the sergeant-at-law and the worthy knight.

Knights girt with swords used to make their appearance in a court of justice, as part of the proceedings on a writ of right, until the year 1836.

When the combat really took place, if it was for life and death, a hearse was in readiness to take off the party killed. If the murderer had cried "Craven," he would have been dragged off to instant execution. The blood of the murdered man would have drawn him by a long rope to the gallows.

This usage was said to be founded upon the loss which all the kindred had suffered by the murder of one of themselves, and for their *revenge and the love* which they bore to the person killed.* If the suspected murderer gained the day, his accuser was liable to imprisonment for a year and day; to a fine, at the discretion of the Court; became infamous, and forfeited the privileges of a freeman.

The party or his champion would have been compelled, if the combat had proceeded, to take an oath before entering the lists, that he had not eaten or drank anything to charm himself; and that he had not caused anything to be done to the prejudice of his adversary whereby he might be charmed. Convincing proof this, that the combat was the relic of an ignorant and superstitious age.

Although the combat had not been demanded, on three memorable occasions during the eighteenth century had the appeal of murder been brought. A brief narration of the circumstances under which each appeal occurred, will throw much light on the nature of the proceedings.

William Cowper (brother of the future Lord Chancellor, and grandfather of the poet)† was a member of the Home Circuit, and used to lodge during the assizes at Hertford with a Quaker named Stout, the father of a daughter "passing fair," who conceived a violent passion for Cowper, although she knew him to be a married man, and very imprudently used to visit him at his chambers in London. Her body was found in the water one morning at Hertford, and it was proved upon the inquest that Cowper was the last person found in her company over

night. The coroner's jury returned an open verdict. Her death then became a sectarian and political question. The Quakers took it up, for the honour of their religion. Those of the electors of St. Alban's (where politics always ran high) who were unfriendly to their member, John Cowper, aided the Quakers in their attempt to run down his brother. The magistrates declined to entertain the question. An extraordinary application was made to Chief Justice Holt, who upon the information laid before him, committed Cowper and three others to prison upon a charge of murder. Cowper alone had to remain in prison until the summer assizes, as the others were bailed out. Upon the trial, Baron Hatsel summed up unfavourably for the prisoners, but they were acquitted. Thereupon an appeal of murder was brought. William Cowper instigated the mother-in-law of the appellant to persuade the sheriff to entrust her with the writ. He did so, and she tore it up. For this he was fined 200 marks, but another writ was refused. The Lord Keeper Wright called in several judges to his assistance, and they unanimously refused to grant a second writ, upon the ground of informality in the first. This decision was not approved of, but as the Legislature would not abolish this method of procedure, the judges were astute enough to baffle it.

On the 20th of May, 1739, Bainbridge, Warden of the Fleet, was tried at the Old Bailey for the murder of Robert Castell. This indictment was preferred at the instance of the House of Commons, in consequence of evidence that had been produced before a committee.* The accused had illegally removed the deceased from his lodgings within the rules, to a common spunging-house kept by one Corbett, in which there happened to be a person lying sick with the small-pox. When this was told to Castell, he protested against his removal, stating that he never had had the disease, and that he was sure that he should catch it, and if he caught it, should die. All this was duly reported to the prisoner, but did not move him from his purpose. Castell was removed as he ordered, did catch the disease, and did die. At the trial, Judge Page (commonly called "the hanging judge," and the same that tried Savage) told the jury that "a gaoler was bound to keep his prisoners as well as he could, but they must not be put like hogs together." The jury acquitted the prisoner, whereupon the widow of the deceased brought an appeal of murder against the gaoler

* This is very like the Corsican vendetta, where the duty of revenging the murdered man is imposed upon his nearest relative.

† By a curious coincidence this William Cowper married Pennington Goodere, a connection of Captain Samuel Goodere, who was hung in 1741 for the murder of Sir John

* There is a picture by Hogarth of the examination of Bainbridge by this committee. Upon the table are instruments of torture, and Bainbridge is represented kneeling, with his neck in a kind of pillory. Surely this was an

and the keeper of the spunging-house. This question was tried at the next Guildford Assizes, and the matter resulted in the acquittal of both parties.

In 1770 two brothers named Kennedy were convicted of the murder of a chairman, named Bigby. Their sister, by the infamy of her life, had raised up to herself many and powerful friends, who procured for her brothers a pardon.

Let it not be forgotten that this pardon was granted by a monarch who some years afterwards refused to grant a similar boon of mercy to Dr. Dodd, although a petition, with twenty-three thousand signatures of London merchants and citizens, was presented in his favour. It cannot be said, by way of extenuation, that the monarch did not know what he was doing, as in those days the Recorder of London used to present to the monarch, sitting in the Privy Council, a list of all criminals left for death, and detail the circumstances of their case.* Such conduct merited these words of Junius—"The mercy of a chaste and pious prince extended cheerfully to a wilful murderer, because that murderer is the brother of a common prostitute, would, I think, at any other time, have excited universal indignation."

Notwithstanding the pardon, the widow of the murdered man brought an appeal of murder. She was, however, very open to reason, and for 350*l.* desisted from prosecuting the same. This sum of money soon procured her a fresh husband, and they conjointly for many years kept a thieves' public-house.

It seems very hard that a man who had been found innocent upon an indictment should again be obliged to hazard his life under an appeal. Sometimes, however, the appeal was not a secondary, but a primary process, instituted by the relatives of the deceased, as distinguished from the prosecution of the Crown. If the appeal and the indictment came down for trial before the same judge, he was bound to hear the appeal first; and if the prisoner was acquitted thereon, he could not be put on his trial under the indictment. On the trial under the appeal he was allowed to have counsel to speak on his behalf, as well as examine the witnesses. In other cases of felony, the odds were at that time very much against the prisoner. He might indeed retain counsel, but, just as at courts martial of the present day, the counsel could not open their mouths. Lord Ferrers had himself to examine the witnesses who came forward to depose to his insanity. The counsel might write a speech for the pri-

soner, which he was obliged either to read himself, or hand to an officer of the court to read, who would drone it forth as if it were a butcher's bill.

After all, then, a trial under an appeal of murder was not so bad as it seems at first sight. If a prisoner could escape when he was not allowed counsel to speak or examine witnesses for him, he would not be in much danger of his life, if innocent, with those advantages allowed to him. More than that, a judicious application of "the oil of palms" would have generally nipped the proceedings in the bud.

But little can be said in favour of the combat. It might indeed occasionally happen that a guilty conscience would unnerve the murderer's arm, in the presence of an antagonist whose intrepid challenge augured success. But when the system of hiring champions had been introduced, "might became right," and the longest purse that could hire the hardest head and the strongest arm, must win.

L. C. B.

THE DYING VIKING.

I.

"Bring me my armour, Sigurd,
I'll die as my fathers died,
Not like a wolf in a shepherd's trap,
But in all a warrior's pride.
Strike on the brazen targets,
And let our clarions ring;
I'll meet this Death they talk of,
As a King should meet a King.

II.

"Olaf, take you my vessels
With the dark and threatening sails,
Go forth and scare the Saxon,
Harry his fertile vales;
Dye helm and hauberk crimson,
Ply well the sword and torch;
Go brain the Murcian bishops,
In their shattered temple-porch.

III.

"And thou, my bowman, Harold,
Be thine to plunder France;
Smite with the axe and hammer
At the vine-grower's lance.
Rob churches, fire the homesteads,
Turn red the muddy Seine;
Burn standing corn and orchard,
Make barren every plain.

IV.

"Ye are my raven-feeders,
Ye are my warrior brood,
Be yours to give the falcons
The cowards for their food.
But, Oswald, thou my youngest,
Thou hast thy mother's face,
Be thine to guard the peasant,
And found a peaceful race.

* Compare Moore's description of the Prince Regent's breakfast table—

"Tea and toast,
Death warrants and the Morning Post."



v.

"Thou shalt bring home some maiden,
 With eyes like violet flowers
 When they spring up sweeter, fresher,
 After the sunny showers.
 Then let the pine-woods dwindle
 Around the fortress hill,
 And corn in golden billows
 Gird many a freeman's mill.

vi.

"But quick,—my heart beats slower,
 Life's sand is running fast;
 Out with a thousand galleys—
 I hear the quickening blast—
 One hour, and in Luffoden
 Our walrus horns shall ring,
 For I'll meet this Death they talk of,
 As a King should meet a King."

"SANS MERCI;"

OR, KESTRELS AND FALCONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY LIVINGSTONE."

CHAPTER XXXVI. THE BEGINNING OF THE END.

EARLY in the Spring of that same year, Mrs. Flemyng went to visit some relations dwelling in the midland shires; and stayed a week in Town, on her way back to Warleigh, which was virtually her home.

On the very evening of her return, Kate was struck by a marked alteration in her mother's manner: at first she attributed this to the fatigue of the journey; but, when the morrow and the next day brought no change for the better, she grew seriously alarmed, and confessed it to Seyton. He too had not failed to remark that something was seriously amiss with Mrs. Flemyng. The plaintive air of mock-martyrdom had entirely vanished: in its stead there was a settled depression, painfully real. Mrs. Flemyng was never garrulous; but she had become unnaturally silent of late; and would sit, by the hour together, gazing wistfully into the fire, or out of a window, with tears welling slowly up into her eyes.

In reply to Kate's anxious questions, she would only allow that 'she had not been feeling quite strong lately;' nevertheless she would not hear of calling in medical aid at present.

The Seytons were naturally in a great strait of perplexity. Twice or thrice in their mutual speculations there was mention of the prodigal son's name: but there appeared no valid reason for connecting him with Mrs. Flemyng's low spirits. He had taken chambers and an *atelier* in Town; and was supposed to be painting in a vague desultory sort of way. His name appeared tolerably often in the chronicle of banquets and balls; and they heard accidentally of his having become a member of a certain club, noted for high play; but no definite rumour to Vincent's disadvantage had penetrated to Warleigh.

In the face of all this, the Seytons could only see their way clearly—thus far. It was evident that their Norway trip must be given up for this year. Kate would never have forgiven herself, if she had dreamt of leaving her mother in her present state. As Tom directed the letter, in which he resigned his rod, his remark to his wife was eminently philosophical.

"Never mind, pet, we shall deserve a double allowance of luck next season: I shouldn't wonder if we landed the 'king-fish.'"

And we shall enjoy it all the more, for missing one turn. Besides, we've had so much sport one way or another, that it's about time we did some work: there's no better work, that I know of, than seeing your friends through trouble. We'll try and help the poor Madre through hers, whatever it may be."

Yet, as the weather waxed warmer, Mrs. Flemyng's mood seemed to brighten: to be cheerful, was not in her nature; but her moral barometer rose steadily again towards the mild meek melancholy, which, in her, was synonymous with Set Fair.

Tom began to repent himself somewhat of his over-hasty self-denial (the vacant rod on that famous river had been snapped up, the instant it was known to be free); but, before he had time to grumble, the catastrophe at Mote occurred. Thenceforward, he never regretted that he had stayed at home.

Three weeks or so might have passed since the events chronicled in the last chapter. Brian Maskelyne had departed for a long Continental tour, which was to begin in the Tyrol and end—he himself knew not where. The first uproar of the scandal, that had set all the Marshire tattlers buzzing like bees round an overturned hive, had begun to die away in vague intermittent rumours. Seyton had begun to talk of taking Kate up to Town, for a fortnight, to help him to get rid of his Derby winnings, "in a fashionable manner;" (for, though Crusader only ran a good second, Tom had contrived to make nearly 200*l.* out of his 'long shot' by judicious hedging;) and Mrs. Flemyng had half promised to accompany them; when, suddenly all plans were deranged at Warleigh.

On a certain morning, some farm-business had called Seyton early a-field; so Kate was breakfasting alone with her mother when the post came in. Before Mrs. Flemyng had read the first page of her first letter, she dropped it with a faint cry; and, covering her face in her handkerchief, fell to weeping convulsively.

Kate partly guessed at the truth as her eye lighted on a well-known hand-writing; but she guessed not all, till she had taken up the letter, in obedience to a sign from Mrs. Flemyng. A very brief glance at its contents was enough to startle and shock her, scarcely less than her mother had been, though she did not give way so completely.

It was a petition, or rather a demand, from Vincent for the advance of several thousands, to pay off pressing play-debts; followed by dark and deadly hints as to the consequences of refusal. A cruel letter—had it been addressed to the sternest of paternal despots;

unutterably base—addressed to a weak doting woman.

Little by little, and word by word, broken by much stormy sobbing, the poor lady's confession was made. As she passed through Town, Vincent, had induced her to sell out a large sum (though far less than his present demand), to assist him in clearing off *all* his liabilities, as he said; promising that this should be the very last tax on her generosity. She forced herself to believe him, at the time; but was haunted afterwards with divers sharp misgivings. Of late, on the principle of 'no news being good news,' she had become more tranquil and hopeful: so that the blow fell, now, almost unexpectedly.

Kate was equal to any ordinary emergency; but not to such an one as this. All sisterly love was swallowed up, for the moment, in hot honest indignation; yet she had sense enough to remember, that the expression of this, would not lighten her mother's sorrows; so she fell back upon the last resource of the 'ministering angel'—sympathetic tears; and the two sat there, making their moan helplessly together, till Seyton returned.

His presence restored something like order to the dejected family-council; and he was very soon in possession of all the circumstances.

As he read the first part of the letter, he frowned heavily; when he came to the last, his face settled into the same expression that it had worn, on that evening long ago, when Vincent Flemyng brought the tidings of his Oxford disaster; and Tom "couldn't see the pull of stage-tricks on society, especially when women's nerves are to be played upon."

"It's a bad, black case from end to end—" he said. "And *that's* about the worst bit in it:" (he struck the especial page sharply with his finger). "It would have been cowardly to hint at such things, even if Vincent had ever seriously meditated them; which I don't believe he ever did. I can't help your both thinking me hard and brutal. I don't believe, that he has ever looked at suicide, more nearly than I have done myself. I give him credit for that much of common sense, at all events. But it's no use abusing him; and it's cruel to do so to you, mamma. Have you made up your mind what to do about this? I won't give any advice, unless you positively require it."

"The money must be paid—" Mrs. Flemyng answered, in a weak broken voice; but more firmly than could have been expected. "It should be paid, if I had to live on your charity and Kate's, to the end of my days: and it's not so bad as that yet. It isn't the money I'm grieving over. I know I'm doing sinfully wrong in paying these gambling

debts: it will only make him more rash and reckless. But perhaps my boy does not guess, how he has made his poor mother suffer. Oh, Tom—won't you try to make him understand this? It might save him, still. It's no use my writing. I'm afraid my letters only weary him, now. And he used to look for them so eagerly! But you will see him—will you not—and speak gently to him? He must have one soft spot left in his heart: I could always find it—once."

Tom shook his head, sadly. But he had not the heart to dissuade the unhappy mother from her purpose; nor to tell her that she was only deceiving herself, now; as she had deceived herself, since her spoilt darling grew out of childhood.

"I thought how it would be—" he said, with a scarcely-suppressed groan. "It's clear there's no use in my saying anything, except—that I'll go up to Town, and arrange all this; and do my very best to bring Vincent to his senses; or at all events to bring him back here. I know—never mind why: I *do* know it—that I'm about the last person likely to soften him. You two may possibly do it. Anyhow, this *must* be the last of his gambling follies. If he can only be brought to understand this; there will be some good done. Now I'll leave you to Kate for awhile, mamma. When you feel strong enough, I'll come back, and take your instructions to Deacon. He had better manage this of course; though it will be a heavy day's work for him."

So Kate sent off a few lines to her brother, merely stating that his letter had been received, and that the money would be forthcoming, within the week; she said nothing about her mother, except that the latter was too unwell to write. She had not intended to add another word; but, just before she folded the sheet, she did add a postscript, almost involuntarily.

"Oh Vincent—may God forgive you! I don't think I ever can."

Nevertheless, when Tom started for Town, early on the ensuing morning, Kate was moved to intercession, by a certain look on her husband's face—a set stony look; such as she, at least, had never seen there.

"Won't you promise me to deal gently with him—" she whispered. "For poor mamma's sake, if not for mine? At the worst, you will not get angry, even if he should be provoking and ungrateful?"

And Tom gave the required promise, readily; sealing it with the farewell salute.

His first interview was with Mr. Deacon, nor was this terminated without a certain amount of trouble and annoyance. The old lawyer at first absolutely refused to have

anything to do with the business; or to exercise the general power of attorney that he held; and spoke plainly enough, albeit departing not from his wonted staid urbanity.

"I gave Mrs. Flemyng fair warning—" he said—"when she came to me, about a similar matter, early in the Spring. She did not attempt to conceal from me, where the money was going to. I should have guessed it, if she had. Then, I took the privilege—I trust I did not exceed it—of an old friend, as, I believe, she is good enough to consider me. I told her that, in spite of all she had heard, this would *not* be the last call upon her; but that such calls would be repeated, so long as there was a fraction of her fortune left to meet them. I told her, that her son would have some faint excuse for his extravagance, and—I was bound to say—vices (for I hold gambling one of the worst of these), if he found his demands so readily complied with. Furthermore, I besought her if, at any future time, she saw fit to disregard my advice, at least not to make me *participem criminis*. Hard words are seldom to be palliated, Mr. Seyton; least of all, hard words in a lady's presence. Yet, I think there are exceptions to this, as to all other earthly things."

Thus having perorated, the ancient took snuff thrice, with a kind of indignant emphasis; and paused solemnly for a reply.

"On my honour, I think you were right:" Tom answered. "It's just what I'd have said myself to Mrs. Flemyng, if I had only had half your pluck. But those women do pretty much as they like with me; the proof of which is, that—I'm here to-day. The worst of it is, your refusing to act, will not stop the business: it will only entail a fresh power of attorney, and further worry to Mrs. Flemyng, who is ill able to bear it. It seems to me that, if these things are to be done at all, they are best done quickly."

"*Bis dat, qui cito dat*," Mr. Deacon murmured. He always kept a stock on hand of trite Latin quotations, not much augmented since his Westminster days; and rarely missed a chance of 'turning over' that modest capital.

"Exactly so—" Tom assented, vaguely. "As the case stands, it would be a kindness to all of us, if you would undertake it. Indeed, I ask it, as a personal favour."

The courtly old lawyer bowed his white head, statelyly.

"If you put it in that light, Mr. Seyton, I have not another word to say. The money shall be ready to-morrow."

So, with a few more words of no special import, they parted.

Late on that same afternoon, after an un-

successful attempt to find his brother-in-law at home, Tom was walking up Piccadilly. With that swift springy rustle of his—so different from the deliberate pace of the town-bred loungers—he went slipping past the main-stream of foot-traffic, now setting eastwards; till, nearly opposite Devonshire House, he overtook Mr. Castlemaine.

Now, Cis had a great respect for the squararchy in general; and considered Seyton Warleigh a very favourable specimen of the order; so his greeting was far more cordial than might have been expected from the slight acquaintance: so cordial was it indeed that Tom felt encouraged to prolong the conversation, with a purpose.

"If you are not in a great hurry, and have no particular engagement—" he said—"perhaps you could spare me five minutes?"

"Twenty if you like," the other answered. "I'm too old to be ever in a hurry; and I'm no business on hand, beyond a rubber or two before dinner; which, I daresay, may be postponed with benefit both to my purse and appetite. We'll turn out of this turmoil, though, if you please: serious conversation out of the question, here."

So the two crossed the road-way and went down the steps leading into the Park. Directly they were on level ground, Seyton began to speak; coming straight to the point, as was his wont.

"I hate tale-telling out of school, as much as you can do, Mr. Castlemaine. But I don't think the expression applies here. As to the main features of the case, we are only too well-informed. But I want to be sure that we know the worst. I am going to put a question to you, that perhaps I have no right to ask: I shall be greatly obliged if you will answer it frankly and fearlessly; but, if you decline to do so, I cannot feel aggrieved. I believe you are constantly meeting my brother-in-law, though you may not be especially intimate. Will you give me a candid opinion about him?"

Cecil looked steadfastly, yet not unkindly into the other's face; while, for several seconds he seemed to deliberate with himself as to the manner of his reply.

"Yes: you are perfectly justified in putting that question—" he said, at last, with the air of a judge giving a knotty point in counsel's favour. "You like plain-speaking, Mr. Seyton, I know; and you shall have it. I consider that Vincent Flemyng is going to the devil, as rapidly and recklessly, as it is possible for a civilized man to go. In all my experience—a long and varied one, unhappily—I cannot call to mind a more hopeless case."

Tom's countenance fell: he loved plain-speaking certainly; but he had not reckoned on such a down-right dose of it. One may be very fond of cold water; but an ice-cold *douche* is apt to stagger the stoutest of us, taken unawares.

"I hope—I trust—it is not so bad as that—" he said. "He has lost frightfully at play, we know. Indeed I have come up, for the special purpose of settling those claims. He has said nothing of any trade-debts: perhaps I may be able to help him out of these, without troubling his poor mother further: she is almost heart-broken as it is. But there is a limit to everything. We cannot sit tamely by, and see Mrs. Flemyng beggared, to feed Vincent's gambling mania. These supplies are the very last. He must change his life entirely for many a day to come; and live quietly, either at Warleigh or abroad. Even he will see the necessity of this; indeed, I have promised not to return home without him." Tom checked himself here, with rather an awkward laugh. "You must forgive me: I'm boring you with our family-affair, as if you were an old friend."

"I take it as a great compliment—" the other said: and really he looked as if he did so. "I wish, from the bottom of my heart, that I could give any advice that would be useful. But you are quite wide of my meaning. Those who have lived my life, are apt to look upon mere money-scrapes only too lightly. Many worse things may befall us than un-fraudulent bankruptcy. There is no question of dishonour in this case, I dare avow. I don't know the amount of Mr. Flemyng's losses; for they were chiefly incurred at private play: (whist and *écarté* are not fast enough for some of that set; they *will* have lansquenets and unlimited loot). But, I believe, no one doubted that they would eventually be paid. I was thinking of other entanglements. You say, 'you will take your brother-in-law home;' and keep him there, I conclude? If you do that, you will have worked nearly as great a miracle, as if you had raised one from the dead. For all good and useful purposes—a man might as well be lying in his coffin, as bondsman to Flora Dorrillon."

There was something too much of hyperbole in these last sentences; but the earnestness of Cecil's manner saved them from seeming absurd. Seyton gazed at the speaker in a blank bewildered way. To the honest country-squire these things were like glimpses into a new and evil world.

"The—the woman we met at Charteris Royal you mean? Yes I daresay she might be

dangerous." And Tom's cheek flushed guiltily, as he remembered how his own cool blood had been stirred by the syren-notes of *L'Andalousse*. "But I cannot realise such fearful fascination as this. Why—I was fool enough to rejoice, at the time, that Vincent seemed to have got clear of another scrape; a foolish flirtation with Mrs. Charteris."

"Mrs. Charteris!" the other retorted with some scorn. "She's only a thorough-paced coquette; who can take right good care of herself, and will never do much harm to others. The Dorrillon is of quite another stamp. I can't tell you why she is so fatal; any more than I can explain, why some plants are poisonous. I only know the effect of her influence on certain men. By Gad, sir—you might have supposed they were 'possessed.' They seemed to lose all discrimination between right and wrong; and to forget that there ever were such things as natural affections. Did you know Livingstone of Kirtton? You did not? Well: there was stuff enough in him to make half-a-dozen modern exquisites. *That* couldn't save him. There was a black story in his life that no one got at the truth of; and a burden was laid on his shoulders, that bent them—broad as they were. The Dorrillon was at the bottom of it all. She was hardly past girl-hood then. What chance do you suppose a man of Flemyng's calibre would have with her, *now*?"

Seyton hung his head despondently: he was quite in strange waters; and felt the absurdity of arguing with such an experienced pilot as Castlemaine.

"How long has the connection lasted?" he asked, in a low broken voice.

"It's not exactly a connection," the other replied. "At least, I fancy not. Though I don't profess to know more than other people, I'd lay heavy odds that Mr. Flemyng never has been, and never will be, what is commonly called, 'a favoured lover.' But don't deceive yourself; or think that you will find your task easier, for this. The Dorrillon would not be the witch she is, if she could not make her thralls feed on shadow for substance, till they die of famine. You can but try, at all events. Your best chance is, that I've a sort of idea she's getting weary of your brother-in-law. Frankly—I don't wonder at it. I wish you all success; and, if I can help in any way, command me. My best address is White's."

The other thanked him heartily; and then each went his way—Tom with a heavier heart than ever. Neither did Castlemaine feel in cue for a rubber. He walked, slowly, to and fro in a quiet part of the Mall, till it was time to dress for dinner: and curiously

enough, his appetite did not seem improved by the unwonted constitutional.

CHAPTER XXXVII. A LAST CHANCE.

SEYTON learnt at Vincent Flemmyng's lodgings, that the latter had gone into the country for the day, and would not return till late at night: so he contented himself with making an appointment for the following afternoon; and spent the rest of the evening at his club, in the company of certain special cronies, who were wont to muster festively, on the occasion of Tom's rare visits to the metropolis.

But over the modest banquet there hung an unwonted gloom. The rumour of Flemmyng's recent losses had been noised abroad; and more than one man present guessed at the cause of their friend's unexpected appearance, while Seyton himself was by no means in his usual spirits.

The troubles that he had seen—if not felt—within the last two years, up to which time his simple life had been singularly serene, were beginning to tell on his hardy nature. Certain maladies of mind and body work much alike, in this wise: they touch the healthy athlete who has never known sickness till now, far more sharply than the fanciful hypochondriac, or the feeble valetudinarian. If Seyton's own roof-tree was still unsinged, the fire had made wild work, of late, with his neighbours' dwellings; and, from the disaster of the last of these unlucky Ucalegons, he was divided by a thin party-wall. But if he could not contribute materially to the conviviality of the evening, he was careful to abstain from spoiling it. So he kept his own counsel: neither did his friends think it well to question him too closely.

After visiting Lincoln's Inn, and his own banker's, Seyton came punctually to his appointment the next day; and found his brother-in-law alone. As might have been expected, their meeting was the reverse of cordial. Tom was a miserable dissembler at the best of times; and Flemmyng had evidently wrapped himself up in defiant sullenness—the last refuge of a nature too weak to own itself in the wrong.

After a few words of purely formal greeting, Tom went straight to business.

"That is the sum you named, as sufficient to cover all your play-debts?" he asked; consulting a written paper.

The other nodded assent, silently, after a careless glance at the figures.

"Here it is"—Tom went on, drawing a roll of notes, from his breast-pocket. "Will you be good enough to count it; and sign this receipt when you have done so? Deacon

says, it must be placed in your mother's deed-box, as a matter of form."

The other did as he was bidden. As he pushed the signed receipt across the table, he was constrained to attempt some ungracious reluctant thanks.

"Of course, I'm very grateful to my mother; and to you, too, for the trouble—"

"Don't thank me"—Tom broke in. "I wasn't consulted in this matter. What my advice would have been, had it been asked for, is of no consequence, now. If you wish to thank your mother, you can do so by deed better than by words. She is very miserable and would be yet more so, if I returned without you. These things are soon settled with the money in your hand. Surely you will be ready to go down to Warleigh with me to-morrow, early—if not by to-night's mail. You need fear no annoyance from me; you know the others well enough to feel safe with them."

"I could not possibly get away to-morrow," Vincent answered. "I'll come down, for day or so, as soon as I can manage it. But can't fix any definite time."

"Can you be serious?" Seyton asked with more of sadness than anger. "And thought I was safe, in promising to bring you home with me!"

The other glanced up, with the old unpleasant look—half malignant, half timorous—in his eyes.

"You're never safe in promising for other people. If you mean, it was a condition—there's the money on the table. You can take that back with you."

Now, sooth to say, Seyton had been prompted more than once, during the last forty-eight hours, to make this especial stipulation, before actually parting with the notes. But his instructions did not warrant this; and poor Tom had absurd scruples about 'doing evil that good might come'; added to a nervous horror of dark and tortuous ways. So he put the temptation aside now, as he had done before. But the effort chafed him somewhat; and, before the other's cold callous selfishness, Tom's choler began to rise: his brows were bent, when he spoke again.

"I tell you, that your mother is really ill, and that I will not answer for the consequences of further mental suffering. Do you still refuse to accompany me; or to name an early day for your coming?"

Even Vincent Flemmyng was fain to lower his voice—for very shame—as he made reply; nevertheless, his tone was dogged and firm.

"I do refuse: whatever the consequences may be."

Seyton's promise to his wife was utterly forgotten, as he rose up, with a wrathful scorn on his face, and in his clear grey eyes.

"Don't suppose that all this is a mystery to me. When half London could guess it, why should not I? I only heard the truth, when I heard that Flora Dorrillon's slaves were possessed. What else could make a man let his mother die, and his sister pine away, sooner than lose three days of such a woman's society?—Sit down—you madman—you *shall* hear me out. (His strong arm thrust Vincent back into the chair, from which the latter had sprung in a sudden fury.) I know what you would say for her; so spare yourself to utter it. As God hears me, I hold the poorest out-cast of the workhouse higher, far higher, than the high-born dame, who has made you the laughing-stock of the town."

Never, in all his life, had Tom Seyton been so nearly eloquent: the strong expressions of the last sentence would scarcely have occurred to him, at another moment: but his fiery indignation made him speak just as one inspired.

Flemyng's face had grown deathly white, and utterly disfigured with passion—passion that choked him, so as to prevent the articulation of a single intelligible word: his hand and wrist quivered like a bulrush, as he pointed to the door.

A moment's reflection caused Seyton to feel somewhat ashamed and conscience-stricken. It was clear he had made a false step in yielding to his honest impulses. What would you have? Even born ambassadors are but mortals; and our friend was never meant for diplomacy. However, he had now gone too far to recede; the words that had been spoken could neither be unsaid, nor atoned for, even if he had wished to do either. Scarcely suppressing a groan, Tom owned to himself, that he had no more business there; and that his best course, for the moment, was to depart speedily, before more harm was done.

"Look here, Vincent," he said, in quite an altered tone—"I spoke unadvisedly a minute ago; and I'm sorry for it; though I can't retract a word. But I'm as cool, now, as I ever was in my life. It just comes to this. If you choose to return with me to-morrow, or if you come to Warleigh within any reasonable time—free of this entanglement—you shall be as welcome as if nothing had happened. But, so long as your present intimacy with Lady Dorrillon subsists, you shall never see Kate, with my free-will. I don't forget that she is your sister; but I'm bound to remember that she is the mother of my children. You needn't answer me, now, when there is bitterness between us. I shall not

go down till to-morrow afternoon. If you think better of these things, meanwhile, you know where a line will find me."

Even as he spoke, Seyton moved towards the door—very slowly; for, in despite of all, he was loath to depart without drawing one word of repentance or concession from the man he had come to save. But, the twin-devils of Luxury and Anger, who held Flemyng in their grip, would not let go their prey. Though the first tumult of his fury had subsided, his heart was not a whit more accessible to gratitude, or penitence, or shame. He only averted his down-cast head sullenly, and signified, with an impatient gesture, that he would be left alone.

Seyton had nearly reached the threshold, when he stopped suddenly, as if he had forgotten something. He came back, and placed a small roll of notes on the table, close to the pile that lay as they had been counted.

"There are my Crusader winnings," he said: "every shilling of them. I meant you should have that money, from the moment I heard of your misfortunes. You're not the less welcome, for all that's been said and done. I hope it may be of some use to you: it would be none to me; so you need have no scruples. I couldn't spend it—or keep it either—as things stand. I'm glad I remembered. I should have been miserable, if I had carried that stuff away with me."

Vincent Flemyng—distracted as he was with evil passions, and debased by selfishness—was not wholly untouched by the simple-minded kindness of the action and words. For a brief instant, he liked Seyton better than he had ever done in his life; and felt half inclined to call him back, and accept—at least for the nonce—the moderate conditions of peace. But it was not to be.

Every Tyrolean or Alpine traveller knows those steep smooth grassy hill-faces—more dangerous, from their very seductiveness, than cliff, or ice-crag, or snow-slope—that have so many deaths to answer for. In these there is always one point, which if the victim has reached, it is not only impossible for him to retrace his steps, but equally impossible to arrest, were it for one second, his progress to destruction. People who have witnessed such accidents, say that this slow irresistible downward impulse, is the most horrible part of the whole catastrophe.

To such a stage in the moral precipice Vincent Flemyng had come. Whilst he paused, irresolute, the door closed softly; and so, from the doomed man was cut off the very last chance of repentance—the very last ray of hope, on this side of Eternity.

(To be continued.)

SOME PICTURES FROM A POETICAL POINT OF VIEW.

SCANT knowledge of technical art is no guarantee for deeper appreciation of its revelations, and we desire to be extremely modest in our pretensions. Nevertheless, our title is a correct one for our meaning. That which charms the non-intelligent public, of which we are humble members, is the story conveyed in a picture, which is to art much what a tune is to music. Nor is this an entirely vulgar pleasure. To please a well educated eye or ear, the picture must be well painted, and the tune accurately played. Artists, however, experience exquisite delight in subtle combinations and contrasts of colour and sound—as such. We—that is, you and I—don't share this, except to a very limited extent.

Now when we go to a concert we are enchanted if we hear the Blue Bells of Scotland, or Home, Sweet Home, or the minuet in Don Juan: our head wags instantly; our feet beat time; the tears flush into our eyes. Don't say we don't love music; ever since we were,

"A one pennied boy, with a penny to spare,"

we gave it to the organ grinder. A military band makes our heart throb; Haydn's Canonets transport us instantly beside a spider-legged spinnet of the last century, on which the enchanting Harriet is playing to Sir Charles. We can understand the tremendous thunder of the Hallelujah Chorus, and the village bells that chime across the meadows are silver sweet to our ears; we are passionately fond of music in this simple way; and we love pictures exactly in the same way, and in no other.

For instance, we like "The Huguenots" dearly; and we like the great "Italy" of Turner in the National Gallery, because it is the living portrait of "The Woman Nation." And we like those lovely ladies of Sir Joshua Reynolds, scattered through the ancestral homes of England; and we like the many coloured canals of Venice as drawn by Canaletti. Among sacred pictures we find the golden "Assumption of the Virgin," by Titian, and the Dresden Raphael, adorable; the Madonna and Infant in the Louvre, with the meekly arch little St. John, delightful; then all the queer old Holbeins are extremely interesting; and the Vandyke portraits are history in fair raiment; but the Sir Peter Lelys are too fat and curly—only we have a sneaking kindness for Nell Gwynn. Don't you remember how she hung her baby out of the window at Lauderdale House in a pet because the king would not give him a title, and in a fright he shouted out "*Save the Duke of St. Albans!*" But there is no end to the de-

lightful pictures in the world, or to the ideas they suggest; from Dan, as portrayed by Mr. David Roberts, to Beersheba, as delightfully rendered by Müller; or from the remote north of Scotland, frequently placed before us by the old Water Colour Society, to the Land's End, where lately sat Mr. Arthur Severn. And this brings us to the Dudley Gallery.

Please to come there with me, my non-intelligent reader; neither of us knowing much about pictures, neither can look down upon the other. One ticket will do for our two umbrellas, but, if you please, let us have two catalogues—I am misanthropic in the matter of catalogues, and it disturbs my poetical appreciation to look over anybody's shoulder. I do like the Dudley Gallery, because the pictures are so new in their meanings; and, beautiful as the two societies are, we regret seeing, year after year, such an intense sameness; each clever man repeating himself *ad nauseam*. Mr. Collingwood Smith, for instance, is an exquisite artist, but there is a certain tender opposition of blue, green, and crimson, which is as a sign-mark to his works. Observe the stupidity of my remark: I have no doubt the tints have some proper name; but the effect I mean is suggestive of a nose-gay of sea-thistles and damask roses, seen a long way off. In the Dudley Gallery one never knows what to expect; and so much the better.

First there is the Land's End, that is to say, the sea from that ilk; for the artist must have sat with his back to all England and his feet to the rolling ocean, hitching back his camp-stool whenever that flat undercurrent threatened to wet his feet. Shall I tell you what I thought of, when I looked at that picture of the sunset sea? I thought of Eliot Warburton, as last seen with folded arms upon the deck of his burning ship, not far from there, somewhere near the Scilly Isles; and then of the Phœnicians coming for their tin; coming all the way from the wide sloping plain of Carthage, in strange vessels, rudely tossed in the Bay of Biscay, and landing in their bright southern dresses, and talking vociferously in their Mediterranean accents, on that very bit of beach where Mr Arthur Severn planted his camp-stool. All this is as much as to say that the frame of the picture represents to me an open window of a hovel made out of an old boat in a very exposed situation; indeed, probably submerged at high water!—and I do not know that I could pay it a better compliment.

The same young artist has another picture—"Notre Dame from the opposite Quay." If I were technical, I might be emboldened to say that the right-hand side is somewhat

lky; only the white stones and stuccoes of
is are chalkier than the cliffs of "Perfide
ion" themselves. With the sunset glare
the towers, it is so strong and clear that I
voluntarily looked for Quasimodo clinging
the gargyle, ere he was dashed in the
rid depth below. Victor Hugo's powerful
gination has, as it were, appropriated the
rk of another man—the architect; has
hed it with humanity; has infused a living
it of romance into the splendid old build-
; and both being, after all, poetical crea-
s, the one seems as real to me as the
er! I wonder whether, when Mr. Arthur
ern sat sketching on that quay, he re-
tted the scaffolding of those new houses.
ked Notre Dame in its old dirty *entourage*.
kin somewhere points out that the Gothic
nedrals were meant to be closely surrounded
Gothic houses. No doubt of it. How
utiful is that contrast of tall towers and
le-ends, of aerial tracery caught against
deep shadowy background of projecting
se-stories. The old church of Dieppe
rds some beautiful examples of an ecclesi-
cal building in connection with antique
et architecture. But if we go on looking
Notre Dame in this way we shall never get
further.

"An English Homestead," by Arthur Ditch-
d. This tidy picture is very pleasing; the
n who lives there goes in all things on the
nciple that a stitch in time saves nine.
ok how he has swept up his straw within
yard bounds; he exists in a state of com-
t which is not merely snug, but *smug*; and
re is a wide difference between the two
sonants! Eggs and bacon every day for
akfast and a fat chicken for dinner on the
unday do the couple get who inhabit that
use, as they have probably no children.
t. Ditchfield is a great name this year at the
ndley. There is the late afternoon bit,
ar Cowes: bare hedge; twigs sticking up
ainst an orange horizon; just the field and
hour for a meditative ramble—in goloshes.
ropos of Cowes—which is such a quaint,
lty place even yet, with its miniature rail-
y running up the Medina to Newport—I
n never hear of the place without a ludicrous
embrance of a young foreigner unexpect-
ly invited to dine at Osborne. On the
ry morning his tailor sent his black dress
alls home—too tight; and his valet forgot
pack up his black silk stockings. Arrived
Cowes, and wanting to dress for dinner,
err Wolfenspüttel (let's call him) hunted
er the little town, high and low, but nothing
uld be found save a degrading pair with
otton toes and cotton tops, which he was ob-
ged to put on, hoping her Majesty would not

observe them. Into his smalls he then packed
himself with difficulty. "Could you get them
on, my dear Herr Wolfenspüttel?" "Yes,
sir; just do it; but I was most uncomfortable,
and though I wanted some lunch, I durst not
eat anything but sandwiches."

Another new name is that of Albert Good-
win, who loves rich autumn colour, and a
certain full harmony of intention. This is
visible in several of the new men. The old
water-colour painters outlined sharply, and
affected bright spots of colour, and white
scratched out with a brisk penknife. The
school now coming up is fond of twilight, and
the mysterious blending of evening hues. One
feels inclined to peer into their pictures for
whatever may be lurking in the corners
thereof. A special example is the "Sunset
on the Thames," where the earth and water
are really half invisible. It has for a motto
the last line of a sonnet of Mr. Allingham's:—

The vast and solemn company of clouds
Around the sun's death, lit, incarnadined,
Cool into ashy wan; as night enshrouds
The level pasture, creeping up behind
Through voiceless vales, o'er lawn and purpled hill,
And hazèd mead, her mystery to fulfil.
Cows low from far-off farms; the loitering wind
Sighs in the hedge, you hear it if you will.
Through all, the wood—alive atop with wings
Lifting and sinking through the leafy nooks—
Seethes with the clamour of ten thousand rooks.
Now every sound at length is hushed away.
These few are sacred moments. *One more Day*
Drops in the shadowy gulph of bygone things.

Now isn't that a fine sonnet? And it is the
key-note of the particular idea just now seized
upon by these new painters, Mr. Mawley in-
cluded; and one is grateful to them for the
definition, only hoping they have not suffered
greatly from sore-throats during their pursuit
of the beautiful; for "hazèd meads" are
particularly rheumatic places, and so are woods
when it is so dark that you can only just see
the boughs of the trees confusedly between you
and the dying west. Damp also is it to sit
in a punt upon the Thames when the moon
is rising;—what Mr. Mantalini would have
called "dem'd damp uncomfortable." And
therefore the more gratitude is due to people
who go on heroically painting while their
paper is getting so limp that one colour runs
into another, and the midges are attacking
their tender skins.

It rejoiced my heart to see a line of Mr.
Allingham's quoted in a catalogue. So full
of delicate beauty and nervous strength are
his poems, so different to the gushing school
which people like and buy just now, and
which, though rich in occasional beauties,
seems as if the higher intellectual qualities
had nothing to say to it. Mr. Allingham

chisels his poems, and they are consequently sharp in the memory. Who knows that lovely sonnet, "In a Spring Grove"—

Here the white-rayed anemone is born,
Woodsorrel and the varnished buttercup;
And primrose in its purpled green swathed up,
Pallid and sweet round every budding thorn.

And the melancholy sweetness and mystery of one of his three poems on the Eolian Harp:

What is it that is gone we fancied ours?
O! what is lost that never may be told?

Taking down his volume to extract the whole of the first sonnet quoted, I was struck by the number of poems referring in some way to closing eve. Mr. Allingham should always wear the evening-primrose in his button-hole, and set up a bat for his coat-of-arms.

Adelaide Claxton's "Tapestry Chamber" delights me by its fantastic imagination. Such a bright girl is that sitting before her mirror, all her wealth of golden hair unloosed, as she playfully upholds it for her own admiration. Her new gauze dress, with its blue trimmings, is spread daintily over a chair; the room is ancient, the huge bed massive and dark, while between her and it flit the white ghosts of ladies who once slept therein; they wear the dress of Elizabeth and James; astonishment and delight are in their ghostly attitudes, and one filmy apparition is holding up its filmy hands in ecstasy at the little pair of white satin boots! See what it is to have an imagination! I am sure you and I have looked at old books of costume times out of mind, and such a pretty notion never came into our heads. Florence Claxton has a very dainty sketch of a girl walking "In the Grey Twilight;" and the larger one of Dante sitting forlornly outside the wall of Beatrice's garden, while the women pass in and out to condole with her upon her father's death. He thrusts his head suggestively into an angle of the wall, wishing for the moment that he were a woman and could go in and condole with her. It is a bright bit of Italian colour, but I like the "Grey Twilight" best.

There is a long water-colour, called "The Noble River that rolls by the Walls of Rome," taken somewhere up or down the Tiber, and giving an excellent idea of the desolate aspect of the river banks. Mr. De Morgan's "Visitation of Elizabeth" would be a charming object in an oratory: one does not often see a modern religious picture with so much feeling. Also, I have fallen in love with Mr. Walter Field's "Angler"—

What time the May-fly haunts the pool and stream.

This young man has an extraordinary appreciation of quiet English beauty; hay-fields, and flat river meadows. As a lineal descend-

ant of the famous "Brewer of Huntingdon" it probably runs in the blood.

Among the ladies, Miss Helen Coleman is certainly lucky. Just look at the blue tickets! As to her painting, it is as if she took up a handful of flowers, twigs, mosses, flung them on to a bit of paper,—and there they stay! Since famous William Hunt laid down his tinted brushes, nothing so good in the way of flower-painting has come into the exhibitions. Each of these little pictures should have a verse delicately inscribed beneath,—say from Shelley, the poet of flowers as of most other fair things. For each he has his simile:

The rose like a nymph to the bath address,

the pied wind-flowers, and the tulip tall; the daisies and the delicate bells. What a pretty rendering she would give of that one verse in the "Sensitive Plant":—

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Another lady of a totally different cast of artistic intellect is Miss Blunden. She has three pictures there. She is at present possessed with the intention of painting green fields, *and she does it*; not quite pleasantly, but with a clear originality which it is impossible not to admire. For years I have watched Miss Blunden's name appearing only occasionally in the exhibitions, but always in connection with something which arrested the attention. One portrait of an old rock, bearing the odd title of "God's Gothic," was sold some years ago, and has, I believe, found its way into the possession of Sir Roderick Murchison, as it deserved to do. When I see Miss Blunden's pictures I almost always long to buy them, they are so full of forcible expression. Still, I wish that green fields were not weighing quite so much on her mind. A donkey or a horse, for instance, would naturally delight in such representations, and indulge in an anticipative munch; but I would fain suggest to this conscientious artist a change of crop and colour, reminding her, in the words of the Piper's Cow in the ballad, that—

Corn rigs are bonny.

One regrets to see a large picture by another lady hung above the line of comfortable vision. Madame Bodichon's fine drawing of the "Lover's Seat by Moonlight" ought, if anything, to be looked down upon, as the spectator would naturally behold the broken sloping ground of that beautiful Sussex glen. Of course, every picture cannot be opposite the spectator's eye; but the only two specimens of this artist's singularly original power

hung as to give the casual visitor very power of appreciating it. Etty sent his nine years running to Somerset, and was rejected every time. When at that lovely canvas of his in the Gallery, and read its motto, chosen the grandest ode in the language, I think of those days, when, though was at the prow, pleasure could hardly been at the helm.

W, alas! as I look round the walls and catalogue, I see! ah! so many subjects, my ideas! I see England, Assyria, Conople, Henley-on-Thames, Seville, Salis-Pekin and Pangbourne, Hampstead, the Himalayas—all side by side, and adding my attention. It quite bewilders. If I could but confine myself to a technical view of art, I might spend another hour it would be like working out a sum reducing its parts to the same denomination. But taking, as we agreed at start—poetical view of things, it is impossible many more diverse ideas in solution. In the dark with one's eyes shut, and fully watching a troop of sheep leap through a hole in a hedge, is the best receipt excessive intellectual fatigue. Without such remedial process the famous scenes figures of this great collection will blend like the colours of a magical top, and and become a delightful mixture of images, like those of Mr. Sala's showman, enumeration of earthly potentates was added by the names of the Emperor of China and the Isthmus of Panama.

THE UNINVITED GUEST.

"THINK," said my husband, one day, "we really should do something about Georgina's education. She is really too old to idle her time as she does."

"Yes," I agreed; "but unless we settle in London, I do not see how we can improve her. I really dread bringing a governess to a desolate spot; she would not stay above a month."

It was by no means the first conversation between my husband and I had had about our only child and spoiled pet; but it is a fair specimen of many, and ended, like the others, by letting the subject drop. However, as we approached we decided on moving into London, and took apartments for a short time.

My husband soon became restless; he wanted lodgings," he said, and thought Georgina accustomed to run about the country, would fall ill if confined to our small rooms. "I could take a house: then she could play as she chose, and run up and down stairs

to her heart's content, especially on wet days.

Taking a house, however, is more easily accomplished in word than deed. Winter is the season in London, and this, it was predicted, would be an unusually good one. Rents rose in proportion. Our means were then rather straitened; not so our ideas, however. We were both fastidious, and I fear the house-agent found us rather unreasonable.

I got so tired of walking up and down stairs in empty houses, and also felt so chilled, that at last I allowed George to take all the trouble of visiting and viewing those in the list sent us by Mr. Letts. When he came home, and reported what he had seen, I listened with due attention; but on considering carefully, there was generally some drawback.

One day, George came in with a radiant countenance, and said:—

"My dear, I am sure I have found the exact house to suit us."

"Where?" was my first question.

He named a dull, but aristocratic, part of the city. I listened with great deference while he expatiated on the merits of this habitation, and described it from "garret to basement." It certainly seemed unobjectionable. The rent was the next point; that also was in our favour. So it was arranged that I should accompany George next day to see it; and he politely said that my decision should be final.

"La nuit porte conseil." In the wakeful moments of night I resolved that, if the new house was one where I could make my family at all comfortable, I would not discourage the evident desire of George to take it.

In this mood I accompanied my husband next morning. When we reached our destination I thought its appearance unexceptionable. When we had traversed it all, I said:—

"I think we may decide on settling ourselves here."

"I quite agree with you," said my husband. "I knew what your opinion would be."

"We are at last fortunate," we agreed.

The house-agent was silent.

Signing and sealing were accomplished without delay. Next day we had large fires lighted, and the house, which gave us the idea of having been long unoccupied, was thoroughly aired. In a few days we took possession. The morning of our arrival we contrived to settle our furniture, and the pretty little articles of "bigotry and virtue," as Mrs. Caudle has it, from our old house, to look as home-like as possible. In the afternoon, George went out for his customary ramble; I was too busy to accompany him, and Georgina appeared to think I could not

arrange things without her assistance, so she would not leave me.

We had placed our books on their shelves: this was the finishing touch. I still had the last in my hand, but had opened it, and was glancing over its contents. Georgina was at the centre table, taking off the bonnet and cloak in which her doll had accomplished her journey. In a moment, however, I felt my gown pulled; I turned, and saw that my child had crept to my side, and she whispered stealthily:—

"Look THERE, mamma!"

I looked in the direction my darling pointed, and saw an old gentleman seated in one of the arm-chairs. He seemed about seventy; his head was slightly bowed, his hands clasped, and he was apparently absorbed in thought. I gazed earnestly at him, but could not recall his features; in fact, he was to me perfectly a stranger.

Some moments passed thus. I then thought he must be a friend of the former tenants of our new abode, and that it was time, if he had thought to find them there, to acquaint him with his mistake.

With this resolution I approached and addressed him. He, however, neither looked at me, nor appeared to have heard me speak. Thinking he might be deaf, I repeated my observation in a higher key.

All in vain; he did not raise his head or pay me the slightest attention. I tried again, but was equally unsuccessful.

I now thought my visitor must have lost his senses, and recalled all I had heard of lunatics eluding the vigilance of their keepers, and entering the quiet haven of a family unexpectedly. With this idea I took my child's hand, and we left the room.

We entered the dining-room, and I rang the bell.

"MacTavish," I asked, when the butler came in, "has any one called to-day to see me?"

"No, ma'am."

"Or to inquire for the last occupants of this house?"

"No, ma'am."

"You are quite certain?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Will you inquire if any of the maids have opened the front door to any one?"

"I know they have not, ma'am, as I have been about here all the afternoon."

"I wish you to inquire," I said.

MacTavish went off with an injured air; but presently returned with ill-concealed triumph to say that no one except himself had opened the hall-door that day.

I returned to the drawing-room. Our un-

expected visitor was still there. It was now about four o'clock. I did not expect my husband till five; but oh! how I wished some magnetic power could bring him home.

Presently I was struck with the recollection that I had neither seen nor heard the drawing-room door open; this determined me on watching for our guest's departure. With this view, I seated myself near the door, and beguiled the time with my crochet. In about an hour, however, just as I had done counting a few stitches, I glanced towards the arm-chair—it was unoccupied!

"How could he have gone?" was my first thought, when I began to think; for I was wonder-stricken at first.

He certainly could not have gone to the door, or I must have seen him. I hastened to ring the bell; but when MacTavish appeared, I hardly knew what to say, feeling reluctant to let him know the strange incident till I had told my husband, so I asked:

"Has your master returned?"

"No, ma'am."

"Did you not open the front door just now?"

"No, ma'am; no one has passed in or out since."

I was puzzled, but at that moment George knocked, and MacTavish hastened down stairs.

I felt relieved on seeing my husband, and soon told him all that had happened.

When I saw his air of wonder, and I may say doubt, I felt sorry that, in my anxiety to avoid any foundation for exaggerated stories, I had not called one of the servants to witness the stranger's visit; for though George did not absolutely refuse to believe me, he asked so many questions, that I almost began to doubt the evidence of my eyes.

Next morning passed as usual; but in the afternoon, George insisted on remaining at home with me, but he did not do so with a good grace; on the contrary, he was most restless, paced up and down the room, took the books from their shelves, opened them, but instead of reading, threw them about, examined every little article on the chiffoniers and tables as though he had never seen them before, and fidgeted as if he was expecting some one to keep an appointment.

I laughingly reminded him that our friend had made no promise. Evening closed in, and our party was not increased. Next morning, George went out early. The cold just at this season was so intense, I was kept a prisoner at home. In the afternoon he stayed with me; no old gentleman appeared, and George was as impatient as before.

Three or four days passed in like manner. At last George, seemingly convinced that

gina and I had been mistaken, left us
afternoon for his customary walk.

about four o'clock that day, habit induced
to glance at the arm-chair. The uninvited
was THERE!

knowing that he had not entered the room
any ordinary way, I did not like to approach
this time. Georgina, perceiving him also,
close to me, and we left the room. I
the dining-room bell for MacTavish, and
called the other servants. I was first to
the drawing-room, and was slowly fol-
lowed by a wondering train. Our old visitor
could not move even to raise his head; we
talked about him in silence: then, dismissing
the maid, I kept my own maid with me. Mac-
Tavish waited in the entrance-hall for the de-
parture of the old gentleman; however, our
visit was useless—he disappeared as suddenly
as he had appeared.

When my husband returned, he found the
household in great agitation: no one now
thought of an unearthly visitor. George, how-
ever, ridiculed that idea, laughed at my pale
face, and said it would never do to encourage
our servants to believe such non-
sense, or we should become the laughing-stock
of the neighbourhood. I begged him not to
leave me of an afternoon till he was convinced
this was no illusion. He said he would
stay at home till the expiration of our
marriage, than miss seeing the "old gentleman,"
which was now our "household word."

However, his patience was not long tried
more; for the following afternoon, we were
three in the drawing-room. I was working,
Georgina seated at my feet, my husband
coming up and down the room, sweeping un-
consciously the anti-macassars off the chairs
and sofas, catching his foot occasionally in
the dress, and stopping his promenade only to
examine the books and china, and lay them
down again, but either upside down or in the
wrong place; however, the mischief was not
irreparable. That inspection over, George
went to the window and whistled.

meantime my nerves were becoming strung
to their utmost. It was almost four o'clock.
I watched the time-piece, and when it pointed
to four, I glanced at the chair: there was our
guest! George, however, appeared to have
forgotten all about him, and kept his back
to the window while he gazed from the window. My
husband took my hand, but remained where she
was. I dared not move, but counted the mo-
ments till George should turn. At last he
came. Words cannot describe the amaze-
ment pictured in his countenance: he seemed
dazed-stricken; but, soon recovering his
self-possession, he walked up to and addressed
the visitor. He, however, was not more suc-

cessful than I had been; for the old gentleman
neither raised his head even to glance at him,
nor made the slightest movement, but ap-
peared, as usual, absorbed in thought.

MacTavish found some excuse to enter the
room to see the result of his master's vigil;
he approached also; the other servants in a
short time followed, as if guessing something
was wrong. An astonished circle formed round
the chair, and an agreement was made in
whispers that none should stir till its occu-
pant should go.

But how that came to pass was incompre-
hensible. He disappeared with the eyes of all
our circle still fixed on him. How can I de-
scribe it? I can only say he *was* and he *was*
not. In order to certify himself of this ab-
sence, my husband was going to seat himself
in the chair; but Georgina interposed and
would not suffer it, evidently in the fear that
the chair might sink through the lowest depths
of the earth.

My husband's next proceeding was to call
on Mr. Letts, the house-agent, who seemed so
overwhelmed with astonishment, that more
simple people might have believed that he had
never heard of such a thing before.

However, in the evening my maid went out,
and in some of the shops near inquired about
the house as if she had been a stranger to it;
and heard that no one stayed very long in
it; some of the less cautious of these usual
gossip-retailers told of an old gentleman who
had been seen in it for many years, but who
never "did any harm."

Next morning I had a severe attack of neu-
ralgia, an occasional tormentor then brought
on by the agitation of the preceding days.
George fetched a doctor, and we related to
him the extraordinary incident that had be-
fallen us. He readily admitted that he had
often heard the story, and strongly advised
our breaking our lease, and added that I must
have a complete change of air and scene. My
husband called again on Mr. Letts, who, after
much pressure, allowed that, because there
were some rumours, which *of course* he did not
believe, afloat about this house, he had let us
have it as favourably for ourselves as possible,
and sooner than have anything said about it,
or, as he put it, have any disagreement, he
would take it off our hands. We moved into
an hotel till our packing was accomplished.
My maid requested MacTavish's presence as
a protection while she removed from the draw-
ing-room all that I had placed in it. When
all was ended, we sent our servants to our old
home; and my husband, my child, and I
came abroad to divert our minds, rather over-
strained hitherto, and endeavour to forget our
"uninvited guest of E.—"



Martius . . . quid agam Calendis ?—HOR. Od.

STAY thy fury, Aquilo,
Till the golden crocus blow ;
Though the big ships founder, yet
Do not harm the violet.
From thy eagle pinnions borne,
Sound no raging tempest horn ;
Let thy lion voice, though heard,
Drown the singing of no bird,
Drive no shivering bleating lamb
From the shelter of her dam.
Boreas with the swollen cheek,
Be thou also patient, meek ;
Snap no little snowdrop stem
From the young year's diadem.
Gloomy Auster, scattering rains
O'er the farmer's new sown plains ;
Æolus, who loosens, binds,
In the cavern of the winds,
Keep thee, murky spirit, tied
To thy fiercer brother's side ;

So no roof be rent or torn,
Nor the swift floods drown the corn.
Wanton Eurus, be thou mute,
Now the blackbirds pipe and flute ;
Fierce and boisterous, be thou dumb
Now the gentle Spring is come.
Thou bright Zephyr, now dispense
Thy benignant influence,
Till through sunbeam-lighted
showers
Dance the chorus of the hours.
Iris, spread aloft thy bow
O'er the colour'd clouds that glow ;
Flowers, and buds, and rosy skies
Soon shall cheer our dazzled eyes ;
Sunshine, warm the frozen sod,
Let the wheat-blade pierce the clod ;
Till crown'd April's heralds bring
To his throne the gracious King.

WALTER THORNBURY.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER XIX. A LITTLE GOSSIP.



HERE is probably no place on earth where so much work is got through as in London; where so much thought, so much "doing," so much feeling, so much hearing, so much seeing, is compressed into the days as in this, the great city of labour.

Here, men live out their threescore years and ten before they reach middle age. Event succeeds to event; duty to duty; employment to employment, without pause or break: over the stones, and along the pavement, the tide of

existence rolls without cessation; through men's brains there is a great thoroughfare run by the traffic of work; work always running, never ending; in their ears is a continual noise, caused by the present wheels of something that has to be done to-day; and a dull roar, announcing the coming something which must be done to-morrow, and the morrow after, and through every succeeding morrow of their lives.

There can be no folding together of the days, till the hour comes for final rest. Here there is no slippered ease, no dreamy contemplation; every soldier of the great army is on duty, if he comes even within sight of the battle-field; work stands on the doorstep waiting to be attended to; work waits for audience in the innermost chamber; work takes its seat in brougham and barouche, and no man shall say it nay; work lurks beside the sleeper, and wakes him through the night, even in dreams he should forget its sovereignty, forget this Pharaoh of the modern Egypt, who answers the appeal of his slaves, however weary or however worn they may be, with the taunting sentence, "Make brick, make brick; ye are idle, ye are idle."

Work!—every man's mind is full of it. See, as you walk along the streets in the early

morning, men hurrying city-ward, men going forth to their labours.

The pavements are crowded; the omnibuses are laden; there are carriages proceeding eastward; there are cabs following close after one another.

Whichever quarter you take, it is the same—North, East, South, or West; over London Bridge they come, seventeen conveyances a minute; down the City Road and Shoreditch, down Goswell and St. John Streets, pour the inhabitants of Holloway and Highbury, of Islington, of Pentonville, of Hackney, of Bethnal Green, of Kingsland, Dalston, Cambridge Heath, Hoxton and Homerton, and Barnsbury and Ball's Pond; along the Commercial and Mile End Roads troop the dwellers in Stepney, Bow, Limehouse, Shadwell, Poplar, Whitechapel, and Wapping. Down Holborn and through the Strand sweeps the West End tide, bearing with it the denizens of Kensington and Bayswater, of Notting Hill, of St. John's Wood, of Paddington, Tyburnia, Belgravia, Pimlico, Chelsea, Hammersmith, and Fulham. As for the South—across the bridges it sends its tributaries to the great human stream. By train, by omnibus, on foot, they come to swell the flood: from Greenwich and Blackheath, from New Cross, Peckham, Lewisham, Camberwell, Sydenham, Norwood, Walworth, Brixton, Bermondsey, Deptford, Kennington, Lambeth, Clapham, Battersea, Vauxhall, and all outlying towns and villages they come to work; they are to be met with in the back streets as in the main thoroughfares; they are to be found taking short cuts on foot, or beheld in the regular roads seated on the tops of omnibuses, or hurrying from their trains.

It matters little in which direction the reader turns his steps, whether he elects to make his observations in Aldgate or the Borough, in Stangate or the Horseferry Road, at the Canal Bridge in Clerkenwell, or any remoter locality, the result will be the same. Every house contributes its unit to the great congregation; from each dwelling some one goes "forth to his work, and his labour till the evening."

And this work, this constant labour, stamps a certain character on the faces of the Londoners, which is to be observed on the faces

of none of their countrymen. They seem to be always looking after something which is a long way in advance of them, thinking of something in which the busy streets and the passers-by have no part or share.

There is a most extraordinary look in the countenance of a Londoner, when he is "himself," when he does not know anyone is observing him, when he is not talking or acting any social part. He appears like one who sees without observing, who hears without noticing, who thinks without analysing, who, living continually in the midst of his fellows, is still mentally alone, who is only vaguely conscious of the existence of that second life, which to philosophers seems the real life, and who is amazed, and grateful, and yet half-afraid when some one puts his thoughts into words for him, separates the floating mass of aspirations and regrets, and hopes and sorrows, and feelings which are common to us all, and presents each crystallised into its own proper form, clothed with its own especial beauty, whether the beauty be sad or bright, for his contemplation.

The very walk of these workers is different from the walk of the semi-workers elsewhere.

Take your stand, reader, any morning at the top of Cheapside, and you will understand what I mean.

The country people move along swiftly, or slowly, as the case may be; but in either case indefinitely. The Londoners, on the contrary, walk as men having a purpose, straight on to their object.

Distances in the great city may have some share in producing this result: when a man has but to lounge down the street, or round the corner—when he has but to stretch out his hand and lay it on the shoulder of John, Tom and Harry—when he can take his time over his meals—when there is no hurry about anything, naturally, his walk becomes desultory and leisurely, like his business. The men and the women around him take the world, its labours, its pleasures, its sorrows quietly. The pace of life is not the same over the fields as over the stones. Every person in the remote regions where the country people come from, has less to do in existence than it is possible for him to get through. Let the Londoner work as hard as he will, he still finds there is more to be done than he can quite accomplish. When he wakes in the morning, it is with no vague feeling of wonder as to what may turn up for him to do; he knows enough is left from the previous day to occupy all his time; it is a race with him from the cradle to the grave; not always a Race for Wealth, friends, but oftentimes, alas! a Race for Bread.

Striving, fighting, working; always busy; never idle; meeting with competition at every turn; having his wits daily sharpened by necessity and experience, the Londoner becomes superficially clever, and preternaturally active. Farther, he never knows of his own knowledge the meaning of the word "ennui;" the day is never too long for him—not even the twenty-first of June has hours enough in it for the arrears to be got under—the balance to be accurately struck.

The days are moments, the years months; and it was with the intensest surprise that Lawrence Barbour, counting up the length of his sojourn in London, found he had passed four summers there; four summers and four winters, and that it was February again, and the anniversary of his coming to the great Babylon once more.

For the years had passed like a watch in the night. Looking back, he could not realise to himself that the time had come, and the time had gone so rapidly; he could scarcely believe he had entered London a boy, and that he was now a man; and yet in those four years he had lived longer than during the score passed in the country.

He was still in Mr. Perkins' employment, though not an inmate of Mr. Perkins' house; further contributions to the domestic establishment on the part of Mrs. Perkins rendering such an arrangement as inconvenient to the chemist, as distasteful to his kinsman.

From the back bed-room, from a perfect opera of juvenile woes, from the society of "the mother of a family," from the contemplation of Ada's hair, from meals graced by the presence of the entire household—a baby in arms included—from tin saucepans, and horsehair chairs,—behold Lawrence translated to "apartments,"—to three rooms in a house, concerning which I shall have more to say hereafter,—to furniture of his own, to tea and coffee that he made for himself, to dinners and suppers which he ordered on his own responsibility.

This change had come about on the occasion of one of those events when the assistance of Lawrence's natural enemy was considered necessary.

As it never seemed to enter into Mr. Perkins' head that his house required enlarging, Lawrence took it upon him to hint that the family needed reducing; and although both Mr. and Mrs. Perkins urged him to remain, remarking that they could manage "somehow," the young man steeled himself against all entreaties, and moved into the apartments of which honourable mention has been made already.

"It is preparatory to his getting married,

dear," was Mrs. Jackson's comment on the affair, to which Mrs. Perkins on her first day of receiving visitors groaned out a resolute dissent.

"Do you think Miss Alwyn would come and live *there*?" she asked. "No, not if she was in love with him fifty times over, and as twice as sweet on her as he is."

"I did not say he was going to bring her Mrs. Pratting's first floor," answered Mrs. Jackson. "I only said it looked like getting married, and so it does. If not marriage, what else? What would a young man like him investigate in furniture for, if not with a view settling? With my own two eyes I saw the rooms yesterday, and more beautiful rooms, I will say, could not be found in Limehouse. There was a piano, and a couple of easy chairs, and a carpet all moss and green leaves, and hangings of damask—worsted damask, for I took it with my bare hand—and a round table, and a chiffonnière with a lot of gimcracks on it, not decanters, and cut tumblers, and such useful things as we have on our sideboards,—but glass "gobbelets," I think Mrs. Pratting called them, that looked big enough, but that weren't a feather-weight in your hand when you lifted them,—and a large china vase, like what you would see in a grocer's window, and gilt flower-holders that were mighty fine and pretty,—and a naked woman riding on a lion, and a couple of other figures without a titch on them,—not a blessed rag more than that baby wore when it came into the world,—which I thought were barely decent, and that I know I would bundle out of the window pretty sharp if Samuel brought them home to me,—and the arm-chairs were covered with velvet—real Geneva velvet, Mrs. Pratting assured me,—and he has got a clock on the mantelshelf, with two more naked boys sprawling on it, and spill-boxes, and lustres, and cigar-cases, and,—my dear, you must go and see it for yourself."

"And, oh! I forgot to tell you," she continued, "over the piano there is a linograph of a young lady that is as like Miss Alwyn, Mrs. Pratting tells me, as two peas."

"And well, Mrs. Pratting," says I, "if so be as how Miss Alwyn is like that, she is like a disreputable baggage, which is all the remark I have got to make on the subject."

"With that, you'd a' thought she was going to jump out of her skin with fear; and 'Hush, hush, ma'am, if you please, for there is some people as lives in this house, and pays their rent regular week by week, and the tradespeople honourable, as has got two pair of ears, and half a dozen sets of eyes, and I won't mention no names for fear of accidents;' to which I made answer that we were in a free

country, and all equals in the sight of God; and that, if he had left any of his ears or eyes behind him, he was welcome to my opinions about the young woman in the chemise.

"He can't send you to Newgate, Mrs. Pratting," I wound up with, "for anything I say; and if he was here himself, I would say just the same to him."

"But if he knew I had showed you the rooms, he would be so angry."

"Would he?" says I. "Well, I never was above showing him mine, nor making him welcome to a cup of tea, or a glass of hot brandy and water, which, I will do him the justice to say, he never was above accepting; and, if it was not that you are a lone woman, Mrs. Pratting, and that the rent is, perhaps, as you say, an object, I would be downright angry with you for making such a fuss over Mr. Lawrence Barbour, who is no better nor a servant, so to speak; and is not even on his own account, nor a householder like yourself, Mrs. Pratting."

I wish it were possible for me to sketch Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Jackson as they looked to an outsider, while the soap-boiler's wife thus gossiped over my hero's affairs. If it might be that each reader could see the pair for himself, how far superior would such a sight prove than any description put in any form of words? The only time in her existence, perhaps, when Mrs. Perkins looked even passable, was on those not rare occasions on which she was "at home" in her bedroom, and "received" in a dressing-gown and night-cap. The absence of colours—dingy or gay—was an immense improvement to her appearance; and the consciousness that she had done her duty, and fulfilled her mission, imparted a certain dignity to her general deportment which was a desirable change from her usual fussy manner.

Further, she had her own peculiar ideas of etiquette, and a portion of this etiquette consisted in having a Bible and prayer-book constantly beside her. Regularly as a baby arrived on the scene, that Bible and prayer-book were produced. They came out with the white dimity; when the chintz hangings were taken down, and the snowy curtains put up, the orthodox volumes were disinterred from their own especial corner in Mr. Perkins' fancy drawer, which contained her sleeves, collars, ribbon-bows, Sunday brooch, and such like, and laid on the table beside the bed, not for use, but for ornament.

They were put there, Lawrence always thought, for the same purpose as some captains carry a "caul" to sea with them, as charms against danger. They were both full of markers, made of perforated cardboard,

with texts embroidered on some, while others bore such mundane sentences of affection and entreaty, as "For Susannah Anne," "Remember me!" "Dinna Forget!" "I love thee!" "Near to my heart;" the heart being worked in that uncomfortable shape which hearts are popularly supposed to resemble, in blue and red, and green floss silk, with a border of shamrocks, or roses, or fancy leaves, running round the edge.

These books had a subduing effect on Mrs. Perkins, the same as standing in a cathedral produces on many persons, and the nurse induced a still greater quietude of address; the chemist's wife always felt, as she phrased it, "quite the lady," when she was being looked after and attended to, having nothing to think of, as Lawrence's natural enemy declared, but herself, and nothing to do but "take her victuals reg'lar," a part of the performance which, it may incidentally be remarked, the nurse by no means neglected on her own account.

Altogether, those were very happy days in Mrs. Perkins' estimation; and, as she assured Mrs. Jackson, it always gave her pleasure to see a friend, we assume that gossip was better than "victuals" to her.

There, at any rate, she sate beside the fire, well propped up with unnecessary pillows, and almost smothered in an enormous arm-chair; Bible and prayer-book at her right hand, the inevitable towel-horse, covered with clothes that never seem to get aired in the houses of managing women, usurping all the heat,—Mrs. Jackson on the further side of the hearth, and the nurse flitting in and out, and attending to baby, and insisting on the mother swallowing any and every mess it entered into her diabolical old head to concoct in the lower regions.

But when the talk came round to Lawrence Barbour, nurse found that baby required more than ordinary attention, and kindly stayed in the room and joined in the conversation.

"Mr. Barbour is a young gentleman as'll never come to no good," she remarked, from the other side of the bed; whereupon Mrs. Perkins, fortified by the presence of the sacred volume, hoped Mrs. Nettlefield would remember what her Bible taught her, and have "respect to persons," which quotation (being in no position to dispute its accuracy) the nurse received as *bond fide*, merely observing that she did not think Mr. Barbour was one of those young men as the Scriptures meant she ought to respect.

"And whether they do or not, I shan't," finished the woman, rolling the unfortunate baby—of which at the time she held possession—over and over like a wheel as she spoke.

"I wonder where he gets the money?" said Mrs. Perkins, after a pause.

"Likely as not gambling; for there's nothing I would put past him," answered the voice which seemed one too many during the conversation.

"I was not addressing you, Mrs. Nettlefield," observed Mrs. Perkins, with dignity.

"And I was not a-dressing of you, ma'am," was the reply, "but of this precious child;" which answer seemed the more aggravating as Mrs. Nettlefield understood Mrs. Perkins' meaning perfectly. And it is not pleasant, when a woman does adventure on a dignified form of speech, to have it flung back in her face with scorn and ridicule.

"You ought not to forget, nurse," interposed Mrs. Jackson at this juncture, "that the young gentleman we are speaking of is a near relation to Mr. Perkins."

"I never said Mr. Perkins could help his relations," retorted Mrs. Nettlefield; "but what I do say, and what I will say, is, that a young man who could go on as I have heard Mr. Barbour a-going on with my own two ears, is not fit to be in any respectable house, but ought to 'sociate with them statutes and images and baggages you yourself, Mrs. Jackson, was a-talking about five minutes ago. The like of him,"—and at this stage of the proceedings she laid the infant flat on its back, in order to devote herself more entirely to the subject in hand—"I never did hear, though I have heard some men, too, talking again children in my life. When 'Erbert was born, I am sure it has made my flesh creep like worms just to listen to him. He never spoke of the sweet lamb except as 'the devil,' and he were always asking of me to stuff a wet towel down its throat, and inquiring if there was not a grate in the house big enough to hold it. I declare he used to scare me, coming out of his room in the middle of the night, when I were a-going down into the kitchen to get a cup of tea for you, ma'am, coming out half-dressed, and with that shock of hair tumbled all over his head. 'For the love of 'eaven, Mrs. Nettlefield,' he would say, 'do gag the devil;' and he would stand there, and curse in the dark night till he had me all of a tremble. And then he would ask me if I would not give him sleep, to give him at any rate a drop of my gin—as if gin were a thing I accustomed myself to! and I could hear him laughing to himself when he went back to his bed. Many a time I wondered no judgment fell on him."

"Well, we can only speak about people as we finds them," answered Mrs. Perkins. "And though he may not have made himself agreeable to you, Mrs. Nettlefield, I must say

was always most genteel and affable to me. I was trying, if you come to think of it, for anybody not a mother to be wakened out of his sleep—and it was not too much he had those days; and you can't expect a boy, as you may say he was then, to have the feelings of the father of a family. For my part, I always like him, and I always shall." Whereupon Mrs. Jackson expressed her opinion that it was pity "he had fell in, as he had, getting extravagant notions, and tastes above his class." At that Mrs. Perkins fired up.

"Let me tell you, Mrs. Jackson," she said, "how the Barbours of Mallingford used to associate with the nobility; and as for the Alwyns being above Lawrence Barbour in position, they are no such thing: Mr. Sondes himself says so, and you will allow him to be a judge, I hope. And to this day, when he goes to his native place, he always stays a few days with my Lord Lallard, which I saw one day at St. George's, and a plainer, pleasanter spoken man I would not wish to meet with. Will you come home with me, little girl," he said to Ada; and I thought to myself at the time, poor man, he'd be glad to have one like me; for I am given to understand they have never chick nor child. So as I was a saying to Mrs. Jackson, it is no rise in the world for Lawrence to be thick with the Alwyns, for comes of good people, and has got good blood in his veins."

"I don't see that it would do him much good to have the queen for his aunt, or to go and stay at Windsor Castle, if he had to work for his bread all the same," retorted Mrs. Jackson. "What I look to, and what the rest of people looks to, is what a man is, not at his relations were; and if Mr. Barbour as I was remarking to Mrs. Prating, nothing better nor a servant, it seems to me ought not to put up to gilt ornaments and velvet chairs, and make a rout about him, who could buy him and sell him, just as you like in at his rooms."

"It is one thing, Mrs. Jackson, to——" began Mrs. Perkins, in defence of her kinsman; but at this moment there appeared a much better advocate, sent by Lawrence, to aid his cause.

"With Mr. Barbour's kindest regards, mum, and to say he hopes you and the child are getting on well;" said Mrs. Perkins's maid-of-work, entering the room, and presenting to the mistress over the towel-horse a parcel which she held in one corner of her coarse apron. "I have a cause, as she explained, her hands were black-leady."

"Is he there? Is he gone?" asked Mrs. Perkins.

"Yes, ma'am; I asked him if he wouldn't

step in, but he said no, that his dinner would be waiting for him;" and Jane, about the tenth servant whose life Mrs. Perkins had made a weariness since Lawrence first entered Distaff Yard, lingered in the room, curious to see what was in the parcel delivered by Mr. Barbour in person.

"A pair of scissors! oh, dear! Mrs. Nettlesfield, have you got a pair of scissors?" exclaimed Mrs. Perkins, after vainly fighting with the intricacies of a draper's knot. "Run and get a knife, Jane;" but Jane, whose ingenuity was of a practical description, had already cut the string with a pair of snuffers that lay on the mantelpiece, and four heads were bent enquiringly over the parcel as Mrs. Perkins unwrapped brown paper, and blue paper, and white paper, and finally exposed to view a baby's robe.

"Well I declare!" It was Mrs. Jackson who broke the silence with this original observation, and Jane immediately followed suit with, "Oh, law!" and essayed, having first carefully clothed her finger and thumb with the skirt of her dress, to touch the marvellous present.

In a moment Mrs. Perkins' indignation was excited. "Would she dare to dirty it, to soil the blessed infant's christening garment?" And thereupon Mrs. Perkins took occasion to rebuke Jane for being an "idle slut," who never got her work done in time; but stood gossiping, and was a disgrace to be seen going to the door in any respectable house.

To which Jane could doubtless have made answer, had she been so disposed, but deeming discretion the better part of valour, and remembering a five-shilling piece just presented to her by Mr. Barbour—the much-enduring Ganymede went rather off into ecstasies over the frock, which was—"French, Mrs. Nettlesfield—French, every thread of it;" and Mrs. Jackson looked up at the nurse as she said this, as though daring that strong-minded individual to contradict her.

"It would not cost one farthing less than five guineas," went on the soap-boiler's wife, appraising the gift, as such women do,— "not one farthing."

"Did you ever see anything like that, nurse?" asked Mrs. Perkins, exultantly; and the nurse was fain to confess she never had but once, and that was when she was attending of the lady of Sir 'Umphrey' All, who was at one time Lord Mayor of London.

"And one of the godmothers, a widow lady as lived at Clapham, and kept a full suite of servants, and drove out regular in her carriage and pair, sent a robe of the same description to the baby, and gave two golden guineas to me," added Mrs. Nettlesfield, in slighting re-

ference to Lawrence, who had never thought it needful to present her—no, not with a four-penny bit.

"Well, I wonder, I do, where that young Barbour gets the money," remarked Mrs. Jackson to her husband, as she bustled about and made tea on her return home.

"What money?" asked Mr. Jackson, from behind his newspaper.

"Why all he has to spend. I was telling you about his rooms yesterday, though I don't think you heard a word I said, through being fast asleep at the time; but his rooms are splendid—fit for a duke; and to-day, while I was at Mrs. Perkins', there comes a christening-robe as might have done for the Prince of Wales. A fool and his money is soon parted, we know; but, then, where does he get it? I only hope and trust he is not taking it off poor Mr. Perkins in any way—a sensible, respectable man as you would wish to meet with."

"Mrs. J.," said Mr. Jackson, severely, "do you know what you are talking about?"

"Yes, I do; better than you, at any rate, when you come home from one of your vestry dinners," retorted his better-half.

"Because," went on Mr. Jackson, "it strikes me you don't, when you ask where that young man gets his money, and hopes as he earns it honestly."

"Well, you can't buy furniture that is grand enough for the Pope of Rome, and keep yourself, and pay rent, and washing and mending besides, out of a hundred and fifty pounds a year—and that is every half-penny, Mrs. Perkins tells me, he earns."

"Well, Mr. Sondes told me, no later than half an hour ago, that there was not a cleverer young man in London than that same Lawrence Barbour. 'He invented a thing,' he went on, 'which will save me five hundred a year. I am going to patent it,' he says, 'and have given him a cheque for two hundred and fifty pounds—'"

"Lor'-a-mercy! two hundred and fifty pounds all in a lump!" exclaimed Mrs. Jackson. "I suppose it was out of that he bought the frock!"

"And now, I suppose," says I to Mr. Sondes, "proceeded Mr. Jackson, taking off his spectacles and wiping them, and then putting them on again with sublime deliberation, "'you'll be taking him into partnership—securing the genius to the concern.'"

"And I suppose he is," broke in Mrs. Jackson.

"I think not," answered her husband. "'Mr. Barbour is a very rising young man,' Mr. Sondes remarked; 'but there are two sides to every question, and there are two

sides to this;' and if I'm not greatly mistaken," observed the speaker, on his own account, "the other side in this case is the Alwyns. You can just remember what I say, Martha—it is the Alwyns."

"Likely enough; and I would not be one bit surprised if Miss Alwyn chose that frock for him. I don't think it's like a man's buying," in which conjecture Mrs. Jackson chanced, however, to be wrong, for the present was very much like a man's purchase.

"And it is not the first thing Mr. Barbour has invented," went on Mr. Jackson; "nor the first money Mr. Sondes has paid him. So you see there are more ways of getting rich than Mrs. Perkins knows of; and that a hundred and fifty pounds may be, after all, but a very small part of the young man's income."

"Well, you do surprise me," said Mrs. Jackson.

"Ay; and I have got something else to tell you that may be a greater surprise," chuckled the soap-boiler. "As I was a-coming down Three-Colt Street to-day, who should I run up against but that young swell we saw the evening we went over to Distaff Yard to inquire about Mr. Barbour after his hurt. I mean a young chap with queer—coloured hair, and quite another cut entirely from Perkins' cousin; you remember him, don't you?"

"Yes; that got a cup of coffee upset over his summer trowsers—Ada did it—and who laughed till he was fit to drop when Mrs. Perkins offered to have them sent to the dyers and cleaned for him, and then you told him he ought to send the bill in to Mr. Perkins, and make him pay for it. 'I don't think my tailor would mind how many cups of coffee were upset, if an arrangement of that kind could be entered into,' I remember he said; 'poor devil! he can scarcely recollect what the colour of my money is like.' A cheery young fellow; what about him, Samuel? what was he doing in Limehouse?"

"I had no notion he would recognise me," resumed the soap-boiler; "and, indeed, I could not think for the moment where I had seen him, when he stops me and says—'I am sure you and I have met in some place before, and ought to know each other.' 'Well, I am sure I ought to know you, sir, for your face is familiar; but one sees so many faces in business.' 'Ah! it wasn't in business you saw mine,' he said. 'Ain't you a friend, or relation, or something of Mr. Perkins in Distaff Yard? I met you there, and now I have come to live down here beside you.'"

"For any sake, where?" inquired Mrs. Jackson.

"That is what I was going on to tell you," her husband replied; "you know that ship-

building place, with the beautiful house, over the bridge; well, my gentleman is one of the junior partners in that concern, and is living on the premises. 'I am going to run a race with Barbour,' he says, 'and we are attending to try which of us can die worth half a million.' He is the same as ever. 'Come over and see me,' he remarked, quite friendly. 'Come over and see me promiscuously. Make my respects to your worthy lady; she is well, I hope?'"

"Quite the gentleman!" exclaimed Mrs. Jackson, drawing a deep sigh, for she had held her breath during the preceding narrative till she was almost suffocated. "Quite the gentleman! and I hope, Samuel, you told him we had always a spare knife and fork, and took a bit at five, and a bite of supper at nine."

"Yes, I did: and he said he would come over and call upon you, and then, if you gave him permission, he might drop in occasionally. 'Mrs. Jackson always makes my friends welcome, sir,' I made free to remark, and at that he laughed, and said, 'Of course, all wives do; but still they like the ceremony of being consulted, nevertheless;' not a bad bit, I thought,—not by no means."

Whatever Mrs. Jackson thought of the hit, detracted somewhat from her admiration of Mr. Percy Forbes. "Likely as not," she decided, "he is one of those young jackanapes, who think to wind women round their fingers like a skein of silk. He'll not find me one of the soft ones," she mentally affirmed; but yet, when the young man fulfilled his promise, and called upon her; when he sat in her best parlour and would not "lay down his hat during the whole visit,—no, not trust it out of his hand, let her say what she liked;" when he discoursed to her about Limehouse and his new name, and criticised the clergyman, and talked about business as sensible like as her husband, and consoled with her on the loss of her children, and promised to send her round some flowers out of his own conservatory, and asked her to come and see the view of the river from his lawn—Mrs. Jackson was enchanted.

"Now that is the kind of young man for my money," she remarked, in a moment of unguarded confidence to Mr. Sondes. "I was just saying to Samuel, that if I was a young gurl and single, I would give Mr. Forbes no rest till he married me."

"How fortunate it is, then, for Mr. Forbes that you are neither," Mr. Sondes replied, and in reply Mrs. Jackson subsequently repeated to Percy Forbes, who declared his view of the matter to be "widely different."

"God only knows how you can endure those people," observed Lawrence Barbour to him one day.

"My dear fellow, variety is charming," answered Mr. Forbes. "It is well for a man to see a little of all sorts; and as Providence has cast my lot due east, I am determined to make the best of the dispensation."

"If any body had left me eight thousand pounds, I would have seen Limehouse at the devil before coming to live in it," said Lawrence.

"Well, I was going to the devil," retorted Mr. Forbes, "and I thought if ever I meant to turn and go the other road, it was time for me to do so. Had I stayed at the West-end, I should have been in as bad a plight as ever before two years were over; but now, Mr. Barbour, now I am going to try to beat you."

"No great trouble for you to do that, with all the money on your side," was the reply.

"And all the cleverness on yours," returned Percy Forbes; and with that they parted.

(To be continued.)

ALSACIAN SKETCHES.—No III.

WHEN last at Colmar, I had seen far away to the right on the line of the Vosges, the three remarkable castles of Ribeauvillé, and beyond them the towering eminence of Hoch-Königsburg. As the fine weather and drought still continued on the 17th of October, I found myself breakfasting at Strassburg on that day with the intention of visiting them, and somewhat later in the day dropped at the station of St. Hippolyte, about two miles from the town of that name.

The interesting plateau of St. Odile or St. Otilie, with its convent named after the lady who took refuge, from the persecution of a suitor, in the Black Forest, was passed on the way. It would have required at least an additional day to visit it. St. Hippolyte, or St. Pult, is a little square town at the foot of the first rising ground, walled and gated all round. On entering it the idea of having to pass the long night in it was anything but pleasant, for a more dingy and filthy place it is difficult to imagine. Surely that dilapidated hostel built over its stables cannot be the Couronne d'Or, mentioned as its principal hotel. A march, however, through the length and breadth of the town revealed no better; and I was obliged to make a virtue of necessity, thinking myself fortunate, however, in being ultimately transferred from the grimy public room to a very good bedroom, with comfortable spring-bed and white sheets, and a wolf-skin rug at the side. Wine furnishes the chief industry at St. Hippolyte, and the signs of the inns frequently bear

"*aubergiste et gourmet*,"—the latter word meaning in general French a connoisseur in the luxuries of the table, or refined gourmand, but here a purveyor of wines. The Jesuits have a seminary here, and seem to have overspread the whole place with their black influence. Saturday evening being a vigil, there was no flesh to be had, and during mass the town seemed to be left in the charge of the children, who made mud-pies in the streets and plastered them over each other's faces. Great distress for water prevailed, and crowds of buckets were waiting late in the evening, their owners quarrelling for the drippings of the fountain. If, as the priests gave out, the drought was a judgment for the persecutions of the Church, it is singular that their own peculiar nests should be selected to bear the brunt of it.

It was pleasant to get out of the sanctimonious reek of St. Hippolyte into the freshness of the morning air on the vine-slopes above it, through which the path wound towards Hoch-Königsburg. The objection which St. Hippolyte seems to have to clean water resulted perhaps from the fate of its patron saint, and is probably continued as a method of honouring his memory.

St. Hippolyte is said, on uncertain authority, however, to have been a Bishop of Ostia in Italy, who suffered martyrdom under Alexander Severus by being drowned in a ditch or pit full of water. He is of course not to be confounded with the Hippolytus of Euripides, who came to an evil end by his steadiness in resisting the fascinations of Phædra. Hoch-Königsburg stands on an abrupt hill 1700 feet high, an outwork of the Vosges. The somewhat devious paths that lead up its woody steep may be cut off by clambering through the rocks and brushwood; though notices, both in French and German, forbidding this proceeding, are stuck upon poles everywhere in somewhat mysterious language, "*Défense d'entrer dans les sillons*," and "*Es ist verboten in die Furchen zu gehen*."

The grandest view of the castle appears about half-way up; when its fine proportions and great size, as compared with its surroundings, are near enough to be estimated. The sunlight gives a rich colour to the sandstone, which contrasts well with the various greens and yellows of the autumnal woods. From the situation of the building on the very top of a high isolated mountain, it is difficult to find a point where a sketch could be made that would give an idea of the whole. The vast bastion-towers on the western side are too near to the spectator, and the palatial part to the east, which recalls Heidelberg castle, stands over a steep slope: but an artist might spend many a profitable hour in study of details of the inte-

rior. The shape of the top of the hill on which Hoch-Königsburg stands is a rude oblong, becoming more of the nature of a ridge before it slopes away to the east. This ridge is covered with the ruins of defences which were outworks to the main body of the castle, which stands on the broader part to the westward.

A solitary oak-tree stands on a knoll beneath the huge bastion to the south-west, in so exposed a situation that it seems a marvel that it has been spared by lightning for its many generations.

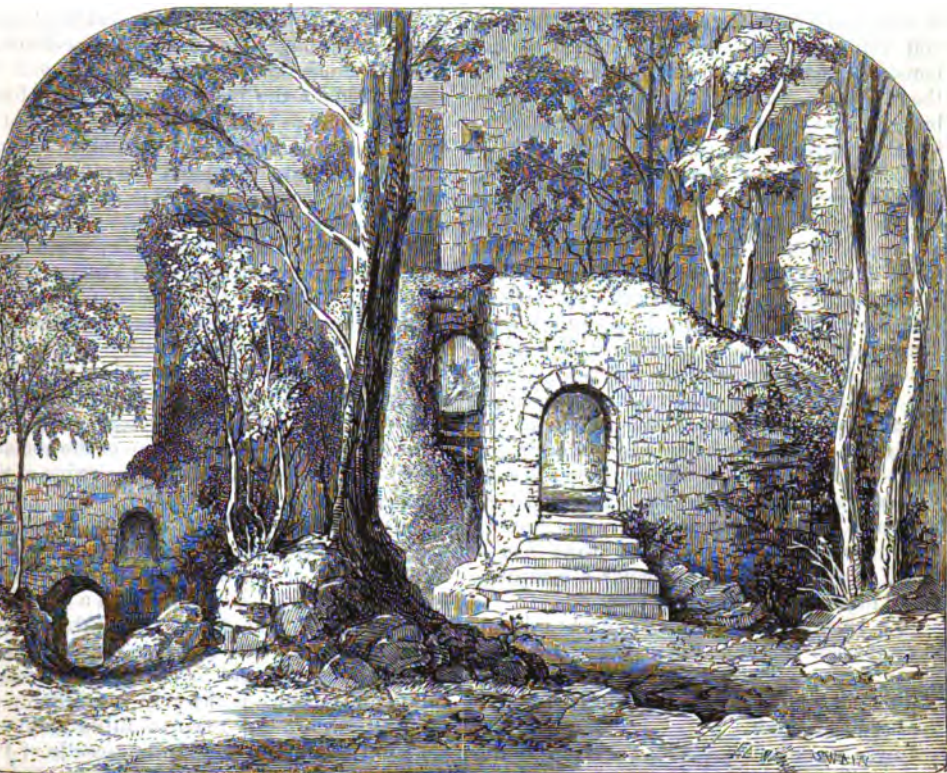
The tower which hangs over it is of immense strength, and defies access at the weakest point of the ground; inward and westward from this are loop-holed galleries and battlements, surrounding a courtyard. This was evidently the part where soldiers and horses were lodged. Beyond this to the west stands the palace, for it deserves that name, of severe and massive architecture, yet not destitute of ornament applied in the right place. This part is approached by a slanting road on the southern face of the castle, through a series of gates and many flights of stone steps. The first gate wears a heavy mantle of ivy, but in general the stone looks as if it had been cut yesterday, and the stone steps look as though they were now constantly traversed, and not as though the depressions on them were worn ages ago by the heavy tramp of mailed men.

From the smallness of the passage which leads through the several gateways, one may suppose that distinguished inmates and visitors were conducted by it to the palace, which at present stands like an architectural kernel of which the defensive husk has been broken down; while their horses were led to the stables by another path; for in those days there was probably no way to the castle practicable for wheels. It is owing to the breaking down of the defences at the east end and along the southern front, that the palatial front of the castle, with its ample quadrilateral and heavily mullioned windows, is now seen to so much advantage. In the palmy days of the castle, the outer defences would have probably concealed it, and hindered the view of the inmates on the surrounding scenery. On entering the residence itself, which is effected by a key obtained at the nearest forester's lodge, one is immediately struck by the severe beauty of the pillars of the Rittersaal, which are simple columns with die-shaped capitals richly carved.

Still, the impression must have been somewhat gloomy when the roof was entire, giving to the banquetting-hall somewhat of the character of the "tomb of all the Capulets." The interior is ample in size, and contains many curious winding staircases and a labyrinth of

little apartments, and the whole is closely connected with the main-tower, or donjon, from the battlements of which the early risers among the knights and dames could see the sunrise lighting up the glaciers of the Alps,

and the Rhine winding like a golden serpent, or rather bunch of serpents, through the long dark level below. As it was, I saw nothing but the hill itself and the surrounding mountains and woods and a few villages on the



Entrance to Hoch-Königsburg.

Rhine-plain glimmering through the haze. The view from Hoch-Königsburg must be much grander than that from Marxburg in the Palatinate just above Edenkoben, which stands on a similar eminence, since it is so much nearer Switzerland. It is remarkable how very seldom atmospheric conditions favour a very distant view, and how often those who go so far and climb high to see one are disappointed. When the sky is unsettled in early spring and late autumn those views boasted of in guide-books are sometimes seen, never during long-continued fine weather; but when seen, they are never forgotten.

It was late in October, 1858, that I happened to see from the top of one of the mountains south of Dublin, the whole Snowdon group in North Wales, across the fore-shortened Isle of Anglesea, and the intervening sea like a broad belt of air. It was not a deception from clouds, for there were many witnesses to its

truth, and it was a vision such as many years may never bring back again.

Of the history of Hoch-Königsburg but little appears to be known. "The high castle of the king," as it is justly called, denotes its imperial origin, and escutcheons have been found about it bearing the lion of the Hohenstaufens, those emperors of Rome and kings of Germany whose names will go down as a glorious tradition of strength and unity when Germany, as appears likely, will cease even to be a geographical expression, and be divided between the centralized despotisms of Austria and Prussia, whose envious rivalry is cemented into a sort of friendship by fellowship in outrage and wrong. The extant architecture tells of the latest period of pure Gothic, before the extravagances of the Renaissance were engrafted upon it; and thus the style is nobler than that of the much vaunted castle of Heidelberg, which as a whole it resembles.

But it is probable, from its commanding situation and free view on all sides, that the Romans must have placed a station on this hill, and that it continued to be castellated from their times downwards. From an obscure notice in Merian, 1663, the castle seems to have been alienated from the royal houses by sale or gift, and sold to the last Count of Thierstein and Pffenger; who parted with it to the house of Austria, who again mortgaged it to the Sickingen family. The Bishop of Strassburg appears to have had a joint-interest in it, for the robberies of certain governors who held it for him and Archduke Sigismund of Austria occasioned a league of its neighbours and its partial destruction in 1462. It does not appear to have been again rebuilt after its final dismantling by the Swedes in 1633. It has become in modern days the property of a banker at Colmar. After leaving the castle, instead of turning down into the Leberthal, I chose a forest-path skirting the ridge, which led through pine-woods to the village of Tannenkirch; then passed over the shoulder of a height into a valley below the hill on which stands the highest of the three castles of Ribeauvillé or Rappoltswiler. Ribeauvillé is a town of some 700 inhabitants, wine-growers and manufacturers. Its white wine has a very fine flavour, and commands a comparatively high price in the local market.

It is, however, very strong; and when drunk new, appears to cause the natives to cut all kinds of capers on the floors of the inns, such as standing on their heads, or rolling over with the head as an axis.

In the market-place stands a classical statue, representing the town with the symbols of its industry around it. Out of the lions' heads on its basis, water spouts into a trough, from which the inhabitants are supplied. Ribeauvillé, unlike St. Hippolyte, is a clean and lively little place; and its friendly hotel, the "Mouton," is highly to be recommended, though somewhat deficient in accommodation in proportion to its traffic.

A commodious path up part of the old walls leads along the side of a very steep hill where the two lower castles stand. The lower part of the hill is occupied by vineyards, the higher is covered by tangled brushwood amongst which pinnacles and slabs of rock stand out, giving the whole scene a character of great boldness and ruggedness. A little carelessness in choosing the right path caused me to lose two hours in an ascent which ought to have occupied half-an-hour; such were the difficulties and obstructions of the ground out of the regular path. On the largest and boldest of the pinnacles of rock stands at a considerable elevation, perched on a tiny platform

overhanging the gorge, the castle of Girsberg, or "Der Stein." This is only accessible now by a very steep path from behind, and must have been as comfortless a residence as a lighthouse is said to be, especially when beleaguered. The second castle, which is easily reached by the regular path, and is now surrounded, where the ground admits, by a sort of shrubbery containing seats and summer-houses, presents much more accommodation, and is remarkable for the beautiful row of windows in the wall of its hall. They consist each of a round arch with two smaller round arches included, and above these and the main arch a solid piece of masonry, pierced in each case with a differently shaped opening.

This feature makes this castle, when seen near, one of the prettiest in the Vosges. It is called St. Ulrich, or the Niederburg. From its platforms (for the main tower is inaccessible, there is a fine view into the valley which leads up from Ribeauvillé over a pass to St. Marie aux Mines; and its broken buildings, with the little court and well in the foreground, form an admirable frame for a picture of the romantically-placed and haunted-looking ruins of the Girsberg.

A continuation of the path to the top of the mountain leads to the highest castle of Hohen-Rappoltstein, the tower of which, if there were any way into it, would command a view almost equal to that from Hoch-Königsburg. This castle, with that of Girsberg, must have been built as outposts to defend the accesses to the other, which is the only one suitable as a residence. In the town of Ribeauvillé are the remains of a former hunting-castle of the dukes of Zweibrücken, inhabited up to 1782 by Max Joseph, who, from being in 1799 a colonel in the French service, died as King of Bavaria in 1825.

The house of Rappoltstein, or of Ribeauvillé, was ten centuries old, and one of the richest and noblest in this province.

The last of the Rappoltsteins, Count Jacques, died in 1673. One of the two daughters which he left, having married the Prince Palatine of Birkenfeld, became the ancestress of the royal house of Bavaria. Thus it appears that, to a certain extent, Germany, as well as Savoy, has made over to France the cradle of her kings.

At Ribeauvillé the first shower for two months came gladdening the hearts of the people as an earnest of long-wished for rain; and as the middle of October was now past, I judged the year too far spent for further explorations in Alsace, a country but little visited, abounding in monuments of antiquity and historical reminiscences; and, from the beauty of its mountains, and their comparative

itude and wildness, though standing above thickly peopled valleys, by no means to be despised by the mere tourist, and to the artist and naturalist possessing undoubted attractions, combined with the charm of comparative novelty for all alike. G. C. SWAYNE.

VIOLETS.

(A PATCH-WORK SONNET.)

VIOLETS "that come before the swallow dares,
and take the winds of March with beauty," Hail!
as your purple garland young Spring wears,
when through the sunshine he trips down the dale.
Snow-drifts and storm greet your fair flowers but
roughly,
they're not brawny-backed, nor have cramp boughs,
like the great oaks, and bear them up so toughly.
Violets as fair as "Cytherea's eyes,"
and fragrant as her breath; where now do house
winds that wildly wail your parting? Come,
gentle spirits, fair divinities,
ward these sweet cheerers of our village home;
they escaped from Eden, and were sent
to mitigate our life-long punishment.

WALTER THORNBURY.

HOW I LIKED ADEN.

MUCH of the misery, and a greater portion of the happiness of mankind, is made up of anticipation.

An event that lies hidden in the future, instead of being allowed to remain quietly there and be met by gradual approaches, is forcibly dragged into the present, and beneath the bewildering light of everybody's criticism, and of everybody's hopes and fears, distorted into a mingling of gladness and sunshine, or of gloom and fear; so that when at last the long-looked-for event arrives, we often find that the happiness or the misery of the anticipation has been quite disproportionate to the measure of the reality.

I write this after a three years' residence at Aden, a small peninsula to the southward of Arabia.

The dismal accounts I had heard of this place from parties who had resided there, and the ominous look and shrug of the shoulders that accompanied the parting shake of the hand of my friend Brown, as we bid each other adieu on board the steamer,—he, the lucky dog! en route for England, and I,—well, I say all these were sufficient to inspire me with a feeling of antipathy towards the great silent rocks that rose so gloomily on every side, and that feeling was considerably enhanced when, after the long wearisome drive into Camp, with only—as my sole companion—a dusky, long-legged, bony Somali running by the side of the buggy in which I, Lieutenant Simpson of the —, was seated in solitary state, I slowly

ascended the steep incline of the Main Pass, and from thence, with the towering rocks closing me in above, beneath, and on either side, looked down upon that marvellous plain of dust, and rock, and straw houses, where I was to make my home.

I am not afflicted with much sentimentality, and scarcely know the name of a poet. I early trained myself to stoicism, and pride myself rather on a display of it; but on this occasion I must own to having experienced a very unmanly sensation somewhere in the region of the "*trachea*," and to having allowed the imagination to inscribe on the granite walls around me the motto of another place:—

Who enters here, leaves hope behind!

And I even went further than this, for as I sat in the buggy, with my feet stretched out upon the splashboard, smoking a "*Manilla*"—poor Brown's last gift—and allowed the lazy rectangular quadruped (*called* a horse because he had the usual complement of legs belonging to that animal, but was in all other respects totally dissimilar) to pick his way leisurely between the strings of laden camels that were coming through the Main Pass in a contrary direction (by-the-by, there always *are* camels coming through this narrow defile in a contrary direction), I fell to thinking of all the horrors I had been led to expect at Aden—gloom, confinement, and a wearisome monotonous life, until I almost fancied myself banished to one of Britain's far-distant penal settlements, and caught myself in the act of raising my hand to my head to assure me that I was not—what I felt miserably like—a shaven convict!

So much for that artful deceiver imagination. I have discarded the fellow now, for the tricks he played upon me then. I found Aden no penal settlement, but a jolly jovial place, with as nice a lot of officers as I would care to meet with. We were compassed about with certain restrictions, of course; might not take one step beyond the isthmus boundary for fear of hurting the sensitive feelings of the Arabs; had our fresh water dealt out to us in small rations which we paid for, and yet could not, for love or money, purchase a drop beyond our appointed measure; and if our teapot ran short, had to replenish it with "*seconds*," a very bitter brackish water, used sparingly for washing purposes, or with "*thirds*," which was almost the salt sea itself, only more unpalatable.

I speak of the time when that grand invention, so invaluable to Aden (dependent as it was upon the interior, and the good-will of the Arabs for its supply of fresh water), had

not been introduced there, by which the salt sea waves are condensed into something fit to drink.

I believe that by the introduction of these machines, Aden has now become almost independent in this one respect, and that no more laurels will be won by young aspirants, or grey-headed veterans, as in the days of which I speak, when a warlike demonstration at Sheikh Othman threw terror into the hearts of the Arabs, and brought them to terms for the regular supply of food and water.

Life in India had in some measure prepared me for life at Aden, which I now declare to be in some respects immeasurably superior. A small up-country station even with "shikar," unless it be of the more exciting kind, "Tiger" or "Boar hunting," "Pig sticking," &c., is decidedly "slow" compared to the endless excitement that is occasioned weekly, sometimes oftener, when the booming cannon from "Shumshum" and "Seerah" proclaim a something in sight, and every eye is strained, and telescope adjusted, to sweep those heights, and discern if possible upon the outstretched arms up there, the colour of the waving signals that float against the clear blue of the cloudless sky.

If the signal be merely a red flag the watcher turns away with a feeling of disappointment at his heart, for it is only "a ship" in sight; but if the blue cross on the white ground reveals itself, then instantly nags are saddled, buggies ordered, and a rush made down to the point, for a P. and O. steamer has been signalled, and news from India or from England is at hand.

Then follows the boarding of the steamer, and the eager search amongst the passengers for familiar faces; the hearty recognition, or the hasty introduction; the return on shore; the pesterings of the feather-selling Jews and Somalis, whose incessant jabber deafens and bewilders you; the rapid transit of the passengers into Camp by means of buggies, or on donkey-back; and, if time permit, a hasty "lionising" of the place; and then the cool evening drive back again to the Point; the going on board once more; the pleasant glance at the sweet rosy faces of the English girls (if the steamer be from England), or the sadder one at the pale, sickly, bleached countenances of the homeward-bound ladies (if the steamer be either a Bombay or Calcutta one); and lastly, the parting farewell, and the slow return into Camp, for your brute is in all probability done up, and likes to take it quietly, and you have no objection to his doing so, for you, too, feel jaded with the day's excitement, and you take the opportunity of giving a glance at that letter which has lain in your pocket all

day, and which you have been too busy to look at before. After this follow a few days of uninterrupted monotony, and then more signals and more excitement.

The pleasure of the ladies on the occasion of the arrival of the steamers is of a much milder description. An exceptional case may sometimes draw one of the fairer sex as visitor on board, but the majority remain quietly at home awaiting their guests, those resident in Camp having the additional "*excitement*," not enjoyed by their sisters at the Point, of watching with eagerness the exchange of the small white flag, which is floated there as a signal that the steamer has arrived, for the equally small red one, which signifies that the "tap-paul" has reached Camp, and that the letters are about to be distributed.

And those letters from home! In India you knew that once every fortnight alone could they possibly reach you, and if the time passed and none came, you were content to wait the month for the next supply; but at Aden how different! There every week brought steamers from England, and the knowledge that you might hear by any, or all of them, fostered a positive craving for letters, which only those who know how very pleasant news from a far country is, especially when that country is one's own home, can at all appreciate. Even I, not over fond at any time of incurring or, rather I should say, paying a debt of this nature, actually became at last eager for the arrival of my letters, and felt it quite like a hardship if the mails arrived without bringing me one.

Aden, or "A Den," or the "Old Rock," or "Old Hole," or by whatever other name friends or enemies choose to designate it, never grew dull to me. The picturesque beauty of the grand old rocks towering so majestically on every side, filled me with a sort of awful wonder, and when once a year, after a heavy fall of rain (which tradition says was an unheard-of event until the English took the place), they changed their appearance and were clothed with a scanty but many-tinted verdure; and the rugged bits of rock on which nothing will grow, washed by the rain, gleamed bright and beautiful in radiant tints of wonderful hues; then I felt almost a painter's inspiration, and longed to transfer such beauty to paper or canvas; but, alas! a thermometer at 120 deg., with a strong hot wind blowing, accompanied by clouds of sand, is fatal to water-colour skies, and by no means a pleasing adjunct to oil-painting.

And this reminds me of a problem in connection with Aden, propounded by —, the wag of our mess-table. Here it is: *Given,—Therm. 108 deg. in the shade, with a terrific*

and storm raging, to find the height of a fellow's temper. I decline for obvious reasons publishing the solution.

The power and vehemence of the winds might almost be classed as one of the characteristics of Aden. They are periodical, commencing in the early part of the month of May, and continuing until October. They usually begin at about half-past ten in the morning, gradually increasing in strength until 3 P.M., when they begin to die away, and by sundown have quite subsided, so that often happens that eight o'clock in the evening, the coolest time in India, is the hottest in the Camp at Aden, on account of the stillness of the air, and the heat that is reflected off the rocks. While these winds prevail every one endeavours to seek a temporary residence either at the Point or on the top of a high rock that juts out into the sea, called "Ras Margag," where the few basket houses are eagerly sought up, and where the heat of the winds is impeded by their passage over the sea.

It was my ill-luck to have to spend one hot season in Camp. Subalterns, especially bachelors, are supposed to be impervious to heat, and have sometimes a difficulty in getting the necessary leave of absence, except under a medical certificate. I had a taste, then, that I shall not soon forget. Reading, writing, in short, work of any kind, was quite out of the question when the storm of wind was at its height. The lattice-work of which my house was composed had been so constructed as to render the entrance of clouds of sand, mingled with tolerably sized stones, an easy, but not a pleasant matter, and on one occasion so violent as this unique storm, that I was actually forced for upwards of an hour to crouch into a corner and receive a continuous volley of these unpleasant missiles on my back, my face having been already much torn and cut by exposure at the first.

On returning to my work, the paper on which I had been writing, together with pens, inkstand, &c., had totally disappeared, but I found them afterwards buried beneath the sand that lay an inch and a-half deep upon the table.

I am afraid that on that occasion I betrayed the secret of the solution of the before mentioned problem to my sharp-witted friend, the Moonshee, who patiently waited until my term at the storm had passed away, and then quietly resumed his lesson in Arabic.

That fellow was a perfect pattern of patience, and deserves a word of mention at my hands. He was a Jew, and not a little proud of his high descent, which he traced glibly through a labyrinth of bewildering names, only a few of which would, every now and

then, strike on my ear as familiar. He was a direct descendant, he said, of Kohath, and being of the priestly line was entitled to read aloud the Scriptures in the synagogue. His name was Shalloom; he was a fine-looking intelligent man; very conversant with the patriarchal history, as indeed are most of the Jews I have met with, so much so that no amount of cross-examination or "chaff" will cause them to trip in their narrative.

We fellows at the mess, under pretence of buying feathers, used often to decoy a Jew vendor of those articles into speaking of the historical portion of his people's history; and with the utmost gravity would inquire into the character of Jacob's thirteenth son, or narrate a fictitious incident in the life of Abraham; but he was always wide-awake to the fiction, and with the same gravity with which we had propounded the question, or related the narrative, would endeavour to convince us of our error, and set us right upon the subject.

That my Moonshee, by birth a priest, and by occupation a reader of the Scriptures, should have been so accurately conversant with the whole history of the patriarchs as to detect the slightest flaw we exhibited, seemed natural enough, but it did surprise me when I found every Jew, of whatever grade, equally capable of doing so.

Their devotional reverence of their Sabbath also struck me. With the first shining of a star on the evening of Friday, till the same appearance on the evening of Saturday, all worldly occupations ceased, even the necessary meal for the intervening Sabbath had been carefully prepared beforehand, so that no labour should be done on that day. Once on a Saturday, forgetting the sacredness of the day, I called up my Moonshee to receive payment, it being then due; but he refused to touch a coin of it, reminding me it was the Sabbath. Whether had it been the last opportunity of receiving it he would still have remained steadfast may be doubted, but I never put him to the test.

The condition of the Jews has been much ameliorated since our occupancy of Aden. Before that time they were domineered over by the Arabs and subjected to many petty annoyances. Amongst others, no Jew was permitted to wear a "puggree," the common head-dress of the East, and whoever did so exposed himself to insult. The English gave back this privilege to the Jew, but they do not seem to have freely availed themselves of it, for, excepting my Moonshee, Shalloom, I noticed most of them wearing only a peculiar skull cap, from beneath which three little corkscrew curls hang down upon either cheek.

By far the most interesting people at Aden are the "Somalis," an African race. The men are uniformly of one type, and so like each other that it is almost as easy to distinguish between two flies as between two Somalis. They are tall and wiry, with a great deal of bone and very little flesh, and with remarkably small heads, which may be frequently seen encased in a sort of plaster-of-Paris mould, made of "Chunam," which is a kind of cement resembling whitewash, and which serves a twofold purpose, as a refrigerator of the scalp, and an expurgator of vermin. The Somali women are remarkable, like the Hottentots, for their rotundity, and for the marked ungracefulness of their figure and carriage.

Apropos of the Arabs, I must relate an anecdote concerning one of them. I was one day seated in my verandah engaged in reading, when my attention was attracted by a low sound, as of some one sobbing near me. At first I did not particularly regard it, but when it gradually increased from a sob into a wail, and from a wail into a howl, I could stand the nuisance no longer, and rose to investigate the cause, of course expecting to hear that some direful calamity had befallen the weeper, or the weeper's house. No such thing; I found a great hulking Arab seated on the ground, sobbing as though his heart would break, because my butler had refused to give him a few "*pice*" (the smallest coin current), the amount of his overcharge for bringing a camel-load of grass to my bungalow! I instantly ordered the blubbering fool to the right-about, and whether he ever reached his home and told his grief, or died that night of a broken heart, I didn't much care.

I will not assert that this is a characteristic of the brave Arab race, for I must say I have remarked in *all* the blackies of every tribe I have ever met with, a remarkable facility for doing "the water-cart business" on the shortest possible notice. A fountain of tears seems always kept ready on hand, and the slightest provocation causes the "briny" to flow.

Stupidity is another characteristic common to most natives. Amongst my few domestic servants I had the good, or ill luck to number one who, if not quite, was more than half a fool—a regular "country pippin," who knew no more the relative position of things or their value than a babe unborn. When I was in a good temper he used to amuse, but when in a bad one, annoy me, with his stupid provoking ways. On one occasion, finding my soap-dish un replenished after repeated orders to have it done, I had the fellow up, and pointing to the object of his negligence fiercely demanded why my orders had not been obeyed.

Without appearing the least disconcerted at my reproof, he quietly placed the cover on the soap-dish, and then with the air of a waiter uncovering a dainty, or of a conjuror exhibiting a trick, with a flourish of his arm, raised the cover, disclosed the empty utensil, and said in his own vernacular, which I translated for the benefit of my readers, "Look, there is nothing here!" The result of that information was the immediate application to his person of my booted foot, which quickly conjured him out of my sight. I had to retain him in my service, however, and at exorbitantly high wages. I had brought him with me from India, and owing to the aversion felt by all servants to go to Aden, had been obliged to resort to the usual system of offering higher wages to such as would accompany me, and was bound, in case of dismissing one, to pay his passage back again to Bombay. The rascal was not worth that, and as the time was drawing near for my departure from the Old Rock, I made a virtue of necessity, and continued him in my service until I reached the shores of Bombay, and then I shook him off.

It was with many regrets I left the old place, but I carried away with me one memento of my sojourn there in the shape of a wife. An unlucky pic-nic to Gold Mohur Valley, and a return over the moonlit waters did for me. I was absent from the mess that night; stronger attractions than the Thurston (though I am a first-rate hand at billiards) and was never known to miss the opportunity of a game before) kept me away from the table, and now that I am an old married man, and my hand has grown unsteady, I seldom touch a cue myself, but I like to see the youngsters play.

Is the reader surprised that, under *all* these circumstances, I never found old Aden dull?

THE ECHO.

DEEP in a wood where yellow floods
Of gilding sunlight never fall,
But where through interweaving boughs
Pierce now and then some struggling rays,
That in quaint patches paint the ground,
Or blotch the foxglove tall
Until its slender stem appears
With golden bells a-blaze;
Or quivering give some block of stone
A carved beauty not its own;
Or fleck with rarest emerald tinge
The fragile fern or mossy fringe;
Or like a sculptor's chisel trace
Strange lichens on the cavern wall;
Or streak the trumpet moss, whose horn
Doth fairy untamers blithe recall;
As on gay butterflies astride
Abroad on summer nights they ride.
Here doth a magic cavern stand,
The wonder of the country round;

The homebound peasant passing near
Doth loiter yet awhile to hear
The cavern echoes sound.
And here the lover doth proclaim

In accents fond his mistress' name.
To hear it echoed back again,
To hear it swell in joyous tone,
The very semblance of his own,



To hear it die away so soft,
As though it far were borne aloft
To where the angels sing,
And murmur'd there by angel voice
So sweet it makes his heart rejoice.
More silvery note could ne'er be given,
E'en though the name were breathed in
heaven.

The maiden shyly pauseth here
And whispers, "Echo, now confess!
Say, doth he love me, no or yes?"
And Echo low repeateth, "Yes."
The foolish maiden is content,
A happy flush o'erspreads her cheek;
She trusts the answer that is sent,
The answer that her heart doth speak.
The idle urchins cluster near,
Drawn half by mischief, half by fear,

And busy tax their rustic wit
To make the echoing answers fit.
They clap their hands in boyish glee,
And answering claps forthwith upspring.
Their laughter through the cave resounds,
And lo the startled echoes ring,
As if some sprite in mocking vein
Were laughing back at them again.
Then one his shock of tangled hair
Pushes from off his forehead fair,
And gazing upward through the boughs,
Where little rifts of sapphire skies
Are seen, begins a tale to tell
"Of how a lady fair did dwell
Within that cavern dark.
So fair a lady ne'er was seen—
She wore a crown like to a queen.
Her robe was whiter than the snow—

As white as angels' robes, they say,
But for one spot of crimson hue
That on its border lay.
A crimson stain was on her hand,
Upon her fingers fair.
He knew not why—but for some crime
She was imprison'd there.
Never to see a mortal face
Within her prison drear,
But evermore to answer back
Each voice that she doth hear."
The listening urchins nearer press,
And fearful gaze around,
Half shuddering as the fitful wind
Wails by with doleful sound.
One sturdy wight with round blue eyes,
And mouth wide open, eager cries,
"And is the story true?"
"True! true!" the echo quick replies.
"True!" sadly in the distance dies.
The urchins stand aghast,
Look at each other in dismay;
Nor stop to think or reason they,
But breathless take their homeward way,
None caring to be last. JULIA GODDARD.

"SANS MERCI;"

OR, KESTRELS AND FALCONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY LIVINGSTONE."

CHAPTER XXXVIII. "WHO CHECKS AT ME,
TO DEATH IS DIGHT."

YOU remember, I daresay, that sad strange story, of the Scots lord, who early in life lost an eye, by accident, in a fencing-bout; and, years afterwards, was asked by the French king—

"Does the man still live, who wrought that injury?"

The debonair monarch meant nothing more by his idle question, than the words conveyed. But it was fatal to three lives; and brought shame and sorrow on more great houses than one. The crack-brained Baron interpreted it into a slur upon his honour. So he went home straightway; and, with the help of his servant, stabbed the unlucky master-of-arms to death in open day; for which murder both he and his accomplice paid on the scaffold. These good-natured blundering people are perpetually dropping firebrands in dangerous places; and, afterwards, would freely sacrifice themselves to extinguish the flames.

Speaking awhile ago—in some heat as you will remember—Seyton let fall an expression, injudicious, to say the least of it: could he have guessed *how* injudicious, sooner than have uttered it, he would have bitten his tongue through.

"The laughing-stock of half the town."

Cannot you imagine what manner of sermon the arch-angel would preach to a nature like Vincent Flemynge's, on such a text as this?"

For a long half hour after he was left alone, the unhappy man sat brooding over his position and his fancied wrongs; till he worked himself up into a savage dogged desperation. In that frame of mind, even weak and cowardly people become very dangerous; and it is thus that such attain, not rarely, an evil eminence in crime. After a while he rose, with the air of one who has come to a settled purpose, and went forth; first casting the large bundle of notes carelessly into a drawer, which he did not take the trouble to lock. But the smaller roll (which Seyton had laid down last) he thrust into his breast-pocket.

It was not very far from Flemynge's chambers to Plantagenet Square; where the family-mansion of the Dorrillons loomed, large, among its grand and gloomy fellows. He took the least frequented of the several roads thither, and encountered not more than two or three familiar faces by the way.

It so chanced, that one of these was Lord Ranksborough's.

Though they were by no means in the same set, they were in the habit of meeting pretty constantly; but there was not a whit more cordiality between them, than when they parted at Charteris Royal. No second play-tournament of the like importance had come off since, but, upon the few occasions when they had been thus opposed to each other, Flemynge had invariably risen a heavy loser. So the gambler's superstition was added to the other sources of his rancour. Denzil did not care to dissemble a sort of contemptuous dislike; but, as a rule, he contented himself with ignoring the other, after the placid provoking fashion above alluded to.

He passed on, now, with a careless nod and a brief muttered salutation. Of neither of these did Vincent take any heed; and the black spiteful look that gave point to the rudeness, did somewhat astonish even the imperturbable peer; who was unconscious of having given any fresh cause of offence. But he only smiled slightly; and lounged lazily on, guidingly onwards, musing as he went;—

"What the deuce is up in that quarter now, I wonder? He's an ill-conditioned beggar at the best of times: but I never saw that look in his eyes, before; nor in any others that I know of. Yes: I did once; in Transylvania, when we found that wolf-cub in the pit-fall. He must have been harder hit, than any one gave him credit for. Or perhaps the Dorrillon drama is about coming to an end; and the *jeune premier* don't fancy the prospect of being turned adrift. I should rather like to get at the truth of all this story. Marion keeps something back, of course: women always do. They wouldn't

be half such sport, without their little reticences."

With which philosophical reflection, Denzil let the subject 'slide.'

Lady Dorrillon's custom of an afternoon was perfectly well known to all her intimates; and it was never varied unless for stringent reasons. She was too wise, to take undue liberties with her magnificent constitution; and so, was wont, throughout the season, to come home early from her drive, that she might recruit herself for the fatigues of the evening. During this period of *quasi-siesta*, only a very few were admitted to her boudoir; on which limited list Vincent's name was duly inscribed. So, he was conducted thither without pause or question.

That presence-chamber was very like a score of others that you and I may have seen: but the colours in the costly furniture and hangings were rather sober than brilliant; and the light was more subdued than is usual in such apartments. Certainly, this was not so regulated by the defensive cunning of coquetry; for Flora's superb beauty need not have shrunk from displaying itself under the fullest glare of lamp or sun. In other saloons, she met the fair company whom she entertained so royally. But this especial room she kept for *causeries intimes*, if not for real repose; and she held, that, for either of these purposes, semi-obscure was useful.

Fleming found Lady Dorrillon alone. She was reclining on a low broad couch, as if sleepy or weary. When he entered, her half-closed eyelids were lifted with a rather petulant sigh; and she scarcely disturbed herself sufficiently to motion him to a seat, placed conveniently close to her shoulder. Before he sat down—while the servant was still in the room—Vincent spoke hurriedly.

"Will you be 'not at home' for one half-hour? I must ask for so much of your time. I promise not to detain you longer."

The words would have been rash and ill-advised, even had they been warranted by greater familiarity, than existed between those two. And so Lady Dorrillon evidently thought: for her broad white brow contracted, at first; and her lip curled: but, suddenly, her purpose seemed to change.

"I am not at home, till I ring again;" she said to the servant, who waited in the door-way.

It was characteristic of the woman, that—in spite of her audacious coquettishness, and reckless independence,—she should have been able to maintain her position so thoroughly in the eyes of her *vale-taille*. The terrible *Vehme*, who deliberate below-stairs, had set no cross against

her name; the austere matron in England, could boast no more deferential or better ordered household. And this state of things never can prevail, where a single menial is supposed to connive at a guilty secret. So, the man went his way, without a suspicion on his mind, beyond a vague idea, that the visitor—having got into some serious scrape—had come to consult his mistress thereupon, or perchance to seek her aid.

"What is the terrible secret?" Lady Dorrillon asked, when the door was fairly closed. "For, of course, there is some fresh trouble?"

She put the question with a calm indifferent curiosity—not with the nervous eagerness of a woman, jealous even of a sorrow that she does not share.

He answered, with a forced smile.

"Nothing fresh—nothing new. Perhaps, that's the reason I'm sick and weary of it all—so weary that, one way or the other, it shall end to-day."

She too smiled by that same sign;
But her smile was cold and fine.

"More cruelty of the cards? It's only wonderful, that you have not grown tired sooner of being persecuted. I believe, Fox thought losing at play the second pleasure in life. But you are no more like him, than—I am like the Duchess Georgiana."

"You're wrong for once—" he broke in, rudely. "If I have been losing, I can pay it, without troubling any one—you least of all; though you did help me once. I've not come to ask you for money; but for a simple answer to a simple question. And that answer I mean to have."

Her scarlet lip curled, more and more ominously; and into her eyes there came a dangerous light. But he was not to be warned; and went on in the same hard brusque tone—

"How much longer is this farce to last? How much longer do you expect me to live this dog's life, with less than a dog's reward? For you do pet and caress that snarling spaniel of yours sometimes; and I only get smiles and looks, that I dare swear are given to a score of other fools besides. I've served you long enough for nought. And I'll not be put off with fair words, now that I've come to ask for my wages."

"You spoke of 'farce' first—not I, remember"—she said. "If it is a farce, there is the less reason for that high-tragedy manner. I tell you frankly—it don't become you; and it is not at all to my taste. So you are actually jealous of poor Rupert? Well: you have been so, with less cause. As to how long this is to last—it hardly depends on me; unless you were to persist in being rude and

disagreeable. Then, perhaps, I might have a decided opinion on the subject. You had better speak plainly. What is it that you do require of me?"

He did speak plainly, with a vengeance; so plainly, that few women—not wholly lost to self-respect—would have heard him to the end; so plainly, that the words cannot be written down here. He was nearly beside himself, when he came, you will remember; and the careless insolence of her last speech fanned the smouldering madness into flame. But Flora listened without a frown, or blush, or a vestige of emotion.

"I will forgive your language"—she said; "simply, because you have made my answer so easy. I answer: No. No—now, and for evermore. The best hope that I held out to you was, that 'you might try and win me.' That hope has been over this many a day; only you would not see it. I promised you too, 'a fair field, and no favour;' and I have kept my word. I hold myself clear, from this hour. It is not my fault that you have failed—utterly and irretrievably."

The mingled malignity and anguish, that convulsed his face, were terrible to see.

"Then it's all over? You cast me off at a moment's notice, after—after all that has passed? And you do not fear the consequences? And you know that I am desperate?"

"I know nothing, except that this is the last time we meet *here*; or anywhere, unless it be in general society. No living man ever spoke to me twice—or ever shall speak—as you have spoken to-day. Why should I fear consequences? You can talk about me of course. I hope you will find some one to listen, if not to sympathise. A whole Book of Lamentations has been published about me, already; and yet—I survive. I don't see what further harm you can do. I fancy you have no letters of mine, that would compromise me, even with Sir Marmaduke. Poor Marion! I wonder if she has grown wiser, for the lesson you gave her?"

The light broke in upon Flemyng, all at once—not in a steady ray; but with a horrible blinding flash: he threw his hands up, clasping them tightly over his eyes, and sate so, for several seconds; when he withdrew them, both cheek and brow bore traces of the pressure. He just managed to stammer out a few disjointed words—

"My God—I see it all now: tricked—fooled—cheated from the first moment——"

And he broke down, in a choking sob.

Not even then, did La Belle Dame Sans Merci abate the disdain of her satiric smile.

"Yes: I think you guess the truth, at last,"

she said. "Marion Charteris came to me, in her distress; and I promised to help her; and to get those letters back, at any reasonable cost. It is hard for you to hear these things now. But—did you think to escape scot-free, after having tried to traffic on a woman's weakness and an old family's honour? I did deceive you, in allowing you to think it possible, that you should ever be more to me than you were at that moment. But I did not mean to cheat you. In one way, those letters were fairly bought and sold. Wait an instant."

She opened a secret drawer in an escritoire placed close to her elbow, on the opposite side of the couch from that on which Flemyng sate, and took out a slip of paper.

"You know your own hand-writing. Here is the acknowledgment that my lawyer took, when he helped you out of your difficulties. I was very glad to be of use to you then; I have never grudged it since; and when we came to an explanation, as we were sure to do, sooner or later, I always intended—this."

The paper was scattered in shreds, before she had finished speaking.

If Flora Dorrillon could have seen what was passing within the other's breast, she would surely, I think, have refrained from that finishing blow; or, at least, have dealt more tenderly. But Vincent Flemyng was fast lapsing into that state of mind, which finds its parallel in the last stages of certain bodily punishments; where prolonged torture does eventually produce insensibility to pain. He made no answer now; but sate like one bewildered; drawing his breath in quick laboured gasps.

Flora looked at him in some surprise: she had despised the man too cordially, to believe him capable of such strong emotion. In despite of her ruthless cynicism, she was a thorough woman, after all. Mental agony she could witness, unmoved; but she began to relent, at the sight of evident physical suffering.

"We will let bygones be bygones, if you like," she said, in a softer tone. "At such events, we will forget that hard words have passed between us to-day. The world is wide enough for us both: we may meet, as hundreds of people do, who have no great respect or liking for each other. My philosophy is equal to this; and so will yours be, when you have thought things over coolly."

Flemyng rose to his feet; swaying to and fro like a drunken man: in his eyes were the same savage helpless look, which Rankinborough had aptly likened to the glare of a trapped wild beast. Flora Dorrillon was absolutely proof against physical fear; neverth-

less, she felt glad, just then, that a bell-rope lay within reach of her hand: she pulled it without an instant's hesitation.

Vincent broke out into a ghastly laugh.

"You needn't be afraid," he said. "Did you think I was going to spoil your beauty? I couldn't, if I would: the D——l takes too good care of his own. I've time enough to say—all I want to say."

With that, he leant down and spoke a few sentences in a hoarse suppressed tone: holding her arm fast the while. It was long before the firm white flesh lost the purple fingerprints: it was longer yet, before Flora forgot that hissing whisper, and the hideous words it conveyed: waking at night, with a start, she used to fancy that she heard it again, close to her ear.

Now, all cursing is evil; but evil, in degrees. There is the habitual expletive, meaningless if not harmless; perpetually exploding, like some unsavoury firework; such as the godly Scotch dame condemned—with a qualification.

"Our John does sweer awfu'—" she averred. "But, it must be owned, it's a gran' set-off to conversation."

There is the coarse execration of sudden anger; not deliberately malignant; and oftentimes repented of, as soon as it is spoken; which may be compared to the crackling of flame amongst thorns. Again—there is the slow intense imprecation of mortal hate or despair, into which a sinful soul casts all its strength of will; when each syllable falls like a drop of molten iron, and lies where it falls—burning, burning. Any man, who has been forced to listen to one of these last—even if it were not levelled at himself—will be apt to be disagreeably haunted thereby.

Did you ever read 'The Lay of the Brown Rosary'? If so, amongst the touches of weird horror that abound in that wonderful ballad, you will surely remember this verse—

A nun in the east wall was buried alive,
Who mocked at the priest when he called her to shrive,
And shrieked such a curse, as the stone took her breath,
The old abbess sank backwards, and swooned unto death,
With an Ave half-spoken.

Not more than a hundred words, perhaps, escaped just then, from those white, writhing lips of Vincent Flemyng's: but each one was heavy with venomous blasphemy.

Having uttered them—he did not pause to mark their effect; but straightened himself up, and left the room with a hurried unsteady step. On the threshold, he met the servant, coming to answer the bell; and well-nigh frightened the stolid domestic out of his propriety, as he brushed roughly past. The man could not have accounted to himself,

at the time, for the curious feeling that impelled him to shrink aside out of Flemyng's way, as though there were danger in the touch of the other's garments. But, on the morrow—discoursing of these things amongst his fellows—

"I know what startled me, now;" he said. "I saw death in his face."

Truly, it was so.

After much airy circling, the stately merciless falcon made her swoop at last; and the keen polished talons did their work, not negligently. The stricken quarry might flutter away for a while, and gain the shelter of a covert hard by; but the mortal wound under its draggled plumage would not suffer it long to pine.

CHAPTER XXXIX. BLOOD-MONEY.

WITH the same swift unsteady step, Vincent Flemyng went down the staircase, and out through the hall; where two or three liveried servants—standing, decorously, at attention as he past—looked meaning comments at each other, on the abrupt departure. In the open air he began to collect his wandering senses; but he had walked round three sides of the square, and had nearly returned to the point whence he started, before he realised in what direction he was going. Then he halted, and seemed to reflect; passing his hand over his brow, in a bewildered way, as if trying to recollect something. This, he apparently succeeded in doing, at last; for he turned abruptly on his heel, and walked rapidly eastwards; taking, as before, the least frequented ways.

A quarter of an hour or so, brought him to his destination. The house he sought was situated in a dingy disreputable street, not far from Leicester Square. The ground-floor was occupied by a small chemist's shop; and on the smirched plate of the door adjoining was inscribed:

MR. J. NISBET,

GENERAL PRACTITIONER.

Flemyng had evidently been here before; for he went straight into the shop; and, finding no one there, without further ceremony lifted a green curtain, and peered through the upper panes of a glazed door, into a room beyond.

The only tenant of that room was a pale middle-aged man; with long unkempt hair hanging over the collar of a rusty coat; at the first glance, you would have set him down as one bankrupt in character not less than in purse; and you would have judged that his misfortunes were richly deserved. Mr. Nisbet was smoking a short black pipe with a kind

of vicious energy; and on a table close to his elbow, were a spirit-decanter, glasses and a jug of cold water. At the change of light, caused by the lifting of the curtain, he turned his head, with a sulky oath: he did not fancy being disturbed, for the sake of any business that was likely to come his way. When he saw who the visitor was, his brow cleared somewhat; and he rose quickly, to meet him.

A very few words will sketch Joe Nisbet's history.

When his father (who was in the same profession) died, he came into a fair sum of ready money, and a fair practice, in a small way. About this time he became acquainted with several of the artist-guild; these injudicious friends discovered—or professed to discover—in the unlucky Medico a decided talent for pen-and-ink caricatures. From that hour he never had a chance. He used to hang about the ateliers of a morning, spoiling quires of paper with his coarse sprawling outlines, and boring everybody for suggestions or appreciation; whilst his evenings were spent in uproarious revel with boon-companions of tougher constitutions than his own. Of course, the ready-money took to itself wings, and fled apace; and the little practice followed thereafter. He never made enough by his etchings, to pay for a week's drink. One or two of his old comrades, who had risen somewhat in the world, lent him a helping hand now and then; and several employed him professionally; for he was not without talent of a rough kill-or-cure sort; but these fees came in very irregularly, according to the means or the memory of the patient. So day by day, the wolf howled nearer to Joe Nisbet's door; and it was not likely that the hungry brute would be barred out much longer.

He was brooding over these things, and seeking solace in his wonted anodyne, when Vincent found him on that fatal evening.

"This is a surprise—" Nisbet said, with a coarse attempt at cordiality. "What brings a swell like you, to a den like this, just about your dinner hour? I'm glad to see you, any way. Sit down, old man. I've sent the boy on a message: he won't be back for ever so long. So there'll be no one to disturb us."

Poor Joe lied from the mere force of habit. The boy in question—distracted by the lack of custom, and the utter hopelessness of drawing enough wages to keep him—had shaken the dust from his high-lows, outside that grimy threshold, months ago, for the last time.

Fleming sat down, without speaking, on the chair the other set for him: for a minute or so, the two men sat staring at one another, till Nisbet grew uncomfortably nervous.

"Why the —— don't you say what you want with me?" he asked, half angrily. "It's physio, I suppose? There's something deuced wrong with you. I never saw that drawn, hunted look on your face, before. I don't like that dilatation of the pupils. But if it's only late hours, and that sort of thing, that's playing the mischief with you, I can soon set you right. Let's feel your pulse."

But Fleming thrust back the extended hand, rudely; and spoke almost in a whisper; never relaxing that fixed feverish stare.

"Yes: you're right. There is something deuced wrong with me; and I am come for physio. You won't guess what that physio is though, Listen, here."

In his turn, he put forth his hand; and, drawing the other closer till their heads nearly touched, murmured a few words in his ear. Suddenly, Nisbet wrenched himself roughly loose; and fell back in his chair with a sort of horror on his face.

"Are you—are you, mad?" he exclaimed. "Or what do you take me for?"

"I'm perfectly sane—" Vincent retorted. "And I take you for anything,—but the fool who would let such a chance slip. I know all about you, man. I know that you're nearer starving than I am: though all I can fairly call my own is—this."

He drew the roll of notes from his breast-pocket; and unfolded them deliberately on the table: amongst others was one for 100*l*. On this especial note Nisbet's dull watery eyes were riveted; till they lighted up with hungry gleam: it was very long since they had looked on such a sight, even in dreams. An hour ago, he would have bartered his soul for half the price: now—it was only a question of life and death. No wonder that he began to hesitate.

"Is it—really—really so bad as that?" he asked.

With a ghastly exultation the other watched the signs of yielding, and pressed his advantage. If true-hearted Tom Seyton could only have guessed, to what uses his Crusader winnings would come!

"Worse, than you can imagine. It just comes to this: if you won't help me, I'll hunt London over till I find some one who will. I believe there are a dozen, who would serve my turn, within a furlong of this house. And you know that, as well as I do. I haven't patience for paltering. Say Yes, or No; and have done with it."

He laid his hand on the notes, as he spoke; and began to fold them up again: but the other interposed—just as Vincent expected he would.

"Don't—don't be so hasty," he muttered.

"You don't give a fellow time to pull himself together. Hold on a minute."

Then Nisbet filled a bumper with raw spirit, and finished it at a gulp: the deep fiery draught took instant effect, even on that seasoned brain.

"Have it your own way"—he cried out, with a noisy recklessness. "D—n it all! I don't know why I should be so squeamish. A man has a right to do as he likes with his own. After all, it's only what I've been thinking of for myself, these months past; and what, I daresay, I shall do, before the year's out. Hand over the stuff: you shall have what you want in three minutes."

With that, he reeled across the room, towards a press that stood in a corner. There he opened one drawer after another, till he found what he sought; muttering and mumbling under his breath, the while; and came back, with a short square vial in his hand. This he set down on the table; clutching the notes as he did so.

"It's the right article," Nisbet said, with a drunken chuckle. "I kept it for my own drinking."

Flemmyng snatched up the vial, far more eagerly than the other had grasped the money; and secured it in his breast. Then he prepared to depart, silently; neither did Nisbet seek to detain him. But as he went out through the door, Vincent turned; and spoke again in a broken, quavering whisper.

"Will it—will it be much pain?"

The other answered, not in words; but only shook his averted head impatiently. And so those two most guilty men parted; without one word of farewell; and without once—after the price of blood was paid—meeting each other's eyes.

For a minute or two after Flemmyng's departure, Joe Nisbet sat, gazing into the empty grate, with a stupid sottish stare. Suddenly, one of those strange reactions, to which the basest of brutalised natures are sometimes liable, overcame, and well nigh sobered him. He sprang up, and dashed out through the surgery into the street, bare headed: with a vague purpose of calling Flemmyng back, and wresting away the accursed vial by main force. But no such figure appeared within sight. As if anticipating some such change of purpose in his accomplice, Vincent immediately on leaving the door, had plunged into one of the narrow by-lanes that abound in that neighbourhood; and even a detective would have had some trouble in tracking him. Ere long the open air began to make wild work with Nisbet's addled brain: as he staggered back into his dingy den, only a vague confused feeling of remorse possessed him;

and this he proceeded to drown in more strong liquor, till he lay on the floor—a hideous crumpled heap.

It behoves the chronicler—wherever it is possible—to illustrate historical justice. Therefore, it is worth while to remark, here, that the blood-money throve no better with Joe Nisbet, than it had done with more illustrious sinners: it seemed as though it had only served to grease the wheels of the rickety chariot, which he drove down-hill, each day at more furious speed. He drank harder than ever; but now chiefly alone. The uproarious joviality, and childish vanity, that in old days used half to annoy, half to divert, his intimates, quite disappeared; he was always moody and morose now, when he was not noisily quarrelsome. He acquired a disagreeable habit too, of perpetually glancing back over his own shoulder, which caused one of his companions to ask, irritably, "if he thought a sheriff's officer was standing behind his chair?"

To which Nisbet retorted—with a savage glare at the questioner—that "he was no more afraid of those cattle than any other man: and that before the other began to chaff, he'd better pay back that 'tenner' that had been owing these two years."

After this, a general opinion began to prevail, that Joe was in a very bad way indeed: and was likely to be of little more social use or ornament. For he had never yet been known to dun a 'pal' or a patient; and this outbreak of avarice was set down as a certain sign of incipient softening of the brain.

These presages were very quickly fulfilled: in the course of the ensuing winter, Nisbet died; leaving just money enough to bury him. His last illness was mercifully brief; for he suffered not less in mind than in body; and raved terribly at times. The chief of his visionary torments seemed to be, that his nostrils were never free from the faint oppressive odour of *bitter almonds*.*

Flemmyng would not trust his own feet, to carry him homewards; and hailed the first hansom he met. As he drove along, his hand never stirred from his breast; grasping, as a man grasps his last earthly possession, that costly vial. The day was waning fast: but there was left a good hour of twilight, when he got out at the door of his lodgings, and let himself in with a pass-key.

Breathing hard and painfully; yet with a certain sense of relief and refuge—like a hunted buck that has just managed to

* This phase of delirium was narrated to me, many years ago, by a very clever surgeon; and he accounted for it only on the supposition of practised or intended murder.

struggle into cover—Vincent cast himself on the nearest couch; and, for a brief space, let his hot heavy eyelids droop over his aching eyes. Without that respite, he would scarce have been equal to the work he had yet to do.

(To be continued.)

MY AUNT'S ADVICE.

MY Aunt Tabitha was one of the worthiest women in existence, but she was not easier to live with than sundry other worthy folks. It is true that we had come by degrees, and through a long course of years, to understand one another tolerably, and to get on together admirably. I had the most boundless respect for my aunt's sterling worth, her dauntless energy, her strength, both of mind and body; respected her pursuits too, though I declined to share them, and if I did not agree with her opinions, forbore to say so at least; not that I got any credit for my forbearance, or that the dear lady thought it worth while to imitate my charity, which indeed she would have regarded in herself as a base truckling to the follies and weakness of mankind. Far from that, my pursuit of natural science was the object of her unsparing contempt and reprobation.

I am not ashamed to own that it was with much intense quaking, and some outward nervousness and discomposure, that I prepared to acquaint my aunt with a charge that had been laid upon me, and that it seemed impossible for me to refuse; I had thought to find and seize upon a propitious moment during dinner, but none that I could venture to think such presented itself. I waited and waited, dashing in suddenly, in a moment of desperation, at a crisis in the flow of my aunt's discourse which seemed to me somewhat apropos.

"Speaking of orphans, Aunt Tab, I heard to-day that poor Dick Masson is dead in India. You remember Dick, don't you!"

"Remember him? perfectly well, nephew," returned my aunt, in a tone that said as plainly as any words could, "and remember no good of him either." "Ah! dead is he? and has left heaps of children for some one else to provide for, I dare say; men like him always do."

My heart smote me a little when I succumbed to the expediency of passing over this implied attack upon my dead friend's memory, but the uneasy feeling lent what I faintly hoped was impressive dignity to my manner, as I said,

"He has certainly left one child, motherless, not for any one to provide for exactly, but for some one to look after and be kind to, till she gets a home of her own."

"Ah! a girl, of course," answered my domitable relation. "I could have answered for its being a girl! Well, a pretty responsibility, and care, and bother is going to be put off upon some one who has no right in the world to be troubled with it, most likely. I'm sorry for them; if it's any one who knew her mother as well as I did, they'll be sorry for themselves, for ten to one the girl will follow after her. The specimen's common enough, more's the pity!"

I knew my aunt; I knew all this was what I had to expect; and yet my heart went down within me like lead, and I thought the ward, now on her way to England, of an indescribable foreboding.

I pushed my chair back from the table, folded my napkin, and then said doggedly,

"Well then, aunt, I must even console myself with your pity and my own, for I'm an unlucky individual who is to need it."

My aunt laid down her dessert knife and fork, folded her hands, and regarded me stonily, yet with triumph:

"Hah! I guessed as much, Nephew. Sorry for you!"

"So you were good enough to say,—my dear aunt, perhaps I'm sorry for myself, but what can I do?"

"Do! grant me patience!" cried out my aunt. "Is the man demented? Do!—decline to act, to be sure; you cannot be compelled, I suppose, and the girl has, no doubt, plenty of kin, with more right to be trusted with her and fitter to take charge of her too."

"As to that, poor Dick knew best, I suppose," returned I, a little sulkily.

My aunt regarded me steadily; and in such moments there is a certain fixed grimness about the good lady's sapless physiognomy, not pleasing to the eye.

"The conceit of men is fathomless," she was kind enough to remark presently with much unction. "And I see, nephew, that you have made up your mind. Well, you must do as you please, and I shall do what I think right, in plainly telling you my opinion. I am at liberty to do so? Of course I am at liberty to do so; and my opinion is, that you are about to make a fool of yourself!"

"Not for the first time, I fear," said I, endeavouring to give a more pleasant turn to the discourse.

"Nor for the last, for some people never learn wisdom," returned Aunt Tabitha. "Guard to a child of a girl,—a man of your years! I never saw a child since he was one himself, and is quite old enough to have forgotten he ever was one,—a man with——"

"If she is a child," said I, breaking in

side of these unsparing truths, "why, then, can I send her to school?"

And if she's not a child, and is too old for school?"

Then we'll marry her off, as quickly as possible," I answered jocosely.

Hah! marry her off—all, men think, men were born for, I verily believe."

Why, my dear aunt, I really fancy the girl gives some such reason for the creation of Eve, doesn't it?"

It is our privilege to live under another generation, nephew," said my aunt, bridling. "The more's the pity," said I; but I prudently had my hand on the door-handle as I spoke, and bolted the moment I had finished.

The ordeal preliminary was passed. I had received my ward at the hands of the hands under whose care she had journeyed from England, had introduced her to my aunt Tabitha, and humbly commended her to the care of that exemplary woman.

My aunt followed Miss Masson, with her as she disappeared from the drawing-room to prepare for dinner, and when the door had been closed on her, turned sharply on me.

Nephew, which is it—a child or a woman?"

Upon my word, aunt," said I, hesitating, inwardly much confused by the sudden question, "if you really ask my opinion, I don't say a little of both, or perhaps neither one nor the other."

A plain question might be supposed to require a plain answer," returned my aunt, smiling.

My dear aunt—I should have said—"I don't begining.

You know nothing about it, nephew," interrupted Aunt Tabitha, snappishly, but withal very truly, that I was involuntarily silent.

—I didn't know anything about it, that was the very truth; nor, when the evening had advanced a bit further towards a conclusion on this point.

Child, or woman? fifteen, or twenty? For my life of me, I could not make up my mind which.

My Aunt Tabitha, as was her custom of an evening, was engaged at the far end of the room on her various club and subscription matters, or in arranging the worldly affairs of her poorer fellow-creatures, on model principles quite to her satisfaction, if not to theirs. I was reclining in my arm-chair near the fire, held in check, which under ordinary circumstances I should have read, but which, under the present extraordinary ones, I was using as a cover, and which I was intent upon that other book, the little Miss Masson opposite me, which, try I would, I couldn't read. She lay listlessly

back in a low chair 'on the other side of the hearth, a hand-screen held negligently between her face and the fire by a little brown hand, so small, so slight and supple, that it seemed ridiculous to suppose it could belong to a grown woman. The figure matched the hand for slightness, suppleness, and smallness, generally; it was as lithe as a willow-wand, and, to my thinking, as graceful as the same wand when, unstripped of its feathery garniture, it waves above the stream in the summer wind.

But did it pertain to fifteen or twenty? Nothing in my ward's manner, nothing in what she said, helped me forward a bit. She was very quiet,—subdued, if not shy; but that seemed only natural with her deep mourning dress; she said very little, but she could not well say much, when the other lady in the room was deep in accounts and correspondence, and the sole gentleman apparently so in his book.

And so the evening wore away, and bed-time came, and my mind was as far as ever from being made up.

Prayers were over; we all stood up, and, as the servants filed out of the room, Miss Masson went over to Aunt Tabitha, dutifully kissed, and bade her and myself good-night.

How things would have gone the next day, I cannot imagine, but for the, for once, opportunity, as well as unexpected, arrival of my nephew, Tom Ferrers, of the Plungers. This young gentleman, whose easy custom it is to take Holmdale by storm whenever his inclination or his convenience prompts, suddenly dashed up to the windows of our breakfast-room, which open to the ground, just as we were about to sit down to the matutinal meal, never drawing rein till, as Aunt Tabitha declared, the next moment must infallibly have brought both plungers clattering among the cups and saucers, and at that crisis, pulling up with an imposing display of horsemanship, doubtless, but to the manifest detriment of my newly laid gravel sweep; walking in the moment after as cool and fresh as the morning itself.

With what irresistible good humour and heartiness the young dog salutes Aunt Tabitha (if the good lady has a weak part in her composition, be sure Tom has found the way to it); with what an easy grace he bows to little Miss Masson, takes the seat beside her, falls to talking, laughing, and assisting her. And my ward, it appears now, can talk, can smile, can even laugh, with a soft, happy, girlish laugh, such as is strange indeed to Holmdale. But she looks younger than ever when the gravity of her face breaks up into smiles, and the dark eyes brighten and glow at Tom's nonsense.

Well, well, since nonsense is decidedly the thing that suits ladies of such tender years, I wish I had made an attempt in that direction, for somehow it would have pleased me to have called forth one of those shy, pretty smiles, one of those fleeting dark-eyed glances—but, ah me! *I* was not twenty-four, or a Plunger.

After breakfast I lingered a little, uncertain what my new duties made incumbent upon me; but I soon saw I was so very little either heeded or needed, that I betook myself to my study, and the resumption of my usual pursuits, not, I will own, altogether with my usual zest, nor quite undisturbed by that intrusive consideration of “fifteen or twenty.”

At dinner, though my ward and my nephew considered themselves apparently friends of quite an ancient date, the little lady was much more silent than she had been at breakfast, and but for Tom, the dinner would have gone off almost as heavily as that of the preceding day.

When that young gentleman had duly bowed the ladies out of the room at its conclusion, he came leisurely back to the table, filled his glass, settled himself back in his chair in an attitude of much ease, and remarked appreciatively,

“Upon my word, uncle, Miss Masson is a very pretty little girl!”

“I dare say she will make a pretty woman,” I answered, putting on an indulgent parent-and-guardian manner. Either at that, or something else, Tom first stared, and then laughed.

“Are you not afraid of her finding Holmdale a little—quiet, perhaps?” he kindly inquired next.

“Not while you are good enough to take pity on us,” I returned; and I verily believe the young puppy detected instantly the secret soreness which prompted the reply; “but seriously,” I added, “I dare say a year or two of school——” (you see I felt pretty well decided as to that question of years, by the tone of my nephew’s remarks. “Catch him making a mistake on such a subject,” I thought). He broke into a laugh.

“Why, uncle, the poor child left school two years ago, when she went out to join her father! She was nineteen last birthday!”

“Oh, indeed!” I said, angry and confused, and injured by Tom’s superior information concerning my ward and her antecedents.

“She’s as fresh, I grant,” pursued this well-informed young gentleman, “as if she only left off pinafores yesterday; but then she’s seen nothing, for old Masson was always poked away up country somewhere, and the little thing tells me she and the ‘old party’ never

saw a white face for months together, except each other’s. So you see she’s a comely little Daisy every way.”

“A daisy?”

“Well, that’s her name, I mean, and the poets (I’m sure you’re much better versed than I am, sir), don’t they signify simplicity and freshness, and—and—you know what I mean—under the name of a flower?”

“Miss Masson’s name is Anastasia, cinda,” I began, with rebuking dignity.

“Oh! of course, that’s the name her fathers and god-mothers bestowed on her. Very far left to themselves they must have been at the time, too; but I don’t suppose either they, or any one else, ever called her by the same; at any rate, her father did for he shortened it to Daisy, and a very appropriate and becoming name it is, too; I propose that we fill this glass to about the prettiest little daisy a man would see on his day’s journey. After that, uncle, shall we join the ladies?”

We did join the ladies, and the day evening as it began, by my contemplation of the and readiness with which my nephew had of himself agreeable, winning smiles and pleasant looks, confidence and kindness, where I had then, I had not fair hair, parted down the middle, nor flowing whiskers, nor a tapering moustache, and I was much nearer fifty than twenty-four, only her father’s friend, and her own elderly, silent guardian.

No wistful, dark-eyed glance into my eyes thrilled through and through me to-night when the hour of retiring came; the little lady put her lips to Miss Tabitha’s cheekbone as on the previous occasion, she had done hands with Tom, bidding him a laughing good-night, and then swept past me with a flowing curtsy, drooping eyelashes, and a little flush on her face.

As long as the Plunger stayed, and he honoured us more persistently than usual, there did not appear any signs of Miss Masson’s finding poor old Holmdale dull: the three were generally together, and seemed to each other sufficient for all needs. But when he was gone, and she was left to choose between Aunt Tabitha’s society and mine, the case was plainly altered. I rather think the poor child at first did make an effort to follow in Miss Tabitha’s footsteps, but that needed strong limbs, a stronger mind, perhaps also a harder heart, than nature had vouchsafed to her. She blundered sadly between “cause” and “effect,” my aunt complained; she could not be taught that the way to make a model poor was not achieved by relieving poverty; she gave away, as I understood, all her money

red her wardrobe a desolation, and in-
l, into the bargain, Aunt Tabitha's
st rebukes for encouraging sloth, and
ering to shiftlessness.

So that came to an end, and, though I could
almost have descended (if I had known how)
to try the Plunger's method of making Holm-
dale pleasant, I felt that forty-odd must fail



See page 279.

twenty-four might succeed; and so was
o stand on one side, and note silently
e smiles came fewer and farther between
face they brightened so prettily; how
ght died away from the dark eyes, and
ep grew listless; and a little figure
about the dark old house, that grew
slender day by day.

last the sight grew so painful to me,
could bear it no longer. I sought my
and, in my desperation, entreated her
al.

aunt kindly withdrew her attention
the voluminous mass of papers before
nd looked up at me with triumph in her

"Hah! nephew, I hope you will own now
that I was quite right in what I said when
you absurdly undertook this charge. I knew
how it would be."

"Of course you were right, my dear lady:
when were you ever wrong?" I answered,
pettishly. "But what is to be done? that is
the question now."

"And I reply by using your own words,
Nephew Ferrers,—marry her off—I'll grant
you it's all *she's* fit for, poor thing."

My aunt is a most estimable woman, so I
don't like to call the smile with which she
delivered this opinion, diabolical—but it cer-
tainly was not pleasing. I didn't expect any
very easy or pleasant solution of my difficulty

from her either, perhaps; but this seemed rather too preposterous.

"How, in the name of patience, am I to do that?" I asked, testily. "Can't I make Miss Masson fall in love?"

Miss Tabitha laughed curtly.

"Try," said she.

"I don't know any one worthy of her," I answered, sulkily.

"Well, you men are poor creatures, the best of you; I subscribe to that, nephew," said my aunt, amicably; "but there are women to be found, good-natured enough to put up with the worst of you, more's the pity."

"There's not a single man of my acquaintance to whom I should be willing to give Dick Masson's daughter," I repeated, obstinately.

"Then marry her yourself!" said my aunt, and became once more absorbed in her papers.

The ceiling came down to the floor, the walls swayed towards each other, and the floor seemed to upheave beneath my feet, as the tremendous words fell from Miss Tabitha's derisive lips.

"Marry her myself!" Oh Daisy, darling, tender, patient, pining little Daisy! never, never, I swear it, even when my heart had ached and swelled most painfully with the hidden love, and tenderness, and pity, which had grown up there for thee, had such a thought strayed across presumptuous fancy. Marry her myself! How the mocking words whirled and seethed in my brain now, though; and how, in spite of myself, in spite of Aunt Tabitha, visions of love and happiness and beauty, such as the veriest boy might have revelled in; of a new meaning to the words "hearth and home," sprang into life, and gathered round, and made them beautiful. Marry her myself! My forty-odd years were forgotten, and Holmdale, dull, dark, dingy Holmdale, was dull, and dark, and dingy no more; for, if I may venture to take such a liberty with Mr. Tennyson, "young faces glimmered at the doors, young footsteps trod the upper floors," young voices called me from without—and—and I was not dreary—no, quite the contrary. But, Gracious Powers! into what domain of fancy was my aunt's advice luring me? I pulled myself up with a mighty effort—I fled into my study with precipitation, dashed at my bookshelves, and took down a volume at random: anything to drown those importunate, derisive, enchanting words!

The book was—I never knew what it was, for even as I opened it, a sheet of paper fluttered from between its leaves, which straightway captured my attention with a

vengeance, for I knew the little neat writing, which nearly covered it, quite though I didn't know the verses it embodied; seeing that in all probability no eyes but the poor little author's had ever beheld them before. I don't mean to give them here—beg to assure the reader that he is not obtaining any considerable loss thereby—have them now, and I mean them to be beside me in my coffin, when I die.

They told a tender little tale, even to the uninitiated eyes and ears, which it seemed my nephew's name, scattered idly and lavishly over the reverse side of the paper; and folding them reverently, without about them a little ribbon she had dropped one day in my study when she came in for a moment, I laid them away carefully, and bowing my head, I registered a vow in my heart of heaven that Daisy Masson should be happy if I could make her so.

So this was your secret, my little ward; it was for the absent Plunger that your eyes had grown dim, and your face so pale and wistful. Well, what more natural ought to have thought of it, provided I had not or else have hindered it. But I—what could I know of girls and their ways? Oh! my phetic aunt! Oh! dear, dead Dick Masson, who bequeathed your little daughter to me, care and love; was this all I had done for her?

For Tom was not in a position to marry, even allowing that he had fallen into the preliminary imprudence, a fact of which I was no means sure, by the way.

"Boys of four-and-twenty don't fall in love nowadays," I reflected, "unless it is convenient and desirable; they leave their fathers of forty and more to make fools of themselves in that way."

But something must be done, and to my memory of Dick Masson, I would do my best. In a few days, the Plunger was our guest more, specially invited though, this somewhat to his own surprise. Well, well; it was only what I ought to have expected; but I own I did think she must have seemed quite so glad to see him.

On his part, Tom took her undisturbed pleasure with the utmost coolness, and as a matter of course; while I—the almost think I could have lain down on my feet and died, to have called that lovely tanned light into her eyes; but then forty is not twenty-four, and falls in love in another fashion, you see.

Tom talked away over his wine, while we were alone, with his customary ease; and I own to being a very silent and inattentive listener. I was thinking only of what

ay, very little of how to say it, so that I
e abruptly enough to the point at last.

Tom, haven't you had enough of soldier-
? It's a poor trade in time of peace, I
uld think."

But I was brought up to it, you see, sir;
it's about all I'm good for either," replied
a, with unwonted modesty.

What do you say to settling?"

On what?" inquired Tom, opening his
s. "All my father left me wouldn't give me
ad and cheese and a pipe a day, and if it
n't for you now and then, uncle——"

Have you ever wanted to marry—thought
ut it, I mean?"

Tom carefully removed the tawny moustache
n possible contact with the wine he was
ing to his lips, drank with appreciation, set
n his glass, and then replied,

I left off crying for the moon with my
fores, I hope, sir. Ay, Jove! uncle, what
ass you must think me;" he added more
nestly.

Perhaps I did; not for the reason he
gined, though.

I don't know whether you have ever
ught of yourself as my possible heir," I
an, waiving that question, "but if you and
s Masson can——" ah! how the words would
ke in my throat,—"if you are fortunate
ugh to—that is—if you marry my old
nd's daughter, I should consider you as my
t heirs, and provide for your marriage at
t once."

It was done—over—it was all over now!
re only remained Tom's acquiescence; this
s longer of coming than I had expected,
when at last I looked up, Tom's face wore
ok of perplexity, surprise, and doubt, that
s almost comical.

"You've taken me quite by surprise," he
l, at length. "I need not say, that I've
er thought of Miss Masson in the light you
ak of; I admire and like her immensely,
course, but—in fact——"

"Do you mean to say you have any objection
marry my ward?" I cried out. "Why, you
ang puppy! there's many a better man
uld——"

"I do mean to say that I have a decided
ection to propose marriage to any lady
hout being quite assured of her preference
me," he interrupted, with a laugh; "but if
u will answer for that—look here, uncle,
u have made a proposal to me: make it to
r, too, for me; and if she agrees, why then I
all, of course, be proud, and honoured, and
ppy, and will do my best to deserve your
ndness and hers."

"Nonsense, my lad," I began.

"Positively, uncle, you must; I shall never

have pluck enough to do it for myself, I tell
you;" and there the matter ended for the
present, leaving me restlessly on the watch for
an opportunity to carry the thing to an end.

It came the next day. Daisy was standing
alone, before the bookshelves in the library,
hunting for something or other, when I came
in and found her; I assisted in the search,
carried it to a successful termination, and then
hurriedly, awkwardly, detaining her when she
would have left me, I laid Tom's proposal
before her.

She glanced up at me once, and then never
lifted her eyes again, but stood quite still,
except for a fluttering movement about the
bosom of her dress, that I could not but watch.

"Tom would have told all this much better
himself, I am sure," I said, in conclusion, feel-
ing acutely that apology was needed for the
blundering announcement; "but he trusted
it in my hands, and I have tried to do my
best. My dear, what do you say?"

She said nothing at all, only turned a
little aside, and sat down, dropping her face
down upon her hands in a way that went to
my heart, somehow.

"Well, well," I said hastily, "perhaps there
is no need to say anything. I am very ignorant
of all such things; but silence is held to give
consent in matters like the present, is it not?
Tom will be a happy man, and you will have
a brighter home than this grim old house, and
younger faces about you. It is only natural you
should have pined among us. My dear, God
bless you: I think your father would have
acted for you as I have tried to do."

With a very poor assumption of the parent-
and-guardian manner, I laid my hand upon
the bending head, and for the first and only
time I would have put my lips to the face I
lifted towards my own. I was taking leave
of something, beside the office I had filled so
poorly, you see; but she didn't know that:
then why, wrenching herself free of my arms
with a sudden, passionate movement, did she
burst into a wild fit of crying, and rush incon-
tinent out of the room?

I could not tell why—not I, but perhaps
Tom could; so of him I went presently in
search. I did not find him, but I came,
instead, upon my ward, sitting in one of the
deep old windows, with her arms lying on the
broad ledge, and her face hidden upon them.
The grief and dejection so visible in the atti-
tude of the little figure, smote me with bitter
pain; I went up close beside her, but never
ventured this time to touch so much as the
hem of her dress.

"My dear Miss Masson," I began. "Oh,
Daisy, Daisy! what is the matter?" I called
out, when the tear-stained, woe-begone little

face looked up, and could say no more for very grief. She rose with sudden womanliness, almost dignity.

"I have been very silly—very childish," she said, in a low voice, quite steadily though, "but you took me so much by surprise. Please say to Captain Ferrers for me, that I thank him very much for the honour he has done me, but that it is impossible for me to—I have never thought of him but as a friend, I never can; please say this to him—and, and—I beg that you will never say again—never think——" The words faltered away into silence, and she would have glided away, but that I caught her hands and held her fast.

"Will not say—will not think what?"

"Will not think that Holmdale is not a dear home to me, or that I want to leave it."

Had madness seized upon me? for suddenly my aunt's advice gleamed before my dazzled eyes in letters of light, and as if an angel had spoken them.

"Oh, Daisy! if my home might be yours always—yours, because it is mine?"

"Because it is yours," repeated Daisy, softly. "I want no other."

The little struggling hands lay suddenly at rest in mine, and the calmness of a great peace fell upon us both.

"By Jove! Daisy, my dearest, what am I to say to poor Tom?" I inquired in dismay, after an interval—a good long interval.

Daisy laughed lightly.

"I don't believe Captain Ferrers ever seriously thought about me," she said; "at least, I am sure he never had, only yesterday. And what could make you think that I should ever listen to—agree to?—you know what I mean."

The piece of paper that had so deluded me suddenly flashed upon my memory. I explained the grounds of my mistake, and requested an explanation in my turn.

Daisy laughed again, but blushed too, this time.

"Is there only one Tom Ferrers, then?" she asked, much engaged in turning the ring on my hand into various positions.

"Well, I am Tom Ferrers too, I suppose; but how could I ever dream, Daisy, of a little maiden thinking of an elderly——"

"Ah! whom else should I think of?" she said, tenderly. "Whom did I ever hear of since I was a child but Tom Ferrers, my dear father's best friend? And when I saw him, yes, even though he so seldom deigned any notice of me, who was so really kind, so thoughtful, gentle, and good?"

The sudden appearance of my Aunt Tabitha

created a slight commotion here, and we not succeed in returning so swiftly to a usual ordering of our relative positions that the good lady's eyes fell upon us with amazement and indignation. I hastened to tender some explanation.

"My dear aunt," said I, "you have advised me with your usual wisdom and judgment. I have been talking to Daisy, and she agrees, and so she shall be married off immediately."

"Tom will be a happy man," says my aunt, still dubiously watchful, "I can see."

"I hope so, I am sure. I can honestly say that your advice has made me one."

"My advice!" repeated the old lady, faltering a little; "what! do you mean to tell me that a moment's idle speech—Oh! nephew, nephew, and you too, child, if you ever to repent this moment, I shall be punished sufficiently for the slip of an unbridled tongue."

But a kind Providence has spared my grandfather. From that day to this—and there are years between—I have never forgotten to thank Heaven humbly and gratefully, night and morning, for the hour in which I received "My Aunt's Advice."

J. R. M.

CHISWICK AND POPE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—I have been much interested in Mr. Vane's paper on Chiswick, in your number of February 10th. As no biographers, I believe, mention the fact, you probably may not know that I and his father lived at Chiswick for several years. They removed thither early in 1716 from Binley, the place of the poet's birth: and left Chiswick for the more famous residence at Twickenham, I think, early in 1719. Portions of the original draught of the translation of the Iliad, on which Pope was engaged at this period, and which are preserved in the British Museum, are upon the backs of letters to Pope and his father, addressed, "To Alexander Pope, Esquire, at Mawson's Buildings, in Chiswick;" "To Mr. Alexander Pope, at Chiswick, near Turnham Green, Middlesex;" "To Mr. Alexander Pope, at his house in y^e New Buildings, in Chiswick;" "For Mr. Alex^r. Pope, Senr., in Chiswick," &c. One of these is the fragment of a letter from Alderman Barber, and it bears the date of 16 Oct., 1717. Among others of the works which appear to be Lord Harcourt, and Teresa Blount, Mawson's Buildings is, or was lately, standing in a row of only half a dozen (I think) of red-brick houses, running up at right angles to the river, standing on the left hand as you go up the river from the water-side. I think the row had another name when I was there; and that an old man showed me it did so in answer to my inquiry, "Mawson's Buildings." Was not Mawson a brewer there, and father of Mawson, Bishop of Winchester? Perhaps some of your readers will answer this question.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,

WM. MOY THOMAS

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER XX.—PERCY FORBES.

As a rule, people are not inquisitive concerning the antecedents of those whom they know slightly.

In London, at all events, no man thinks it worth his while to inquire into the birth, parentage, family, and reputed wealth of any individual whom he may chance occasionally meet in society, and speak to for five minutes at a time. He sees that his new acquaintance has been born, that he appears before his fellows, not merely in the flesh, but also in that special style and quality of attire which is most affected by the class they apparently mutually belong to; that his manners are those of a gentleman, that he appears to be educated like his neighbours, that he is never or the reverse as God has given him talents and he has employed them; and that it is taken for granted. Where he lives, who he is, what are his actual means, what his exact genealogy—all these things have little or no interest for the ordinary man or woman of the world who has no daughters to marry, no plans to carry out, no desire to push acquaintanceship on into intimacy, no objects to serve by prying into the former history of anyone's life,—who, in a word, attaches no value to a stranger's name save in so far as the name is sometimes a convenient mode of address, and who does not care a straw whether the person who is talking to him be called John Oakes or Tom Styles, so long as he can talk be sufficiently clever or amusing to make the minutes—pass more swiftly than their wont.

But supposing there are daughters to marry, a partnership of any kind purposed, a new company to be formed, or a government appointment to be obtained; supposing, in fact, the interest—either a pecuniary, or a worldly, or an affectionate interest—steps in, how swiftly the aspect of affairs changes.

"Can you tell me anything about So-and-so?" you remark to your host; and if your guest be communicative and well-informed, you ask all the knowledge out of him, and digest the contents of that human orange at your leisure.

In the case of mere friendship, perhaps, which is more trustful, you turn to the man himself for such particulars as you desire to

obtain. Not always out of pure love, but oftentimes it may be out of a little curiosity, you lead him artfully on to speak of his dead father, his old home, the disappointments of his life, his hopes for the future, his sorrows, and his joys.

The more nearly man approaches to man, the more closely two people draw to one another, the less social credit are they, as a rule, disposed to extend. Limitless is the careless trust in the case of a couple of strangers, boundless the suspicious curiosity when those strangers become friends.

In precise proportion as a man is known, friendship seems to distrust him. No open accounts, no balance carried over, no bills at long dates, no discounts, no drawings beyond the exact amount of the sums deposited.

Without confidence full and entire, without the whole of the title-deeds of a man's past doings being lodged with his friend as security, credit is stopped on the spot, the cheques come back with N. S. marked upon them, and the man has oftentimes to turn out again into the social desert where he is asked no questions because nobody cares much about him; where dinner, supper, bad music, and superficial conversation are to be had *ad libitum* on the credit of a social standing, to which, perhaps, the former friend of his bosom does not consider the individual who refuses to be communicative entitled.

To a certain extent this same rule holds good with regard to those characters which are called fictitious. So long as one of these is mentioned but slightly—plays no important part—seems, in fact, to be but a walking gentleman through the course of a page or two, the reader accepts him as he accepts the by no means remarkable-looking stranger who sits opposite to him at dinner, and asks for no further information concerning him; but let it only be intimated that the individual in question is about to travel through the book—to be mixed up with the men and the women who occupy the most prominent positions in the story; and attention is at once excited, curiosity at once aroused.

That author who should presume to leave the antecedents of such a "waif" in doubt, unless with the intention of explaining some dark mystery connected with him in the last

chapter of the third volume, would be thought guilty of the unpardonable sin—would be considered as unworthy of trust and sympathy, as deserving of instant excommunication as the misguided man who, having hidden away in his skeleton-closet a grinning skull and cross-bones—the dead remains of some once hideous sorrow, the memory of which is lying between himself and his Maker—shall yet refuse to unlock the door to his compassionate friends, and deliver an anatomical lecture over the corpse of that which he has never been able to bury out of his sight—banish completely from his memory.

Herein, however, the author and the reader have the best of it. What friend (given the chance to do so) would hesitate to throw open the skeleton-chamber of his dear acquaintance and close neighbour? And is not the author the friend of his characters, the mutual friend of the public and the people to whom he ventures to introduce that public?

Has not he a right at any stage of the proceedings to hold an inquest on the bones—to make forcible entry into the castle of a man's past experiences, to bring up witnesses, to empanel a jury, and to expose the abortion which, although it may not receive Christian burial, can still be exhibited and dissected for the edification of society.

Having this right, feeling this necessity, I let the story of Lawrence Barbour's life stand still for a moment while I state some particulars concerning the birth, education, parentage, and worldly position of Percy Forbes, whose name has been so often mentioned in the foregoing pages, and who, from this time forth, commences as he said, half in jest, half in earnest, to run a race for wealth with Lawrence Barbour.

Hitherto, fortune had used the young man but scurvily. In a mere worldly point of view, few people could have told a sadder tale than Percy Forbes; and when he said in Hyde Park that Lawrence Barbour was an even more unlucky dog than himself, he either greatly overrated the reverses of Lawrence's family, or else, as is the case with many individuals who, having been "under a cloud" all their lives, are apt to think their individual troubles less than they appear to their neighbours, he underrated his own.

To him misfortune was merely a not deadly chronic disease. It had been pap to him in his babyhood, his playfellow when a boy, his "inseparable," as he himself said laughing, when once he arrived at years of discretion. For all his cheery manner, his light heart, his gay temper, Percy Forbes had his especial skeleton-closet; a closet by no means full, remember, nor as yet tenanted by many ghosts of his

own manufacture; but still not empty of disappointments, wrongs, insults, cruelty, and suffering. It was a closet he never voluntarily opened; but those favoured individuals who had once enjoyed a peep into the apartment were not delicate about telling of the haughty cold man who having married a young girl whose only sin consisted in having loved a poor suitor as she never could love Mr. Lawrence Forbes, drove her and her child from his house with foul suspicions, and worse epithets; and repudiating them both, lived alone in his great house in Buckinghamshire till the death of his wife, when he married a lady of title, who bore him sons and daughters and before whom, if popular report were to be believed, he dare not say his soul was his own or his body, or his estate either, for that matter.

Cast out of the paternal mansion, with the worldly possessions of his own, unless, indeed, a coral and bells, a silver christening cup and Bible with a great gilt cross on the back of it, some white babies'-frocks, made of the best materials, and elaborately embroidered, under-linen to match, a broken-hearted mother, and his father's malediction, can be strictly speaking termed goods and chattels,—Percy Forbes made his next essay of starting in life in the house of his mother's uncle, who, having amassed a large fortune out of sugars, had long retired from business and purchased a snug property in Warwickshire.

He was a bachelor, and took kindly to the widow and her infant; so kindly, indeed, that he promised Mrs. Forbes, when she lay dying, to "see to Percy," and "push him in the world; that is," added the old gentleman, "if I cannot prevail on his father to justice to him."

The mother died; Percy grew apace; but his father refused to recognise his existence. He Mrs. Forbes lived and regained sufficient physical strength ever to have faced her position, no doubt she would have striven to right herself with her husband and society. As it was, innocent, though evil spoken, she passed away, leaving Percy a dependant on his uncle's bounty, and with no private fortune of his own, except the articles of which due and honourable mention has been made together with a miniature of his mother, set in pearls, a lock of her hair, a few trinkets, and the poor young creature's blessing.

Yes, one thing more she left him, which seemed, as the years went by, a treasure of great value in the eyes of Percy Forbes. It was her story, her defence, her true defence, as the young man compelled his father to acknowledge, when for nineteen years the grass had been growing over her grave.]

Time opens a man's eyes sometimes as well facts; the hard rule of Lady Gertrude, perhaps, something to do with Mr. Forbes' admission of haste, jealous suspicion, absence of proof, harsh judgment.

"Your mother never loved me," remarked the old man; he had grown very weak and very feeble; he was cold, and hard, and cruel no more, but simply ailing and decrepid; and when I found out that, I could have killed her in my rage. She ought not to have married me; but, except in marrying me, I believe she was innocent of any wrong. If appearances were against her, was that my fault? Are you going to make me answerable for misery which was none of my own making. You say you do not want money; that you would not come and live here if I asked you. What then do you want? Why do you not leave me in peace now she is dead and gone, dead and gone."

"I want an acknowledgment in your hand that you were mistaken in your suspicions. It is one thing to go out poor into the world, it is another to go out branded; and I do not intend to be branded," finished Mr. Percy Forbes, as he stood, with the sun shining full on him, beside the table at which his father was seated.

The sons and the daughters of Lady Gertrude were not the most amiable sons and daughters ever born into this world; they had ways of their own and ideas of her ladyship's implanting, which rendered them far from agreeable companions to the unfortunate individual Lady Gertrude had consented to marry, and for a moment Mr. Forbes, looking at Percy's open handsome face, considered how it might answer to bring his first-born home again, and keep the others in check with the terror of his mere presence.

But he had not courage to do it. He had been brave enough to turn a timid helpless woman adrift, but to defy Lady Gertrude was quite another matter.

"I wish—I wish to heaven the estates were entailed, Percy," he said, after some further conversation, writing out, as he made his observation, the letter his son desired; and then, then, there could be no dispute about the matter, could there?"

Percy was unable to see the exact point of his sentence. It seemed to him that, if his father chose, there need be no dispute about the matter in any case, and answered—

"I do not care a rush about the estates, father. I am never likely to want money as long as it is to be had by those who are willing to work hard; but I do care about *her* good name, and so, if, when you come to make your will, you would remember to say that

you leave to your eldest son, Percy Forbes, one shilling, the bequest will satisfy me. It will take the stain away from both of us, and settle the question of her innocence for ever."

"Can I do nothing for you now, Percy? I never have any ready money, but—"

"Let those who have usurped our place—those whom you have set above us—spend your money," Percy interposed. "I do not ask you for house, or acre, or tree, or guinea, but simply for justice—for one shilling, and an admission that I have a right to the name I bear. Promise to do so much for me; it is all I want—it is all I expect."

And after his father had promised—after Mr. Forbes had written out the letter, Percy demanded—parent and son went through the ceremony of shaking hands, which they dispensed with in the first instance, and parted never to meet again.

Bravely the young man had renounced all hopes of inheritance—all chance of wealth. Boldly, but scarcely wisely, he had vacated the field after achieving his barren victory, leaving it to others to gather the spoil. He had yielded up the advantages of his birth-right without a struggle; and, while speaking to his father, he had scarcely felt the sacrifice; but as he walked away from Carris Copse—as he looked at tree, and park, and lawn, and garden—as he met the two sons of Lady Gertrude, who passed him with a haughty stare, but evidently without the slightest idea who he really was, Percy began to feel that his position was a very hard one, that even the letter he had in his pocket could not quite right him in the sight of the world—that even, if his uncle left him all his money, it was not so easy as he had theoretically imagined to see Carris Copse, and not wish to possess it.

When he was a long way from the house, quite sheltered from observation by over-arching trees, and the windings of the avenue, he stood still and looked back—looked at the house which was never to be his, the estate which lay stretching away towards the west, so rich, so fair, so extensive—long and wistfully.

Few young men in his place but would have vowed some vow, planned some project, formed some resolution; but not so Percy Forbes.

The strength of his character lay rather in his power of adapting himself to circumstances than of his capability of overcoming difficulties. All his life he had been an alien. The blow had not fallen suddenly. Never having been brought up to expect anything, to resign came easy; and so without even an effort to supplant his brothers and sisters, Percy Forbes

having said his say, and taken his first look over Carris Copse, turned him again to business, and went back to the situation his uncle had procured for him in London.

Many people thought it strange that so rich a man as Mr. Lewin should wish his nephew to engage in business at all; but to such objectors the ex-merchant stated his opinion that it was best for every person to "hang on his own hook"; that "he would not have anybody waiting for his shoes"; that Percy was as well able to make his way in the world as he (Mr. Lewin) had been; that for twenty years he (Mr. Lewin again) had fed, clothed, lodged, educated, and otherwise provided for the son of his niece; and to end the matter," finished Mr. Lewin one day addressing his nephew, who had never offered a remonstrance or expressed a wish on the subject, "because your father don't choose to do his duty by you, I'm hanged if I think it fair that everybody should expect me to make up the deficiency in your account myself."

"Do you mean the money deficiency?" Percy asked. "Because if you do," went on the young man, "and it is the only deficiency I know of that you have not more than made up, I can truthfully say I have not the slightest claim upon you; and further, if you were to tell me to leave the house to-morrow and bid me never cross your threshold again, I should still know I owed you such a debt of gratitude for your kindness to me and to her as I never could repay while I had breath in my body."

At this Mr. Lewin softened. "I believe you, lad," he answered; "and it is hard for all the idle words and senseless guesses of a country-side to be laid at your door. But mind you, Percy, you must work. Do not depend on my leaving you anything, or being able to help you further, now you have got a good situation and the chance of pushing yourself on in the world. I am sorry your father has not done something for you, though—very; because I cannot. I am not so rich as you imagine, and I have expenses, heavy expenses. I am perfectly frank to save you from all disappointment hereafter. Do not let Mr. Alwyn puff you up with the notion that you are to be my heir. You are to be no such thing. There now lay my words to heart, and remember them. I am sorry to notice you growing extravagant and foppish in your dress. Do not let Alwyn fill your head full of false notions; but be steady; come and see me often, and there is a trifle towards paying your travelling expenses."

Such was the burden of Mr. Lewin's song in the days when Percy Forbes was first horse in the Alwyn stable, when the Alwyns, father

and daughter, both considered the young man very eligible indeed, when he was always being invited to Hereford Street, or asking the Shoreditch Station for a first-class sing to Mallingsford; when Mr. Alwyn, taking up his parable, prophesied great things of his future, and had vague ideas that at some subsequent, though he hoped not very remote period, Percy would come "into his own," and be induced to contemplate a double partnership on terms mutually advantageous and hereafter to be agreed upon.

CHAPTER XXI. PERCY'S LEGACY.

In those—the early days of his London experience, Percy Forbes was a very happy man. If Miss Alwyn were not his first flame she was, at all events, his fiercest, and Henrietta Alwyn had something more than a mere liking for her father's favourite, for the faithful servant who fetched and carried at her bidding like a dog, who was her most obedient humble slave, who was so much handsomer than any of her other admirers, and so much younger to boot.

Though his uncle told him not to depend on being his heir, Percy could scarcely avoid regarding his relative in the light of a banker and it is something more than likely that, as his devotion to Miss Alwyn increased, so his demands on his uncle's purse became heavier.

By no means loath was the young lady to receive presents, and Percy was so willing to oblige, she found there existed no necessity to spur him on. Much better informed, his uncle soon discovered Percy to be, as to the contents of jewellers' shops than as to the prices of colonial produce. He stood aghast at the poor man, when he ascertained, "with the evidence of his own ears," as he explained, that Percy knew a great deal more about flower-shows and regattas, operas and the latest novels, than about banking business, custom-house clearances, protested bills, and legitimate acceptances.

"Take care, take care, Percy," said the old man; "I am afraid I did a bad day's work when I got you into Alwyn's office. Mind what you are about, or else it may chance that you will go to bed some night thinking yourself a wise man, and rise up in the morning knowing you have been a fool. If I were in your shoes, I should not idle, but work. That is my advice. You can take it or leave it, just as it suits you."

As a matter of courtesy, Percy took the advice, but dropped it before a week was over. He liked better to be dangling attendance on Miss Alwyn than to sit at a desk in the City, and run about to banks, and counting-houses, and lawyers'-offices like an errand boy.

Life in Hereford Street was quite to his taste, excepting, perhaps, that Miss Alwyn possessed too many admirers, which was not her fault, poor girl. It was idle, luxurious, amusing. Life in the City, on the contrary, grew day by day more hateful to him.

"When I am the head of a firm like your father," he said on one occasion to the young lady, "when I can sit in state in my inner office, and read the newspapers, and write cheques, and give orders right and left, and be denied to bores,—I will stick to business like a leech; but till there is blood to be got out of the commercial body, a very little work goes a long way with me."

At which speech Miss Alwyn looked a little conscious, and led Mr. Percy Forbes on till that young gentleman trembled on the very verge of a declaration, when the *tête-à-tête* was interrupted, and the opportunity lost for ever.

That night Mr. Lewin's words came true. His nephew went to bed a wise man in his own esteem, to rise up the next morning feeling he had been a fool. Mr. Lewin was married—had been married for half a score of years to a former servant, whom he now brought home, determined, as he said, "to do the right thing at last." This was the news the morning brought to Percy Forbes, who had sense enough to show no disappointment, but who felt in his heart that the blow was a heavy one.

Still the Alwyns made no difference in their conduct towards him; still he was free of the house, welcome to accompany Henrietta and her duenna to flower-shows and concerts; still there was a welcome for him at Mallingford, and still no remark was made about his neglect of business—only Miss Alwyn began to encourage a certain elderly baronet in his attentions to her beautiful self, and became so sisterly in her manner towards Percy, that he was fain to tell her one day, there existed no necessity for danger-signals. "I am not going to trespass on that line, believe me, Hetty," he said; "you need not be afraid of my spoiling your matrimonial chances. I was once very near asking you to be my wife, but do not make yourself uneasy on that score: I shall never be so near making an idiot of myself again—not if my father were to give me Carris Copee to-morrow; so do not hold me at arm's length. I am too modest now to ask to touch even the hem of your garment."

From that day Percy Forbes had the best of the position; from that day Henrietta Alwyn felt that, though the world might think him her slave, and though he might make no effort to undeceive the world, still he was free of her trammels.

And he was so handsome; and girls liked him so much; and he danced so divinely; and he was so distinguished looking!

"I wish to God," said Mr. Alwyn fervently, when some hitch occurred between Henrietta and the baronet, "that old Forbes would die, and leave Carris Copee to Percy."

"It would be so nice for him," answered Miss Alwyn, ignoring the hidden meaning of her father's words, but inwardly conscious that were her old admirer in possession of a gold mine, the chance of sharing any portion of the treasure would never more come to her.

"Now I wonder what I did," speculated the young coquette; "I wonder how he happened to guess what was passing through my mind. I wish he had not," which wish proved like most others of the same description, perfectly unavailing. In Percy Forbes the lady had met her match, she might cajole and she might smile, and she might beckon him to her side, and he might come in obedience to her signal, and talk and smile, and flatter, too, but the love he had once given her he could give no more; he was free; at a price certainly; but still free; the witch had lost her power, and Percy found he could wander outside the thought of Miss Alwyn's beauty, and face the world which did not somehow seem so bright to him as formerly.

He elected to leave Mr. Alwyn's employment; he thought it would be easier for him to work elsewhere; but work and he had for so long been scarcely on speaking terms that he was unable to retain any situation.

Loving pleasure and the business of idleness with all his heart, having acquired expensive tastes and extravagant habits, lacking moral courage to cut his old acquaintances, and turn his back on the follies and fashions of a world which he loved "not wisely but too well," Percy Forbes passed through the years resolving every day that on the morrow he would amend, and finding when the morrow dawned some bad reason why his good resolutions should not bear fruit until a future season.

But for his uncle's kindness the young man never could have got through those years even as he did, and at last matters came to such a crisis that Percy decided to "cut the concern," and deprive England of the advantage of his society.

"I will do it," he said to Mr. Perkins, who had got him one or two situations which he lost almost immediately. "I will go down to my uncle and make a clean breast of how I stand; give him a list of my debts; ask him to make some kind of an arrangement for me and emigrate. Which is the best colony for an able-bodied young fellow like myself to

select. Come, you shall advise me. Canada, or New Zealand, or Australia."

"If you were only brave enough to work here as you would have to work there, I should say never leave London at all. Look at Barbour, how he is getting on, and still he takes his pleasure too."

"Oh! hang Barbour," answered Mr. Forbes; "I am sick of hearing his name."

"Well, I only mentioned him to show you what a man can do who will stick to business during business hours. Of course I am different to both of you. I never had a chance of mixing among the people you are intimate with; all the better for me, perhaps; but still, if I had been inclined for company, I could have gone to the bad as fast as any of you. [Now, what are you laughing at?] broke off Mr. Perkins, looking in astonishment at Percy Forbes, who answered,

"That he was only laughing to see how much alike all men were. "I never hear anybody boast of the opportunities he has had of going to Heaven," he remarked; "but every person I meet tells me how readily he might have travelled the other road. However, I beg your pardon, Mr. Perkins, for interrupting you in the middle of a sentence. You were about to remark——"

"Just what you have taken out of my mouth; that I could have travelled the other road; that I might have been a beggar at this present minute, without a shoe to my foot, or a bed to lie on, if I had not stuck to my work, but taken a day's holiday here, and another there, and spent my evenings drinking and playing cards, instead of improving myself and making experiments. And look at me now," continued Mr. Perkins, warming with his subject: "I had not a sixpence of capital when I started in life; I had not a brass farthing."

"And if you had," interrupted Percy Forbes, "I suppose it would not have been of much use to you—commercially I mean."

"What a fellow you are," said the manufacturing chemist, half reproachfully, half admiringly; "but let me go on with what I was talking about. I started with nothing. I had no capital except my hands and my head, and I was not afraid of using either. And see the result. I have kept myself, I have married and reared a family, I have always had a cut of cheese and a slice of bread and a glass of beer for any friend who liked to drop in. I have never wanted a coat to my back, or a sovereign in my pocket. We may not have indulged in many luxuries, but we have been very comfortable. I can give the children good educations; and if I died to-morrow the missus would not need to fret after me, for I have taken good care to put by

for her, so that she shouldn't require to work her fingers to the bone. I often think about it all in church," went on Mr. Perkins, with charming unconsciousness that there could seem anything objectionable in such a confession. "I often think about it all in church and feel very grateful to my Creator for having kept me to my work. I am sure I don't know what I ever did that should make Him take such care of a plain plodding chemist like me, I don't indeed," and Mr. Perkins looked over towards Percy Forbes and paused, as if expecting that individual to help him to a solution of the difficult problem he had just propounded.

Percy Forbes' reply sounded a little ungracious.

"I am sure I don't either," he said; adding the next moment, "that is, I mean I suppose it does not much matter to Him whether a man is a chemist or a cabinet minister;" and then Percy Forbes fell into a brown study, one part of which consisted in a vague wonder how any man could be content with the portion of success that had fallen to the lot of his guest, and another in deciding any uncertainty in the far away lands of promise would seem to him better than such a certain destiny in England.

Accordingly, he ran down to his uncle's place, as he told Mr. Perkins he should do, ran down and spent a day or two in Warwickshire, and talked matters over with his relative, who bemoaned Percy's indiscretions and extravagances, cursed his own shortsightedness in placing the lad with Mr. Alwyn, wished he had only put him with old Hunt and Harpe, who lived (Hunt he referred to) over his own office in Great Tower Street, and never aspired to such heights of gentility as Mr. Alwyn, though, "I dare say, he would cut up better than Alwyn if they were both to die to-morrow."

"I am afraid, Percy," he finished, "I have not done so well for you as I might: I have done nearly as badly for you as you have done for yourself. Perhaps it would be better to change the scene, and get out of the way of temptation altogether; you are too like your poor mother to be up to the world and its ways, and your father cannot help you now he would, I suppose. I hear the young ones are making ducks and drakes of Carris, as fast as they know how. They—that is, your father and her ladyship—have gone abroad to retrench, I am told; retrench! at the gambling table most likely—should not wonder if Mr. Clarence Forbes comes to want before he dies."

"Well, I wish," began Percy, but at that point he stopped suddenly, and his uncles

ld not get him to proceed. "I was only asking," he said, and then turned the conversation; but what he chanced to be thinking of this, "I wish somebody could be induced to give me a start, and I would try to make a better thing of my life yet."

He got a start on his return to town of rather different kind to that he desired. His father was dead—had died in Germany; no one wrote a line to him on the subject, and all he saw he gathered from the newspapers. The lawyer was brought over to England, and taken down to Carris for interment.

Percy attended the funeral merely as any younger might have done. His brothers chafed him only the scantiest courtesy; the lawyers were more conciliatory, and recommended that he should be invited up to the house to hear the will read.

"He is the eldest son, remember," said Mr. Bourne, speaking on behalf of partner and self. "Let him come, then," answered Ralph Forbes, sulkily and shortly. But Percy declined.

"The contents of the will could have no interest for him," he remarked; so, proof against all entreaties, he walked resolutely back to Carris Station, where he was waiting for the first train to town, when Mr. Bourne appeared on the platform.

"My dear young friend," he said, "allow me to congratulate you—that is, so far as consolation, considering the present distressing circumstances may be agreeable. You are entitled under your father's will to a legacy of eight thousand pounds."

"What does he call me?" asked Percy, quickly; "how does he style me?" he went on.

"You know the story, doubtless. Does he speak of me as his son?"

"To my beloved son, Percy Forbes," answered the lawyer, and Percy's breath came short while he said in a low tone, and as if speaking to Mr. Bourne,—
"Thank God!"

(To be continued.)

A DAY IN BAD COMPANY.

I AM a country gentleman—or, as that description of myself may perhaps be a little ambitious or too vague, let me modify it by saying that I reside in —shire, and have sufficient means to enable me to live without occupation. Owing probably to this circumstance, I have acquired a certain indolence of disposition, which is shown in my conversation and bearing—even in my walk. I may as well add that I am forty-eight years of age, of somewhat sturdy build, and with a ruddy complexion, due no doubt to fresh air,

regular habits, and a contented mind. This ruddiness and the somewhat homely style in which I invariably dress give me a rough rural appearance, so that, in the eyes of the casual observer, I must seem to stand on a rather lower step in the social scale than I really occupy. Then, too, I am told by my friends, that the expression of my face is dull, some say even stupid. Upon this point I, of course, offer no opinion. I will merely say that the very people who thus describe me are quite agreed in admitting that I am not such a fool as I look.

When I am in town I am very fond of looking into the shop windows. It is an odd sort of taste, perhaps, for a full-grown man, who has been half over the world; but we all have our peculiarities, and that is one of mine. The old knight, Sir Thomas, in the "Ingoldsby Legends,"

Would pore by the hour
O'er a weed, or a flower,

Or the slugs that came crawling out after a shower; and, in like manner, do I pore over the articles displayed in the shop windows at the West End. I am never tired of it, in fact. This is a rather long exordium; but it appears to me necessary to put the reader in possession of these facts as a preparation for what is to follow. And now to my story.

One day, in the height of the London season, I was sauntering through Regent Street, indulging in my favourite occupation, when a gentleman just before me accidentally dropped his umbrella, and it fell within an inch of my toes. I have said he was a gentleman; but I ought perhaps to have said that he was a decently dressed man, apparently from the country, very quiet and harmless-looking, not vulgar, but certainly not refined. In a word, he appeared about as much of a gentleman as myself, but not more.

"I really beg your pardon, sir," he said, as he turned quickly round and picked up the umbrella. "It was very careless of me. I hope you're not hurt?"

"Well," I replied, "as the umbrella didn't touch me I don't see how I well can be."

"I'm sure I'm very sorry," he continued, apologetically.

"Don't name it—don't name it," said I. "There's not the slightest harm done, and no need to apologise. Such little accidents will happen every day."

"Ah," he remarked, "you may well say that, sir, especially in London streets."

"Yes, they are tolerably crowded at this time of day, or any time, for that matter."

"And especially for a stranger to London," he added.

"Oh, you are a stranger to London, are

you?" I remarked, and almost involuntarily cast a somewhat searching glance at him.

"Quite a stranger," he replied, with perfect simplicity of manner, and without appearing to notice my scrutinising look. "I've only been here a few days, and, to say the truth I shan't be sorry when I get back again into Norfolk." (He had something of the Norfolk manner.) "It's so very lonely not to know anyone in a great place like this."

"It must be," I carelessly remarked, for I wanted to shake the fellow off.

At this point in our conversation we had arrived at a street corner, and I stopped, as a hint for my companion to go on. I hoped that as he had no further excuse for talking to me he would hasten his pace and leave me to saunter as before. But no. Evidently he was so glad to find some one to speak to that he was unwilling to part company so soon. He still kept by my side, therefore, and after some more conversation of the same character as the above, asked me if I had any objection to take a glass of ale with him. I had no need of a glass of ale just then, and felt no desire to have one with a perfect stranger; still the offer seemed well meant. I accordingly accepted it, and we entered the first tavern we found handy.

I wanted to pay for the ale, and had already taken out my purse to do so, but my companion seemed quite wounded by the proposal, and begged me to put my money back again. He had invited me in, he urged, and I was therefore his guest. The proposition was so reasonable that I had not a word to say against it, and at once gave up the point.

While we stood chatting at the bar on common-place topics—the weather, the streets, and so on,—a stranger entered and joined in our conversation almost before I had noticed his presence. I say he joined in our conversation, but I ought to add that in a very few minutes he took the lion's share of it.

Stranger No. 1 I have already described as looking only partly like a gentleman. Stranger No. 2, it may fairly be said, did not look like a gentleman at all. He was a big burly fellow, with a rough pilot coat, though the weather was anything but cold; a profusion of whiskers and beard, clumsy fat fingers, a large face, a low forehead, small eyes, and an expression of countenance made up in about equal proportions of intense stupidity and overwhelming self-conceit.

Stupid and self-conceited enough in all conscience he soon proved himself to be. His physical prowess was the theme on which he boasted most. There was nothing he was incapable of accomplishing. He could throw a weight farther than anyone else, he could

run faster and longer, he could jump higher than a man in all England was his equal at athletic feats.

Stranger No. 1, who, as I said before, seemed a quiet inoffensive sort of man, evidently annoyed by the intrusion of this vulgar fellow into our company, especially as he wanted to treat us to some sherry, ostentatiously displayed a whole handful of gold and a pile of bank-notes, to show that he had the means. But when he began to boast of his physical powers, No. 1 was fairly warned at what he evidently deemed mere empty boasting, and took up the matter in earnest.

"I'll tell you what," he said; "I don't mind betting you half a sovereign that I can throw a weight further than you—any weight you like, and this gentleman here will doubt kindly see all fair between us."

He referred, of course, to me.

"All right, I've not the slightest objection," said I.

"Come on then," eagerly exclaimed No. 1. "I'm your man. Let's settle it at once."

But here an unexpected difficulty arose. The tavern we were in had not been built with any view of testing physical capacities, and accordingly there was no part of the premises in which accommodation had been provided for throwing weights. However, No. 1 soon suggested means of escape from our perplexity. He knew, he said, a "nice quiet little place" over the water, where we should find what we wanted, and a cab would take us there in no time. No. 1 looked approvingly at me, as though to ascertain if I would acquiesce in this arrangement, and I offered no objection, we jumped into a cab and drove off, crossing Waterloo Bridge, soon becoming lost in the maze of obscure small streets which abound in that very cheap part of London. Our ride did not occupy much time; but during that time No. 2 contrived to make us acquainted with the whole of his private history. Of this the principal and most interesting fact was that his uncle had just died and left him a large fortune. He had been to the bank that day, he said, and drawn out some of the money; but there was plenty more left, and he meant to employ himself now, and no mistake about it. What was the good of money unless you spent it, &c., &c.

Here I may as well state, lest the reader should think me simpler than I am, that neither the quiet modesty of one of my companions nor the boisterous braggadocio of the other, had deceived me as to their true character and object. Directly they fairly began to play their respective parts, directly I saw that my vulgar friend's sovereigns were c

aters at a shilling a dozen, and that his
s were drawn upon the Bank of Engrav-
I saw clearly enough I was in the hands
couple of skittle sharpers, intent upon
ing me their victim. I had not the
test intention of allowing them to gratify
very natural desire, but being anxious to
for myself something of the manners and
modus operandi of this class of men, of
m I had so often read in the police re-
s, I fell in with their humour, and allowed
a to think me their dupe.

y. boasting companion was still talking
his money and of his intention to enjoy
self with it, when the cab pulled up at our
ination. It was a small public-house in
abby and secluded street: standing back
e ten or fifteen yards from the footway, it
approached by a dismal little garden, or
t had once been a garden, with a couple
ummer houses on one side, some tottering
is-work on the other, and a few tables
benches scattered here and there on either
of the path. At the back of the house
e was an open gravelled space, not quite
large as the plot in front, and at the
om of this stood, as I had expected, a
red skittle alley, towards which we at
made our way.

ne wealthy gentleman had been merely
municative and boastful in the cab, but
tly he saw the skittles all his swaggering
lessness at once returned. The first thing
wanted to do was to bet me five shillings
the ball was made, not of wood but of
al.

Why," said I, adapting the tone of my
versation to the company I was in, "you
t be a fool to talk like that. Look here."
I took up the ball and chipped it with
pen-knife. "I tell you what it is, my
ad," I added; "if you get making bets
that you'll soon lose all your money, I
tell you."

his rebuke, uttered in a manner which in-
ay implied suspicion of either of my com-
ons, inspired them both, I verily believe,
stronger confidence in their powers of
ption and their chance of fleecing me.
d been simple enough to refuse five shil-
s when they were, so to speak, thrust into
hands. Of what other weakness might I
be capable?

y remark, however, apparently produced
fect. In a few minutes the swaggering
leman was vaunting his powers as bois-
santly as ever, throwing out all sorts of
challenges, and offering any number of
ulous bets.

ought, perhaps, to mention that there
one point upon which I certainly felt

some apprehension. It was, lest anything I
might drink with my companions should be
drugged. While I remained in full possession
of my faculties I was quite sure of myself;
but I had heard so much of the stupifying
effects of drugged liquor, that I was by no
means anxious to experience them in my own
person. Accordingly, from the moment I
entered the public-house, I determined to take
the refreshment department exclusively into
my own hands.

"Now," said I to my modest companion;
"you stood treat before, so it's my turn now.
What are you going to have? I shall have
some more ale. And what's your tippie, sir?"
I asked, addressing the gentleman who had
recently come into his uncle's money.

Well, he would have some cold gin-and-
water, he said—he had not yet had time to
acquire aristocratic tastes—and my other com-
panion decided upon following my course and
sticking to ale; so this matter was soon
settled. As a measure of precaution and not
of predilection, I fraternally drank out of the
same pewter as No. 1, for we eschewed glasses,
and took care that he always had the first
draught. But I soon saw that neither he nor
his confederate cared to drink themselves, or
to make me drink. They were evidently on
another tack.

It would weary, rather than interest the
reader, were I to describe all the attempts
made by these two worthies to entrap me.
Soon after we entered the public-house we
were joined by a third stranger, a lean young
man, of mild aspect and fawning manners,
with whom the bragging gentleman after
a while began to play at skittles. It became
at once obvious, or was made to seem so, that
the latter had not the slightest chance against
the former. Yet, notwithstanding this cir-
cumstance, No. 2 made the most foolish bets
with No. 1, and although he almost invariably
lost, returned to the charge again and again,
offering odds to me in the same reckless
manner, and increasing his stakes with every
fresh defeat. Keeping to the part I had at
first assumed, I roughly refused all his offers;
told him he was only throwing his money
away, and that, if he didn't take care what
sort of company he got into, he would as-
suredly be cleared out of all he possessed.
When this sort of thing had gone on for about
two or three hours, I ostentatiously pulled out
a large and valuable gold watch, said I had
an appointment in the city with a gentleman,
who was to pay me some money—which was
true; expressed my regret that I could not
stop any longer, and bade my companions
adieu. That they were sorry to part with
me I can readily believe; but, as I made an

appointment to meet them the next day, so that we might all go to another "nice little place," a few miles out of town, they still had hope to fall back upon. They had failed for the time, but I feel convinced they were certain of success with me when we next met. When we next meet, perhaps they may.

Before I close this paper, let me offer a few remarks. First, I feel bound to admit that better acting of its kind than that of these two fellows I never saw on or off the stage. It was carefully and consistently carried out from first to last, never lost sight of for an instant, and never overdone. While attempting to take me in, my two friends never exchanged knowing glances, or made signals to each other, or did anything, in fact, to arouse my suspicions. As for the lean young man, he kept in the background aloof from me, and was, I suppose, only an auxiliary hand. When the two leading performers found me somewhat tougher than they probably had expected, they expressed no surprise and no annoyance. We parted as though we had been sworn friends for years.

My impression is, that those who fall victims to this class of men are generally self-conceited persons who have an exaggerated idea of their own acuteness, an over-confident belief that they cannot be imposed upon. "Young men from the country" are famous for this kind of foolish presumption, and they are, of course, the easiest prey. Yet, within the circle of my own acquaintance, I knew a sensible young man, born and bred in London, who allowed himself to be duped in this manner. He was standing looking in at a shop window, when a stranger, of about his own age, soft-spoken and plausible, joined him, entered into a conversation, walked on with him, and finally asked him if he had ever played at skittles. The sensible young man replied in the negative. How curious! The stranger had never played, either. What fun it would be to see what sort of a game it was. To be brief, they went to a skittle-ground, played for some little time with varying success, the sensible young man ultimately losing the ten or fifteen shillings he had about him, and actually agreeing to go home to get some more money. While the excitement of the game lasted he had no suspicion he was being robbed. It was not until half-an-hour's walking in the fresh air had somewhat cooled him that he recognised the fact.

With many persons, too, such reckless stupidity and self-conceit as were exhibited by one of my companions, form too alluring a bait to be resisted. Here is a vulgar boasting fellow, overflowing with money, who is positively asking people to ease him of some

of it, and who taunts them if they do not comply with his request. Over and over again my modest friend looked at me, when the other was loudest in his boasting, and seemed to say, "What a fool! Did you ever meet with such a donkey?" Indeed, once he softly said to me, "I wonder you don't take his offer, sir? He seems determined to lose his money, and why shouldn't you win some of it?" This is the bait which, when all others—and there are plenty more—have been refused, rarely fails, I fancy, to be swallowed whole. Once taken, the rest must be easy work. Directly the dupe begins to lose, after having felt that to do so was impossible, his head appears to utterly fail him. He is seized with a sort of infatuation. In the January of the year, for instance, a "gentleman from the country" was induced to go and pawn his watch in order to test its genuineness; a bait of which he was to have half, being the inducement. I recollect the case, too, of a tradesman who, losing all he had about him, went home and fetched £200 from his cash-box; staked that, so certain was he of winning, and of course soon found himself without a penny. I am inclined to think, therefore, that all, or nearly all, who are fleeced by such fellows as those I made the acquaintance of, are really the victims of their own desire to profit by what appears to be wrong-headed ignorance and stupidity. If ever I am myself taken in perhaps I may change my opinion.

BLANCHE.

A Story in Two Chapters.

BY MATILDA BETHAM EDWARDS.

CHAPTER I.

I WAS so unfortunate whilst a student in Paris as to fall ill with ague, and, like a bachelor, sought care and cure in a *Maison de Santé*. Tourists, however, so rarely have of this truly Parisian institution, that before commencing my story I preface a word or two concerning it.

A *Maison de Santé* is neither more nor less than a hospital conducted on æsthetic principles; in other words, illness beautified, whether you are jaundiced or palsied, have broken a limb or lost a lung, you are made to feel that such a visitation is the best possible luck in the world. Tender nurses smoothe your pillow, courteous physicians discuss the news of the day, pretty valets and *févilles* bring you roses and *feuilles*. I selected the *Maison de Santé Municipale*. And one who has walked from the monster railway-station of the Calais terminus to the Fé-

g St. Denis, would remember an imposing-
ing façade which extends the length of an
ary street. Enter, and you are lost in
ration of the breadth and elevation and

symmetry of the building, and the brilliancy
and airiness of its entourage. Open porticoes
lead from spacious salons to flowery pastures;
there are fountains playing, caged birds sing-



(See page 292.)

and every ornamental element of out-door
One path curls round an artificial height
ed with daisies, another ends in a laurel-
e and rustic seat, a third climbs a terrace
all-kept flowers. Groups of cheerful vale-
arians sit here and there, carriages come
go at one's bidding, servants are ready to
t a signal, and the distant noise of the
s gives a pleasant *dolce far niente* feel-

was spending my last day of convalescence
e Maison de Santé. To-morrow I should
onger talk politics with the rheumatic
ieur, belles-lettres with the asthmatical

monsieur, social science with the dropsical
monsieur, agriculture with the monsieur who
had broken his leg, art with the monsieur
who had dislocated his collar-bone, love and
romance with the ladies who had had the
measles.

The only person whom I really regretted was
a young man not mentioned in this category.
His name was Félicien des Essarts, and his ill-
ness had arisen, as the illnesses of many young
authors arise, from mental over-excitation,
irregular hours, and insufficient food.

"I'll just tell you the thought of my mind,
Browne," he said, as we reclined on a well-

cushioned bench out of doors. "If I am not strong enough to leave this place in a few days, I shall never leave it at all."

"Nonsense, Des Essarts, you ate half a fowl for your breakfast."

He shook his head.

"You students don't know how we poor *feuilletonists* exist. Do you remember Marius in 'Les Misérables.' He purchased a chop, and on the first day ate the lean, on the second the fat, on the third gnawed the bone. I've surpassed that economy many a time, and am feeling the evil effects of it now."

I tried, first to laugh, then to reason away his fears, but in vain. He was possessed with the idea that he should never leave the walls of the sanatorium alive.

"What matters!" he laughed, recklessly. "I have had some good days. One of my pieces was acted at the Variétés—aye, acted for twenty-one nights in succession—a year or two back. What a festival we had! There was Victor, and Etienne, and François, and Emilie of the black eyes. Pretty, pretty Emilie! would she cry if she heard that I were laid in the cemetery of Montmartre? Perhaps; but it does not matter to me. Look here."

He took from his bosom a small painted photograph of a young girl, whose beauty consisted in her rare complexion and sweet pensive expression. The auburn air, the violet eyes, the glowing lips, combined to make such a face as one seldom sees.

"Well?" he said.

"If I were not betrothed to one of my own countrywomen I should envy you," I answered.

"She is not an Emilie," he went on impetuously. "She is pure as an angel, and would mourn for me till her hair grew grey. Will you promise me a favour, Browne?"

I promised.

"You will be free to-morrow—oh, my God! strong and free, and a man again! You must go to her instead of me."

"And my message?"

"Let me take breath a little. Blanche has not a happy home, you must know. Her father married a widow with money, and the poor wretch hardly dares to treat his own child kindly. There is another daughter, too—that woman's—and between two fiends and a fool, no wonder that Blanche was ready to run away. We should have been married six weeks ago but for this illness."

"And now?"

"And now I think we shall never be mar-

ried at all. Could you befriend Blanche a little in that case?"

"With friends—money—counsel?"

"With all."

Then, seeing my look of bewilderment, he added, eagerly and apologetically,

"She could do anything that other poor young ladies do by way of living—teach, sew, model flowers, play the pianoforte. Is it possible for you to help her towards a livelihood? She would be happy anywhere, if people treated her kindly, and——"

He looked at me eagerly, blushed to the brow, and added, in an undertone,

"I couldn't rest in my grave if she staid at home. There is a man who calls himself Henriette's lover (Henriette is the name of the step-sister), but he hates her, and loves Blanche,—loves Blanche, as the miser loves money, as beasts love prey, as gourmands love fine dishes. The man has no soul—do you understand?"

I understood quite well, and he saw it; grasping my arm with the strength of fury, he muttered between his teeth, "The man is rich in good health, and has no heart. When I think of my own condition I long to curse him, if curses could save Blanche."

Here the resident physician came up, and observing Félicien's flushed cheeks and excited manner, he divided us under some special pretext. I saw my friend no more that day, and though on the next we breakfasted in company, the presence of the convalescent hindered us from speaking freely. He merely gave me a card, containing the following address:—

"Madame Goupil,

"Pension Bourgeoise,

"Rue de Buffon, No. 2."

Adding, as we made our adieux, "There is your vantage ground, but whatever you do beware of offending Blanche's step-mother."

"Courage, mon ami!" I cried, cheerfully "let us hope that you will soon be able to fight your own battles."

"Never."

I wrung his hand, and feigned not to see the tears that had gathered in his eyes. But the delicate transparency of the complexion, the unnatural lustre of the dark eyes, the wasted hands, the drooping figure, all pointed to one conclusion, and made me afterwards sorry for what I had said. Almost a miracle was needed to prolong the life of Blanche's lover.

And now in what way was I to fulfil my promise? Here was a young girl whom I had never seen, threatened by all kinds of danger

insults by people I must learn to know. I had the strangest of duties, and the difficult of guardianships!

I thought over the matter steadily for half an hour, and by the end of that time had come to the following conclusions.

Firstly, it would be prudent to enter the pension as a simple boarder, in no wise disturbing my acquaintance with Félicien.

Secondly, it would be as well for me to cultivate an old friend of mine, an ex-governess of my sister's, residing in the Rue St. Honoré, to secure Blanche's future.

Thirdly, I resolved to feign admiration for Henriette, and kick her unworthy lover out of the way the very first opportunity.

That very evening I went to the Rue de la Harpe.

Alighting the omnibus at the entrance of the Rue des Plantes, I followed what seemed to be a by-street, cast into deep shadow by high brick walls and chestnut-trees overtopping the roof. Here and there a little iron gate broke the white monotony, and the last of these was marked by a plate bearing the words, "Maison Bourgeoise." The bell-cord being pulled, I entered unceremoniously, and found myself in a long narrow garden, overgrown with grass, flowers, and vegetables. At the far end stood some hen-coops and a round pond; at the upper, the house presented a row of bow-windows open to the ground, low windows above, and a side entrance, with a green and red-bricked staircase.

A little old lady in black satin was busily tending chickens as I entered, but quitted her occupation to follow me inquisitively towards the house. On catching sight of the lady's progress, however, she vanished with the swiftness of a nymph.

Madame Goupil was florid, sleepy-eyed, and wore a yellow cap. She certainly had nothing to boast of in her looks, unless an indolent, fluid air of cunning, or the wearing of a yellow cap, may be called so. But she was quite a pleasant person. Something inimitable in her voice and manner made you feel as if she should not take any trouble to please you, unless she found it worth her while.

"So, monsieur would join our little circle?" she said in a monotonous undertone. "The family is so pure, and the family arrangements so simple, that monsieur can but be charmed. And then, monsieur, Goupil is the most respectable of men. Only yesterday he walked to the Halles on purpose to procure beans for one of the ladies, because she asked for them. A child

in his ways, but an angel at heart, is my poor Goupil, monsieur."

I caught sight of a tall grey-haired man, wearing a velvet skull-cap and shabby surtout, cleaning salad in the kitchen, and was not wrong in supposing this to be the poor Goupil. After a few minutes, he entered by another way, and we were soon busily discussing terms. I noticed that Madame, though avowedly estimating her husband's abilities at a very low rate, appealed to him upon every point.

"You hear this, Bernard? You understand the gentleman to intend that, Bernard?" she said, if once, twenty times, Bernard looking very much in awe of his wife all the time. Our arrangements were made without much ado, and I entered the pension from that very hour.

"Monsieur will not find the time pass heavily," said Madame; "removed from the din of the city, we live an idyllic life, occupying our leisure with music, dancing, and the rural pursuits of the poultry-yard. Our daughter Henriette brightens us old folks with her wit, and monsieur her lover brings us the news of the great world. Truly a happy family, monsieur."

"You have a daughter?" I asked.

"We have a daughter," said Madame, eyeing her husband significantly; "and such a daughter, monsieur!"

"Only child, Madame?"

"An only child."

Just then Monsieur Goupil shuffled back to the kitchen, and Madame cried, shutting the door upon him,

"See what he is, this poor Goupil, monsieur! The child I speak of is his step-daughter, and he cannot bear to hear her praised. Fire and water, fire and water are not nearly so antagonistic as these two, monsieur, and I have to bear the brunt of it all."

Madame chatted on, I too much perplexed to answer or even follow her. She mentioned only one child, distinctly negating the existence of any other. Where then was Blanche?

The sound of the first dinner-bell relieved me of my hostess's unwelcome presence, and I strolled into the garden by way of obtaining quiet. Hardly had I set foot on the turf, however, before a footstep sounded close behind me, and, looking up, I beheld the little chicken-feeder.

She was a strange little personage, with pink cheeks, pale yellow hair blowing to the four winds, restless blue eyes, and a habit of pecking her looks at you as a timid bird afraid of being driven away. And she had a somewhat foggy understanding.

"Does monsieur like feeding chickens?" she asked, nervously; "because here is some grain."

I assented, to please her, and she brought from under her apron a handful of barley.

Smiling at my look of astonishment, she whispered, "Clever police make clever thieves, monsieur, *voilà tout*."

We sat down under the chestnut-trees, and soon had a hungry brood around us. The little lady chuckled over the feast that her cunning had provided for them.

"Ah," she said, apparently thinking herself alone, "if Blanche were here you'd peck out of her hands, you pretty dears!"

Hardly were the words said than she recollected my presence. Dismayed and crestfallen, she was fain to explain away her words, but lacked the power. "I was thinking of some one else; don't pay any heed to me," she whispered. "There are some things one musn't talk about in every house—you understand."

And then, as if fearful of betraying herself, she shook the remaining corn from her apron, and walked quickly towards the house.

I was getting into a maze. Evidently some fate had befallen Blanche of which my poor friend knew nothing. Her existence was denied; her very name was under a ban.

Had she fallen into some snare set by her sister's lover? Had she been driven to desperation by the tyrannies of her home? Was she dead?

In the midst of these disturbing thoughts the final gong sounded for dinner, and I recollected that I had forgotten my toilette. To rush to my room, to change my clothes, to perfume my handkerchief, was the work of a minute. When I entered the salon, with a voluminous apology, Madame was still ladling out the soup.

I was formally introduced to Mademoiselle Henriette, Monsieur Colin, her fiancé, the rest of the party *en masse*, and then took the seat assigned me. The better to fulfil my purpose, I feigned a countrified, somewhat unsophisticated mien and manner, thus procuring myself the drainings of the wine-bottle, the untempting limbs of the fowl, the most meagre modicum of dessert, and, what was quite compensatory, perfect oblivion of everyone present except of Mademoiselle Henriette. That young lady never forgot a single element of the small society around her for an instant. She was as keenly alive to each little weakness and as keenly appreciative of each little idiosyncrasy, as a writer of Balzac's school might be; and naturally, at a private table d'hôte of this kind, food was not wanting for such mental appetite.

Of the fourteen members composing Madame's family circle, ten were ladies of uniform age and presence, but varying strongly in those slight shades that only quick servers can detect. One motive had evidently driven them all to seek the sheltering wing of Madame Goupil—namely, economy; and one passion evidently kept them from ennui—namely, jealousy of each other. The little friend the chicken-feeder seemed an enfant gâté of all, and the only centre of cordiality and good feeling. Among the men it suffices to particularise Monsieur Colin, Henriette's lover. He was about fifty, and possessed that florid kind of beauty so admired by women of a certain type. Well made, with regular features, and a bright black close-beard, he lacked nothing but intellectuality to recommend him among women of all types. He spoke well, and had a sweet voice; he had a certain indolent way of paying tender compliments; he never said or looked a rude, sarcastic or unwelcome truth. But for that, as my poor friend had said, the man was without a soul. When Henriette used the stinging little whip, her tongue, so pitiless to Monsieur Colin was the first to smile; when Henriette brow-beat her timid, trembling stepfather, Monsieur Colin encouraged her with a glance of admiration; when Henriette lashed one inoffensive middle-aged lady and drove the other into silence, Monsieur Colin took no mediation, offered no apology, and contentedly enjoyed the scene from the bottom of his heart. How I hated the man! How I hoped that Henriette would turn against him one day! This admirable young lady was not handsome, and had passed the Rubicon of her birthday. Though wanting, however, in youthful softness and bloom, she had attractions of a more startling and uncommon kind. Her figure was tall, and symmetrical as a statue; her eyes were the finest I had ever seen, wonderful for their power of expression; wit was ever ready and ever new.

THE STAG-HOUND.

I.

THE lean hound lay by the castle wall,
And took no heed of whistle or call,
Or kind words of the seneschal,

Ever the fountains flowing;—

He left untouched the proffered bone;
All the day he crouched alone,—
Half the night he made his moan;
The dog had something on his mind,
Or scented mischief on the wind,

On the wild north wind a blowing.



II.

The warder's child, a blue-eyed maid,
Half sympathetic and half afraid,
Her morning crust beside him laid,

Ever the fountains flowing.

The lean hound looked her in the face,
And wagged his tail for heart of grace,
But never stirred from his resting-place.
His heart and hunger were at strife,
He needed little for his life;

And the wild north wind a blowing.

III.

Two days thus he shunned his kind,
Three days thus he moaned and whined,
Four days thus he peaked and pined,

Ever the fountains flowing.

But on the fifth day morn there pass'd
A taint of something on the blast
That roused his energies at last;
Erect he rose and pricked his ears:
What is it that the creature hears?

On the wild north wind a blowing?

IV.

There came a traveller by the way,
Treading the snow till it rose like spray
At the bows of a vessel under weigh,
Ever the fountains flowing.

The lean hound knew him before he came,
And started back, his eyes aflame,
His hair upstanding o'er all his frame;
His top jaw quivered and curled with hate,
And bared his long teeth sharp and straight;—
And the wild north wind a blowing.

V.

A low dull bark, a deepening growl,
And springing, quick as flight of fowl,
He seized the traveller by the jowl,
Ever the fountains flowing.
By the jowl and by the throat!—
In vain the traveller plunged and smote
To grasp the knife beneath his coat;
He could not loose the vengeful hound;
His blood made red the snowy ground.
And the wild north wind was blowing.

VI.

They heard his shrieks at the castle wall;
Out there came the seneschal
With loud halloo, and hoot and call;
Ever the fountains flowing.
Out there came the warders twain,
With sticks and staves, and poured like rain
Their blows on the creature's back and brain,—
Fast as rain, and heavy in stroke
As woodman's hatchet on the oak.
And the wild north wind was blowing.

VII.

They drove the furious beast away,
They raised the traveller where he lay,
As senseless as a clod of clay,
Ever the fountains flowing.
But only senseless, and not dead,
And bore him to the warder's bed,
And washed his wounds and bound his head,
And stripped him to the skin so white,
And watched beside him all the night,
And the wild north wind a blowing.

VIII.

In his purse they found a ring
Fit for the finger of a king,
And a love-lock with a silken string,
Ever the fountains flowing.
Golden money of mintage rare,
A lady's portrait, heavenly fair,
With soft blue eyes and yellow hair,
And a letter such as love might pen
To the best and best beloved of men,
And the wild north wind a blowing.

IX.

The castle's lord came forth to see
What manner of man this man might be:
"Jesu Maria!" murmured he,
Ever the fountains flowing.
"The sword of God deals judgment clear;
This is the ring of my comrade dear,
Slain by the villain who lieth here,

And this a letter from his wife,
Whom he loved and cherished more than life,"
And the wild north wind a blowing.

X.

By God alone, the murderer thought,
Was seen the crime his hand had wrought;
The dog beheld, though counted nought,
Ever the fountains flowing.
The guilty wretch confessed the deed
Done in the dark for golden greed,
And lived to dree the doom decreed,
And hung and swung on gibbet high,
To feed the vultures of the sky,
In the wild north wind a blowing.

CHARLES MACATAY.

"SANS MERCI;"

OR, KESTRELS AND FALCONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY LIVINGSTONE."

CHAPTER XL. SCHRECKLICH DU BIST ALLEIN.

IN the career of some men—not of all—there is a certain hour; darker than any that have gone before; darker, perchance, than any that shall ensue; when the battle of life seems to turn so terribly against us, that even a wise and valiant veteran may be sorely tempted to cast away his weapons in despair, if not to wield them against his own bosom, after the manner of a deed done on Mount Gilboa ages and ages ago.

But, my brother, should we fall into such a strait, we might find, I think, a better example than that of the earliest Anointed King. Rather let us call to mind another story of old time. It matters little, if it be an idle legend. Romance, no less than History, may surely teach us a lesson.

It was the decisive battle; when all the strength of British heathenness was set in array against the Christian armies who came forth—nothing loth—from Camelot: the fight went on from early dawn to the going-down of the sun, when it was plain to all that the Red Cross must needs prevail. Then ensued a lull in the tempest, whilst the chiefest of the Round Table gathered round Pendragon for the last dreadful charge. Then too the five kings, who led the Paynim host, unhelmed themselves to quench their thirst, at the same spring. For many and many a year those five had drank and warred together; and, now, they knew that they never more would drain wine-cup, or unsheathe sword.

"Nathless—" quoth the chronicler—"when they saw it might not better be, they made scant moan or lamentation, and called upon their gods no more; but kissed, each the other, on the lips, and said farewell right

kindly; then, being harnessed again, they set their backs against the wood, and, thereafter, gave ground no more than the pines."

They were savage, stubborn mis-believers: yet the knightly saint, who alone was held worthy to look on the Holy Grail, could pray for no nobler ending.

It seems to me, that the case of no mortal is utterly desperate, who shall hold fast to these watch-words—Courage, and Charity.

But amongst Vincent Flemyng's rare virtues, those two had never been numbered. So, now that the dark hour was upon him, he had to encounter it as best he might; for there were none to help or sustain him.

The dusk was closing in fast, when he roused himself from that short stupor. As the power of connected thought returned, hazily, he began to recollect how, once at the Artist's Club in Rome, they had discussed the question of self-murder; and how a Frenchman had confessed that always in the twilight, (*le crépuscule de la Morgue* he called it,) he was sensible of a morbid depression, and of a terrible temptation which, sooner or later, would surely overcome him. He recollected, too, how all had made sport of that sombre fancy; and how he himself had prayed the other, in case the prestage should be fulfilled, to record on paper his last sensations, "for the benefit of science, and the instruction of subsequent suicides." Since then, Alcide Desmaret's had risen rapidly to eminence amongst landscape-painters; whilst he, Vincent Flemyng—

How pleasant they were, though—those Roman days; when—foremost at least, if only one of many—he followed in Marion Charteris' train. It was folly of course; but harmless folly: better, a thousand times, than the feverish ague-fits of heat and cold, that had tormented him for months past. Why not have left well alone? For it was his own rashness, in turning the screw too hard, that caused its threads to give way; so that all hold was lost. With a fresh sharp pang, came back the memory of Marion's bitter scornful glance, when she rose up in revolt against his dictation, and defied him to do his worst. No doubt, from that very moment, she had begun to plot—all that had happened since. Then he cursed her aloud; not with the intense malignity which had marked his last words to Flora Dorrillon, but carelessly and contemptuously; as a hasty man might swear at the impediment that had caused him to stumble. What a blind idiot he must have been—not to have suspected concert between these two women. How they must have laughed at him. Would they laugh to-morrow,—hearing what the night had brought about? Perhaps Marion Charteris would be a little

penitent and sorry; as for the other—Once more, those awful blasphemies rose to his lips, and gurgled forth, like bubbles from a broken blood-vessel.

Darker and darker. Surely the night was closing in faster than usual. He would have lights, instantly. There would be time enough for dreaming when his business was done.

The servant who answered the bell, did not notice anything strange in his master's manner; but he remembered, afterwards, that when the lamp was brought in, Flemyng moved quickly to the further side of the room, and began to pull out one volume after another, from the book-case; keeping his face studiously averted. Also there was a thick indistinctness in his voice, as though it came through mufflings, when he told the other that "he should not dress for dinner, nor require him any more that night." He seemed nervously impatient too, whilst the man lingered, to set one or two things in order; and, at last, bade him begone, angrily. Directly Vincent was left alone, he unlocked the drawer which held the bank-notes; and began to arrange them in parcels; referring, as he did so, to a list scrawled down on a certain page in his betting-book.

It was a very large sum, that lay before him there: so large, that many hopeful enterprising men would ask no more, for the foundation of a fortune: with far less, adventurers have crossed the Atlantic or the Indian Sea; and returned, richer than Drake, when he came to his moorings after a cruise on the Spanish Main.

To such men—especially had they been hampered by few moral scruples—there would have been a very powerful temptation in those bundles of crisp fluttering paper; they would have been loth to abandon the certain enjoyments, and probable advantages to be extracted therefrom. Here was enough to make an entirely fresh start on, in a fresh track, where a bold outlaw's antecedents need not tell heavily against him; even if they were known. Why not let the creditors wait, as most of them could well afford to do? If fortune only smiled once more, every debt should be paid in full. After all—any moonlight flitting is better than a leap into the dark.

Thus, I repeat, would many men have discoursed with themselves; but, so did not Vincent Flemyng. His conscience had become conveniently silent of late; and, as you will have remarked, his sense of honour was singularly dull; nevertheless, from such a temptation as has been just described he was wholly free.

Does this tell for, or against him? It would

be hard to say. Perhaps—putting, as was aforesaid, honesty entirely out of the question—the latter view of the case would be the truer one. In time of trial he had always lacked hope and enterprise: with both of these he had now done, for evermore. The slow poison that had circulated in his veins from the moment that he had yielded himself up, body and soul, to a guilty passion, wrought its work very thoroughly: the last fatal symptoms were evinced in that dull, dogged despair.

Certain it is, that from his one fixed idea the unhappy man never varied. He completed his task with perfect outward calmness and deliberation; wrapping each parcel of notes in a sheet of paper, on which were inscribed the amount of the debt, and the usual formula—"With Mr. Flemyng's compliments."

In that very act of courtesy, there was a touch of the straining after stage-effect, which, from boyhood upwards, had been prominent amongst Vincent's most harmless frailties. Furthermore, it was noticed by several whose debts were cancelled then and there, that the envelopes were addressed in a peculiarly even and unwavering hand.

When all was finished, Flemyng cast himself back in his chair with a weary groan; and closed his eyes once more. But at the same moment, his finger clutched the vial that was still concealed in his breast; as though touch were needed to assure him of its safety. After a while his lips began to move and he muttered aloud—

"I ought—I will do it."

With that he drew a fresh sheet of note-paper towards him; and began to write, hurriedly: these were the words he wrote—

"I write these lines; because I wish that you should know all the truth; and lest you, or my mother, or Kate should fancy that there has been any reason—but one—for this night's work. I swear, that my losses, which are paid to the uttermost farthing, have nothing to do with it. It is true that I am ruined: but I would have lived on, as a pensioner, even on you, rather than go—where I am going—if something had not happened, since we parted. The threat in the letter in which I asked my mother for money, was a lie. I had never thought of dying—then. You will decide, whether it will be better to keep what I tell you now from my mother and Kate: but you *must* believe me.

"You were right, ten thousand times over, in what you said about Flora Dorrillon. She, and none other, has brought me to *this*. I leave my blood upon her soul; and, if I thought any prayer of mine would avail, I

would pray, that it might rest there, till—we two meet again. I should like her to hear this, and hear it from you. Not that she will care. But it is my last wish, nevertheless; therefore, I think you will fulfil it. You will take charge of my mother, I know: it will not be easy work; but you have both sense and courage: and, for years past, you have been more of a son to her than I. You see, I did you justice, very late in the day; and I thank you for what you have done, and would have done to help me. Your money did me right good service; though you never will guess how. I wish we had been better friends: that we were not so, was my fault; like all the rest of it. I can see that much now. Farewell.

"V. F."

"You will see that the other letters go safely to their addresses—unopened? There is nothing but money in any of them."

He wrote these lines, without check or pause: it seemed as though he were afraid to trust himself to reflect over much on the meaning: then he placed them in a sealed envelope, which he directed to 'Tom Seyton' with the superscription—"To be delivered immediately."

Having done this, he rose, and began to pace up and down, in the quick restless manner that denotes irritation, or tremor of nerves. After a score of turns or so, he stopped abruptly by the mantel-piece, and lighted one of the candles that stood thereon. With this in his hand, he passed through his bedroom and dressing-room, into the *alcove* beyond; which was built out in the rear of the house. It was a large lofty chamber, lighted chiefly from above; and cheerful enough by day; but it was never intended for nightwork, and would have looked gloomy even if illuminated by a dozen tapers, instead of the solitary one that Flemyng carried. Against the walls hung or stood several sketches in water-colours, and one or two unfinished pictures in oils: each and every one, in whatever stage, bore the same stamp of crude negligence added to an evident lack of power.

Vincent passed from one to the other of these; scanning each in turn with a deliberation that savoured of criticism; before he came to the last, his lip wore a smile—half scornful, half melancholy.

"What utter trash!"—he said aloud, with some bitterness. "And to think, that I choose this, for a profession! If I had worked ten times harder, I should have spoiled ten times as much canvas—that's all."

Very, very late—too late to be of the faintest avail—self-knowledge and self-appreciation came. If the strange sad humility which no

essed Vincent Flemyng, had visited him a year ago, the manner both of his life and death would surely have been other from which did befall.

But I do not wish to make him out a whit other than he really was. Even at that moment—realising that his whole career had been a mistake, and more or less an imposition—he felt rather fain to blame fortune or the injustice of others, than to impute the failure to his own deficiency both in principle and intellectual power. Furthermore, his regrets were purely selfish. His own defeats he was ready enough to moan: but he could share no regrets but the hopes he had disappointed, or for the wrongs he had misused and trampled on; remorse for the blow that his crowning act of guilt would surely deal to those two loving women, who had borne and forborne so long—unrepaid, in this wise, at the last; unless a feeling were vaguely apparent in an unquerable reluctance, to write to either of them a single word of farewell.

In an easel, in the further corner of the room, a picture stood by itself: it was larger than any of the others; and covered with a brown cloth. Vincent drew this roughly back; and there was revealed a half-length portrait, of life-size. Whose portrait it was, the keenest glance would tell you.

Very rarely in the beauty of living woman, the imperial and the voluptuous so strangely mingled; more rarely still, is found such subtle suggestion, underlying soft treacherous language, as beamed from beneath the dark sweep-fringes of Flora Dorrillon's fatal eyes. Her dress too, of deep blue velvet—the bodice square, after the old Venetian fashion—disclosed no perfection of her superb figure; the effect, though fantastic, was infinitely charming, of an Etruscan fillet, in gold and enamel of many colours, twined in and out about a fabulous luxuriance of braids and curls.

But of such a subject, it would have been a fault for any one, who could wield a brush decently, to make a thoroughly commonplace picture: coarse or rigid, or unnatural bungler's efforts might have appeared, but would still have been aware that you were gazing on the semblance of a loveliness without peer. In this portrait, Flemyng had fairly outdone himself: there was none of the weak washy 'prettiness,' which has been before mentioned, as disfiguring his best work: there was decided character about the whole performance, and marks of real artistic power. Something of the same influence, which urged Quentin Matsys on to his own work, had surely been at work, here; but

as the passion differed, so also did the painter's endings.

Vincent stood before his handiwork (only a few finishing touches were needed to complete it now), gazing thereon long and searchingly. The scrutiny under that dim light seemed to tantalise him: he set the taper down, and lifting the canvas from the easel, carried it carefully into the sitting-room that he had lately quitted. The lamp was burning brightly there; but Flemyng lighted two more wax candles, and placed them, so that their rays fell full on the face of the portrait, as it rested against a chair close to the head of a couch. On that same couch, Vincent sat down; resting his elbows on his knees, and his chin on his clenched hands; and once more his eyes became fixed in an eager haggard gaze. His musings wandered hither and thither (for power of concentrated thought he had none); but—flutter where they would—like birds fastened to threads of uncertain length, they always reverted to the same point.

On that figure and face, he never would look again.

Suddenly, he began to wonder, where she was at that moment—what she was doing—whom she was talking to—how she was dressed? With a vast effort, he constrained himself to question his memory calmly, but he recollected that to-night there was a great banquet at a certain ambassador's at which the Dorrillons would, surely, be present. Not less surely he would be present too—that accursed Austrian; the very sight of whom had been sufficient of late to cast Vincent Flemyng into a jealous fit, not the less violent, because it had been perforce suppressed.

The said secretary had created no small sensation that season: he was quite fascinating enough in many ways, to justify the evil reports of certain successes which had preceded him to England. With this reputation to keep up, he was bound to be cautious in his selection of a first victim. So, good-natured people said, he had hitherto abstained from pursuit of meaner game; intending to match himself against the Queen-falcon of all, and to try 'conclusions of flight' with the Dorrillon. These whispers had reached Flemyng's ears, of course, and had made him more than uneasy; though he had never ventured to broach the subject to Flora: they came back again now, with a fearful substance and significance.

Probably, that serene handsome face was close to hers, at this very instant; and that trailing golden moustache—from under which the low soft voice could steal forth so winningly, closer yet to her ear. There was to be a ball afterwards too; and the Austrian

was one of the famous waltzers of Europe : Flora had more than once expressed her appreciation of his step and style. Would she fail to improve the opportunity of to-night ? What a question ! So, amidst light and music, there would be smiles, and whispers, and confidences, and concerting of plans for future amusement—if nothing more ; and, perchance, pressure of locked fingers, before all was done ; whilst he, Vincent Flemyng, was left—alone—with his despair.

As the paroxysm over-mastered him more and more, he fairly gnashed his teeth ; and sprang to his feet, glancing round for a weapon, as if she stood there in flesh and blood before him, and it were in his power to mar that fatal beauty. His eye lighted on a long Turkish dagger—one of the many toys he had brought from the East—which lay unsheathed on a table near : it usually did duty as a paper-cutter. In three seconds more, the canvas, that it had been a labour of love to cover with deftly-blended colours, hung, gashed and torn : the hands that were slow and faltering in creation, in annihilation were rapid and sure enough : no mortal eyes could have traced in those unsightly shreds and patches, the late not unworthy semblance of *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*.

But the sudden frenzy soon spent itself ; and then, Vincent stood staring blankly at the ruin before him with the shame-stricken regret of one who has madly destroyed or cast away his most precious earthly possession. As he cast himself down on the couch again, his lips began to move ; and these words were just audible—

“ It is full time I were gone.”

Once more, his fingers closed round the vial ; but this time he drew it forth ; and looked at it fixedly. One would have thought his face could grow no paler : yet while he so gazed, it *did* whiten, till the very lips were bloodless : and he fell into a nervous tremor.

Let me speak the truth even to the miserable end. They were not errors of the Unseen World : nor the natural shrinking of a mortal on the threshold of immortality ; nor a dread of merited wrath to come, that were assailing him then. Vincent Flemyng died—as he had lived for years past—a professed and consistent infidel. The aspen-shiver that shook him from head to foot as he lay came from simple physical fear : he flinched before Death as he would have quailed before the onset of a strong-armed man. He was himself sensible of this ; for he sought encouragement in repeating aloud—

“ It will be no pain. He said, it would be no pain.”

“ At last he rose, unsteadily ; and taking

a spirit-decanter from a closet hard by, drained three large glasses of brandy in succession. The first had no perceptible effect : with the second a feverish glow rose on his cheeks, and the tremor of his limbs ceased as though by magic : the third went straight to his brain.

If human ears had been within reach that shrill mad laugh, help might possibly have come in time ; but it only startled to-night.

“ I can do it—now.”

Even as the words passed his lips the poison was set thereto ; and the work was done.

A long choking gasp—a slight noise shivering glass—a dull smothered crash—Flemyng's head struck the cushion of the couch heavily. Then—that awful intensification of silence which prevails only in a chamber where an unwatched corpse is lying.

The lamp grew dim and black ; and the tapers flickered out ; and the moon peered for awhile, tarrying not long ; and a misty grey dawn swiftly gave place to a brilliant summer-day. But, through all the changes of light, yonder clear waxen mask altered not in its serene beauty ; so serene—that it was hard to believe its wearer had ever known sin, or shame, or sorrow.

CHAPTER XLII. BLOOD-RECKONING.

THE woman whose duty it was, each morning, to set those chambers in order, was the first to discover the deed that had been done. She gave the alarm, of course, after the fashion of her kind, with loud wailing and outcries. Flemyng's servant (who did not lodge under the same roof) was on the spot before the confusion had subsided. The man had sense and coolness enough to see in what direction his own duty lay. Without waiting the arrival of the doctor, who was summoned purely as a matter of form, he went straight to Seyton with the letter addressed to the latter in his hand.

Tom was not particularly maternal in his habits, when in town ; he was sleeping soundly when the messenger of evil tidings broke unceremoniously into his room. It was at all times very hard to realise the death of one whom we left in full health and strength but a few hours ago : it is especially hard when the news comes to us at our waking. The shock was not only more severe, but utterly different from any that Seyton had ever experienced, that for awhile he was thoroughly bewildered ; and sat staring stupidly at the address of the letter, without breaking the seal. At last he recovered himself sufficiently to answer the servant's repeated inquiry as to “ what was to be done ?”

Wait outside for a few minutes—"Tom . . . "I'll be able to tell you better, when I read this. I must read it, alone."

and he did read the letter—word by word, syllable by syllable—twice or thrice over: when he folded it up mechanically, he could repeat every line by heart. His self-possession had quite come back by this time; whilst he dressed hastily, he questioned the servant, as to the little the latter had to say, and gave concise directions as to what was immediately to be done. Within half-an-hour he was at Flemmyng's lodgings. The doctor, whom Seyton found there, had also little to say. Life had evidently been quiet for some hours before he was called, and it was evident that instantaneous death had been caused by an unusually powerful dose of prussic acid.

"I'm very much afraid, one of my own sessions might be brought in as accomplices in the fact—" the doctor said. "There are a few drops left in the broken bottle; it must have been of a peculiar shape, too. I am certain that poison was never obtained from an ordinary chemist: they dare not sell any man, who could not show a diploma. It would be next to impossible to trace it. I suppose, in these sad cases, least said is soonest mended. You have no evidence of the deceased's state of mind, I presume."

His last question Seyton did not think it necessary to answer. He simply remarked, that it could make little difference, where the poison was obtained; and that he was anxious to avoid publicity, so far as it could conscientiously be done. If the doctor would tell him, what formalities were necessary, they should be complied with at once."

When the two went in together into the room where the body lay—on the same couch, almost in the same posture as it had been found, only a white kerchief was cast over the

Seyton drew this gently away; and looked down steadfastly on the delicate features now more than ever refined in their unusually beauty. The fair white brow was smooth, as if it never had frowned; no trace of evil tempers lingered round the chiselled features on which the faint death-smile had just begun to dawn; and the dark restless eyes were veiled, for ever, under the lids that seemed to have settled down, so wearily. It was a picture, that even a stranger could hardly have looked upon, unmoved. The doctor, albeit unromantic by nature, and case-hardened by rough professional work, was surprised into a pitiful sigh.

"He must have been a very handsome man—" he said, softly.

His words were not especially sympathetic;

but they were so evidently meant in kindness, that Seyton turned towards the speaker, with more gratitude than if the other had attempted a set speech of condolence, as he answered in a broken voice—

"He was very handsome. And so like his mother: I never knew *how* like, till now. Only think, what this will be to her! She has no child left, except my wife. They both almost idolised him. We were never such good friends as we ought to have been—he and I. He says, it was his fault—poor fellow! I believe, it was rather mine. I'm too rough and clumsy to deal with anything—or anybody—that needs delicate handling. Even now, I came up to town to help him—indeed I did; yet, I fear, I only made matters worse. I think bungling does as much harm as malice in this world; if not more."

It was like Tom Seyton's indiscretion—making family confidences to an utter stranger, from whom he had no right to expect a shadow of sympathy. But the doctor was not inclined to quarrel with that simple expansiveness, or even to deride it; neither—saving your worship's critical presence—am I.

After seeing to some necessary business, (such as looking over papers and the like,) and forwarding the different letters to their addresses, Seyton went out; saying that he should not be gone more than an hour.

He walked straight and swiftly towards Plantagenet Square; yet it was past noon when he got to the Lady Dorrillon's door; and her groom was already in waiting, with her saddle-horse. A call at such an hour would have been a social anomaly, even had the visitor been on the 'familiar' visiting-list; but the staid servant who took Seyton's card, merely said that "he would inquire if her ladyship was at home." It appearing that such was the case, Tom was conducted at once into the smallest of several reception-rooms on the first-floor. Almost immediately, Lady Dorrillon joined him there; fully equipped in her riding-gear. There was both surprise and expectation on her face; but her smile was very gracious, and she held out her hand cordially: for she had rather liked what she had seen of her visitor, during his brief sojourn at Charteris Royal. That same surprise was disagreeably increased, when she saw her courtesy wholly unnoticed, if not actually repelled: so her first address was, perforce, cold and constrained.

"This is an unexpected pleasure, Mr. Seyton—only from the earliness of the hour, of course. Is there anything I can do for you? Or have you any message for me?"

Some suspicion of the truth, though not of the whole truth, shot across her mind, just

then. She guessed that Seyton had come to speak to her, concerning Vincent Flemyng, before he placed the letter that you wot of in her hand—speaking never a word.

She read it through, almost as carefully as Tom himself had done: though her countenance neither fell, nor changed perceptibly, it was nearly colourless, when she came to the end. As she read one especial sentence, (you may easily guess which one,) she could not repress a shudder; it seemed so like the ratifying of the curse, that was hissed into her ears a brief while ago.

"In Heaven's name, what has happened?" she asked.

"Heaven has little to do with this matter, except it be to punish," Seyton answered. "Nothing has happened that you need feign surprise at, if the words written down there are true. And dying men do not often lie. I believe, that within an hour after those lines were penned, Vincent Flemyng had gone to his account, with the guilt of self-murder added to his other sins."

It was scarcely remorse which overcame Flora Dorrillon just then; but rather the natural horror which causes us to shrink from the contact of any funeral sign or emblem; added to those same pitiful instincts of womanhood, which, as you know, were not wholly crushed within her. In the course of her career she had incurred, once, if not oftener, the stain of blood-guiltiness in the second or third degree; but now, for the first time, she was brought abruptly face to face with death—death, plainly imputed to her. She covered her eyes with her hand, and Seyton could barely hear the words—

"It is too terrible. I never guessed—Indeed, I am innocent of this, as you can be."

"So the Law would say, doubtless"—the other retorted—"at least, the Law as written by man. Even I do not accuse you of having instigated the crime; or of having furnished the poison. It is also possible, that yonder suicide never warned you of his intention, when last you met. Yet, none the less do I believe that God will hold you accountable for the deed done last night; and that you will have to answer it, sooner or later."

The sudden horror that had quelled Flora Dorrillon for an instant had passed away now, and her haughty spirit asserted itself once again. She lifted her head, with the imperial disdain that her enemies knew so well: it was evident she would brook little more of that rough plain-speaking.

"I am too shocked by this intelligence," she said, quietly; "not to make great allowances for your excitement. But I cannot allow you to go on in that tone. You are

under some extraordinary delusion. I repeat distinctly, that I have no more to do with this miserable catastrophe than yourself. If you will listen patiently, I think you will be forced to do me so much justice. Soon after we met at Charteris Royal, I saw that I had made a strong impression on poor Vincent Flemyng: indeed, he avowed this to me. I did not check or repel him, I own, as I should have done. Why I did not do so, signifies but little now. Perhaps I wanted amusement; or I fancied—"

Seyton could contain himself no longer. He had over-stepped the bounds of ceremonious courtesy at the very beginning of the interview; and grief and indignation were hotter within him, as the contrast smote him between the superb beauty, full of luxurious life, and the set bloodless face he had looked upon so lately.

"Amusement—and fancy—" he broke in. "Is it possible that you can use such words, knowing that your indulgence of a whim has destroyed a man, body and soul; and brought shame and misery on two women who never injured you, or any living creature?"

Now, as you are aware, it would have been easy for Flora to justify herself, partially at least, here. She could have shown, that she had acted, at least, with a purpose, and that deception on one side had only foiled deliberately base intentions on the other. That she forebore to vindicate herself by further damaging the memory of the dead, is scarcely to be imputed either to tenderness or remorse. She had plenty of that pseudo-generosity which can be liberal out of what costs the giver nothing. The same feeling which had prompted her to help Flemyng in his difficulties, with a loan which she never meant should be repaid, kept her silent, now. When even the possible fantasy was provided for, money was to her no more than glittering sea-sand; and about the good opinion of the world in general she had learnt to be scornfully indifferent. So that in neither case was there involved any very precious sacrifice.

She accepted the rough interruption with admirable temper.

"It will be better that you should hear me out patiently. I did encourage your unhappy brother-in-law, at first, to a certain degree. But, even then, he had no right to expect that he could ever be more to me than a familiar friend. When I saw that this would not satisfy him, and that each day made him more unreasonable and exacting, I really tried to make him understand the utter hopelessness of his pursuit. I am guilty of coquetry, of course, but I do not think you ought to use a harder word. Could I dream

his folly—and mine if you will—would so terribly? Before he came here yesterday, something had nearly maddened him. I thought it might have been ill-luck at : but he denied this. I cannot tell you he said: I do not wish to remember: but used words, for which I would never forgive any living man. This much I will tell

He required of me, for his sake, to form my duty, and to sacrifice my honour. I answered me this one question frankly. If I knew that, only by so doing, I could prevent the other crime he meditated, would he have counselled me to yield?"

A subtler logician than the sturdy Marlborough might have been puzzled by that dilemma. With an inward groan of helpless perplexity, Tom owned himself utterly baffled. "I'm a poor hand at casuistry"—he said, humbly. "And, I thank heaven, coquetry is strange to me and mine, that I know nothing of its laws, nor of how far people may go without breaking them. You have the force of the argument, on the face of it. But leading one of God's creatures into a snare, from which self-murder is the only outcome, is not a mortal sin—my notions of right and wrong are arbitrary. Look here, Lady Milford: it's easy enough to entangle an innocent of my calibre with your special pleading. You might find it harder work with others—ay, even with your own husband."

A slow, quiet voice spoke close behind them. "That we shall see, presently. What you have to further to say, Mr. Seyton, had better be addressed directly to me."

Turning in surprise and amazement, Tom met himself face to face with Sir Marmaduke Milford. With his spare erect figure and handsome features, framed in the dark-curtained doorway, the new-comer looked like some fine master-piece of Holbein.

(To be concluded in our next.)

A RENCONTRE WITH A KING.

"WELL," said my father, wagging his leg, as was his wont, his left arm over the back of his chair, a glass of old Port in his dexter hand, and looking steadfastly with a smile at the glowing Christmas fire, as though he were warmed up in it the scene of the by-gone occurrence, "yes, I had two interviews with King William; and they came about in this

It was the early part of the summer of 1841, and I was riding down Piccadilly on my favourite mare, Jenny,

nescio quid meditans nugarum, et totus in illis,"

my father was great in Horace, and always

quoted him upon occasions), "so that I did not observe, until too late, another gentleman, well-mounted, riding on the wrong side of the road, meeting me. Before we could either of us stop our horses, we came together with a rather sharp crash, our knees suffering smartly from the concussion.

"Of course, we both immediately reined up; and the stranger, raising his hat, said, with a frank and courteous smile, 'It was entirely my fault, sir. I was on the wrong side of the road. I beg your pardon; I hope you are not hurt.' I returned his courtesy immediately; and, with mutual bows, after a few more pleasant words on either side, we separated, and passed on our several ways. As I rode on, however, I began to puzzle myself about my new acquaintance. During our short colloquy, I had had time to observe his features, and was struck by the fact that they were not unfamiliar to me. I was sure I had seen that face before, but I could not for the moment call to mind whose it was, or where I had seen it. It was a most pleasant, open countenance of a man perhaps about sixty years of age, somewhat rubicund, as if with exposure to the weather; with white hair, and a most genial and expressive smile. Who was he? Where had I seen him before? I could not remember.

"Just then, however, a groom rode up, evidently in attendance upon the gentleman from whom I had just parted. As he passed me, the man raised his hat respectfully. 'Like master, like man,' I thought to myself. 'The groom follows his master's example of courtesy.' A sudden idea, however, just at that moment passed through my mind. I turned, —and observed the livery of the groom. It was the royal blue and scarlet, with a cockade in the hat. Strange that I had not recognised the stranger before. It was the King! Billy the Fourth, as we used to call him at sea. I could only hope his most gracious Majesty's leg did not smart as much as mine did after that rather rough meeting."

My father filled and drank off another glass of the '24; and went on wagging his leg, and tracing the picture in the fire as before.

"Curious," said I; "and did you ever hear anything more of the matter?"

"Not exactly," said my father; "Help yourself, and pass the decanter. But I did meet his Majesty again, as I said before; and, curiously enough, not under altogether very dissimilar circumstances. I was riding Jenny again a few days afterwards in Hyde Park. Near Grosvenor Gate she began to get very restive, and obstinately refused to keep her side of the drive. While endeavouring to quiet her temper, and induce her to go steadily

on, two of the royal out-riders came up with me; and, looking round, I observed the royal carriage itself approaching. The King, with Queen Adelaide, was in the carriage, which was a close one; but, as it passed me, his Majesty looked out of the window, and, instantly recognising me, waved his hand with his old pleasant smile, saying, 'Aha! my friend: what, in difficulties again? Good day, good day!' Help yourself, my boy, and pass the decanter," added my father.

L. P. M.

HARTWELL HOUSE.

ABOUT two miles from Aylesbury, on the Oxford road, an unpretending lodge-gate breaks the dull uniformity of a park wall. Through that portal, some fifty-two years ago, dashed a post-chaise conveying special couriers entrusted with one of the most important messages ever borne by any men.

It was, appropriately enough, Annunciation day, the 25th of March. The family at Hartwell House were attending early mass. The eyes of the Comte de Lisle might be fixed on his Prayer-book, but his thoughts were surely wandering. News had just arrived from London that the telegraph had announced the arrival at Falmouth of envoys from Bordeaux, where his son, the Duc d'Angoulême, had raised the white standard of France under the protection of Marshal Beresford.

Madame de Godnet, an Englishwoman born, but a Parisian by marriage, was sitting near the window; an exclamation from her interrupted the sacred service, and the worshippers speedily transferred their thoughts to more worldly matters. Two carriages were hastening down the road approaching to the house; the postillions wore white favours, and the travellers were waving white flags from the windows. The reeking horses pulled up at the front door for the messengers to alight, and their feet were "beautiful on the mountains with glad tidings." They were Girondists come to summon Louis XVIII. back to the throne of his ancestors; the King was to have his own again. France, worn out with anarchy, revolutions, and glory, yearned for her rightful lord. "They could not help that their fathers and grandfathers had cut off his brother's head; they could not sew it on again. It was no use crying over spilt milk; let bygones be bygones; but, if he liked, and no questions asked, his old bed at the Tuileries was ready and aired for Louis le Desiré." It was observed *sotto voce*, that there would be plenty of time to alter the bees into lilies before his arrival. The crafty Talleyrand had observed that, as a matter of form, it might be as well

if they were to procure the King's signature (guaranteed by the allied Powers) to a document binding him to observe the constitution and such a paper did this deputation bring with them.

It is a curious fact that the *fleur de lis* has been long engraved over the portal through which the envoys were introduced into Hartwell House. When the last Bourbon regnant *de jure* in France was about to be buried at Gorritz, it became necessary to remove a stone that covered the spot selected wherein to dig a vault for the reception of his remains: upon that stone also were engraved *fleurs de lis*, bearing the armorial bearings of the noble family of Thurm, whose ancestors had been buried there for centuries.

The French are proverbially a fickle people, so "the unwieldy exile" had to hurry himself away to strike whilst the iron was hot. He had however, before he went, to swallow a bitter pill in the shape of affixing his name to the promise required by his subjects. History tells us that his family did not keep the bond. The pen which he used on the occasion is yet preserved in the museum at Hartwell; it is not a pinion from an eagle's wing such as was used by the plenipotentiaries that signed the peace of Paris in 1856, and now preserved in the cabinet of the Empress; this was a very ordinary goose-quill, which does not even appear to have been new for the occasion.

In the hurry of departure, Monseigneur the Archbishop of Rheims left a volume of Molière behind him, and the Duchesse d'Angoulême left behind her a *prie dieu* and book of hours. A sterner and yet more indelible record of their sojourn yet remains in one of the upper rooms. It is said that blood will not wash out; indeed, at Holyrood House, Bismarck's blood made its appearance on the new boards when the floor was relaid. One of the French king's suite cut his throat, and the blood stains are as fresh on the floor and ceiling if the deed had only been done yesterday.

The rooms in which the royal exiles lived remain in precisely the same state as when they inhabited them. It may interest the reader to know that dethroned royalty slept on a very ordinary four-post tester bedstead, with very commonplace cotton furniture. The poor cousin of a railway Croesus would turn up his aristocratic nose at the simple equipments of the room in which "the daughter of France" sojourned for five years full of that hope deferred which makes the heart sick. In a sitting-room on the ground floor (for Louis was even then too obese to mount stairs without difficulty) is shown the table on which he signed the document above referred to. In another room, over the library, the dethroned King of Sw

once slept; after that, the wife of Louis, Princess Louisa of Savoy, died there. In room also her remains were laid in state, paratory to their removal to Westminster Abbey, where the funeral service was read over by the Dean of that church as they were temporarily deposited by the side of the coffin of the Duc de Montpensier until they should be removed to their final resting-place amongst their ancestors in Sardinia.

His Majesty was obliged to be economical, and the British Government only allowed him £1,000 per annum; one fourth of this was granted by him to the support of the Duc d'Angoulême; the Archbishop of Rheims (in his capacity of royal almoner) was entrusted with the distribution of a similar amount in alms, and the like sum was dedicated to support of services and political payments. With the residue the royal household, occasionally amounting to 200 persons, had to be maintained; and the rent paid for the house and grounds was £500 per annum. The shabby condition of the establishment may be estimated from the fact that the royal plate and furniture was sold after the departure of the Court, and the proceeds handed over to a parochial charity, which was, however, only benefited to the amount of a hundred pounds. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the traditions of the Court at Versailles were faithfully observed. The King's shirt was duly handed to him every morning by one of the *haute noblesse*, and on good days the neighbouring gentry were admitted to walk round the table at which his Majesty sat at meat.

For all that, the King was happier there than he had ever been before, or ever was again. He is still remembered by the peasantry as a pleasant old gentleman with a kindly smile and courteous salutation for all those that he met in his occasional walks. He is said to have been told his landlord, Sir George Lee, that he had quitted Hartwell with regret. He certainly, upon his return to Paris, sent to him a royal likeness painted by Le Fevre. He charged the ambassador, whom he deputed to represent him at St. James's, that he should pay a personal visit of recognition to the old mansion which had provided him with a refuge and asylum in his misfortunes.

The Frenchers were dreadful radicals," says my informant. Their idea of the relation of landlord and tenant seems to have been that the latter might do what he pleased, and the former had no right to object. Doors were closed through walls, partitions built, old windows blocked up, and new windows made at discretion. There is in one of the rooms a picture of Lady Elizabeth Lee, one of Sir George Lee's best works in his best style. That

was eclipsed by an enormous looking-glass placed before it. In that proceeding there was more of the Goth than the Gaul.

Hartwell is said to be so called from a spring to which the harts used to come to slake their thirst. In the muniment-room at the house is a rebus seal of a hart lying near a well. This spring still flows in the lane outside the park walls, and over it is now erected a building in the Egyptian style with inscriptions after the sacred hieroglyphics of the Mizraimites. The Egyptian pediment is incongruously engraved with the three Greek words in which Pindar celebrates the praise of water.

In the reign of the Confessor this manor belonged to the Thane Alwyn. The Conqueror gave the greater portion of it to his natural son William Peverell, and the rest to his half-brother Odo, the avaricious Bishop of Bayeux, and his favourite gonfalon, Walter Giffard, who afterwards became Earl of Buckingham. King Henry II. seized the land of the Peverells, and granted them to his son John of Bretagne. When that worthy became king of England, the honour of Peverell became annexed to the Crown, with which it ever after remained.

Soon after the accession of King John, the honour of Peverell was held in chief of the Crown by a feudatory tenant, Walter de Hartwell, who was rated for it at one knight's fee of the honour of Peverell. The last female descendant of the Hartwells was given in marriage to William de Luton. About 1400, Eleanor, the only daughter of Sir Robert de Luton, married Thomas de Stoke, and their only daughter, Agnes, married Thomas de Singleton. From this family the estate passed to the Hampdens by marriage. They were a branch of the Hampdens of Hampden, and resided at Kimble. In 1617, Sir Alexander Hampden (who was a cousin of the great John Hampden, and who had been knighted by "King James" when on a visit to Hampden) dying without surviving issue, the estate passed under his will to his sister Eleanor, wife of Sir Thomas Lee, of East Claydon, and in the family of the Lees it now is.

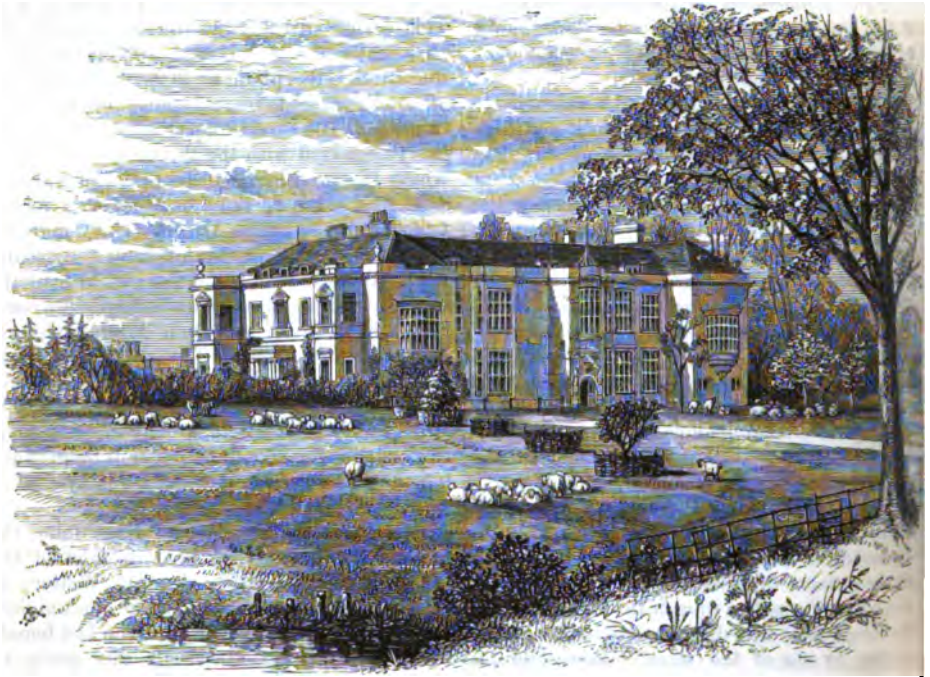
These Lees are supposed to have originally come from Cheshire, and Sir Henry Lee of Ditchley, the owner of the dog Bevis, was another cadet of the same family.

The Lees have long been a legal family. Thomas, the grandson of Eleanor Lee, married the second daughter of Sir George Croke, one of the justices of the King's Bench, and author of the well-known reports, familiarly known as Cro. Jac.; Cro. Car.; Cro. Eliz.; because the volumes respectively contain cases determined in the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles. This Thomas was half-brother

to "honest Dick Ingoldsby" of Morton. He was M.P. for Aylesbury; and although he did not take such an active part in the Restoration as Dick, yet he voted for the same, and played his cards so well as to be made a baro-

net. His son Thomas was a commissioner of the Admiralty, and father of several children, amongst whom were the two eminent lawyers, Sir William and Sir George Lee.

Sir William Lee was Chief Justice of Eng-



Hurtwell House.

land, and a Privy Counsellor. Upon the death of Henry Pelham in March, 1754, he performed *ad interim* the duties of Chancellor of the Exchequer in the following month.

Lord Campbell does not think much of him as a lawyer. When "Plain Jock" *trutind pensatur eadem*, posterity will not think so highly of him as he did of himself. Sir William appears to have been "of unblemished, irreproachable character, both in public and private life, amiable and gentle in his disposition, affable and courteous in his deportment, cheerful in his temper, though grave in aspect, and peculiarly master of that sort of knowledge which regards the settlement of the poor."*

Horace Walpole thus commemorates him: "Methought I heard my L. C. J. Lee in a voice as dreadful as Jefferies, mumble out *scribere est agere*. After all the world had been nominated for Chancellor of the Exchequer, L. C. J. Lee, who is no part of the world, was really made so *pro tempore*." Again, he wrote of his nephew: "I met Sir William Lee and his wife at Nuneham, the seat

of her father the Earl Harcourt; and our comfort was a little impaired by the constant presence of that worthy pair, with a prim miss whose lips were stuffed into her nostrils. They both sat upright, like macaws on their perches in the menageries, and scarce said a word. I longed to bid them call a coach. The evening and the morning were the first day, and the evening and the morning were the second day, and still they were just in their places."*

The C. J. was very nearly cut off by gaol fever when attending the Old Bailey in May, 1750, and his colleague, Justice Abney, with many others, perished. His remonstrances introduced the custom, still kept up there, of fuming the court several times a day by means of a red-hot iron immersed in vinegar.

He used to make notes of all memorable incidents in Rider's British Merlin, compiled for his country's benefit by Cardanus Rider.† The manner in which he entered his second marriage is worth recording:—"Six bushels of corn for four horses per week. Hemp-seed good in their corn. Walking them in the dewy

* Burrow's Settlement Cases, 328.

* Horace Walpole's Letters.

† Law Magazine, vol. 33.

grass in the morning very good. For rheumatism elder tea. I married to Mrs. M. M."

Sir George Lee was the leader of the opposition to Sir Robert Walpole. "He was a sensible man of unexceptionably good character, who stood well with all parties and was obnoxious to none. A grave man and a good speaker, but of no very bright parts, and from his way of life and profession very unfit for the ministry." In 1741 he was elected by the opposition chairman of the Committee of Elections (on which the fate of the Government depended), by a small majority of four, over the ministerial candidate, Mr. Cole, who was proposed by old Horace Walpole. He refused to be Chancellor of the Exchequer to the Duke of Newcastle. Like many other politicians of that time, he was not of very decided principles, and ratted when convenient. He was a leading member of the Court attending Leicester House, and treasurer to the Princess of Wales after her husband's death. For all that, he accepted the post of Lord of the Admiralty from the Pelham Ministry, and was by them created Dean of the Arches.

The elder Pitt had once declared that he would never allow one Hanoverian soldier; yet in April, 1746, he voted for the bringing over of 18,000. "No criminal in the Inquisition was ever so racked as he was by Dr. Lee, who gave him the question both ordinary and extraordinary."*

There was one incident in his life which does him more credit than all the fame that he won in the arena of St. Stephen's. Bubb Doddington waited on the Prince of Wales at Carlton House (February 9, 1749), and was followed in by Dr. Lee, "who brought old Coram with propositions for a vagabond hospital." The fact is, that there was considerable jealousy between the Doctor and Bubb, who were running neck-and-neck for the favour of the Prince who was fated never to be King.

The village of Hartwell forms one parish with that of Hampden, eight miles off, but the living has two churches. William Hampden, in 1520, willed that his body should be buried in the chancel of Hartwell church, before the middle of the high altar, that he might have the priest at his feet when saying mass. Many of the French courtiers repose in the quiet churchyard; notably, Coigny, Maréchal de France, and the first physician to the Queen, Monsieur de Perchon.

Hartwell House was erected at the commencement of the seventeenth century, on the site of a more ancient building. The four sides range exactly with the four points of the compass, whilst each essentially differs from

the other. One has an ancient and melancholy aspect; a second has a grave Elizabethan cheerfulness; a third is light, airy, and smiling; the last has a trimly polished air of modernly invented comfort. It contains a drawing-room of stately dimensions and beauty, with a richly moulded ceiling in bold relief, and a finely carved high mantelpiece, perplexing those that gaze at it with its abundant allegorical difficulties; a manorial hall; a semicircular vestibule in the centre of the building, illuminated only by a large skylight which looks down upon it vertically through several floors; an observatory, transit-room, and equatorial tower, furnished with instruments of great power and value; a library for learned leisure, therein to be luxurious, looking into laughing gardens, wherein that same leisure might disport itself. The great staircase is a stately structure, quaintly noble, with oaken rails and statues. These rails consist of small terminal figures, the upper half of which represent bearded men with their arms folded. On pedestals, rising above the hand-rails, stand twenty-four roughly carved figures in oak, of biblical, heathen, and historical personages, averaging thirty-two inches in height, and placed five or six feet asunder.

There is an ample library, containing some 30,000 volumes in every department of intellectual culture. An upper room is devoted to a complete series of *Punch* from the commencement, and another of the *Times*, under its various names from its commencement as the *Universal Register* in 1781. The student who is master of what may be learnt from these two series of ephemeral production, will be a better man of the world than if he had been trained in the cloisters of a college.

The finest arbores, or white poplars, that Professor Martin ever saw were in Buckinghamshire, near Aylesbury, at Hartwell. The house contains seven pictures of the gardens as they were laid out some century ago, before modern innovations destroyed the high closely trimmed yew hedges bordering gravel alleys, rectangular turf plots, and oblong canal distinctive of the Dutch style of gardening, that delighted William of Orange. On the bowling-green are some magnificent cedars.

In the park there is a building which was fitted up as the residence of one of the French exiles. He amused his leisure by depicting on the walls the adventures of Sancho Panza, in which the different members of the Buonaparte family were represented with some degree of talent in various laughable situations, although not so unfavourably as by our own Rowlandson and Gilray at the same time.

There is also a fine equestrian statue of

* Walpole's Letters.

Frederic Prince of Wales, erected in 1757, and on a column in the hall in front of the house is a figure of his father, George the Second. It is true that father and son hated one another like poison; but the brothers Lee were wise in their generation. Sir William was a steady adherent to St. James's; Sir George worshipped the rising sun at Carlton House, but ratted very soon after his death. It is true (says Horace Walpole) "that he changed sides more than once, but as those to whom he seceded had done so before him, they did not think much the worse of him on that account." The house contains a small collection of good pictures, valuable not only from their artistic excellence, but also from the associations with which they are identified. First and foremost is one, by Vandyk, of the unfortunate Sir John Suckling, whose loyalty merited a better fate. His grand-daughter married Sir Thomas, the first baronet. It is believed, upon sufficient grounds, that this is the very picture that Aubrey described as being in the possession of Dr. Cotton, at Oxford. The poet is represented in half-boots, leaning upon a rock. In his hand he holds a folio volume, from which protrudes a piece of paper with the word "Shakspeare" written on it, of whose works and character Sir John's works show him to have been inordinately fond.

There is another picture by the same artist of William, Duke of Newcastle. There are also two heads by Rembrandt that were possessed by the Lees long before a manufactory of such articles had been established in Wardour Street. There is another of the last of the Condés, whose son was shot in the fosse at Vincennes, and who was himself strangled in his princely chateau of Chantilly. Sir Peter Lely was a neighbour of the Lees, resident some miles off on a farm at Princes Risborough, given him by Lord Hawke in 1672. He has contributed several family portraits to the adornment of these walls, as did also Sir Godfrey Kneller.

Hudson, the master of Sir Joshua Reynolds, is represented by a portrait of Simon Earl Harcourt, the governor of George the Third when Prince of Wales. Frederic Prince of Wales gave Sir George Lee a picture of himself by Allan Ramsay. This and another by the same artist of Caroline, Queen of George the Second (who is supposed to have pardoned Effie Deans), in the act of nursing "the butcher of Culloden," hang in the entrance-hall. There are five or six family portraits by Sir Joshua, but they all unfortunately are witnesses of the tricky experiments that he used to play with his colours on his palette.

The owner of all these treasures, Dr. Lee, has just passed away from amongst us. In

his youth he was a high wrangler and travelling bachelor in the University of Cambridge, when it was a feat to have seen the Great Pyramids. He availed himself of the opportunity to add greatly to the hereditary articles of vertu already possessed by his family. In later life he was president of the Numismatic and Astronomical Societies. In his old age there was not a movement calculated to promote the interests of the town of Aylesbury or the prosperity of the county of Buckingham that did not find a ready patron in the late John Lee, of Hartwell House.

JOHN WILKINS, B.C.L.

A NEW PUZZLE.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—I cannot help thinking that some of your readers might be interested in knowing that the mathematical principle involved in the construction of "A New Puzzle," described in your magazine of Feb. 1, has been applied to a practical purpose. This has been effected by Messrs. Cullen and Riley's machine for transmitting a multiplied rotation with great ease and smoothness. The rate of the velocity will depend of course on the respective number of pins and grooves. In the puzzle given it will be two to one. A description of the machine, with plates, may be found in Golding Bird and Brooke's "Natural Philosophy," fifth edition, p. 104, to which book I would refer any of your readers who may desire more information on the subject.

Yours faithfully,

MECHANICUS.

— College, Cambridge, March, 1866.

"ALONE."

I SAT thinking, in my study, over hopes that long ago
Brought me nought but joy and pleasure, bringing no
their need of woe.
Hopes which once I made my heaven, rushing headlong
to my fate;
For the false one never loved me, and my chastisement
is great.

I sat thinking, in my study, o'er a bunch of faded
bloom—
Truth's emblems—gentle violets—which had cheered
my lonely room,
And a lock of golden hair, never yet, alas! turned
grey,
Though the violets have faded, and their truth has
passed away.

Then I thought of one fair spring-time, when she
placed her hand in mine,
And, half-silent, said she loved me, and, half-blushing,
seemed divine:
Then I thought of that same winter, when the earth
was drear and cold,
Fit time, in sooth, to marry one she worshipped for her
gold.

And each after spring-time passing finds me in my
lonely room,
Thinking heavily and sadly, o'er that bunch of faded
bloom,
And that lock of golden hair, which should surely now
be grey,
For the violets have faded, and their truth has passed
away.

FREDERICK S. MILLS.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAP. XXII. PERCY'S PARTNERSHIP.



N the course of his life Percy Forbes had many a time before been a saint when sick, and a sinner when sound; many a time he had vowed to himself that he would turn over a new leaf—that he would make a better thing of existence, and, renouncing the pomps and vanities—the crowded ball-rooms, the select dinner-parties, the charming picnics, the pretty partners, the bewitching music of a world which looks for money at the hands of even its humblest votaries—flee from those pleasant haunts, where wealth is spent lavishly, and swear allegiance to the monarch of the shuttle and the loom, of the engine and the water-wheel, of the dingy workshop and the gigantic factory.

Many a time he had wakened in the night, and, thinking in the darkness of his sins and

shortcomings, of the debts he was contracting, of the years he was wasting, vowed vows of amendment, and planned projects of reformation and success; but the morning's light chased these unwelcome phantoms away, and the young man kept not to his intention of increasing his goods diligently, but rather hasted to squander his means recklessly.

The pace was pleasant, though the pace might be killing. After all, a man can but enjoy; and if he may not enjoy in youth, when dare happiness be counted upon?

This was the way he reasoned while he traversed the road to ruin as fast as his own inveterate love of pleasure, and the temptations surrounding his path, could hurry him along.

Let him make what resolutions he liked over-night, they all vanished at daybreak. To be a saint on a moderate salary, in mean lodgings, unable to mix in society, with a sternly landlady and a grubby servant—

without everything, in fact, which had come to be meat, drink, air, and sunshine to him, surrounded by everything mean, common, sordid, and unrefined, seemed a consummation—desirable for some reasons, perhaps—but still too fearful to be contemplated with equanimity.

A saint installed in one of the lowest and most menial offices of the monastery is different from a saint lording it as abbot. Virtue as a comely British matron, driving through existence in a carriage drawn by a pair of unexceptionable horses, with tribes of servants; with troops of adoring tenantry; with her own pet clergyman preaching the sermon she liketh best to hear at the pretty church on the property, the advowson of which is in the gift of Virtue's husband; with her sons and daughters, like young olive plants, gathered round about her table (at dessert), or else grown up and married well; with a lady's maid who understands her business, and dresses hair to perfection; with a French cook and a treasure of a housekeeper—is a much more attractive individual than draggled-tailed Virtue, walking through the muddy streets, with patched boots, and cotton stockings, and a last year's bonnet, and hair done up anyhow, and a shabby purse with little in it, and a sorrowful worn look on her face—while she thinks of the difficulty of procuring employment, of the lad whom all her care has not been able to keep from evil associates, of the girl whom she is trying to get into the Consumptive Hospital, of the husband who died of delirium tremens, of the district visitors and model clergymen—who offer her, not stones, indeed, instead of bread, but tracts—of the friends she once had, who are now dead, or gone, or changed!

Truth is, in an age of luxury like ours, there is a something so repulsive in the face of poverty—however moral, or honest, or virtuous poverty may be—that a man who decides on wedding her, and keeps to that resolution, must be gifted with powers of will and determination far and away beyond any possessed by Percy Forbes.

He knew the match would be for his good, here and hereafter. He knew, although the one path was smooth and flowery, yet that its end was death temporal and spiritual; he

knew that, however rough, however weary the other road might prove, it was at least the right one for him to travel; and yet he went on with the singing men and the singing women, eating the goblin fruit, quaffing the cup which turns to bitterness, till the end I have described arrived, when in the very blackest hour of his life help came almost at his call, when the two roads were again presented for him to select which he would tread; when he had given to him what few men have—a second chance, a second start, a second opportunity of retrieving the past, of redeeming the time.

And Percy Forbes turned him at last out of the paths of pleasantness into the highway of work.

The opportunity for reform came to him, as it comes but to one man in ten thousand, without a drawback.

He was not asked to walk through the mire, to fight his way painfully, to relinquish every comfort to which he had accustomed himself, to be at the beck and call of any illiterate snob, to sell his head and limbs, his fingers and his will for so many hours a-day, in order that he might obtain enough to live with the frugality of a hermit. If his lot were thrown among common people, it would be in a way that rather amused him than otherwise.

It is one thing to watch bees at work through a glass window and another to live in the cells. He was required by his own common sense to relinquish nothing except gaiety and fashion and folly—he was asked to do nothing save work and gather money. To such a man it might be a struggle to turn over a new leaf, but he knew if he did not turn it, the former bitter story he so well remembered would have to be read and re-read without a hope of a satisfactory termination compensating for its misery.

In his heart Percy Forbes felt grateful to God for having given him such a chance of escape, and he vowed a vow to himself while soberly and thoughtfully he travelled back to London that, I think, influenced and coloured every act of his future life.

He paid his debts whenever his legacy was handed over to him, and the creditors who had formerly been so pressing, and who now received their money by means of something very like a miracle, veered round and regarded Mr. Forbes as a very ill-used man, who ought to have stepped into possession of Carris Copse, and been able to give them unlimited orders for the future.

Truth to tell, the way Percy was tempted by those men might have proved too much

for him, but for the resolution previously mentioned.

He would give no more orders, he would take no more credit, he would never listen again to the voices of the charmers, charmers they never so wisely; he lived for a time in his old quarters, refusing all invitations, and very quietly laying his plans for the future. Then he dropped out of his old life, and the social place which had once known him as well knew him no more for ever.

When he came to mix in the world again it was on a much higher rung of the ladder; he found himself than had been the case previously. There was no fear of that which was worked for honestly and perseveringly giving way beneath his feet. No more debts; no more duns; no more dread of meeting the man or that; no more mere present enjoyment at the price of those nightly scourging—those broken resolutions, those accusing phantoms—but enjoyment earned fairly and justly; rest won by toil; happiness secured by the consciousness of duties faithfully performed, of work duly discharged.

When Percy Forbes started in the Race for Wealth, he flung aside every encumbrance likely to impede his progress, to hinder his success.

There is many a true word spoken in jest, and the words this young man used in speaking to Lawrence Barbour proved wonderfully prophetic.

"Now, Mr. Barbour, now I am going to try to beat you," he said, and the sentence was fulfilled literally; for, as the years went by, the pair still held on—now neck and neck, now one in advance, now the other. Labouring ever for wealth—wealth of some sort or description—the two toiled on; now Lawrence seemed the winner, now Percy; now the scales seemed turning to this side, now it turned to that, now it stood steady; but still Percy Forbes faltered not, nor wavered till he had obtained his wealth, or that, which is the object of all men's Race for Wealth, Happiness.

The object of men's Race! true; but yet when the mad gallop is over, when all the flogging and spurring, all the anxiety and excitement have come to an end—when the firsts and seconds are declared, and the list published and the day is done, and the furious ride a story of the past, a feat accomplished,—what about the prizes?

Dear friends, who of us has not galloped past something by the way; who has not trampled his best treasures under foot as he flew along; who has not injured himself or others in the wild race which takes away men's senses and men's breath; who, as a rule, can go back to spend his winnings in peace and

fort, satisfied that no heart has been broken, reputation blasted, no home made desolate by his success?

At this point, some reader closes the volume, marking that he will not proceed further; that it is against his creed to finish stories which have any melancholy in them, that there is enough sorrow in life without going to books to find more of it; and, doubtless, the sole end and object of reading books be amusement, that dissatisfied individual is at.

And yet, dear friend—you, and you, and you—who have travelled with me along many busy streets, and read to the end of story after story, judge between me and him. Can truth be unwholesome? Was this one talent, or though it may be, of telling the tale of a man's life—given simply to earn a few pounds for the author, to pass a few idle hours for the reader—to furnish an article for a magazine, to enable a critic to show how easily the hardest labour, the most toilsome work can be pulled to pieces? Was it? Are we to tell the truth, or but a part of it. Are we to speak our words or your words; are we to tell the stories of men's lives as they fell out, or as you would have wished them to fall out? Are we to be lying prophets, preaching unto you sweet words, and filling you with honey which shall turn to bitterness? Are we to devote to you, in order to be popular that "men gather grapes of thorns and figs of thistles?" Will we relate one half the story, and leave the other half unwritten, or shall we be faithful and certify to you that, according to the seed an man sows so must he reap—that if he plant wheat he shall in no wise gather in wheat?

And as it is the scattering of the corn and the springing thereof, the budding into the ear, and the ripening of the grain, that make the tale of spring and summer and autumn, likewise in a book it is the actions of the men and the women who move through the world, that are strewn broadcast over the pages, that spring up into the blade, that are reaped into fruit, that have to be garnered in, that are tears or with smiles when the volume comes to be finished, the still white paper to be covered with the records of happiness or

little recked the two young men, whose story from this part is interwoven, how the story would end; how that race, undertaken almost in jest, would come to be an awful reality, a fearful trial to each; how as they went by the pace was destined to increase, the struggle to become fiercer, till, when no longer, they clasped hands in peace and rest.

Yet in each there seemed a prevision that

at some future day they should ride a race for no mean prize, for no small consideration—reining back, each from the other, jesting over the merits of their business steeds, talking half laughingly about their separate chances of success, speaking of it as a joke that there was to be any rivalry between them—Percy felt and Lawrence felt that some day the reins they then gathered up so carefully would be flung to the horse; that with whip and spur, with heel and hand, they would ride onward to the winning post.

Which will you bet on, reader? Percy Forbes' horse was entered for the race when his father left him eight thousand pounds. Equal weights, gentlemen riders—which is the favourite? dark hair or light? the black or the chestnut? You know their points. You may make up your books, for the bell has rung, and the race is beginning.

Not precisely on the course Mr. Percy Forbes would have selected, perhaps, had selection been left to him; but in one respect small capitalists are like beggars—they cannot always be choosers.

It had been the desire of this capitalist's heart to be taken into partnership by Mr. Sondes. He was wise enough to see that such an arrangement would ensure him fortune, and in due time position; and he accordingly took Mr. Sondes' advice, on the disposal of the thousands left after paying his creditors, with the amiable idea of giving that gentleman an opportunity of proposing a partnership, were he so minded. But Mr. Sondes was not so minded, and he omitted to avail himself of the opportunity.

He went so far indeed as to observe that if Mr. Forbes could find no better opening he might be induced to retire from the Distaff Yard concern altogether, and make some arrangement for relinquishing it to his visitor; and Mr. Perkins fell into such ecstasies over this project, and painted such landscapes of success and happiness, as made it hard for his young friend to negative the proposition.

"I have two objections to Distaff Yard, Mr. Sondes," he said, when Mr. Sondes seemed to expect some explanation of his refusal. "One is—I do not like the business."

"Not like the business!" repeated Mr. Sondes; "why, what fault can you find with it?—a clean, dry business, wholesale, short credits, well established, with a first-rate character in the trade, and capable of being pushed to any extent."

"That is just it," returned Percy Forbes; "it is not a business I should like to push. No doubt, adulteration is a necessary and legitimate branch of commerce," went on the younger man, wishing to assign some reason

for his objection, and yet still desirous to avoid giving offence; "but when one has a choice, do you not think one may as well choose something which has not a social brand upon it?"

"If 'one' goes in for that, 'one' must keep out of business altogether;" answered Mr. Sondes, with a sneer; "for society has branded business all over with ugly names, and letters of fearful import."

"I do not care for ugly names so long as they are undeserved," replied Percy, a little hotly; "but in this case I am not sure I should feel my hands quite clean; and therefore, at the risk of appearing ungrateful, I must decline your liberal offer."

"Mr. Perkins and myself feel highly flattered by your implied compliment to our unworthy selves," remarked Mr. Sondes, speaking for self and partner.

"Neither of you will, I hope, misunderstand my meaning," persisted Percy. "I do not say, because I think a thing wrong that it is wrong; I do not even go the length of declaring that the trade is in any way objectionable; all I say is, I do not think it is one I should care to be mixed up in; and feeling that, well as I am sure Mr. Perkins and I would pull together, I fear I must refuse what you propose."

"You split hairs too cleverly for me," returned Mr. Sondes; "you think, and you do not think; you have opinions, and you have not opinions; perhaps your second objection would explain your first. Will you state it for our edification?"

"Certainly, if you wish it," replied Percy, who was resolved to take no notice of Mr. Sondes' tone. "I do not think Mr. Barbour would care to have a comparative stranger, and a much less clever man than himself, put over his head."

"You are as generous as you are modest," said Mr. Sondes. "I never meant to put you over Barbour's head, however; I intended either to give him a share in the business, as a set-off against the capital I should still have had to leave in it—the payment being a matter of arrangement between himself and me; or else to take him into a trade he is much better suited for, and let him assist in the management of the sugar-house."

"It is a pity, sir, you did not mention that idea at the commencement," said Percy Forbes, and he could not help feeling both bitter and angry as he spoke.

"Why is it a pity?" asked Mr. Sondes, coolly.

"Because, had I entertained no other objection to your plan, I should have declined to take a share in any business in which Mr.

Barbour had an equal interest with myself. We are very good friends apart, but I know we could not get on as partners."

"We are all, then, equally honoured with your good opinion," said Mr. Sondes.

"If it be an honour, you certainly all stand high in my estimation," answered Percy quietly. "You are all cleverer, more experienced, more practical than I; and it is a matter, therefore, of keen regret to me that I shall not have the benefit of your advice and assistance in my future course."

"You turn a sentence neatly," remarked Mr. Sondes. "It is a knack, I suppose, mixing much with ladies teaches a man."

But Mr. Perkins, rising and shaking hands with Percy, said—

"Whether you come to Distaff Yard or not, Mr. Forbes, whether you put your money in with us or take it elsewhere, I hope you will make your fortune; and any advice or assistance I can give you in a poor way, is quite at your service."

"Thank you. I feel certain of your friendship," answered Percy, gratefully. He had thought his thousands of very little value indeed, during that interview; he had come to the conclusion within a very short space of time that business was not improving to the manners nor negotiating a partnership beneficial to the temper; and he could not help looking gratefully at the man who, even in the presence of his superior, dashed so boldly to the rescue, and spoke to him words of kindness and encouragement. "I have been wrong, perhaps," he went on, "to intrude my affairs on Mr. Sondes' notice; but I really did stand in need of counsel. Mr. Alwyn offered to take me into his business, but—"

"Mr. Alwyn offered what?" interrupted Mr. Sondes, almost with a shout.

"To give me a share in his business," repeated Percy, slowly and distinctly, and at that the two partners, moved apparently by some common feeling, turned and looked at each other; then, putting the papers lying on his table together, Mr. Sondes said, in a very different tone to that he had employed during the interview—

"I am glad you did come to me, very; and if I have made use of any expressions during our conversation calculated to annoy you, I beg your pardon for my irritability. Pray sit down again. You say you want advice. Mine is—do not take any rash step, but go and consult your uncle as to how you should invest your money."

"I have consulted him," answered Percy, "and he has promised to look about and make inquiries for me. While he was doing so I thought I would come to you."

It was very kind of Mr. Alwyn," Percy continued; "he always has been very kind to me, and to most people, I daresay, it would be a splendid opening; but I promised myself to keep out of the way of temptation, I could not stick to that promise if I had anything to do with the Alwyns. I am not allowed like Barbour—I cannot combine business with pleasure. It is very weak, and very foolish, and very unmanly, I admit; but I cannot help it. If I am to do any good, I must cut all my old acquaintances, and establish credit and company."

"I think you ought to return to your original idea and emigrate," said Mr. Sondes, looking at the man who made the foregoing profession with a mixed expression of wonder and pity. "I am afraid you will never be able to hold to your resolution in London; remember, a relapsee is more dangerous than the original illness."

"I know it," was the reply; "who better? I have had relapse after relapse; but now I intend to mend; I have had a bitter lesson," he added, speaking in a lower tone, "and it shall not be a lost lesson, please God. Now, Mr. Sondes, I have taken up too much of your time talking about myself and my own concerns. If you should hear of anything likely to suit, will you let me know?"

But Mr. Sondes was not going to suffer his visitor to escape quite so easily; he asked one question and another; he drew him on to speak fully of Mr. Alwyn's offer, and found that had been seriously made and seriously intended.

"Did it not strike you as singular," said Mr. Sondes, "that Mr. Alwyn should offer so much of a capitalist a share in so large a business?"

"No," was the reply; "Mr. Alwyn was always kind to me; and then it was a very moderate slice of the profits he offered—just enough to enable me to call myself a partner, and no more."

"And you have not repented your refusal?" Mr. Sondes laughed. "The burnt child dreads fire," he answered, "and my burn was a very deep one."

So they talked on for a time, and then—in the evening all this conversation took place—Mr. Sondes so far unbent as to ask his visitor and Mr. Forbes to take some coffee.

Up the broad staircase Percy walked side by side with Mr. Perkins, noticing as he passed the paintings that in those days covered the walls that are now so destitute of ornament.

"It is a delicious house," he said, pausing for a moment by the window of the first landing, and looking out over the garden; "so

peaceful, so unlike anything one would look for in such a neighbourhood."

"Confound his 'one,'" thought Mr. Sondes, who regarded this mode of expression as a piece of simple affectation, but he added, aloud, "It will not be peaceful long after my lease is out, I expect; they are building all round me, and would build up to my windows, if I were disposed to let them. Some day, I suppose, we must move; quit the old place which has been left behind by the world, and follow the world elsewhere; but I am loth even to think of the necessity, for I love the house. I am like the cats, I believe, attached to its very walls."

And there came a tone into the man's voice, and a look into his face as he spoke, which surprised his visitor, who, knowing nothing of Mr. Sondes' life story, never imagined whose feet had touched the floors, whose hand had clung to walls and bannisters for support, who had come to the old house in Stepney Causeway and stopped beside its door and crossed its threshold to die—only to die.

Yet not quite only; for she left a living blessing behind her, a ray of sunshine in the desolate apartments; something which had kept the heart of her faithful lover from turning into stone; given a purpose to his life, an object to his existence,—Olivine, who stood in the drawing-room as they entered, a child no longer, but a girl—pretty, charming, diffident, yet self-possessed as of old.

"I suppose you scarcely remember my niece," said Mr. Sondes, by way of careless introduction.

"I am afraid I do not," answered Percy Forbes, bowing low to the girl-woman who lifted her eyes inquiringly to his.

"I remember you," she observed, with that utter absence of consciousness or restraint, which had been one of her peculiarities in childhood. "I recollect your coming to tell uncle about Lawrence Barbour's accident," and she put out her hand with a sweet grave curtesy, and Percy Forbes took it as though she were giving him a treasure.

There was something about that girl—about her eyes, her voice, her manner—which filled Percy with a strange emotion, half-pleasant, half-painful.

And yet it was not *her eyes, her voice, her manner*, but rather an ideal of which all three were a kind of impersonation, that made him stand for a moment silent and embarrassed.

Have you ever looked at a portrait till it haunted you, reader? have you ever seen the painted face of one who, it may be, is an utter stranger to you, that yet seems to fill your mind with a sort of recognition, that sends

you out over the sea of speculation wondering where you have seen it before, or where you will see it again?

The eyes talk to you; the lips tell you a dreamy story. "We have been much to you," they seem to say; or "We shall be much to you." The face grows, it becomes a haunting presence. Is it that it fulfils our imaginings by its outward beauty, or that it comes to tell us of the time when soul shall speak to soul?

Sometimes the portrait even of an intimate friend gives us knowledge about him which we never possessed before. There is a second look on every human face different from the expression we are intimate with, and that is the expression which it wears to a stranger, and just as strangers often make guesses at character—true guesses at traits and virtues and foibles, which have escaped the observation of those most intimate one with another; so, oftentimes, the first time we glance on a new acquaintance, we read words traced on his countenance, mystic words, the full meaning of which is scarcely ever guessed till friend has walked side by side with friend through the years almost till the end.

As he wended his way home that night Percy Forbes puzzled himself about Olivine Sondes, about her manners, her appearance, her voice.

Her face haunted him: it came between him and the gaslight; it flitted before him into his house; it turned and looked back at him from the door of his room; and then it entered the apartment, and remained there.

He remembered her well enough when she told him where he had seen her before. He recalled to himself the child who kissed him, and he thought the young girl who held out her hand to welcome him was not so different from the child as might seem only natural.

What would she be like when she was twenty? Would she have the same guileless expression, the same clear eyes, the same voice, the same unsophisticated manner? What would the world teach her? Or did Mr. Sondes mean to keep her for ever out of the world?

"Better so," Percy decided; "better, far better;" and then more memories came back to him, and he thought of all Miss Alwyn had said concerning the child when she was a child; and he marvelled if what Miss Alwyn had said were true. Had that young thing really wit enough to understand the rich man's daughter. If the pair were to meet now, would Olivine still prove a match for Henrietta, and be able to keep that lady in check?

And about her eyes. Should he, Percy ever see them full of tears? As he thought that, the face before him seemed to be the face of a woman, and the eyes were heavy with weeping, and the cheeks pale with grief.

"I can't stand this at any price," thought Percy Forbes. "Plague take the girl, and her eyes too, and my foolish fancies into the bargain;" and he set himself resolutely to work to banish the phantom he had conjured up, and decided that he would go on to-morrow to his solicitors and ask them if they could recommend any partnership likely to give him work and increase his worldly means.

With the morrow, however, arrived a letter from his uncle, stating his intention of coming to town, and seeing to a "very good thing indeed," of which he had heard from his friend Mr. Hunt.

This good thing proved to be the partnership Mr. Jackson mentioned to his wife—a partnership in a great concern at Limehouse which gave employment to hundreds of men, and was known as one of the best firms at the time extant.

Much manoeuvring had Mr. Lewin to effect this grand stroke of business. He brought his influence, and private friendship, and good names, and money, all to bear, and at last achieved his object. He made Percy's capital up to ten thousand pounds; he managed the interviews; he traded largely on his nephew's story; he made honourable mention of Percy's capabilities, of his honesty and honour.

"He has been an idle dog, I admit," said the old gentleman, with a delightful candour, "but he has never had a fair chance before. He has never worked for himself, but always for others; and he got into bad hands—in the hands of people who, thinking he would never have to labour for his bread, let him do what he liked, and never told him he was going wrong. If you would let him live on the premises, and allow him—not to take management, for he is not fit to be a manager—but just to see the people you employ in their duty, I think you will find your advantage at the end of a year. He is young and he is active, and he is willing to learn, and anxious to work, and he has ten thousand pounds ready money." So Mr. Lewin rhymed on till the senior partners declared for very peace sake, they would agree to the proposal.

"It was residing on the premises did Mr. Lewin," said old Mr. Hunt, as they crunched along Tower Street together. "Not a man of any influence in the concern will live down

Limehouse; and, there is no use denying it, a partner on the spot will save the firm a round sum per annum. Now Percy's fortune is made, if he will only keep steady."

"There is no fear of him," answered Mr. Lewin. "I know the lad; he has got a stake in the game at last; and the slur taken off his name, and the stain removed from his mother's memory. He will keep straight enough now. Who should be able to warrant him if I cannot? Did I not bring him up? and don't I know every turn about him?—and there are not many bad turns, that is one comfort."

"It is a splendid opening," said Mr. Hunt; and to this proposition Percy, when the sentence was repeated to him, agreed, as in duty bound.

He knew he should make a considerable sum a year; and yet he was scarcely satisfied. He would have preferred a smaller and a different business, with fewer partners to divide the spoil—where things were not conducted on so grand a scale, where individual push and energy could have conquered fortune.

A concern like that in Distaff Yard, had the trade there carried on been perfectly honest, would have been more to his taste. He knew that where he might draw five hundred pounds out of the profits of his own business, he might have made a thousand in partnership with such a man as Mr. Sondes; but still Percy was satisfied. He turned to his work with a will: he furnished his house; he stocked his conservatory; he made his home due east in Limehouse, and cut the west as completely as though he had never basked in the sunshine of wealth and luxury: he rose early, he went to bed betimes; he took life quietly and soberly, and gave the most perfect satisfaction to his senior partners.

"It must be very dull for you living down here all alone," one of them remarked to him after he had been in residence for about six months; "why don't you marry?"

"Nobody would have me," answered Percy. "Nonsense; you do not expect me to believe such a modest story as that."

"Well then, will you believe I do not like any woman on earth well enough to think of spending my life with her," returned Mr. Forbes.

"That is a pity," replied his partner, "for I am afraid you will not see any woman down in this neighbourhood likely to induce you to change your opinion."

"I do not imagine I shall," Percy answered, and the conversation dropped.

(To be continued.)

THE UNBURIED BABE.

THE circumstances here versified were recorded in the "Athenæum" some few years ago.—L.C.

"You look pale and thin, my Alice!
This poor cheek hath grown too fair,
Tender mother, over anxious!
Little wife, too full of care!

"From this stifling smoky city
I must bear my flower away;
From this changeful climate shield it,
Lest it wither if we stay."

As he will'd it, thence we wander'd—
Every land to me had charms,
With his manly form beside me,
And our babe within my arms.

Whither fancy led we wander'd—
Till my cheek health's crimson wore;
And I told my babe, with kisses,
She should soon see home once more.

Yet we linger'd. Why he will'd it
I would fain, yet could not tell.
Had this throng'd and restless Baden
O'er him flung some chaining spell?

Then home yearnings oft oppress'd me,
Baby Blanche was drooping too;
As the days grew longer, sadder,
Baby Blanche more fragile grew.

"See," I pleaded, "see our darling
Slowly, surely, fades away!
Let us hasten hence to save her!"
Still he sought some new delay.

Sometimes frowning at my weeping—
Sometimes answering with a smile—
Ever staying my entreating
With "Nay wait, love, for a-while!"

Whither went he? Ah! too quickly,
I, the reckless passion guess'd;
And accusing voices round me,
Harshly mutter'd all the rest.

Oh, those mournful hours of watching!
Listening to a sick child's moan!
Through the day alone, unaided—
Through the night, still, still alone.

Dying; dying. Must I lose her?
Can my love bring no relief?
Close her eyes. Mine now, no longer:
Leave me, leave me to my grief.

Where is he should share it with me?
'Twill be morn ere he return;
Will it rouse him from his madness,
This new woe he has to learn?

Hush! he comes, with gestures frenzied,
Comes with words that breathe despair;
Is't remorse that prompts this anguish?
Is there worse than death to bear?

And I hear him hoarsely murmur,
"All is lost—wealth, honour, fame;
Baby, in that calm sleep lying,
Thou art spared a tarnish'd name!

"All is lost! the coming morning
Can but herald in disgrace!"
Ne'er were tears, my babe, more bitter,
Than bedew'd thy placid face!

Didst thou see his looks imploring?
Hear his pleading "Come away!"
Let us fly before day breaketh,—
Shame awaits me if I stay!"

"Wife! 'tis thou alone canst save me
From the toils about me cast—
Thou alone canst truly aid me
To retrieve the guilty past!"

Fly! and leave thee, sweet, *unburied*!
Not a floweret on thy breast,
When the hands of careless strangers,
Lay thee in thy lowly rest!

Fly! nor keep a mother's vigils
By the coffin of her child;
Nor with humble prayer commit her,
Earth to earth, yet undefiled!

Then again those looks imploring,
That entreating "Come away!"
Through the curtains dimly glinteth
Flushes of the breaking day."

Thus with living love imploring
Onward, onward for his sake—
Love for thee, my babe, upwelling.
Till I deem'd my heart must break,

O'er thy form I mutely linger'd—
Didst thou know, babe, how I wept?
How I pined to lie beside thee
Sleeping, darling, as thou slept?

Long last pressures of those fingers
Round my own would cling no more,
Long last looks—oft, oft departing,
Yet returning o'er and o'er.

Till a sound without aroused me—
For his sake I rose and fled;
Fled—oh! brain to madness beating!
Fled, and left my unburied dead!

Years ago a glad young mother—
Was it I, this quiet wife?
Other children gath'ring round me,
Joys and cares that throng my life?

Yes, and he redeem'd hath nobly
Those dark hours of grievous wrong,
Still upon the soul they burthen'd
Leaving impress deep and strong.

And my looks and lips I tutor
To avoid in glance or word
Aught should wake those thoughts remorseful
In my own soul often stirr'd;

For an infant's merry laughter
Yet hath power to fill mine eyes;
Saddest I, of all sad mothers—
Know not where my baby lies!

LOUISA CROW.

BLANCHE.

A Story in Two Chapters.

BY MATILDA BETHAM EDWARDS.

CHAPTER II.

THE evening passed pleasantly on the whole. As soon as the cloth was removed, we adjourned to a little salon opening on to the garden, parties were formed for whist and dominoes, whilst those who loved music drew round Mademoiselle Henriette's piano.

She played fairly, and sung one or two songs with no little execution, Monsieur Colin smoking his cigar at her elbow all the time. Once she saw him kiss her hand, but the act was done so indolently and formally that I could not understand Henriette's triumphant acknowledgment of it. She blushed, faltered, and smiled, like an *ingénue* of seventeen. About ten o'clock Monsieur Colin took his leave, and the little household separated for the night. One circumstance that occurred amid the universal jargon of parting compliments struck me. It was this:

There seemed to be a tacit division of domestic duties between Mademoiselle Henriette and her parents. Madame went through the kitchen and butteries, trying the locks and surveying the stores; Henriette extinguished the lights and stowed away the plate; Monsieur, having put on his hat and boots, lighted a lantern and stepped out into the garden.

"I am going to lock up the chickens," I said, explanatorily. "If Monsieur wishes for a turn in the moonlight I shall be delighted to have his company."

I was about to fetch my hat, when I heard Henriette's laugh close at my ear.

"Afraid of the bogeys, poor little papa?" she said, sneeringly; "shall it be eaten up by goblins, then, and frightened out of its little wits!"

"I merely invited Monsieur to join me," answered the old man, shrinking away; "I am—not—frightened—"

But the tremor of his voice, and the timidity of his gesture, betrayed him. Pitying the poor old man, I laughingly deprecated Henriette's sarcasm. I followed Monsieur bare-headed across the turf, singing a snatch of Béranger about love and moonlight. When we had reached the end of the garden where the thickly interleaved chestnut boughs made deep shadow, Monsieur stopped short.

"It's very kind of you to come with me," I said, holding up his lantern so as to see his face, "Henriette—Mademoiselle—makes fu

everything I say; but, in very truth, Monsieur, I saw something unearthly here last night."

He looked round, shuddered, and bending down, began locking the fowl-coops hurriedly. "Be so kind as to hold the lantern for me,



See page 319.

"Monsieur," he began again. "It is chilly, and my hands snake. What is that moving in the trees?"

"Nothing is moving in the trees but the wind," I said, with difficulty repressing a smile.

The last key was turned, and Monsieur rose, with an effort of cheerfulness.

"We all have our fancies, my dear Monsieur, have we not? *N'importe*. Were it not for each other's little weaknesses, where would be the need of divine charity?"

I feigned perfect faith in Monsieur's vigorous bravery, and tried to lead the conversation back to its original source.

"You saw something unearthly?" I began.

"One must seek to drive away such painful impressions, Monsieur; and Mademoiselle Henriette declares that I had muddled my brain by drinking too much coffee. The fact is, I am getting old, and have had many troubles."

"Your daughter is a splendid creature, and ought to console you," I said. "What a sparkling wit she has, and, by St. Cupid, what a figure!"

I felt my arm caught as in a vice, and heard a low, senile chuckle. "My daughter! Monsieur calls her my daughter!" he said, adding in an almost inaudible voice, "I had a daughter once, but her name was not Henriette."

"And you lost her? She is dead?"

"Monsieur mustn't ask questions. She displeased Madame, and was sent away—do you understand? I could not save her; but, indeed, we are both breaking rules. Many thanks for Monsieur's society. Good-night; good-night."

And saying this, he shuffled towards the kitchen, lantern in hand, leaving me to grope my way up-stairs as best I could. Two other days passed, and by the end of that time I had fallen into the routine of the pension. Madame's rigorous economics, Henriette's tyrannic behaviour to everybody but her lover, Monsieur Colin's selfish acceptance of her homage, poor Goupil's submission, the little quarrels of the ladies, all these things repeated themselves without any especial variety. I took good care to spend every evening at home, and by that means won the good graces of every one. Henriette tried to coquet with me by way of provoking Monsieur Colin to jealousy; Madame liked a leaven of gentlemen's society in her establishment; she said it looked well and sounded well; Monsieur was grateful for such waifs and strays of kindness as I ventured to show him; whilst Monsieur Colin seemed really relieved to have Henriette's attentions a little divided. I believe he was almost as fond of this girl as it was in his nature to be, but he admired beauty, and in his eyes she had none.

"Poor Henriette will make a good wife," he would say to me over coffee and cigars; "and has extraordinary talents. But what are talents without a pretty face?"

"Mademoiselle has glorious eyes, and the figure of a Juno," I put in.

"Bah! you should have seen the eyes of the little sister, Blanche!"

And then the subject would be put off abruptly, and just as I deemed myself on the edge of a great discovery, all became blank and inscrutable as before. At the end of the week I had learned nothing.

Not caring to carry so unsatisfactory a story to my poor friend in the *Maison de Santé*, I wrote instead, touching upon Blanche's absence and the common acceptance of it, as cheerfully as was possible. I received in reply the following pencilled note:—

"I am only able to crawl from my bed to the window, or would leave this place at the risk of my life and seek Blanche. I cannot tell you the terror with which your letter has inspired me. I know Henriette and her mother too well to doubt some foul injustice. Heavens! crime would seem the proper word—is at the bottom of this mystery. What best for you to do, I know not—all that I implore of you is to do something. How can I die in this fearful suspense?"

Inside the envelope was scrawled by way of postscript,

"Goupil is harmless and good-hearted. He would tell you all he knew."

Acting upon the hint, I took every opportunity of improving my acquaintance with Monsieur Goupil. But he was so child-like, so helpless, and so terribly in awe of his wife and step-daughter, that all our little confidences had to be obtained by stealth. Sometimes I made a point of meeting him, as if by accident, in the markets—for he was the boot-cleaner, scullery-maid, and errand-boy of the establishment—sometimes I volunteered my assistance in digging up potatoes, or gathering peas. Sometimes I presented him with half-a-dozen cigars, and once I took him to the play.

We went to the *Porte St. Martin*, and saw "*Les Pilules du Diable*," surely the most gorgeous, rollicking, captivating extravaganza that the ingenuity of man ever contrived.

The poor old man laughed, wept, and embraced me from very rapture; but when we adjourned to a café close by, and supped as I suspect he had not supped for many a year, the cup of his gratitude was full. He called me his *fil bien aimé*, his friend, his protector, pledged himself to everlasting affection and remembrance; finally, opened his heart to me.

It was a sad story. He had married because he needed bread, and the bread thus obtained was dealt out in niggardly portions and steeped in bitterness beyond the bitterness of asphodel.

"Of course, when a man marries a lady

cause she has a house and some hundred acres," he said, with pitiful meekness, "there are little caprices to be endured; but I couldn't bear to see my poor Blanche made a Cinderella."

"Oh, Monsieur! she was so pretty and so sweet, and her step-sister Henriette would have trodden on her neck if she dared."

"We were now walking along the boulevard and arm, and he looked behind and before as he whilst speaking."

"Blanche had a spirit, but Henriette broke it. She made her do the work of the house, and wear her old dresses; she taunted her with her dependence before all our *pensionnaires*;—oh, Monsieur, what am I saying? Let me talk of the play——"

"But I am especially interested in Mademoiselle Blanche," I said, persuasively. "Moreover, I am the friend of her faithful lover, Félicien des Essarts——"

"Félicien? Why did he go away? Where is he?"

"I answered his questions one by one. The picture of Félicien sick, Félicien lonely, Félicien all but broken-hearted for the loss of Blanche, struck and subdued him. He grew reverent and self-possessed, and he told me what he knew without any effort at concealment."

"One night, during his temporary absence, Blanche had disappeared. None could tell whether she had gone or the reason of her going, but Madame and Henriette forbade the mention of her name from that hour."

"I don't think Blanche would willingly have let me so," added the old man, tearfully. "He knew that I had no one else to comfort me; she knew how I should weep for her."

"I caught his arm, and cried eagerly,

"You do not suspect that they drove her away, or anything more unnatural and wicked?"

"I suspect nothing. I haven't mind enough for suspicion, Monsieur. I only know that Blanche is dead."

"My companion was too overcome, and I was bewildered, to say any more. When we reached the gate of the Pension both were living after self-composure, and both were talking, perhaps with the same thought, towards the chestnut-trees."

"Was I dreaming? Had I imbibed the phantasmagoria of 'Les Pilules du Diable' so strongly as to see unreal things in a real world? I stood by the little iron gate, I heard Mademoiselle Henriette playing in the garden, I saw the shabby little figure of the poor Goupil beside me, and yet I had lost my senses and knew not where I was."

A shadow—a shape—a something moved amid the chestnut-trees. One moment, and I felt that the diaphanous drapery was tangible, and the figure it covered was living; another, and I caught or imagined that I caught the gleam of a woman's golden head; a third, and Monsieur Goupil was clinging to my knees, pallid and palsied with fear, and about the chestnut-grove were darkness and silence only.

"Oh! Monsieur, Monsieur, that is what I saw once before. It is my Blanche, and yet it is not she. Surely such sights as these portend terrible things!" he cried; and it was a long time before I could soothe him.

To satisfy myself was more difficult still. I put the matter before me in every possible light. I accounted for the old man's hallucination and my own, by various plausibilities. I reduced the mystery to its simplest and least objectionable form. Still it was a mystery; a mystery I resolved to fathom, if indeed it were fathomable; a mystery I could neither forget by night nor by day, a mystery that made study impossible to me and sleep unhealthy."

From that day I spent all the strategy of which I was master upon Henriette. I flattered, and provoked her; I dropped hints as to her lover's gallantries; I taunted her with his indifference; I played upon her love of gifts and her love of pleasure. For strong-minded as she was, and self-contained as she was, she had a childish love of fine clothes, sweetmeats, cheap music, and street shows."

She did not wholly dislike me. When Monsieur Colin failed to come, she gladly played my favourite songs, mimicked such of her mother's boarders as were absent for my amusement, and, in fine, relieved her ennui without relieving her malice."

One evening, when she had been unusually jealous about Monsieur Colin, and, suave to me, I ventured upon a more decided course of action."

We had been talking lightly of love, using without stint or shame what Balzac happily calls the *argot de cœur*, and recurring again and again to personal experiences. Henriette argued on the side of second love. I opposed whilst I spoke. "Witty and attractive as you are," I said, "you have a rival in Monsieur Colin's heart whom you will not easily supersede. She came first, and will outstay a reign like yours."

The girl's eyes flamed.

"I defy her power, and deny her claim," she said.

"Blanche's?" I asked, quietly.

She turned upon me, as if determined to sound my knowledge to the bottom.

"I have no secrets," I added, in a voice of cold indifference. "You must be better able to judge of this young lady's hold on your lover's heart."

"I?" she faltered.

"You."

"Pierre has told you——"

"Monsieur Colin has told me nothing I can repeat, Mademoiselle. If you wish to make the world as if it held no Blanche to him, the way is easy."

She looked up eagerly. I bent down and whispered in her ear,

"Reinstate your step-sister in her home, and the game would be in your own hands."

Thunderstruck as she was, she never for a single instant lost self-possession. She accepted my knowledge of the family secret as a matter of course, and gave me no clue to the unravelling of it.

"Have you forgotten that Blanche is ten years younger than I?" she asked, evidently anticipating a triumph for herself now. She was disappointed.

"What of that? Were Blanche beautiful as an angel, her presence could not harm you as her unexplained absence is doing. Monsieur Colin is not a boy of eighteen, and would tire of her after two days' ineffectual courting."

"You do not know him."

"But why keep this pretty Blanche hidden from us all?" I said, in an altered tone. "You are cruel, Mademoiselle, and will leave us soon. Are we to have no one in your place?"

"Monsieur," Henriette answered, very distantly and drily, "it may be the fashion in England, but in France nothing excuses inquisitiveness as to domestic affairs. Oblige me by changing the subject."

Thus it happened that I risked all and gained nothing. I felt utterly powerless now to help my friend Félicien, much as I desired it. I felt even more than powerless, since I became an object of suspicion to both Madame Goupil and her daughter. The old man avoided me, partly, as I imagined, from fear of his wife, and partly from fear of himself. He could not help prattling of his troubles, and the very winds seemed to turn eavesdroppers on Madame's behalf.

All circumstances combined to make life in the Rue de Buffon a dreary affair at this time. Madame fed us ill, Henriette's tongue became venomous as the sting of a wasp, Monsieur Colin stayed away altogether, and the threadbare bachelors and shabby spinsters played dominoes and whist without a smile.

Félicien still lived, and on one or two occasions was enabled to see me. He had grown fiercely suspicious of the two Goupils now, and would fain have set the police upon their track, have charged them with the murder of Blanche, have done a hundred unconsidered things. I promised to take the initiative, but felt that too much caution could not be used. If, after all, Blanche were living, we might dearly repent such precipitate conduct; and precipitation alone could do no good.

One evening, events were brought to an unlooked-for crisis without any interference whatever. I had paid up my arrears to Madame, fully intent upon quitting the Rue de Buffon next day, which resolution seemed rather satisfactory than otherwise to the two ladies. Every one else, including Monsieur Colin, expressed unfeigned sorrow, and as to "ce pauvre père Goupil," as my friend the chicken-feeder, informed me, he cried whenever he found himself alone.

It was the first really autumnal evening, and though the windows of the salon were open still, and Henriette's white muslin dress simulated summer, every one shivered sympathetically.

Candles were not yet lighted, for Madame practised every possible economy that could be supported on sentimental grounds. Fruit and vegetables were the food of man before sin came, therefore it was proper and poetic to live on apples and potatoes. The summer was too beautiful to let go too easily; therefore it behoved every one to go without fires till near Christmas. Twilight induced dreaminess and spirituality; therefore her unhappy boarders were doomed to two or three hours of inactivity and darkness.

To-night the twilight was unusually deceptive and depressing. The garden lay in deep shadow, unbroken, save when the chestnut boughs tossed like funereal plumes against a cold grey sky. Not a sound broke the stillness, save the murmur of the outlying world of Paris, and the hoarse chaunt of a blind beggar in the neighbouring street.

Henriette sat at the piano and played fitfully, as the fancy seized her. Madame dozed on the sofa, rousing herself now and then to praise her daughter's performance, or to beg her dear Goupil to run and see how Jeannette was getting on with her ironing. Monsieur Colin smoked, nibbled chocolate, and took no notice of anyone. The *pensionnaires*, one and all, whispered to each other during the performance of Henriette's loudest passages, and held their peace at other times.

perhaps enjoyed the most cheerful mood. Whatever exertions I might take on Félicien's half, however close the future might bring to the old sordid life in the Rue de Buffon, it already removed from it, and the feeling was refreshing.

I could but regret, however, my poor old and Monsieur Goupil, and the little chicken-feeder, and the power I should lose of henceforth brightening their lives. I thought, too, of the shadow among the chestnut-trees, alternately doubting, questioning, believing it.

In a sudden, as if the brain were indeed to clothe its eidolon with shape and substance, I saw before me all I had just before in the eyes of fancy only.

A figure clothed in fantastic drapery of light moved slowly across the lawn. One hand bore a lamp, and the light of it made what else would have been phantasmal; a small head weighed down with golden hair, a form crouched as if in fear; a pale, wet face, large wondering eyes; all these as plain to see as if it had been daylight. I uttered an exclamation, and started to my feet.

"Look!" I cried; "Madame, Mademoiselle Henriette, look! You at least should not miss this sight."

From that moment I could understand the inability of blind men to interpret the passions and gestures of those around them. It was perfectly dark in the salon, yet I knew instinctively and momentarily all the emotion Madame displayed, and Henriette suppressed. The former drew back, shrinking and crying; but I could feel the daughter's pathos come and go, and all the white, silent horror of her face.

The old ladies almost battled for a place near the gentlemen, and were hiding their faces and veiling themselves in company. The gentleman called Jeannette to bring lights, and stood still. Monsieur Goupil fell to the ground, dumb and speechless. Monsieur Colin's cigar was not even lifted from his mouth. Momentarily though it was, every feature of this scene impressed itself so strongly upon my memory, that to be recalled without an effort after the lapse of years—Madame's agony of fear—Henriette's self-imposed calm—the cowardice of the little crowd—my own bewilderment—the circumstances that recalled us to reality with the charm of magic.

It was the voice and the gesture of Monsieur Félicien. He was sitting in the embrasure of the window, and, as I have said, went on smoking during the first shock that had paralysed us all.

A second later, and he leaned a little forward, flung his cigar upon the gravel-path with one hand, and with the other held something poised high above his head in the air.

"*Ma foi!*" he said, coolly; "we want no ghost here."

On the heels of his speech came a click, a flash, a report, and then a bullet whizzed straight and swift across the top of the chestnut grove.

The deed and the manner of it would alone have recalled us to our senses, but we were to be recalled in a more enduring and satisfactory way. A low, plaintive cry issued from the darkness, a cry that sent Monsieur Goupil and the little chicken-feeder across the lawn, crying, "Blanche! Blanche!" a cry that reduced Madame to shame and Henriette to silence; a cry that even Monsieur Colin could not hear unmoved.

It was indeed Blanche, but, as her simple father had before said, Blanche, and yet not Blanche. Suffering, cruelty, the deprivation of all she held dear, had gone far to wreck a mind naturally clinging and timid. She was meek and patient and loving, but she could not think or reason or remember.

I removed her at once to an hospital, where she gradually gained mental and bodily health. When she was well enough, I took Félicien to see her, and from that date she recovered.

It was to myself she confided her sad story. Driven from her home, ignorant as to the cause of her lover's silence, fearing the unscrupulous admiration of Monsieur Colin, lacking bread and shelter and love, no wonder body and mind alike broke down. For some weeks, however, she had earned a wretched pittance as a *réveilleuse*, going weary rounds to wake weary sleepers when the great world of Paris was still. Partly from an instinctive love of her old home, partly from the desire of seeing her father, she had ventured to the Rue de Buffon, bearing in her hand the lantern by which she guided herself up fifty staircases when on duty.

The rest of the story is told in few words. Félicien slowly recovered, and, with Blanche, hired modest apartments near the once courtly Place Royale. There, by their joint efforts as playwright and milliner, they maintain themselves and their old father, in peace, if not in plenty. Monsieur Colin found a prettier face, and never married Henriette, after all. The Pension in the Rue de Buffon is still an admirable institution where ladies and gentlemen are boarded at twenty-five francs a week.

HERONS AND BITTERNS.

It is some years since I saw the heronry at Dalham Tower, the seat of Mr. Wilson, between Lancaster and Kendal, in Cumberland. This heronry has existed since the year 1740. In the year 1775, there were about sixty nests, built on large oak-trees growing on the banks of a river which runs through Mr. Wilson's park. These oak-trees were cut down in the spring for the sake of the bark, and, as the breeding season of the herons took place at that time, the whole of the young unfledged herons perished. Although there were other trees in the neighbourhood, but not so tall as the oaks, the old herons abandoned them, and were not seen there till the following spring, when they went to a wood in the park, where there was an extensive rookery. Here they endeavoured to establish themselves, and began to build their nests, but not without a severe battle with the rooks, in which some of the latter birds were killed. Indeed, the conflict was anything but a fair one; for although the rooks out-numbered the herons, the latter, from their greater size and the strength of their beaks, had a great advantage over the rooks. This contest lasted for two seasons, when, as if by mutual consent, it terminated, and both herons and rooks appear to live amicably together. The former go every day to the sea, or to some other waters, to fish, and the latter forage over the whole country. Both return in the evening to their respective localities, but occasionally much earlier than usual when instinct tells them that there will be a change from good to bad weather.

When the great expanse of the wings of the heron is considered, I have often been surprised at the perfect silence with which they alight on the top of high trees, or on their nests. On these occasions not a sound is heard; not a leaf or a bit of dead stick is made to fall. If I have alarmed a heron and made her take flight again, the same silence prevails; nor is it easy to account for it. In sitting on their nests, I have sometimes seen either one or both of the legs of the heron hanging over the sides of it, and this again makes it difficult to account for the rapid and silent way in which they can quit the nests on being alarmed. I was in the constant habit of going to inspect the large heronry near the Sandpit gate in Windsor Great Park, accompanied by an intelligent and scientific friend, when we had an opportunity of watching a fight between a couple of ravens and a couple of herons. It was a

very interesting sight. The fight was continued at a considerable height above the trees, the herons evidently endeavouring to keep above the ravens, so that they might pounce down upon and strike them with their sharp-pointed beaks. The fight ended by the retirement of the ravens, and the herons keeping of course possession of their nest, which had been the cause of the strife.

As herons are often seen standing on the margins of ponds and rivers, they have been generally accused of being very destructive to fish, but I am of opinion that this is an erroneous supposition, and for the following reason.

During the height of the breeding season in Windsor Great Park, when probably all the numerous nests contained young birds, myself and the friend who accompanied me searched carefully under the trees for any remains of fish, but not a bone or any part of one was to be found. There were the exuviae of water-rats, moles, mice, frogs, and toads in abundance, but no sign of any fish. Now as herons, like owls, throw up the pellets of what they devour, it is only fair to conclude that they would also eject the bones of fish if they were fed with them. It is well known that eels will combine and drive very small fry into shallow water, that they may then more readily catch and feed on them; and it is probable that herons would do the same, but if so, there would be bones for them to eject.

Hérons appear to live in great harmony with each other, and their nests are frequently very close together. Pennant mentions having counted more than eighty nests upon one oak at Cressy Hall, near Spalding, in Lincolnshire, an estate belonging to the Heron family. Colonel Montagu also informs us that he saw a heronry on a small island in a lake in the north of Scotland, on which there was only one scrubby oak-tree, which, not being sufficient to contain all the nests, many of them were placed on the ground. Had Dr. Johnson seen this fact, it would probably have given occasion to another joke on the paucity of trees in Scotland.

I recollect the time (many years ago) when a dead bittern was to be constantly seen hanging up in the shops of poulterers in London. Such a sight is rarely, if ever, to be seen now. It was once seen amongst other British birds, but is nearly extinct in this country, partly owing to the extensive drainage which has taken place. Indeed, now, few persons have heard the dismal *booming* of the bittern—

At evening o'er the swampy plain,
The bittern's boom comes far.

This sound is, in fact, a sort of bellowing

something like that of a bull, and may be heard at a great distance.

Colonel Montagu, indeed, remarks that

those who have walked on a summer's evening by the sedgy sides of unfrequented rivers, must remember a variety of notes from dif-



Hérons.

ferent water-fowl: the loud scream of the wild-geese, the croaking of the mallard, the whining of the lapwing, and the tremulous neighing of the jack-snipe. But of all these sounds, there is none so dismally hollow as the booming of the bittern. It is impossible for words to give those who have not heard

their evening call an adequate idea of its solemnity. It is like the interrupted bellowing of a bull, but hollower and louder, and is heard at a mile's distance, as if issuing from some formidable being that resided at the bottom of the waters. This is the bittern, whose larynx is fitted to produce the sound

for which it is remarkable. These bellowing expressions are chiefly heard from the beginning of spring to the end of autumn, and are a call to the female during the breeding season. The common people think that this bird thrusts its bill into a reed that serves as a pipe for swelling the note above its natural pitch.

Bitterns may be ranked among the waders and strikers, if the latter term may be used, for they have long legs, and a long sharp-pointed bill, like a dagger, which latter they know how to use, for if taken up when wounded, they invariably try to dart at the eye of their assailant. Like the heron, when flying, they throw their legs in a line with the body, which serve them as a rudder; and I have watched herons soaring in a gale of wind, when I have disturbed them from their nests, using first one leg, and then the other, in order to turn themselves more quickly.

The bittern sometimes flies high in the air, and will boom while doing so—

Swift as the bittern soars on spiral wings.

This bird gets generally very fat, and is then excellent eating. But, alas! how many years it is since I have seen or partaken of one!

EDWARD JESSE.

"SANS MERCI;"

OR, KESTRELS AND FALCONS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GUY LIVINGSTONE"

CHAPTER XLII. ICH DIEN.

I THINK, if the truth were known, it would be found that John of Bohemia came to his end from an arrow shot at a venture, or a chance blow. Surely none of the stout English hearts, who 'bare up the fray' at Crécy, would wittingly have harmed the brave blind old man, when he rode into the thickest of the lost battle to deal one darkling sword-stroke.

So, in wordy warfare, certain veterans command forbearance, if not respect, from their adversaries. Under any ordinary circumstances of controversy, Seyton would have welcomed the advent of a masculine opponent not less sincerely than that of a fresh ally. Now, he felt rather embarrassed than relieved; for very pity, he would have avoided this second encounter: but it was too late.

As Sir Marmaduke came forward, a close observer might have noticed an unusual stiffness and tardiness in his movements; the measured deliberation with which each step was planted could not conceal a tottering uncertainty of gait. Sitting down in an arm-chair close to his wife, the Baronet spoke again.

"I do not apologise for intruding, nor for

having listened to the latter part of this conversation; because I think that no one has a better right than myself to be here. From words that I overheard—strange words to be used in such a presence—I infer that some terrible calamity has happened. I wish to be informed of its nature, at once."

Seyton hesitated, as if loth to answer. But Lady Dorrillon had no such scruples. Her tone was perfectly calm and assured; though sad and hushed, as befitted the occasion.

"It is a very terrible calamity. Vincent Flemyng committed suicide last night, by poison. Before he died, he wrote this letter. There is only one passage in it which concerns you or me."

On that passage she laid her finger, as she passed the open letter over to her husband.

Sir Marmaduke bent his head as he took it, with the formal politeness that was part of his nature; and which was displayed no less towards his nearest and dearest, than towards the rest of womankind. Very deliberately, too, he unfolded a massive gold eye-glass, and began to peruse the lines indicated. It appeared that, even with this aid, his sight was strangely dim; for a long epistle might have been studied, in the time that it took him to grasp the meaning of those few simple words. As he pored over them, a faint flush began to rise on his high pale forehead: much like that produced by the pressure of a hard heavy cap; only it was on the lower part of the brow.

"A fearful catastrophe, indeed"—he said at last, with an evident effort; after clearing his throat several times, huskily. "None can regret it more sincerely than myself; nor sympathise more sincerely with your affliction, Mr. Seyton. But is it on this evidence alone that you venture to impute to Lady Dorrillon any responsibility in this matter?"

Tom was compelled to come to the front, now: he did so, sturdily, if reluctantly.

"That is the only evidence. But, surely, it is conclusive. Vincent Flemyng had many faults and failings: but—that he was capable of penning a groundless calumny within a few moments of plunging into Eternity—I cannot believe. Can you?"

He looked the other keenly in the face, as he put the point-blank question. Sir Marmaduke flinched not a whit.

"Mr. Seyton; should there be any inquiry into your relative's death, I presume the verdict that you would strive to ensure would be—Temporary Insanity. In such a verdict I feel able, conscientiously, to concur. Were it otherwise—I should not scruple, now, to affirm, that yonder unhappy man, before he went to his account, added to his other misdeeds, a cruel and malicious falsehood."

Seyton was nearly provoked into a hasty answer, but he had sense enough to refrain: moreover, he saw that words would be wasted on such hopeless obstinacy as this.

"Am I to understand, then," he began.

Sir Marmaduke rose to his feet; leaning heavily on the back of his wife's chair, as if he needed some support. When he had drawn himself up to his full height, the tremor in his limbs ceased altogether, and his tall frame was rigid as steel. But that strange flush on his forehead was ever mounting and darkening. He stretched forth his hand—as it were, in warning or deprecation—whilst he spoke, with a grave courtesy, not devoid of dignity, in spite of its somewhat overstrained quality.

"Pardon me for interrupting you, Mr. Seyton," he said, in a cold measured voice. "My only reason for so doing, is my wish that no needless rancour should subsist between us; even if we must be strangers from this hour. I do not wish to hear another word from you, on this subject, lest it should be such as I could not forgive. And, I pray you to believe, that I would not with any word of mine, knowingly, hurt or offend you. It thus much it is my duty to say. You need, I think—'how Lady Dorrillon would justify herself, in presence of her husband?'—not that question answered, already? If you have any further doubts, I will tell you more. I will tell you, that Mr. Flemyng's indiscretions were not unnoticed by me—that I have been for some time aware of his increasing infatuation. If this knowledge did not trouble me then—as I affirm, on my honour, it did not—I am scarce likely to suspect my wife's honour now. I leave it in her own guardianship—confidently, as I have ever seen. And I utterly decline to hold her accountable for the desperation of guilty passion; whether that desperation be shown in life or death. Mr. Seyton, your character for probity and honour stands so high, that I am bound to hold you incapable of deliberate injustice. I must believe, that in this matter you have followed your notions of right. But I take leave to tell you that, in speaking of Lady Dorrillon, as you appear to have done, you have gravely and grossly erred: in speaking of her—even as I heard you speak—you have cruelly abused your privileges as an ambassador. For in such a capacity you appear to have come hither. Sir, I return you your credentials." (He held out the letter with a steady hand.) "And now, so far as I am concerned—this interview is ended; unless you wish to crave Lady Dorrillon's pardon, for words uttered in rash excitement. In that case, I shall be happy to intercede for

you. If you cannot—or will not—do this, I will pray you to depart, in silence."

There was over-much of set oratory in all this; added to a certain pomposity of manner. But Seyton was no more inclined to laugh than to be angry. During the last few minutes, his indignation had been tempered by pity; the subdued tone showed this.

"I cannot ask any one's pardon, for having done what I believed to be my duty. But I will trouble you with my presence no more. I have stayed here too long already; for I have bitter work to do, before I sleep. Sir Marmaduke, I can bear you no malice, for having spoken according to your light. And, Lady Dorrillon—only one more word. I read your name amongst the patronesses of the great Charity Ball that is to come off to-night. Whilst you are dressing for it, will you remember that, about that same hour, I shall have to tell Vincent Flemyng's mother, that her son is lying stiff and cold—murdered by his own hand?"

Without further ceremony, Seyton turned on his heel, and left the room, forthwith.

From the moment that her husband began to speak, Flora's eyes had been bent studiously on the ground: it seemed as though she were determined not to influence him, even by a glance. But when Seyton addressed her thus directly, she looked up; and let her deep earnest gaze rest on his face, till he turned away to depart. In those glorious hazel eyes there dwelt a half-reproachful sadness; such as you might expect to find in those of a meek blameless woman, who—having been cruelly misjudged and misconstrued—is content that Time should avenge her. Was this all acting?

O fair and patient reader! You may answer that riddle, according to your own sweet fancy.

Sir Marmaduke Dorrillon stood erect upon his feet—never varying a whit that strange rigidity of feature and limb—till Seyton was fairly gone. But, a second or two after the door had closed, that nervous tremor began to possess him again; and suddenly, as if some string had snapped within him, he dropped back into his chair, with a deep hollow groan; pressing both his palms against his brow, whereon that ominous flush still waxed deeper and broader.

To Flora's question—"if he felt ill"—he replied only with an impatient shake of the head. There was silence for a minute or two: then he spoke—with a ghastly imitation of his habitual chuckle of self-satisfaction.

"Wasn't that farce well played out; my lady? Why don't you applaud now it's over? None of the stage old-men could have done

it better. 'I can leave my wife's honour in her own guardianship.'—That was neatly put, I think. If I had had longer notice, I might have made more of that point, though. But—but I was rather taken by surprise."

His tone, all in an instant, lost its bitter irony; and broke down quaveringly.

"O my God—my God—that I should have sunk to this—to lie, like a hound, to a brave and honest gentleman, such as he who has just gone out!"

His faded blue eyes, that had been dry for many a year, were wet with the big blistering tears of agony and shame. I think, in all this sad and sinful world, there is no sadder spectacle, than an old man weeping.

Lady Dorrillon was both shocked and surprised; and more moved than she cared to show. She had never spoken to her husband so gently as she did, now.

"I fear this scene has been too much for you or you would not talk in that strain. You took my part very generously; and I thank you heartily for so doing. I should be sorry, if you cancelled that kindness. You only spoke the simple truth. I can take right good care of my honour, and yours. If you knew all, you would know that you never had less to fear, than from that madman, whom I cannot regret, even as a friend."

The soothing influence of manner and tone that, at any other time, would have acted like a charm were utterly powerless, here. He went on—panting and stammering with passion.

"I do know all. At least, I know that he fared no better than the other fools whom you torture for your sport. He had less patience, or more courage, than the rest of us: that's all. Will that prevent his name, and yours, and mine, being bandied about from one scandal-monger to another, for months to come? A pleasant drama they will make of the story that was finished last night. I shouldn't wonder if Halloran wrote a ballad on it. It is time all this should end: it *shall* end, too. I'll go somewhere—anywhere, to hide myself. And you shall follow, my lady; whether you will or no. Wittol as I am—I've that much of authority left. And I'll use it: I will by—."

It was the first oath Sir Marmaduke had ever uttered in his wife's presence.

On all former occasions, Flora had quelled her husband's feeble attempts at rebellion, very quickly and imperiously. But now, she maintained the half-contemptuous forbearance which makes us indulgent to the petulance of fractious childhood.

"You must have taken leave of your senses"—she said. "There is no question of shame. Why should the world be more

uncharitable than usual? Nothing is so easily accounted for, as the desperation of gamblers. You confess that I have been faithful—in deed if not in word. What would you have more?"

"Faithful? Faithful to whom?" he retorted, in the same fierce broken tones. "Faithful—not to me; but to a dead man's memory. Did you think your secret was safe from me? I'm not so blind and deaf, as I seem. Did you never guess how I have hated that man; and envied him, too? I hated him, because he was beyond my reach: if he had been above ground, I would have had his blood, or he should have put me out of pain. I envied him his quiet rest; and—more than all—your visits to his grave. And you dare—"

Flora Dorrillon's bearing changed startlingly, as though she had been touched by some evil enchanter's wand: not a trace of gentleness, or compassion, lingered on her face; and in her eyes glittered the keen cold cruel look of battle. Such a look some, now living, might remember to have seen in her father's eyes, as he took up ground for one of his mortal duels.

"Stop:" she said in a very low voice. "Stop—if you are wise. You have said words already that I will never forget. I think you are about to say some, that I will never forgive. Rather than have uttered the name that is on your tongue, you will wish, one day, you had bitten it through."

But the warning, or menace (for it savoured as much of the one as of the other), seemed to give the last spur-stroke to his frenzy.

"Not utter that name?" he shrieked out. "And why should I be more discreet than you have been? Have I not heard you murmur it often enough in your sleep; with the smile of a false woman on your lips? Not utter it? If these were the last words I should ever speak—I would call down God's curse on Guy Livingstone's memory and on the hour when you first met."

Flora started slightly when that name was pronounced: but betrayed no other sign of emotion, much less of anger. Any passionate outbreak would have been better than the bitter calmness with which she made reply.

"You would not be warned. Now, take the consequences. When I consented to become your wife, did I lead you to expect either love or honour from me? You know, right well, it was not so. The falsehood I spoke at the altar, I take on my own soul: to you I told none. You asked me no questions, as to my past life: if you had done so I should have answered them, frankly, *then*. Now, all is different. But you take credit to

yourself, for having surprised my secret; and, you think, I was careful to guard it; and should never have betrayed myself, except in dreams? You shall not have to complain of my reserve in future. You have taunted me with keeping faithful to a memory? I would have forgiven you even this, if you had not uttered *his* name, and coupled it with a curse. Did I love Guy Livingstone? I loved him well enough, to have felt more pride in being called his ally, than ever I have felt in being called your wife; well enough—to have crouched at his feet, and endured all scorn and cruelty, if I might have hoped for one caress, when he grew weary of tyranny; well enough—to have blessed him for coming back to me for one day, though others had held him all the rest of the year. He kissed me once—so long ago! You know that your lips have never touched mine. But you did not know, that no living man has fared better than you; and never will, I think, till I die. And you have dared to curse this man in my presence. Sir Marmaduke Dorrillon: ours was always a very simple marriage-contract. It shall be simpler still, from this hour. I am not thinking of open separation. I will do my duty as the mistress of your house as I have hitherto done: and I will visit other people's in your company, when I feel inclined to do so. But, in all other respects, our lives henceforward shall be as much apart, as if I had never borne your name. Before I married you, you promised—'I should have my own way in all things': it is too late to think of forcing my free-will, now. You will keep up amicable appearances, or make the world a witness of our quarrels, according to your own good pleasure. You say, 'you will take me away, whether I will or no.' You can easily test your authority. I absolutely refuse to leave London, till it suits my convenience."

Her manner was quite composed; and there was no break in the rapid, even flow of her speech; but ever and anon, the shiver of suppressed passion ran through her frame—not all of angry passion. The same expression that transfigured Flora's face, whilst she gazed on a certain portrait, dwelt on it now, as she gloried in avowing her sinful love.

Lady Dorrillon had been too much wrapped up in her own thoughts, to notice the effect of her words: otherwise she would surely have paused—in fear, if not in pity.

For a few seconds after his wife began to speak, Sir Marmaduke continued to glare at her, in savage impotent fury; but, ere long, a vague bewildered expression possessed his eyes, which grew strangely heavy and dim. As the last words were spoken, he staggered up to his feet, with a groan plainly indicative

of physical agony; and stood erect for an instant, pressing his hand convulsively on his brow once more. With a swift upward surge, the dark red flush mounted even to the roots of the thin grey hair; it vanished almost as quickly; and then a tinge of ashen-grey overspread the wan withered face, over which soon swept a yet more awful change. As Sir Marmaduke collapsed on his chair, with a dull helpless crash, after one terrible struggle for speech, a child might have read in his distorted features the ghastly sign-manual of Paralysis.

In front of any other calamity, Flora, in the midst of remorse or relenting, would have kept her self-possession. But Death, swift and sudden, would have impressed her far less than this grewsome Death-in-Life. Little as she recked of the simplest precepts of Christianity—so far as following them out in practice went—she was, yet, not an infidel. It seemed to her, that the hand of an angered Providence was actually manifested here; and, with that conviction, came the vague terror of the Unseen, which has caused many sceptics and scoffers to grovel in the dust, since a voice from Heaven spake to certain persecutors journeying to Damascus.

As she rushed to the door, her shrieks rang out shrill and wild. Help was near, and came speedily. But, before it came, the last remnant of Flora's hardihood had departed. They found her kneeling, with her face buried in her hands; as though she would shut out the sight and sound of the ruin that was chiefly—if not wholly—her work.

CHAPTER XLIII. LAST STROKES OF THE SHUTTLE.

The Row was busy and beautiful, as it is wont to be, one hour after noon, when the season is at high tide. There was the same charming contrast between the many-hued fringe of summer raiment without the rails, and the moving mass of sombre colour within—the same murmuring music of pleasant voices in the air, broken by distincter notes of laughter-trills—that we have seen and heard so often; and the soft June sky over all.

Many bright troops of amazons marched past, in slow or quick time, that morning: and few came out of the review with greater credit than that especial one, in which Marion Charteris was the most notable figure. She seemed in radiant spirits, and was looking wonderfully well: the weather, and all other accessories of time and place, were just calculated to set off her peculiar beauty. The eyes of many who knew not her name, followed her as she rode slowly along—halting often, to exchange a nod, a word, or a smile; whilst on the ponderous braids displayed beneath her

hat (they were her own; for the *chignon*-hypocrisy was not then organised) the sunlight gleamed, as on a globe of burnished copper. Many too could not refrain from envying that favoured cavalier who—however others might come or go—never resigned his post at the Fiametta's bridle-rein. Neither did Denzil Ranksborough seem insensible to the advantages of his position: his manner was, at times, almost animated; and there was apparently no lack of subjects mutually interesting; for their subdued converse never languished.

The squad, in the van of which these two rode, had nearly reached the eastern extremity of the Bow, and were preparing to wheel; when they came abreast of a knot of some half-dozen men, who had come to a halt under one of the trees, and were talking earnestly. From these Bertie Grenville detached himself, and joined Mrs. Charteris's party.

His countenance was unusually grave and gloomy: before he opened his mouth, it was clear he was laden with evil tidings.

"Have you heard what has happened? Of course, you haven't thought. I can guess that, by your faces. Vincent Flemyng committed suicide last night, by poison."

Most of those within hearing were more or less shocked or astounded: from one or two there broke a startled exclamation. Marion Charteris uttered not a word: but Ranksborough saw her cheeks grow deadly pale, whilst she swayed to-and-fro in her saddle, as if suddenly dizzied.

"It's a fearful business"—Bertie went on—"even as it stands. And I think we don't know the worst of it, yet. I won nearly three hundred of poor Flemyng last week. I didn't much expect to get it; for he has been losing awfully of late; and I didn't mean to dun him—that's one comfort. But, before I was up this morning, a note was left at my lodgings, with the full amount in bank-notes, and his 'compliments' written on the envelope: several other fellows to whom he owed money, got the counterpart of my packet. The next thing I heard was, the news I've just told you. I fancy it will turn out that something else besides his losses drove him to this; unless he was out of his head altogether."

No one answered: and Ranksborough first broke silence.

"I don't wonder at your being overcome, Mrs. Charteris. You knew him when you were both children, if I remember right. It is shocking to hear such news of a mere acquaintance—much more of an old friend."

The considerate intentions of the speaker deserved the grateful look which repaid him.

"Yes: a very old friend"—Marion murmured faintly. "His poor mother and sister,

too! It is too dreadful to realise. I wish—I wish some one would take me home. Where is Mr. Bellingham?"

The individual in question was a sober elderly cousin, who generally chaperoned Mrs. Charteris in the absence of her husband. He rode forward as soon as his name was mentioned; and—without another word being spoken—the two departed together. The same moment the group began to break up—to discuss elsewhere the tidings they had just heard—till Grenville and Ranksborough were left alone.

"It has hit her harder than I thought it would"—the former remarked, with a significant glance after Mrs. Charteris's retreating figure. "I fancied all *that* was over, long and long ago."

The other's brow contracted; but in meditation, it seemed, rather than in anger.

"So it *was* all over, I believe—" he said very quietly. "At least, if you mean anything beyond the interest any woman may feel in an old playmate. But you're pretty right, Cherub, in what you're thinking about. There's more in this affair than either you or I know of; or ever shall know, perhaps."

"Do you remember—" Bertie asked, after a minute's silence—"do you remember our talk in the smoking-room, the first night we met poor Flemyng; when he seemed so struck with the Dorrillon; and when Mrs. Charteris seemed rather pleased than otherwise, at the turn things were taking? 'I shouldn't wonder if they were both in the same stable' Hardress said. Cis Castlemaine and I came nearly to the same conclusion afterwards. Now I'd lay long odds—if it wasn't a shame to bet about such matters—that we should find traces of the Dorrillon's *griffe* in this business, if we could sift it to the bottom. If that is the case, it's only natural that the other should feel rather remorseful: though, of course, neither of them contemplated such a catastrophe. I'm sure I didn't; when I talked about 'dropping troublesome people down oubliettes.'"

"We shall know more about it some day—" the other remarked, indifferently; as if he did not care to pursue the subject. "It's the merest guess-work, at present."

But, as Ranksborough rode homewards alone, he pondered on these things, far more gravely than was his wont.

"I really do care to hear all that story, now—" he thought within himself. "There must have been some strong sensational bits before the last act began. I must get the Fiametta to confess *her* share in it, at least."

But, though their Platonic amusements went on prospering long afterwards, and a

familiar intimacy subsists at this hour; Denzil Banksborough never has listened to that story; and—I dare swear—never will.

What is yet more remarkable; though Marion and Flora are still fast friends, and are oftener than ever alone together, one name, since that day, has never passed the lips of either—the name of Vincent Flemyng. It may well be, that the first shrinks from full knowledge of the truth, lest she should discover herself to have been the unwitting second-cause of deadly alarm; and the last diadains to share her burden with another; even though it be of blood-guiltiness.

Before the buzz of wonderment and speculation, caused by the mysterious suicide, had half exhausted itself, fresh game for the scandal-hunters was started. In the course of that same afternoon, it was noised abroad that Sir Marmaduke Dorrillon had been stricken down with mortal sickness, and that there were small hopes of his recovery. Much more general compassion was excited by this second calamity than had been accorded to the other. Vincent Flemyng had very few personal friends, or even intimate acquaintances; whilst Dorrillon was not only liked by the elders of his own standing, but, to a certain extent, admired by many who looked upon him as a rare specimen of the *Vieille Roche*. The most severe on his connubial mistake repented of their witticisms, now; and recognised the blank that would be created, if the kind courtly old man were to appear in the midst of them, no more.

Nevertheless, Sir Marmaduke's presages, as to the *cancons* that would ensue, were only too fully realised. No woman in broad England could count more enemies than Flora Dorrillon. The ranks of these had gone on swelling ever since her bright baleful star first sparkled in the social firmament; and she had never cared to conciliate a foe; or make compensation for the damages she caused, even by an implied regret. On the foundation of the double catastrophe, it was easy to build up a formidable tower of circumstantial evidence. The matrons and mature maidens who had been injured, more or less directly, by Flora's fatal fascinations or merciless tongue, broke out into vicious jubilation; exulting—after the manner of Elizabeth when proof, or pretext, sufficient, against the prisoner at Fotheringay was found, and the sour-visaged Virgin knew that a fairer, if not wiser, head than her own would soon roll on the scaffold. And each cried to her fellow—"Awake. Arise. Set on and spare not. Lo, our enemy is delivered into our hand."

It is not worth while, to enumerate the wild conflicting rumours that got abroad to

you, who have heard already the right version of the tale. Bad as things were—the scandal would have spread far more widely, and endured far longer, if it had not been for Castlemaine, and others; men of mark and influence, whom it were not safe to offend. These struck in boldly, to the rescue of their ancient comrade's name—even as Nestor bestrode his fallen brother-in-arms—and held the busy-bodies at bay; partly by ridicule, partly by fear.

But the voices, neither of friend nor foe, passed the threshold of the quiet darkened chamber, where Flora Dorrillon kept sleepless watch whilst her husband lingered on the dim Debatable Ground that divides the frontiers of life and death. The later pictures of this series have, perforce, been somewhat gloomy and unattractive; so there is the less reason for loading more canvas with sombre colours. On this principle I will leave you to imagine the scene at Warleigh, when Seyton had told his terrible news. Mrs. Flemyng was too much stunned for awhile, to realise what had befallen her: nor has she ever fully recovered from the shock; though she has subsided long since, into a quiet enduring grief, which knows neither paroxysms nor abatement. Almost her first coherent words were—"Ah, Tom, you see he *did* mean it after all."

It was one of the cruel stabs that the gentlest of God's creatures will deal sometimes, when a great grief has marred and warped their nature. From that moment—albeit there never was coldness or constraint between them—Seyton knew that the unhappy mother would always hold him guilty in her heart, of harshness and injustice towards her darling. But that knowledge only made him more sedulous in the filial observance with which he tended her.

Mrs. Flemyng never heard of her son's letter to Seyton. She always believed that the verdict of Temporary Insanity was a true one; and that poor Vincent had yielded to the promptings of an over-worked brain—not to any other temptations. Not till long afterwards, did Kate learn the whole sinful secret: then her husband told her all that had been said and done on that disastrous day; and confessed his own misgivings as to the share he might innocently have had, in hastening the blow that struck poor Marmaduke Dorrillon down. Kate said little; and that little in tenderness; but she was almost slower in shaking off the effect of what she then heard, than she had been in recovering from the first horror of her brother's death.

Only by those two women was Vincent Flemyng sincerely and enduringly mourned. Marion Charteris, as has been aforesaid, was

possessed by a vague self-reproach; but the ominous Shadow receded farther and farther into the back-ground, till at last, it ceased to haunt her sunny life; or, when it glided past at rare intervals, looked less menacing than mournful. Peradventure, even the dark fortress of Flora Dorrillon's heart could not quite keep out remorse; but against one feeling of regretful tenderness towards the dead it was barred for evermore.

Almost before the turf was laid over Vincent Flemmyng's head, all others went about their work or play, as if he had never been. Thus it has fared with braver, and wiser, and gentler men; neither, good Master Lycidas, I fear, will better luck attend your worship, or the humble individual who now addresses you.

How long do you really expect rippling circles will break the smoothness of the stream, on which we have been disporting, more or less gracefully, after the last fatal cramp hath seized us, and we shall have gone down into the depths, to sup—let us hope—with Sabrina?

And now—as cheery old Socrates said to the friends who had borne him company through many pages of ponderous parchment—“Courage: for I see land a-head.”

When some few more threads are gathered in, the weaver's work will be done; and the fabric will go forth to be tested by certain cunning chapmen, whom it is not easy to beguile. I suppose the best verdict one ought to expect, would be—“a good ‘fast’ colour; not a very substantial or enduring article, but adapted for summer wear.” As such—and no other—perhaps they will recommend it to their fair and gentle customers.

Yet, of the personages who have figured in this tapestry, little more that is note-worthy is to be recorded.

Brian Maskelyne came back, after long wandering, with the same moody melancholy on him, which he has never entirely shaken off; though he has become less of a recluse of late, and takes his fair share in county-business and field-sports. Nothing would have been easier than to sever himself, by divorce, from the woman who ‘laid his honour in the dust.’ To the wonder of many, and the scandal of not a few—he has taken no step whatever in this matter. He was also advised to withdraw the large yearly allowance that he had settled on Bessie after their marriage, or to abide a legal decision thereon: but this counsel he rejected very decisively: the only stipulation that he attached to the payment was, that she should cease to bear his name. This condition was very

readily accepted by ‘Mrs. Daventry,’ as she chooses to call herself now-a-days.

Various motives have been imputed to Brian, to account for this strange forbearance; and perhaps the chief one he himself would find it hard to define. It may be that, rather than see the base and black treachery paraded again, he prefers to let ill alone. There may also be some vague sense of expiation in all this. You remember that strange fancy of the Fourth James of Scotland; how—in fasting or in feasting; wearing silk or steel; whispering in a lady's ear; or cheering his hounds through the greenwood; or shouting his battle-cry—

Suddenly his look would change,
His cheer o'ercast and lower,
If in a sudden turn he felt
The pressure of his iron belt,
That bound his breast in penance pain
In memory of his father slain.

So Maskelyne may have thought that, in the wearing of those galling fetters, he paid some small part of the debt of retribution, incurred on the night his mother died—alone.

And, even if Bessie's death were to set him free, it would be very long before Brian would venture to ask any pure and faithful woman to fill the place, voided when the sin of the beautiful traitress found her out.

So Daventry and his paramour live in tolerable comfort, if not credit, on the said allowance, and on their somewhat precarious gains. They may be encountered at most important race-meetings (the lady makes a very fair book on her own account): and more constantly still, at such gatherings on the other side of the Channel. For the pair have little honour in their own country; and Continental society suits Bessie, at least, best: she especially affects Baden. She has hitherto been suffered to roam through the Conversation-halls unmolested; though the Administration watch her with a jealous eye; and the slightest overt misdemeanor will bring her under the awful ban of Benazet.

Her familiars of course are chiefly found amongst the magnates of the ring: yet others of higher degree—socially, if not morally, speaking—are often attracted by the splendid insolent beauty, which appears, even now, scarcely to have reached its zenith. It must be owned, that these last pay their court—with a reservation. I heard the youthful Marquis of Athelney express a very just opinion on this subject, two years ago; and one probably shared by many of his fellows.

“She's a deuced handsome woman—” he said; “and ripping good chaff too, I can tell you. Not half bad fun—to sit with her in the shade, and listen to the band. I rather

like her to play my money too—she's better nerve than I have, and better luck—and she's always welcome to a *rouleau* on her own account. I don't mind standing supper, either, as often as she likes. But, as for her 'quiet dinners'—not if I know it."

Therewithal, the beardless but astute aristocrat smote his nose (which he wears large and imposing, as befits a Count of the Holy Roman Empire), with a wink of intense intelligence; and departed, to get his money on Vermont, without delay.

Of those same quiet dinners, and the quiet *heart* ensuing, even that bold and usually fortunate gambler, the Vicomte de St. Brélan, has conceived a salutary fear!

"*On m'a plumé, mon ami*"—he averred piteously, whilst recounting the experience of a certain evening—"plumé, ma parole d'honneur, comme un pauvre chapon de Bresse. J'avais grande envie de dire, avant de partir—'*Madame, votre potage n'était pas mal : mais je le trouve un peu cher.*' Si on me rattrape jamais dans ce guet-à-pens !"

In truth, wherever that pair may chance to tarry, the cry of 'Ware Hawk!' is very soon raised: they must be conscious of this, and the only wonder is, that they carry it off as carelessly. Of the real interior of their *ménage* very little is known; except that Bessie has never been even suspected of infidelity to Daventry; and that the latter is supposed to treat her kindly, as a rule. Many believe that the balance of power does not now incline to the masculine side; and that the lawyer is the more easily cowed of the two. It may well be so: for, the longer they live in close contact, the more surely will a dauntless nature assert itself against a craven.

Neither did poor Jem Standen lack care and decent comforts, during the brief remainder of his life; till, one night, he fell asleep in his own crapulous fashion, and so passed into the slumber which is frightened by no dreams. But the days of his daughter's mourning lasted not long; whilst Daventry exulted brutally at being relieved of a burden.

Bertie Grenville still goes gaily and gallantly in front, showing no signs of extraordinary distress, in spite of the terrible severity of the pace. How he and certain of his fellows contrive to ruffle it thus bravely, is a paradox which has puzzled wiser brains than the present writer's.

Some irritated economists are never weary of lifting up their voices in protest against the social anomaly.

"How is it done?" the sages ask you, querulously. "Where does the mere ready cash come from? Surely there must be an end to this, before long?"

But somehow the end, with many of them, is not yet. The great wind, coming from the East, that smites the four corners of many houses, in which the wealthy ones of the earth are sitting, sweeps harmlessly over the light and lowly tents wherein these reckless Bedouins dwell: when the commercial horizon is dark with clouds, they seem to be basking in a sunny climate of their own: when tempest walks abroad on the face of the financial waters, they might chant, with the old buccaneer—

O, sweet it was in Arès, to catch the landward breeze,
A-swing, with good tobacco, in a hammock 'neath the trees;

With a negro lass to fan you; whilst you listen'd to the roar

Of the breakers on the bar outside, that never reach'd the shore.

Only, the hands that rock these modern marauders to sleep are lily-white; and faultless in accent are the voices that sing their lullaby.

Nevertheless, without some extraordinary wind-fall or stroke of luck, should avert it, a reckoning-day must come sooner or later; and the Cherub's must surely be near at hand. Not only must the patience, both of his creditors and his subsidising relatives, be nearly worn threadbare; but one or two of his familiar friends have 'gone' lately. We all know what that portends. When a single pilaster is suddenly removed from the fragile edifice, built up of 'mutual-accommodation' paper, the others are ill able to support the slight additional strain; and the grand final crash becomes the merest question of time. True it is, that for this audacious Skimmer of the Sea (we are on the piratical tack, you see, once more) a harbour of refuge—unless rumour lie—is still open, whereunto he may resort, when the cruisers hem him in, or he shall have become weary of roving.

A certain Scottish heiress—the reverse of prepossessing in appearance, but to whom Fortune has made large amends for the niggardliness of Nature—became helplessly enamoured of the Cherub, long long ago: she has been ready ever since to surrender to his keeping, at a moment's notice, herself and her ample tocher; and, unless Bertie shall step between her and celibacy, for his graceless sake she will live and die a maid. Friends who grieve over her infatuation, cease not to remonstrate; match-makers, whose own purposes are thwarted thereby, cease not to distil into her ears venomous versions of that reprobate's misdeeds: all warnings, whether sincere or interested, are treated with the same placid heedlessness. She can even afford to compassionate Bertie's supposed fellow-criminals, on the ground that—"of course

they couldn't help themselves, poor things!" Always with the same grateful humility, she accepts the cold courtesies and constrained attentions that, at rare intervals, he condescends to bestow upon her. Perhaps, with the patient obstinacy of her nation, she is content to bide her time; believing, sooner or later, she will gain the privilege of ministering to her Suzerain's necessities, if to his affections she may never aspire.

Each day that tall and somewhat angular shadow looms larger and nearer across Grenville's path; and seems to beckon him forward into a certain avenue, where the vista is closed by an altar.

The wisest of the Cherub's female advisers—he takes counsel with none others—are beginning to see things in this light, and to lecture their *protégé* accordingly. Before the beginning of next season, the chronicler who has to deal with such matters, will "understand that a marriage is on the tapis, between a wealthy and accomplished Scotch heiress and a Guardsman well-known in fashionable and sporting circles." I should not wonder if that ingenious but unfortunate gentleman were—for once—right in his surmises.

Should such be the case—putting Mrs. Malaprop's grand principle aside—the union will probably be better regulated than most alliances, purely conventional on one side. The bride will certainly not be jealous or exacting; and Bertie is simply incapable of maltreating any woman whatsoever; so that in that household a kindly courtesy may well prevail, even if it should never ripen into domestic happiness. But these things are all of the future, and matters of merest augury.

Neither in Marleshire, nor on its borders, is there any startling change. The feminine feud betwixt the houses of Brancepeth and Peverell has gone smouldering on, giving out angry flashes at intervals, but never absolutely bursting into flame. But the influence of the latter family is sensibly abated in the county; and it is gravely doubted whether, at the next elections, the unpopularity of his wife and son may not be too much weight for Sir Pierce to carry, despite his long and faithful service to the shire. Some vague rumours of such opposition and revolt are supposed to have reached Lady Peverell's ears, and to have chafed her haughty spirit sorely; for her temper has shown itself often of late, and she watches for cause of offence more jealously than ever. But none the less hardly does La Reine Gaillarde—aided and abetted by her laughter-loving lieges—make a mock at the grim castellaine of La Garde Douleureuse.

At Warleigh, too, there is still sunshine, as

of old; albeit tempered with some light shadows. For Mrs. Flemmyng is much the same and in that sad presence, even the children (whom she dotes on, and who are ridiculous fond of her) refrain instinctively from noisy mirth. But the elder ones know, that they are never to mention 'poor uncle Vincent's name'; and the younger will, perhaps, never hear it. The bereaved mother knows that she alone, now, clings to that memory, as if it were a holy thing; but not for this do any bitterness mingle with her grief. She is content to hear Kate 'lilting' about the house merrily as of old; and she does not begrudge Tom one of his honest pleasures. For she knows that neither of these troubles, or pain, to have averted calamity from her dead darling's head; and she quarrels no more with their recovered spirits, than with their doffing of the mourning, which she herself will change only for her shroud.

Warleigh is a name of more mark nowadays, than when this tale began. Last year Frank Braybroke, after many grumblings and misgivings, did positively and finally decide that he was getting too old and heavy for his post. When this determination was found to be unalterable, Marleshire lost no time in looking out for a worthy successor; and the eyes of the whole county turned, as the eyes of one man, towards Seyton.

Tom made some objections at first—"I was a family man, and a farmer to boot, couldn't afford the time, or the money," &c. &c. And Kate shook her pretty head, warningly, but the reluctance of the one and the prudence of the other were the most transparent matters of form. While the mock-debate was in progress, Brian Maskelyne appeared, and a financial scruples vanished before the magnificent subscription—or rather guarantee—that he proffered.

"I'd give more than that, to make you take the hounds, Tom," he said. "I think I should have some interest in them, the And my nerve's coming back, I do believe."

That clenched the question, at once—no more that it needed much clenching; and the mastership of the M. H. was virtually transferred that very day. They gave dear Frank Braybroke (he abdicated the Squiredom with his other honours) a tremendous dinner, and a colossal piece of plate, under which he sits on state occasions, like a man under his own vine or fig-tree. When the cloth was removed and the stock-toasts had been given through, Mr. Braybroke delivered the longest and most ornate oration of his life; at the conclusion of which, he endowed Seyton with his horn and his blessing.

Both of these gifts have thriven remarkably well with Tom, hitherto; and, perhaps, it will not be long before, in the glories of the new Mastership, men forget even the famous Pinkerton run above recorded.

It is rumoured that the Little Lady means to visit Marlshire once again, before the violets are in bloom: so that buxom Bell Gaysforde will have another chance of proving if she can give all that weight away.

And the bonniest of Kates pursues more sedulously than ever—"by virtue of her position"—she says. But she pursues not alone. For, be the weather fair or foul, there rides always at her side, a sturdy fair-haired little page; "the very moral of his father (all Marlshire avers); and with just Tom's seat;" who was 'blooded' this season, after the first kill in the open.

Over the banquets at Charteris Royal—radiant in beauty and in royalty of apparel—the Fiametta still presides. She has not entirely lost the frank audacity and merry wilfulness, which were ever amongst her chiefest charms. She will flirt—as Flora Dorrillon said—"to-morrow, and next day, and to the very end of her time." But her coquetties are tempered, now, by a certain discretion and reserve; she never again will flutter so near to flame, as to risk the singeing or smirching of her brilliant wings. Besides, she has become, of late, very fond of her eldest-born—a handsome, graceful boy—who, morally not less than physically, takes after his impulsive mother, rather than his stolidly respectable sire. John Charteris plods on his decent blameless way, with the placid contentment and self-satisfaction of one over whose head a great peril has passed unawares. But the match-making cousin, to whom Marion owed her matrimonial promotion, finds an intense relief in the improved state of things: the good lady had occasionally been tormented with fearful misgivings as to the wisdom of her choice: now she points to the result thereof with a pardonable pride.

Of Blanche Ellerslie there is nothing further, at present, to tell. The proceedings of that dangerously discreet little person never did make much noise in the world; but, from marauders of her stamp, no news are often bad news; so that it is probable we shall hear, ere long, of further damage done within bowshot of her modest dwelling.

Lastly: how fares it with *La Belle Dame Sans Merci*? That question may not easily be answered. She has withdrawn herself almost entirely from general society, of late; and people have grown tired of assigning reasons for this seclusion. Assuredly, it is not that she shrinks from encountering the scandal she

provoked; for Flora's bitterest enemies can only call her—over-bold. The weary disgust, and satiety of triumph, which have caused some of the most ruthlessly ambitious of human kind to lay down an ill-gotten sceptre, and pass away into obscure abdication, may have something to do with it. Also it is not impossible, that the remorseful terror which overcame her, when she saw her husband paralysed at her feet, may abide with her yet. Certain it is, that since that fatal day, she has done much to make up her long arrears of wifely duty. All her care and tendance are greatly needed; for, though Sir Marmaduke has recovered, beyond the expectations of his most sanguine physician, he is still—and must ever be—a mere moral and physical wreck. The words that burst from his lips in the frenzy of jealous passion were dreadfully prophetic: they were the last he ever did speak—intelligibly. Yet, in spite of his infirmity, the old man is probably happier than he has been since his unlucky marriage. He is never querulous or irritable, whilst his eyes can rest upon Flora; when she arranges his cushions, or performs any other trifling kindly office, you may see a faint light of grateful pleasure dawn on the poor stricken face; and now and then he will raise her fingers to his lips (only one hand is quite helpless) with something of his ancient courtly air.

But—supposing that Flora is moved, now, by a real remorse; a remorse that will outlast the precarious life that she helps to prolong—will it so far avail as to bring peace at the last? There is no question of the theology here. I simply doubt, whether late and half-enforced repentance can ever, in this world of ours, so atone for long misdoing, as to appease an awakened conscience.

Do you remember some of the noblest lines in that masterpiece of verse, that ought to be set in the balance against the many poetical sins of this our age? They tell, how Guinevere looked forth through the convent casement, to gain one last glimpse of the generous husband who had just shriven and forgiven her. There, below in the court, he sat on his war-horse, amidst the nuns.

And while he spake to these his helm was lowered,
To which for crest the golden dragon clung
Of Britain; so she did not see the face
Which then was as an angel's; but she saw,
Wet with the mists and smitten by the lights,
The Dragon of the great Pendragonship
Blaze, making all the night a steam of fire.

Ah me! I wonder how many penitents, since that fairest one of all, looking forth into the dark misty future, have seen—not the kind forgiving face—but only the crest of The Serpent?

(Concluded.)

A VISIT TO SWEET-HEART-ABBEY.

IN the south-west of Scotland there is a village, picturesquely situated, and possessing the ruins of a fine old abbey; of which, however, so little appears to be known, that various persons, to whom I have spoken on the subject, were quite ignorant of its existence. Yet Sweet-Heart Abbey lies very near the border, and is of sufficient importance to be marked upon the map; pic-nic parties from the neighbourhood visit it in summer, and photographs of the ruins may be obtained in the nearest town—Dumfries; therefore, some slight sketch of the Abbey and its environs may not be altogether devoid of interest.

I passed some weeks in that neighbourhood during the summer of 1864, made several sketches, and enjoyed many pleasant rambles; and if the reader will kindly accompany me over the same ground, I will endeavour to place the scene before his eyes, previous to giving such details of the history of Sweet-Heart Abbey (for so it is named), as I have been able to collect. It was my first visit to Scotland, and after the bleak Downs and glaring Cliff at Brighton, the dingy streets of London, and the general flatness of the Midland counties, the heathery hills and gleaming burns of the North might well seem pleasant and refreshing to the eye. After a long, hot, dusty journey from town on the most scorching of July days, we arrived towards sunset in the hill-country, where the views on each side of the line were so fine and suggestive that one longed to pause there for a few days at least, instead of hastening to the journey's end. There, to the westward, lay the wide, calm expanse of Morecambe Bay, flushed with the warm light of the golden evening sun; there, steeped in the same golden haze, rose the not far distant peaks of Skiddaw, Ingleboro', and Helvellyn, with sheltered vales and nestling villages beneath; all duly pointed out by an obliging fellow-traveller. Then the shades of evening deepened, the hills appeared to close in, desolate and rugged, and it was quite dark before we reached Carlisle.

Too late to proceed; so we passed the night at the County Hotel, which conveniently joins the railway station, and in the morning sallied forth to see the town. Carlisle is a small, clean, quiet place, with sunny meadows bordering the river Eden. We wandered thither; we walked upon the Castle walls, and then were glad to escape from the broiling heat by spending an hour in the Cathedral, which, however, is neither large nor handsome. Most of its stained windows are mo-

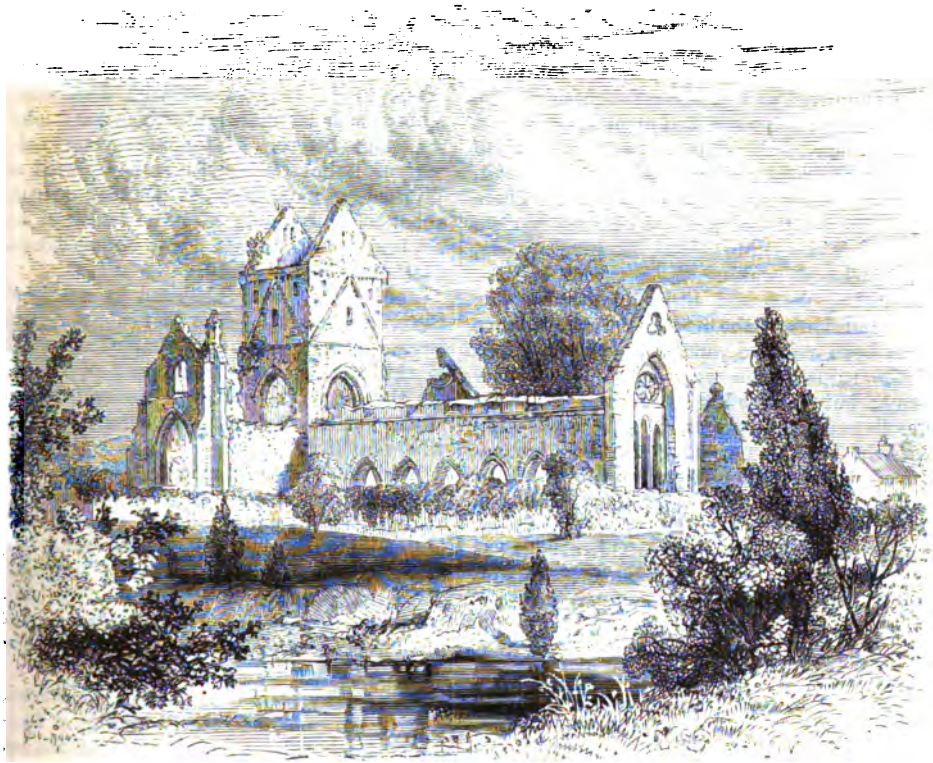
dern, from Newcastle or Birmingham; the one which struck me most having been placed there to the memory of five children of the late Dean, and present Bishop of London—Dr. Tait—who all died of scarlet fever within a few days of each other. There were also some curious old frescoes and brasses, described in full by our cicerone, but the general impression left upon the mind was disappointment. Other persons may think differently, but such was the effect produced by Carlisle Cathedral upon myself. The Dean's house and the remains of the old Priory looked pleasant and picturesque, standing in their quiet, well-kept grounds; but there was no time to linger and admire them, so we hastened back to the station, took our tickets for Dumfries, and were soon across the border.

On, past flat, uninteresting Gretna, the tamest-looking place imaginable, to have been the scene of so many romantic episodes in by-gone days; on, past equally uninteresting Annan; and presently we reach Dumfries, which is chiefly remarkable for its want of pavement, and the discomfort thereby caused to the pedestrian. Of course there are things and localities here which ought to be visited, but our present business is with Sweet-Heart Abbey, whither we must hasten with redoubled speed, to make up for all the time lost upon the road. Hitherto, the country has been flat and tame; but now, driving along a road bordered by the estates and country-houses of various gentlemen—some approached by gloomy avenues of trees—we pass the Flats of Cargen, and ascend a hill, whilst Criffel rises purple in the distance. Then come some fine glimpses of far-off country; then the road is overshadowed by a long avenue of stately trees; then we cross the bridge over the Town Burn, and have a full view of the Abbey at the summit of a gentle ascent upon the left-hand side.

The village itself is long and straggling, built of grey stone; and, as one enters, enlivened by the pleasant rush of waters over a mill-wheel, and a mill-dam, where ducks are swimming, and overhanging trees and drooping ferns make green reflections. Then comes the principal house in the place, part of which was once the Abbot's house, an old rambling structure, with low-ceiled, wainscoted rooms, a tiny garden, dividing it from the road, and a small plantation opposite. Next the village inn, upon the other side of the street; a double line of grey stone, or white-washed houses, including the post-office, and a shop or two of the most primitive kind, and then the Abbey, dignified and solemn, even in its desolation, is at hand. Built out of its very stones, and nestling beneath the

shadow of its ruined walls, stands the ugly little Kirk, to enter which you must pass through a fine, ancient archway, from the centre of which depends a rusty, unused bell.

Passing on, you reach the quiet manse, and afterwards the Roman Catholic priest's house, a pretty little building, with an adjoining chapel, and commanding an extensive



view. From thence the road leads onwards to the Solway, two miles distant, and opposite is a cloth-mill on the hill-side, and the pleasant home of the proprietor. The said cloth-mill, though doubtless very useful, certainly does not add to the romance or beauty of the scene; but, behind it rises Criffel, sometimes clearly defined and steeped in sunlight; sometimes with clouds resting on its lonely summit; and to the right of Criffel the less lofty but picturesque Monument Hill. The Monument, a small round stone tower, was, I believe, built in commemoration of the battle of Waterloo; and beyond the Monument Hill stretch moors and woods, giving variety and interest to every turn of the Kinharvey road.

There are many pleasant walks in the neighbourhood, and various rippling burns; the latter half dried up in summer, but after heavy rains rushing wildly from the hills, and chafing fiercely in their rocky beds. There is a quiet little loch—Loch Kinder—lying at

the foot of Criffel, and mirroring that mountain's double peak; there are many ferns and wild flowers (also many snakes, they say, of which beware), and there are many beautiful, extensive views. From the Kirconnel road you look over corn-fields to the Solway and the English hills; also over the Abbey, village bridge, cloth-mill, Monument Hill, and Criffel; and from the summit of the Monument Hill you behold the whole country spread around you like a map—Criffel, Loch Kinder, the undulating moors, the windings of the Solway, the old Abbey, and I know not what besides; well worth the ten minutes upward scramble amongst rough stones and knee-deep ferns and heather. To ascend Criffel is a more serious business, and though often talked about, that expedition never took place; but the view from thence must necessarily be still more wide and fine.

Then there is the walk beside the grey old Abbey walls, leading to an ancient watch-tower in a field, the way through woods and

corn-fields to Loch Kinder, and many another delightful haunt, with the warm, soft climate, and the rich colouring, of the West of Scotland, to enhance their charms. Altogether, though not aspiring to rival the grandeur and more romantic scenery of the Highlands, this Abbey may well assert its claim to quiet, rural beauty, and will fully repay the trouble of a summer visit. It is about eight miles from Dumfries, and in Kircudbrightshire; the Laird's house being situated upon a hill, amidst thick woods. Having done my best to conduct the reader round the neighbourhood, we will now return to the old Abbey. There they stand—those weather-beaten, roofless walls—ivy mantling them in many parts, noisy jackdaws waking their echoes by day, and fitting bats and owls by night. The stone mullions of the fine East window have lately been restored, and also other portions of the ruins which were falling into utter decay; but the modern stonework looks too smooth and fresh at present to be in keeping with the ancient masonry, and will be improved when a few more wintry storms have beat against it, and the clinging ivy, disturbed for the purpose of repair, has once more resumed its former place. The Abbey-yard has been converted into a modern burying-ground, and is full of monuments and head-stones; likewise the interior of the Church, which is defended from intruders by an iron gate.

But what is the history of Sweet-Heart Abbey, and of that lonely watch-tower in a field a mile away? The watch-tower is also roofless and ivy-mantled, and stands amidst trees at the foot of a descent, with the ever-present Criffel as a background. Surely there ought to be many legendary stories connected with the stately Abbey and its humble neighbour—many glimpses of the past to be revealed, many old records extant, to reward inquiry on the subject! No; strange as it seems, scarcely any information can be gleaned, even from those most closely connected with the place; and the following facts, kindly communicated by the present incumbent, and which I cannot do better than give in his own words, are all that I have been able to collect.

I am sorry to say that, so far as I can make out, very little is known either of the early or subsequent history of our Abbey. There are no legends clustering around it, no records preserved. It lay out of the world, out of the great routes, and away from the centres of movement; and as its life must have been quiet and monotonous, so the memory of it seems to have faded away.

Sweet-Heart Abbey was founded in 1284, by Devorgilla, daughter of Allan, Lord of

Galloway, and wife (or rather widow) of John Baliol, by whom she became the mother of John Baliol, afterwards King of Scotland.

It was founded in commemoration of her dead husband, whose heart is said to have been buried before the high altar (where her own body was afterwards interred); hence the name of Dulce Cor, Douze Cœur, or Sweet-Heart. Its modern name of *New Abbey* was given to it in contrast with Dundrennan Abbey, near Kircudbright, which was founded some time before. The same lady was foundress of Baliol College, Oxford, a convent at Wigton, a monastery at Dundee, and an abbey at Holywood; also the builder of the old bridge at Dumfries. She died at Barnard Castle in 1289, aged 76.

The Abbey was inhabited by a body of Cistercian monks. The last abbot, Gilbert Brome by name, was apprehended at the time of the Reformation on account of his zeal for the old faith, and, after some imprisonment, was allowed to take refuge in Paris, where he died.

The Abbey itself formerly covered a large space of ground, and only a portion of the chapel now remains. These ruins are 194 feet from east to west, 63 feet broad, 102 across the transept, and 96 feet in height. After the Reformation it fell into the hands of Sir R. Spottiswoode, of Spottiswoode, and after passing through several hands, is now claimed by Mr. Oswald, of Cavens.

For many years it stood unprotected, serving as quarry for the building of farm-houses and walls. In the end of the last century it was rescued from further injury by the efforts of the incumbent of the parish; and within the last few years two or three hundred pounds were collected in the district, and applied to prevent further decay.

I may add that on an old archway, and entering into the present (very shabby) Church, there is some curious sculpture representing Christ and the woman of Samaria at the well.

Such is the meagre history of Sweet-Heart Abbey. In conclusion, I can only say to anyone whom I may have succeeded in interesting about the place, go and visit the ruins, either when they are bathed in sunshine, when the ivy quivers and glistens, and the jackdaws are clamouring and flying round, or by the "pale moonlight," when the silence is broken only by the night-breeze, and the "whit! whit!" of the ghostly owl. Then, whilst inspired by the actual contemplation of these relics of the Past, try what further gleanings of history or legend may be collected in the course of a pilgrimage to that world-forgotten shrine.

O. H.

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HELEN AND CASSANDRA.—BY F. SANDYS.

[See p. 454.]

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

AFTER XXIII. PREPARING FOR THE PARTY.

THERE is little originality in the observation that men are not like women; that, in their virtues and vices, their talents, modes of thought, rules of action, powers of mind, earnestness and meannesses, they are wide as the poles asunder.

The remark has been made over and over again: for anything we can tell to the contrary, Adam may have ventured to intimate much to Eve, and the patriarchs very probably were as well aware of this "diverseness" as those who repeat the truism (seemingly to think it a new discovery) at the present day.

But for all that, most women will persist in judging of men's feelings by their own; and many men think women ought to look out over the plains of life from the male side of the hill: and therefore, as women as well as men read these pages, it is necessary once again to state a fact which people are so apt to forget, in order that ladies may understand how it came to pass there was actually no jealousy in those early days, of which I am writing, between Lawrence Barbour and Percy Forbes.

Men are not like women! If Mr. Jones start a dog-cart, with lamps complete—to borrow the advertising formula—if he purchase a high-stepping horse, and having ornamented the animal with silver-mounted harness, he adventure to drive himself to business or the station, Brown does not instantly molest his neighbour and "hope he can honestly afford it." Suppose, on the contrary, Brown makes a lucky hit, and adds a new wing to his house, or buys his wife a rougham, or takes a mansion down the North-Western line, Robinson never thinks of feeling his friend has committed the "unardonable sin," though he may be twice as rich and prosperous as himself. Let Mrs. Jones, however, refurnish her drawing-room; let her daughter be provided by a too partial parent with one of Collard's Repetition Tri-sond grand pianos, on which to fight out her daily battle with Thalberg and Czerny; let Mrs. Brown engage a man-servant, or Mrs. Robinson drive out with a pair, to return the hon. Mrs. Blank's call, and there is a row in the rookery forthwith.

The ladies, God bless them, are apt to be a little envious at times about trifles, or things which seem trifles from a man's point of view, and it is difficult for them to understand how, so long as Mr. Jones does not interfere with Mr. Brown, so long as he does not take away his clients or meddle with his customers, the latter gentleman should be so "mean-spirited" as rather to admire his "turn-out," and be glad of a lift in it when occasion serves.

There is a grand indifference about husbands, which seems wonderful in the eyes of the softer sex; they have a way of neglecting the business of their neighbours, and of attending to their own, that cannot fail to be aggravating to the female mind. If they are able to make a handsome income they do not care whether their brother-in-law be "coining" or not. Of course, there are exceptions to all rules—Haman and Mordecai, Saul and David, for instance; but these exceptions only prove the rule. Men are not like women; for which reason, when Percy Forbes left the west, and took up his abode due east, when he invested his thousands, and bought some substantial household gods, and shrined them in one of the sweetest spots a man need desire to inhabit—Lawrence Barbour did not retire to Mrs. Prating's first floor disconsolate; he neither refused food nor kicked the Skye terrier, nor blew up the foreman in Distaff Yard, nor quarrelled with Mr. Sondes, nor sought a convenient excuse for weeping bitterly, nor for indulging in a fit of hysterics. He was not jealous of Percy Forbes, he did not grudge him his legacy, he did not detest him because his residence was the perfection of a dwelling, because he was a beggar no longer but a man likely, if he stuck to business, to get on well in the world and become in time rich.

It did not signify to Lawrence who was wealthy, or who was poor, so long as he gained money and experience. Percy Forbes was no rival of his in the only pursuit where rivalry would then have signified to Mr. Perkins' cousin. Perhaps, indeed, he rather rejoiced over Percy's good fortune, since it deprived Hereford Street of the pleasure of his frequent society. On the whole, although they were good enough friends, he did not like the man who took up his quarters near

him; but his feelings on the subject were so negative that had Mr. Forbes elected to pitch his tent next door to Mrs. Prating's, Lawrence would only have said, "Do you find your rooms comfortable?" Had he lost his fortune, the young man might have exclaimed, "Poor devil," as he now ejaculated, "Lucky dog," feeling quite as indifferent to the news of his abasement as he did to the intelligence of his exaltation.

"The only thing about the whole business which I envy you," he remarked one day to Mr. Forbes, "is your house. If I could afford it, and that business continued, as I suppose it will, for many a year, to oblige me to live in this neighbourhood, I would pay any money for such a residence. It is perfect, once you are inside the gates. Where would you find anything like it, unless, indeed, you chose to go to Fulham or cross over to Charlton?—trees and garden, lawn and river—trees that you may sit under, a lawn in which I have gathered yarrow; and then that view over the Thames. If ever I come begging and praying you to let me this place, will you do it—will you?"

"The place is not mine to let," answered Percy, who knew well enough what Lawrence was thinking about, and who knew also that Miss Alwyn would not live due east for love of any one; "but when you have made up your mind to a rent of five or six hundred a year, I'll represent your case to our firm, and tell them a young friend of mine cannot marry unless his wife have these trees to shade her, this grass to walk on, that Reach of the river to contemplate. Never fear but I will plead your cause, and, what is more, if you like, Miss Alwyn shall have a sight of her future residence—"

"I wish you would not couple her name and mine together, Forbes," interrupted Lawrence.

"Well, the beautiful princess—if you prefer that form of speech—may have a peep of her fairy palace by only saying 'Yes.' My uncle and aunt are coming to stay with me for a few weeks, and I intend to take the opportunity of giving a party. I think it would be great fun to get a tribe of incongruous people together, or, rather, representatives of all the social tribes. Etta, I believe, would come, and make herself perfectly charming. Anything for a change; and your papa-in-law elect—"

"I asked you before not to talk as if there were any engagement between Miss Alwyn and me," said Lawrence.

"True, I forgot. That ancient king, the high-priest of Mammon, one of the elect of that very respectable god, would come also;

and God bless me, and God bless himself, and say he wonders for his part why people live out west at all, and declare it would have put thousands to his credit had he lived in Mincing Lane. In imagination I see him walking up and down the lawn, and patronising the Thames, one hand in his pocket—I wonder what he keeps in that pocket besides his hand—a pair of black trousers, and an immaculate tie. I never did see a man look worse in evening dress than your—than Mr. Alwyn, I mean. I should like to behold him discoursing to Mrs. Jackson and listening to Mrs. Perkins' gossip."

"You would not ask those people, surely," said Lawrence, aghast.

"Would not I! come and see, that is all! There would not be the slightest pleasure, and I am confident there would be no profit in giving a swell party due east. Besides, I want to return the hospitalities of Limehouse—to give what I can in exchange for the kindness and attention I have received since I came here. It would be immense fun, Barbour, you may depend upon that."

"Should you object to my mentioning your idea to Miss Alwyn?"

"Not in the least, if you think it will expedite the coming of the happy day, talk about me and my idea and this house from morning till night. Remember, however, I shall expect to be asked to the wedding, and to have a piece of cake as large as a Stilton cheese."

"What a fellow you are!"

"Am not I?—a right good fellow. It is not every one who could or would introduce a lady at a single stroke to her future house and to her future acquaintances. All the parish will be talking about her; all the men will hate the wives of their bosoms and the young persons to whom they are engaged for a twelvemonth at least. They will go raving mad about Hetty; and, mercy! won't the women detest her—won't they pull her to pieces, and cut her up in bits. It is a brilliant notion, is it not? Only fancy, Henrietta Alwyn's *début* among the Easterns! immense sensation! positively only for one night! first appearance!" and Percy's laugh rang out as he concluded, and Lawrence could have struck him for his merriment.

"You are perfectly serious about that party, I suppose," observed Lawrence, as he was taking his leave.

"Never was more serious in my life," answered Mr. Forbes; and accordingly Lawrence seized an early opportunity of mentioning the matter in Hereford Street, where the idea was greeted with enthusiasm.

"Only think, papa!" exclaimed Henrietta;

Percy Forbes is going to give a grand entertainment, and we are all to be asked, and are all intending to go. I shall never speak you again if you refuse. Mr. Barbour tells me he has got the most perfect place you ever beheld—the most charming paradise imaginable; and he is going to fill it full for one night with more curiosities than Adam had found him in Eden—his uncle and aunt amongst the number."

Upon hearing which piece of news, Mr. Alwyn, who was looking somewhat paler and thinner than formerly, or as Percy Forbes declared, more care-worn and flabbier by reason of the weight of his money bags, said that he supposed,

"Forbes was making a good thing of it down there."

"I dare say he is," answered Lawrence; but he declares himself he is not coining."

"Who is?" inquired Mr. Alwyn, drily.

"Well, I know several people who I think so," returned the young man. "There is more money made in our end of the town than anybody would credit; in little poking factories, in tumble-down rubbishing workshops in back streets, in slums of courts, where you would wonder any man can bear to transact business; in bits of sheds, in yards no longer than his drawing-room, thousands and thousands of pounds are turned every week, and as they turn they always leave something sticking to the fingers."

"You are not doing amiss with pepper-corns and coffee-berries, I conclude," said Mr. Alwyn.

"We cannot complain; but Mr. Sondes' part of the trade is the best, after all. Now, he is coining if you like. He has taken another large place close beside his old one, and he is spending money on it just as though sovereigns were to be picked up in the streets."

"He spends nothing on his house, you see," remarked Mr. Alwyn; "that is one-half the secret of how such fortunes are amassed due east. Instead of squandering money in keeping up an expensive establishment, in entertaining handsomely, in maintaining a tribe of servants, the people at your end of the town only lay out ten pounds under the sea of making twenty. It is all making mere, no spending; all adding thousand to thousand, and dying worth a million of money."

"For their heirs to make merry with, when they are dead and gone," finished Miss Alwyn. "What a deal of toil to compass such a result! How much better to enjoy while you can—to gather roses—to gather roses while you may!"

"It is also wise," suggested Mr. Alwyn, "to store honey for winter consumption."

"You dear old Solomon," exclaimed his daughter; "but then is it impossible to store and enjoy it at the same time. Look at Mr. Barbour—he is storing and still he enjoys; he shows that two opposite pursuits are not quite irreconcilable. He can devote himself to business and yet steal a few hours for pleasure too. Percy Forbes was at one time all for amusement. Now he is all for work. He will not 'put himself in the way of temptation,' as he says himself, as though any man ought to be able to be tempted; and he is getting quite brusque and business-like and detestable."

"You must not forget, however, that he means to give a party," suggested Lawrence.

"No, I will forgive him many sins for the sake of that one virtue. Only fancy, papa, going to a party at Limehouse! I would not miss it for any consideration. Now, you must say you will take me; you must—you must—you must," and Miss Alwyn, taking up a position behind the paternal chair, imprinted a kiss on the top of her father's head; which performance seemed to afford the owner of Wallingford End less gratification than might have been anticipated.

His answer, however, proved satisfactory. "I have no objection," he said, "to going to the young man's house-warming; I always had a great liking for Percy Forbes, and always shall; and I hope he may do well in his new undertaking, and marry somebody with a couple of hundred thousand."

"You mercenary papa!" ejaculated Miss Alwyn; while Lawrence remarked, "he did not think Mr. Forbes had seen anyone with so large a fortune likely to suit."

"Has not Sondes a daughter growing up?" asked Mr. Alwyn. "The day we went to Greys was there not a funny child—daughter, or niece, or something? Might she not be had with good management?" And the rich man looked hard at Lawrence, as he concluded, to see how he took this suggestion.

"She is only a child," answered the person so scrutinized.

"I should have thought she must have been a girl by this time," remarked Mr. Alwyn; while his daughter added, "And I should have thought she must be a hundred by this time, if she went on increasing in old-fashionedness as she had done. I never did see such a witch of a child—never. What has she grown up into?" she went on, addressing Lawrence. "Would she not do for mistress of the ceremonies at Percy's *fête*?"

"I think he scarcely knows her," Lawrence made reply, growing red, he could not have

told wherefore, as he spoke. "Mr. Sondes does not encourage visitors, and he keeps Olivine shut up just as though she were in a nunnery."

"You are privileged to see the young novice, though, we may conclude," observed Mr. Alwyn.

"Yes, I often see her," answered Lawrence. "I have to go to Stepney Causeway very frequently in the evenings, and sometimes have a cup of coffee in the drawing-room. She is exactly what she always was," he continued, turning towards Miss Alwyn. "I do not think she has changed in the least."

"Is he going to keep her mewed up there for ever?" asked Mr. Alwyn.

"Not feeling in the least degree interested in the subject, I have never asked him," Lawrence replied. "I do not think, however, he would allow her to go to Mr. Forbes'. He is very particular, and——"

"Mr. Forbes is not the husband he would select for his niece," finished Miss Henrietta.

"No; I did not mean that," said the young man. "Only there will probably be a number of strange people invited—people I know Mr. Sondes would never suffer her to associate with."

"Do you hear, papa? there are to be all sorts of people there, and I am going," cried out Henrietta.

"I hear, my dear," said Mr. Alwyn.

"But you are not living among them," explained Lawrence. "It is one thing spending an evening, and another passing your life. I am sure I cannot imagine who Olivine Sondes will marry," he went on, feeling Miss Alwyn expected him to continue speaking of the girl. "Her uncle would not think anything good enough for her, I fancy."

"I should like to see that child again," observed Henrietta. "Do persuade her to go. I am dying to have another peep at her," and Miss Alwyn mentally decided that if she did get another peep she would extinguish the girl who had years ago been so audacious as to ignore Miss Alwyn's claims to beauty.

"Ah! she would know better now," decided the West End belle; and she fell into a reverie as to what she should wear, and wherewithal she should clothe herself, from which she was only roused by the arrival of a note from Percy Forbes, requesting the pleasure of her company, and that of her father, and that of Mrs. Warman, at a very quiet evening party, to be held at Reach House on the 24th inst.

"What a most extraordinary way Percy has of wording a note," remarked Miss Alwyn, handing over the epistle for her father's perusal. "Might not anyone judge from that,

he wanted us to go down for tea and toast and a walk in the garden?"

"It will be rather a crowded walk," said Lawrence, "if one half of the people he means to ask, accept."

"To be sure they will accept," answered Mr. Alwyn. "Ask people to Brompton or Bayswater, and they are, ten to one, engaged: they know all about the West; they know the halls, the staircases, the dining-rooms, the waiters, the hosts and hostesses, the sort of supper there will be, the quality of wines; but issue invitations from some out-of-the-way place, like Addle Lane, or the Isle of Dogs, and not a soul refuses. The most successful party at which I ever chanced to be present was one given by Mitchell, Graft and Mitchell, in their great warehouse in Norton Folgate. It was a whim of Mrs. Graft's; and when she issued her cards, everybody said, 'Where on earth is Norton Folgate?' and so the matter got talked about, and the gentlemen said it was where Mitchell's gold mine had been found, and that an entertainment there would be something worth going to. I never was at a more splendid affair. I never saw, anywhere, such lines and lines of carriages. I think some of the people waited hours till their turn came. You may depend upon it, Percy will scarcely receive a refusal."

"He shall not from us, at any rate," said Miss Alwyn; and that which Miss Alwyn said may be taken as the answer of most of Mr. Forbes' acquaintances.

So many people accepted, that, what at first had been proposed half as a jest, became a serious undertaking.

"And oh, Lor! my dear," exclaimed Mrs. Jackson to Mrs. Perkins, "I am given to understand that it is going to be the splendideest affair possible. There is to be a tent put up, and dancing on the green, and such a supper! and Mr. Monteith, and the rest of the partners, and their ladies are all a-coming, and they are going to bring their own servant-men, all in full livery; and, deary me! It will be a most too grand for plain folks like us, I was a-saying to Samuel last night, but he says, 'If her most gracious Majesty was to ask me to step up to Buckingham Palace some evening, I could take my tumbler just as comfortably there, I have no doubt, in the state drawing-room, as I could in this here parlour.'"

"You'll have to dress, Samuel," says I to him. 'Dress!' he answers, 'did ye think I intended to go naked?' Oh mercy! how I did laugh at him; and then I made him go to his tailor, which is Mr. Owens, in the Mile End Road, and ask him what he ought

wear. So he is going to have a swallow-tail and a black silk velvet waistcoat, and white tie."

At this Ada, who was in the room, and whom the years had developed into a great girl, with a profusion of West India sugar-coloured curls, and the most intolerable manner conceivable, broke out into a perfect shriek of laughter:

"He will only want a black stick in his hand then," she said, "and everybody will take him for an undertaker;" which speech hurt Mrs. Jackson's feelings, or, as she pronounced the word, "feelings," that she rose to go, intimating at the same time, that if she were Miss Ada's mamma, she would learn her better than to make fun of a man who might be her grandfather, and who could buy and sell her par over and over again any day at Harraway's."

This reminder of Mrs. Jackson's social superiority induced Mrs. Perkins to tell Ada she wondered she was not ashamed of herself, and to tender such an elaborate apology to her visitor that the soap-boiler's wife consented to be mollified and, resuming her seat, stayed for tea, over which refreshing meal she discussed her own probable costume, and that of Sophia, her husband's daughter by a former marriage, who was a wife, "and yet, if you can understand it," as Mrs. Jackson was in the habit of explaining to strangers, "not a wife; for Mr. Jennings, as she married, deserted and left her with one child; and then we have had her and her boy these fifteen years to feed, and clothe, and educate, and never a word of any gentleman; who, I'll venture to say, has not another wife, wherever he may be."

There were ill-natured people who asserted that Mr. Jennings had reason for his flight, inasmuch as he had borne Sophia Anne's morning and evening and mid-day lectures till his patience was exhausted. Sophia Anne had a vague idea that by reason of lapse of time she could marry again, if a suitable husband presented himself; but Mrs. Jackson had doubts on this point; and spite of the food and clothing threw cold water on her step-daughter's thoughts of choosing a second house.

"I should have considered the one experiment enough, without thinking of another, I should," exclaimed Mrs. Jackson; whereupon Sophia Anne remarked, "It was not likely the second would turn out as bad as the first." But still for all that she did not make the experiment, but remained under the paternal roof, and was asked to Reach House with Mr. and Mrs. Jackson.

"You'll dress her in white, I suppose," said Mrs. Jackson, indicating Ada, whose

mouth was as full as it could hold at the moment of hot buttered toast.

"No," answered Mrs. Perkins; "her god-mamma has given her a light blue silk, not a bit the worse, that can be taken in for her; and I thought that some red ribbons on it, and in her 'air, would liven her up a bit, and become her well."

"Well, they might," agreed Mrs. Jackson; but it is only fair to add, the lady's tone was doubtful.

(To be continued.)

A MONTH IN KILKENNY.

THERE is little to attract the attention of the traveller between Dublin and Kilkenny, except the fine range of mountains and the Curragh of Kildare. The Newmarket of Ireland is a vast unbroken, bleak plain, consisting of 4858 statute acres. It belongs to the Crown, and is appropriated to racing and coursing, the adjacent proprietors having the privilege of grazing sheep thereon. The ranger of the Curragh is appointed by the Government, and has the entire charge of this celebrated property. Of the race-meetings that take place on this spot it is needless to speak, as they are recorded in the newspapers of the day. Suffice it to say that the arrangements are well carried out, the prizes considerable, the number of horses that contend for them great, and the sport first-rate.

After changing trains at Kilkenny, I reached Parsonstown — one of the most wretched-looking, dilapidated towns I ever saw—where a carriage awaited me, to convey me to Woodstock, the hospitable seat of my brother-in-law, the Right Hon. William Tighe, and my sister, Lady Louisa Tighe.

Inistioge, anciently called Inis-teoc, is a charmingly-situated small town overlooking the Nore, which is crossed by a picturesque bridge of ten arches, ornamented on one side with Ionic pilasters. The town is built in the form of a square, which being planted with lime-trees, gives it the appearance of a foreign town. In the centre of the square is a small plain pillar, based on a pedestal of stone. This was the shaft of an ancient stone cross, and bears an inscription to the memory of David, Baron of Brownsfield, one of the Fitzgerald family, who died in 1621. The emerald green turf, and the foliage of the trees, in the square, give it a fresh appearance, and form an agreeable contrast to the surrounding stone buildings. Inistioge was once a loyal borough, and famed for its religious establishments. It also possessed a large Augustinian monastery. All that now remains of it consists of two towers: one of them is incorporated with the

parish church ; the other is square at the base and octagonal in the upper stages. Of Woodstock itself, I will merely say that the house contains a valuable library, some good paintings ; the gardens can find no equal in the United Kingdom, and the grounds, laid out with every diversity that wood and water can bestow, are perfectly beautiful. At the back

enced than himself a spicy-looking thoroughbred nag, whose legs showed evident marks of many a hard gallop, declaring that for speed the animal was unequalled, and that there was not a stone wall in the whole county that could stop him ; there might be noticed a gallant colonel of hussars, attended by his "vet," selecting some clever three-years-old,



with which to recruit the ranks of her Majesty's service. "Bedad, gineral," exclaims the vendor, "with such a regiment of horses you'd ride over the whole French cavalry, with Napoleon at the head of it." "A broth of a boy" may now be pointed out, charging a stone wall, with a raw-boned brute that never attempts to rise at it, and who, turning the animal round, and backing him strongly, makes an aperture, at the same moment singing

rises a wooded hill, to the height of 900 feet, the summit crowned with an ornamental tower ; and as the demesne stretches for a considerable distance along the Nore, there are some magnificent views of

The stubborn Neuvre, whose waters grey,
By fair Kilkenny and Rossepoite bend :

which may be described in the words of the poet of the Thames—

Though deep, yet clear ; though gentle, yet not dull ;
Strong without rage ; without o'erflowing full.

One of our first excursions was to Kilkenny, on our way to which city we stopped at Bennet's Bridge, to witness the humours of a horse-fair. This small town is famed as having been the place where the Duke of Ormonde held a review in 1704, and which attracted such hosts of visitors that an inn-keeper is said to have made as much by his beds as paid his rent for seven years. I have attended many fairs in England, Scotland, Wales, France, Holland, Germany, and Canada, but never did I witness such an extraordinary sight as the one that presented itself at Bennet's Bridge. The hamlet itself, and its outskirts, were filled for more than a mile with horses, ponies, and vehicles, attended by a mass of people consisting of dealers, farmers, peasants, tramps, and beggars. There, might be seen some "artful dodger" trying to palm off to one less experi-

a snatch of an Irish song, most appropriate for the occasion—"Brave Oliver Cromwell, he did them so pommel, that he made a breach in her battlements." Next, a ragged urchin, without shoes and stockings, with what might be termed "the original shocking bad hat," and which—on the principle of exchange no robbery—I was credibly informed he had taken from a field, set up to scare away the crows. Then there were the usual number of idlers and lookers-on, and an unusual amount of hallooing, shouting, screaming, and bellowing.

After devoting an hour to the humours of the fair, we proceeded to view the remains of the Abbey of Jerpoint, which was founded in 1180, by Donogh, King of Ossory, for Cistercian monks. The monks, on the arrival of the English, had interest sufficient with King John to get a confirmation of all the lands bestowed on them by the King of Ossory ; and Edward III., in the thirty-fourth year of his reign, at the instance of Phillip, then abbot, granted him a confirmation of former charters. Oliver Grace, the last abbot, surrendered this abbey on the 18th of March, the 31 Henry VIII. It then possessed about 1500 acres of arable and pasture land, three rectories, the altarages and tithes of thirteen other parishes ; all these were granted in the reign of Philip and Mary to James, Earl of Ormonde, and his heirs male, to hold *in capite*, at the yearly rent of £49 3s. 9d.

It is an interesting ruin, and well worthy the attention of the antiquarian. From Jerpoint we proceeded to Kilkenny Castle, the home of the Ormondes.

Richard Strongbow, by his marriage with Eva, daughter of Dermot, King of Leinster, came into possession of a great part of the province of Leinster. Henry II. confirmed his right, with the reservation of the maritime ports. On being appointed Lord Justice of Ireland in 1173, he laid the foundation of a castle in Kilkenny, but it was scarcely finished when it was demolished by the insurgent Irish. However, William, Earl Marshal, descended from Strongbow, and also Lord Justice, in 1195 began a noble pile on a more extensive scale, and on the ancient site. A great part of this fine castle has survived the convulsions of this distracted kingdom, and continues at this day a conspicuous ornament of the city of Kilkenny. A rising ground was chosen, which on one side has a steep and abrupt descent to the river Nore, which effectually protects it on that quarter by its rapid stream; the other sides were secured by ramparts, walls, and towers, and the entrance is through a lofty gate of marble of the Corinthian order. Hugh Le DeSpenser, who obtained the castle by marriage, in September, 1391, conveyed it and its dependencies to James, Earl of Ormonde. In later days, the castle has been much improved; the tapestry which adorns the walls of the entrance-hall and staircase exhibits the history of Decius; it is admirably executed, and the colours are fresh and lively. The ball-room, which is of great length, contains a fine collection of portraits, landscapes, and battle-pieces.

From the castle we visited the cathedral church of St. Canice, which is the largest church in Ireland, with the exception of St. Patrick's, and Christ Church, Dublin. There are two lateral and a centre aisle. The roof of the nave is supported by five pillars, and a pilaster of black marble on each side, upon which are formed five arches. Each lateral aisle is lighted by four windows below, and the central aisle by five above; they are in the shape of quatrefoils. The origin of this beautiful structure is uncertain, but it is conjectured that it was begun in 1180, when a small church was erected near the round tower.

"Hugh Rufus laid the foundation of a noble edifice," say the old writers, "and Bishop Mapilton, in 1233, and St. Leger, who succeeded him, completed the fabric." In describing the church of St. Canice, I cannot refrain from alluding to the extreme politeness of Father Kavanagh, a Roman Catholic priest,

who devoted his time to my party and myself in pointing out the beauties of this venerable pile.

The Black Abbey was founded by William, Earl Marshal, about 1225, for Dominican friars. The founder was interred here in 1231, and three years after his brother Richard, who was slain in a battle with the O'Mores and O'Conors on the Curragh of Kildare. Henry VIII. granted this monastery to the burgesses and commonalty of the city of Kilkenny. In the time of the elder James it served for a shirehouse, and in 1643 it was repaired, and a chapter of the order held in it. Its towers are light and elegant, and some of the windows are most artistically executed.

St. Mary's church contains some very interesting monuments, among them one in memory of Sir Richard Shee, dated 1608, with its ten sculptured figures at the base. There is one also to his brother, Elias Shee, of whom Holinshed wrote that he was "a pleasant-conceited companion, full of mirth without gall." On an unpretending tablet of black and white marble appears the following inscription;—

FREDERICK GEORGE HOWARD,

SECOND SON OF THE EARL OF CARLISLE,

CAPTAIN OF THE 90TH REGIMENT.

DIED A.D. 1833, ET. 28.

Within this hallowed aisle, mid grief sincere,
Friends, comrades, brothers laid young Howard's bier;
Gentle and brave, his country's arms he bore
To Ganges' stream and Ava's hostile shore;
His God through war and shipwreck was his shield,
But stretched him lifeless on the peaceful field.
Thine are the times and ways, all-ruling Lord!
Thy will be done, acknowledged, and adored!

The above lines are from the pen of the late Earl of Carlisle, who never went near Kilkenny without paying a visit to the tomb of his brother. Poor Howard was killed by leaping out of a curriole, which was run away with between the barracks at Kilkenny and Newtownbarry, where his regiment was quartered. Another monument attracted my attention; it bore an inscription to the memory of Major-General Sir Denis Pack, recording the military career of this distinguished soldier. I knew the deceased officer well during the Belgian campaign, and a thousand recollections sprung up in my mind when I saw the bust, by Chantrey, of as brave a man as ever served in the British Army. But to return.

Although the salmon fishing in Ireland has in many rivers sadly degenerated within a few years, there is still excellent sport to be

had in many of the rivers and lakes. The Nore, which flows through the county of Kilkenny, would be a first-rate river for salmon and trout, were it not for the number of weirs and the illegal destruction of the fish by cross-lines and nets. At Mount Juliet, the romantic seat of Lord Carrick, and Narlands, the river is partially preserved; and here, as at Dunmore, the property of Lord Ormonde, the angling is excellent. The general run of salmon flies suits the Nore; they should be tied with dobbling of pig's wool, and a good deal of peacock in the wing. For trout, the ordinary run of flies will be found to answer well.

Among other fishing localities in Ireland may be mentioned Lough Ree, a fine sheet of water about twenty miles in extent, studded with numerous islands, around the shores of which, and on the shoals, trout abound. The Lake of Allua, about ten miles above Macroom, in the county of Cork, was once famous for trout and salmon, which have of late years diminished considerably, in consequence of the introduction of pike, the tyrant of the waters. The Lakes of Carvagh, in Kerry, of Inchiquin, of Currana (near Derrynane), Lough Kittane (four miles from Killarney), Lough Brin (in Kerry), Lough Atedaun, Lough Gill (in Sligo), and Lough Erne, are well supplied with trout and salmon; while the far-famed Lakes of Killarney will furnish sport to those who seek pastime, in addition to the enjoyment of witnessing the most beautiful and romantic scenery that is to be found in the Emerald Isle. The rivers, too, abound in fish. Among the best are the Liffey, Laune, Tolka, Bann, Blackwater (in Cork), Suir, Annar, Nire (a mountain stream rising in the Waterford mountains), Shannon, Lee, and Killaloe (remarkable for its eels, as also for the gastronomic skill of the inhabitants in dressing them).

I must now turn from the "gentle craft" to otter-hunting, a sport still carried on with spirit in Old Ireland. The mephitic nature of the otter renders him an easy prey to his pursuers, and his scent is so strong that a good hound will at once challenge it. The lodging of this subtle plunderer is called his *kennel*, or *couch*, and his occasional lodgments and passages to and fro are called his *halts*. So clever is he as an architect, that he constructs his *couches* at different heights, so that, let the water rise or fall, he has a dry tenement. Spring is the best season for otter-hunting, but it is carried on during the summer in the Emerald Isle; and a day with the amphibious tyrant of the finny tribe in the river Nore, which I enjoyed last September, may not be uninteresting.

At about eleven o'clock on a bright sunny day, with a refreshing breeze blowing on us from the south-east, we met at Coolmore, the seat of Mr. P. Connellan. The harriers—belonging to my host, and consisting of about six couple of handsome, well-sized hounds, about seventeen inches high—met in a field close to the house, attended by a whipper-in, admirably mounted. The pack seemed to possess all the qualifications of good harriers—fine heads, ear-flaps thin, nostrils open, chests deep, embraced by shoulders broad but light, and well thrown back; the fore-legs straight, clean, bony, terminated by round, ball-like feet, the hind-legs being angular, and the thighs powerful. The beauty of the day had attracted a large party of both sexes from the neighbourhood, some of whom, and one young lady in particular, managed a cot so ably, that she drew forth the following compliment from one of the bold peasantry: "Bedad, miss, you'd do honor to Cleopatra's galley." The principal part of the sportsmen and sportswomen were on foot, although a few were mounted, and among the fair equestrians was a young lady whose seat and hand were perfect, and who evidently wished to emulate the prowess of the Thracian huntress. This modern Harpalyce, combining courage with feminine deportment, was prepared to fly like the wind across the country, had an occasion presented itself by the accidental discovery of a fleet hare. Arrived at the river's side, two Saxons with loaded guns kept a good lookout for the lurking prey, while the hounds swam across to a small island, where an otter had been tracked by his *scal*. Shortly a hound was heard to challenge, but on the approach of the pack the "goose-footed prowler," having been hunted before, left his couch, and diving under the water made head up the stream. Now every eye on shore is intent on watching his *ventings*; his muzzle appears above the surface for a second; again it disappears; and he can be tracked alone by the bubbles of air he throws out. The sport is now exciting. One of the police, armed with a primitive spear, which he had taken from a river poacher, consisting of a three-pronged fork fixed into the end of a long pole, is ready to hurl the weapon which has proved so fatal to many a salmon, should the otter appear in view, while the staunch hounds are close on the scent. "Have a care there," cries a keen sportsman, to the preserver of the peace. "Don't strike too quickly, or bedad you may transfix a hound instead of the marauding animal." But he is not doomed to die so inglorious a death as that caused by a rusty fork, for before the

rud spear is hurled, the hounds have seized him, and, after a desperate struggle, in which many of the gallant pack were bitten, shake the life out of the captured prey. While

enjoying the sport of the morning, my attention was attracted to a young lady on the opposite bank of the river, who, wishing to join our party, entered a small cot, and gal-



See page 344.

ntly paddled herself across the fast flowing stream. So admirably did this "guardian of the strand" guide her fragile bark, that I could not fail to congratulate her upon her prowess. My compliments, however, fell very short of one uttered by a ragged boatman, who exclaimed:—

"Ay, and sure, miss, you must be one of the Queen's company. Bedad, miss, you are worthy of taking a cot into the Mediterranean."

While upon the clever sayings of the Irish, I must give an anecdote which was told me by Sir John Power, of Kilfane, than whom a finer sportsman or more hospitable man never existed. It seems that the complaints made against the vulpine race by owners of poultry are not confined to England, and upon one

occasion a genuine Paddy, "Pat Driscoll by name," claimed compensation for damage done to a turkey and duck. This was awarded to him, when a week afterwards he waited upon the owner of Kilfane, and asked for compensation for "a beautiful cow killed by that nasty varmen, a fox." "A fox kill a cow!" said Sir John. "Impossible." "Fait and sure he did," continued Paddy. "I'll tell you how it was. My cow was feeding in the meadow close to my garden, and was eating a turnip, when up jumped a baste of a fox, and frightened her so much, that bedad the poor creature choked herself." The good-humoured baronet could not fail to be amused at Driscoll's ready wit, but declined paying for the loss of the animal, upon which Pat, not at all taken aback, remarked, "Well, Sir John, it's

rather hard upon me; but in future, instead of advertising your meets at Kilfane, or Thomas Town, perhaps you will name *Kilmacoy* (pronounced "Kilmycow") "as more appropriate to my case."

Chapters could be filled with Irish sayings, but space prevents my giving more than one, which was told me by a friend in whose veracity I have perfect confidence. An English gentleman dining at the house of an Irish lady, was greatly surprised at hearing the butler ask, "Please, ma'am, will I strip?" "Yes," was the reply; "all the company have arrived." Turning to a neighbour, he inquired the meaning of the expression, when he found it applied to taking the covers off the dishes, and was quite foreign to the usual acceptation of the word "strip."

WILLIAM P. LENNOX.

MUSICAL PITCH.

It is not often that music is made the subject of a magazine article, and some apology may be needed for its introduction to our columns on the present occasion. The only one we can offer is, that we believe what we have to say may possess a certain amount of interest, and possibly, to some readers at least, a little novelty, for our subject is not to be found in "Hamilton's Instructions" or "Czerny's Exercises," nor in any other of the multifarious assistants to musical tutorage.

To make matters clear, we must retreat so far as to inquire, What is music? Perhaps the best answer will be, that it is the poetry of sound; at all events, sound is its foundation. Sound, we are taught, is produced by the vibration of the air, and the acoustician will tell us that sounds are musical or unmusical according as the vibrations are regular and uniform or irregular and confused. When we throw a stone into a pond, we see a ring-wave form at the point where the stone strikes the water, and widen out till it is dispersed or destroyed by the surrounding bank. If instead of a stone, we take a stick, and gently wave its end in the water, we have, instead of a single ring, a series of them, one for each movement of the stick; and however rapidly we agitate the stick, or however gently we wave it, as rapidly or slowly are the waves generated. Now, what goes on at the surface of the water agitated by a stick, is precisely the same as what goes on in the air when it is stirred by a rapidly vibrating body, such as a stretched cord or wire, a tuning-fork, or a body of air in a tube blown into by the breath: the motion of the body is communicated to the surrounding medium;

undulations or waves are produced in it, which, spreading in all directions, and in their turn communicating their motion to the nerves of the human ear, affect us with the sense of sound.

The rapidity with which these undulations or vibrations occur determines the acuteness or graveness of the resulting sounds; the more rapid, the shriller the tone, and *vice versa*; and their rapidity depends upon the length of the body producing them—quick vibrations and high tones coming from small pipes or cords, slow vibrations and low tones from long ones. In order to render sounds and combinations of them—melodies and harmonies—in a measure permanent, and capable of reproduction at any time, we must form a sound-language, represent certain definite sounds by certain definite symbols, and thus obtain written music. For this purpose, a standard or unit of sound is required; for, any sound being taken as a zero, every other note on the musical scale can be inferred from or referred to it. The simplest and most rational standard of sound is obtained by assuming one vibration of the air to take place in one second of time. Such a rate of vibration is, however, too slow to affect the human ear; no sound is produced by it: but this is of no consequence, for, by halving the length of the vibrating body, the resulting number of vibrations is exactly doubled, and the sound emitted is an exact octave above that given by the whole body. Every string of a pianoforte is exactly half the length of that an octave below it, and twice the length of that an octave above it. To produce such slow vibrations as one a second, an organ pipe would be required 565 feet in length: to produce two vibrations a second, a pipe $282\frac{1}{2}$ feet long would be required, and its sound, were it audible, would be an octave above the other: four vibrations would come from a pipe of $141\frac{1}{2}$ feet, and eight from one 70 feet $7\frac{1}{2}$ inches long. Up to this point the emitted sound—if we may use the contradiction—would still be inaudible; but the next octave, sixteen vibrations in a second, produced by a pipe 35 feet long, is appreciable by the human ear, and is probably the lowest audible sound. This fundamental note has been called by musicians C. If we go on doubling the vibrations, by halving the length of whatever produces them, four times more, we shall arrive at the number 256, which is, or ought to be, the number of vibrations corresponding to the note known as "middle C" on the pianoforte, the treble C of course producing 512 vibrations.

(If the doubling process were still repeated about five times more, a sound would result which would be about the limit of audibility in

the other direction : something like 20,000 vibrations in a second is the highest number the human ear is capable of detecting ; although this estimate is somewhat uncertain from the varying susceptibilities of different ears. The piercing notes of some small animals and insects which distract some ears, are unheard by others.)

The number of vibrations that occur in any given note of a musical instrument determines what is called the *pitch* of that instrument, and instruments are called *high-pitched* or *low-pitched* according as the number of vibrations in a given note is higher or lower than the normal number deduced from the above standard. If a stretched string, like a guitar string, be so adjusted in length that it produces exactly 256 vibrations in a second, and hence sounds "middle C," the other sounds of the octave will be produced by dividing it into the following fractional parts, calling the whole string unity or 1 :—

C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
1	$\frac{2}{3}$	$\frac{3}{4}$	$\frac{4}{5}$	$\frac{5}{6}$	$\frac{2}{3}$	$\frac{4}{5}$	$\frac{1}{2}$

The corresponding numbers of vibrations— which, as we have above shown, vary inversely as the length—for each note are—

C	D	E	F	G	A	B	C
256	288	320	341 $\frac{1}{2}$	384	426 $\frac{2}{3}$	480	512

Each of these being multiplied by two gives the number for its octave above, and divided by two, its octave below.

We are, however, concerned only with the fundamental note C, for all others can be, and are, tuned from it, and the pitch or tone of the whole instrument depends upon its pitch.

The pitch of 512 vibrations is the natural and rational standard, and it was accounted so by all musicians and acousticians up to about the beginning of the present century : the tuning-forks—the representative standards of those days—were prepared to give that pitch, and well-nigh all the great composers of the period, among whom were Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven, composed their music in near accordance with it, and upon the supposition that their works would be performed on instruments tuned to it. Handel's tuning-fork represents a pitch somewhat lower, corresponding to 495 vibrations in a second.

But it appears that some time about the commencement of this century, a number of German musicians arrived in this country, whose instruments were pitched to a tone a little higher than that in use in the English orchestras. The effect of the heightened pitch being to improve the quality of the tone, by

rendering it brighter and clearer, it gained admirers, and consequently followers, and the result was the adoption of a higher pitch by the English instrumentalists. The pitch, thus disturbed, has never been reinstated, but, on the contrary, has been arbitrarily raised from time to time, to suit the tastes and conveniences of musical directors and instrument makers, until now at length a pitch has been attained in our great orchestras that is a whole tone above that in use in the days of Handel. The consequence has been that musical instrument makers have been obliged to modify the construction of their instruments to meet the demands of the higher pitch : pianoforte wires and organ pipes have had to be shortened—for the infection has reached the amateur musician also—and other instruments proportionately altered to answer its requirements. But this is not the worst effect of the disturbance. We may alter and reconstruct instruments of mortal make at pleasure and with the greatest ease ; but there is an instrument, the most beautiful of all, that we cannot tamper with, and that is the human voice. We cannot shorten its vocal cords, or shift the glottis from the position assigned to it by the Creator. Its pitch has remained constant, in spite of the caprices of musicians and the strains those caprices have imposed upon it. The consequence has been that music, which was written in the low-pitch period for voices of a certain register, can now be sung only at the cost and pain of the singer, who has to strain his or her vocal instrument to produce some 50 to 100 vibrations in a second more than was intended by the author of the composition—the effect being often the bringing on of blood-spitting, and at times even of apoplexy. Many a fine voice, we are told upon good authority, has been ruined by the high pitch ; and a case is cited of a young lady, possessed of a fine soprano voice, capable of reaching to C above the treble clef, "who, by straining the vocal cords on that note raised to D, lost the power of exercising her voice for musical purposes during nearly three years," and that "even Madame Goldschmidt complains of the strain which the change of pitch has produced in her vocal organs." It is true, transposition to a lower key is possible, and is necessarily resorted to in many cases, but who would undertake to transpose an entire opera or oratorio, when the same end could be secured by lowering the pitch of the instruments in the orchestra ? But it is said that these instruments have been so altered and habituated, so to speak, to the present pitch, that they would suffer greatly in being altered to meet any considerable change ; and their owners are doubtless too

conservative to tolerate such alterations. And so the vocalists have to force their way through the difficulty thus unnecessarily imposed upon them; and if they remonstrate, their complaint is interpreted into a confession of weakness or decay of their powers.

And if the high pitch is so intolerable to the professional singer, how much more does it affect less trained amateurs, who, however, do as much to gratify musical tastes as the professionals they emulate; and upon whom the performances of great choral works on a large scale are entirely dependent. Amateurs may be said to have the pitches of their voices determined by the social and domestic orchestra, to wit, the pianoforte, used by them in their musical practice; and the modern pianoforte is invariably tuned to higher pitch than that of 512 vibrations. There is a delusion current among musical tyros, that their instruments ought to be "up to concert pitch." Concert pitch is, or is supposed to be, a pitch recommended some years ago by the Philharmonic Society, and represented by the forks commonly in use marked "Philharmonic," of which the C corresponds to 518 vibrations a second—not a great deal above that of 512; but whether pianofortes are uniformly tuned to this pitch is, we think, a question, as we have frequently, on testing, found them considerably higher. On one occasion we found a piano fresh from the maker's, nearly a whole tone higher, which the maker, or at least the seller, accounted for by saying that they were obliged to be tuned high at first, as they lowered in time. Seeing that a higher pitch imparts an increased brilliancy to the tone of the instrument, it is no wonder that the makers retain it, especially as it accords with the public taste.

But it may be asked, has no attempt ever been made to establish a moderate and uniform pitch? Yes, from time to time various efforts have been made in this and other countries. That which most concerns us is one by a committee appointed by the London Society of Arts some five years ago. This committee proposed to itself three questions for solution: 1. Was uniform pitch desirable? 2. Was it possible? and, 3. What ought the reformed pitch to be? The first question was soon disposed of, for uniformity of pitch was unanimously desired by musicians and instrument makers. The second was not so easily settled. It depended too much upon the first and third to receive an independent reply: it was, however, answered affirmatively. Question three was the most difficult to decide. Of course every interested party thought the pitch of their own adoption the best. The interests to be consulted were, first, those of the singers

who desired a low pitch; and, second, those of the instrument makers, who, having instruments on hand that would have required dangerous alterations to adapt them to meet a low pitch, were obviously desirous of a high one. One sect could not be pleased without offending the other; so the committee, as a ready way out of the difficulty, took a mean course and decided upon a pitch half way between the extremes. To say the least, this was proceeding more emergent than philosophical, and one of which a scientific committee has no reason to feel very proud. We cannot help thinking that it would have been more dignified to have weighed the merits of the rival claims, and have urged the adoption of a *standard* more worthy the name, than one whose only merit is that it suits a temporary convenience. The measure is at best a half-way one, and it leaves the preparation and distribution of a rational standard, representing some identifiable unit of sound, a matter for future consideration. To quote the words of the committee's interesting report, "The authority of practice as of theory—of art as of science—belongs alike to the pitch of C 512." Would it not, then, have been well to have recommended it as the standard, and have left the selection of such modifications as were necessary for present conveniences to the choice of those who needed them?

The pitch recommended by the Society of Arts corresponds to 528 vibrations for the note C; 16 vibrations higher than the theoretical pitch, and about as much lower than that known as the "opera pitch" of the present time. Whether it will gain adoption in public orchestras is a question only time can decide. Having made trial of it for amateur use, we cannot certainly report favourably of it: it is too high for ordinary voices to sing to with comfort to the singer or pleasure to the hearer. Amateur singers ought to recollect that that which is easiest for them to sing is most pleasing for their hearers to hear. There is too great a tendency on the part of amateurs to ape the powers of those whose whole lives are devoted to vocal exercises. Young ladies especially (may our sincerity be accepted as an apology for our ungallantry) labour under the delusion that they ought to perform the same music as the distinguished vocalists of their day. They scorn the simplest ballade, that would suit their powers and please their hearers, and soar to compositions far beyond their easy reach, with what result let themselves say when they are the hearers, and their friends, or rivals, the performers. But this is a digression, though perhaps a legitimate one.

The whole matter of musical pitch, we have seen, is in great confusion, and there seems but little hope of order being restored. Even tuning-forks of a particular pitch are not to be relied on, for differences—sometimes as much as half a tone—exist between those purporting to be of the same pitch, although the tuning of a fork to any definite number of vibrations is a simple process. We presume that the Society of Arts' forks can be depended upon as representing what they set forth; and if so, the only suggestion we can make for securing uniformity, among private instruments at least, is that they should be always tuned to half a tone below the Society of Arts' forks. This will insure the pitch being reasonably low; and, to the same end, we would suggest that owners of pianofortes have forks of their own, so as to be independent of those of the tuners.*

We close our paper with a table showing the varieties of pitch that have been from time to time in use.† The numbers are the vibrations per second of the note treble C:—

Organ of Trinity College, Cambridge (1758)	467
Usual organ pitch	480
Handel's tuning-fork	495
Theoretical pitch	512
Philharmonic Society	518
French normal Diapason	522
According to another authority	517
Society of Arts (1860)	528
Italian Opera (London, 1859)	546

J. C.

THUNNOR'S SLIP.

A LEGEND OF THANET.

*Insula rotunda Thanatos quam circuit unda
Fertilis et munda nulli est in orbe secunda.*

ANCIENT INSCRIPTION.

In Rome's Rutupium, fruited Thanatos,
While yet she lay full isled upon the sea
That clasped her round wide-armed with all her vines,
A legend lives of our first Christian days.

In that gone time when vineyards clothed the steep
That whitened to the wave, and the rocked ships
Sailed up by Sarre, Egbert was king. The land,
First conscious of Christ's footsteps, bloomed with
prayer.

* An ordinary tuning-fork costs a shilling, but a Society of Arts' fork is double that price. If this useful body be earnest in devising uniform pitch, it would be as well for it to endeavour to provide forks at a price at least as small—if not even smaller—than those ordinarily sold. Cheapness will have its effect on the adoption of everything.

† Taken chiefly from a table given in a paper by J. Bishop, Esq., in the "Philosophical Magazine," 1864, to which paper we are indebted for some other facts mentioned in the course of our remarks.

Fair structure after structure, piled and spired,
With broad-sprung arches like to Iris bows,
And rainbow-lighted oriels, kissed the skies.
Men grew devout, but fearful. Crime was hid
No longer, nor with brazen tongue proclaimed;
But evil done was on the altar laid
In sacrifice of soul.

And so it fell

That Egbert, tempted of a fiend in shape
Of one named Thunnor, a base hireling knave,
Did unto death the children of his brother
By Thunnor's hand. For so his conscience cried,
Though never word of his had sealed their doom;
But the apt knave, in Egbert's mild rebuke,
When Thunnor touched the point of their offence—
Their eager youthful eyes upon the crown—
Read the will'd murder in his downward looks.
The deed done, Egbert cursed himself and fled
Unto the holy rood.

Praying alone—

For so she deemed—within her chapelry,
His brother's daughter, pious-taught Domneva,
Hearing loud sobs from a dark nook hard by,
Faced her prayer-fellow.

"Oh, my king," she cried,

"And kinsman, wherefore weepest thou?"

"I weep,

I weep," he said, "the blood upon these hands,
Thy blood and my blood, treacherously poured."

Then her full sorrow burst forth all afresh.
For fearful visions prophesying doom
To those fair branches of her father's tree
Had visited her lord, King Penda, in deep sleep
In Mercia, his own land, where he abode.
Nothing surprised, but in deep ruth of soul
She wept those fair young corpses where they lay
Dead at the throne's foot they so well had graced:
Two goodly acorns fallen from their cups
Never to root on earth and blow to trees
Whose royal tops should bless with shade the land
Whereon the violet of peace might grow.

But women weep but while they weep alone;
And no remedy is there to stay their tears
Like tears of other.

Turning fairest face

Unto the slayer—slayer of the loved,
Her last of kin, in gentleness she spoke:
"Let sorrow have swift end. Grief will not bring
Their beauty back from grave. Bless God, and lay
Thy pride here down for sacrifice. Oh, king,
Thy hand is red; yet He may whiten it,
Who only spotless lived, the matchless lily
That Mary-mother on her bosom bore."

"Put me to penance!" Egbert quickly cried.
"Breathe me some comfort in my bitter need.
What pang—what scourge soe'er thou shalt enjoin,
That will I rue."

"Nay, give me then," she said,

Some plot of earth thou prizest most of all
In this faire land wherein thy kingdom is:
And grant me there to build a goodly house
For holy nunnas. These for their souls shall pray
Whose beauty lyeth with the dust of kings;

And haply out of such meek prayers shall rise
Comforte to thee and pardon for thy sin."

In fitting hour the grant was ruled. But when
King Egbert asked how much of ground should go
Whereon to build a house for good of souls,
Domneva answered, "Just so much of ground
As a wilde deer may track, without to seek
Rest for its footing, runninge where it lists."

The day was come; and crowds to see the day.
King Egbert on the crown of a green hill
Waited the running of the fleet-foot roe,
Smiling down half his grief: Domneva near.
The frightened roe, with innocent eyes astray,
Wild as Undine's seeking for a soul,
Soft-dappled like the mole of Imogen,
Trapped by a bondman with a firm-noosed thong,
Stood straining at the knot, and chafed.

But one
Was mad with rage, that such far-stretching range
Of Kentish land should go for good of prayer,
That would have made him half as rich a king
As him he served, still seeking blood-reward.
This was that Thunnor who had cropped in sleep
The fair twin-fruits of Thanet.

"Cursed," he cried,
"Be every rood that owns the wild deer's tread!
May earthquake rend and landslip traverse it:
May mad waves sap its cliffs, and, beating, lay
Its greenness low beneath the greener sea,
With all that on it grows, and lives, and thrives!
Amen, amen, amen!"

Laughing in scorn
Of his own burthen, mimicked from the priest's,
He yelled that song of curse, till all the hills
Gave back the sound—"Amen, amen, amen."

And now amazement held the crowd in check,
Took the king's breath, and flushed Domneva's veins
To the meek brow. The signal scarce gave sound—
King Egbert's shield struck by King Egbert's palm—
The bondmen scarce had loosed the well-noosed
thong;
Scarce slipped the deer, all eager for the run,
Than Thunnor, leaping forth with sudden bound,
Held on in chase of the fleet-footed roe!

A moment more, and through the seething throng
Dumb wonder broke its chain: and, cheering on
The fleet-foot fawn, the crowd, all eager now,
Shouted with well-strained lungs. But Thunnor
held
His breath at his command, better to speed
His angry chase, with parry, dodge, and sleight,
Double and turn, about the scared deer's path.

Turned from its course adown the meadland vale,
Hither and thither baffled by the foe,
The frightened roe bore northward for the sea
Where the old Roman towers frown o'er the steep.
Triumph lent vigour now to Thunnor's chase:
"The sea—the sea!—I'll goad her to the leap!"

As, muttering thus, he neared a jutting crag
That toppled o'er the deep, before him lay

A narrow crevice closely overgrown
With sea-maid's amaranth, waving tamarisk,
Red-stemmed of bough, rose-blooming o'er the
wave.

Lightly the deer o'erleaped the treacherous
breach,
And lightly Thunnor. Safe upon the crag,
The two held on; mad-chasing towards the
brink,
Like Love pursued by Death.

But soon the roe,
Quick doubling on her steps, re-leaped the
chasm,
And straight bore back for the free greenland
dale,
Making for Sarre.

Thunnor, unwinded now,
Out-chased and spent, stood pausing for a breath,
He sole upon the crag.

Sudden, a cry—
Whose only issue was to speed the deer
Faster and faster o'er the prayer-won ground—
Broke from the caiff.

Slow as doom—as sure!
The crag, harsh-breaking from the twining clasp
Of sea-maid's amaranth, waving tamarisk,
Moved visibly!

One moment's grasp of thought,
A hero's mastery of time and place,
Had saved him yet. One bold, far, instant leap—
A man with conscience clear to Heaven had dared
it—
Had made the yawning gap a bridge to Life.
But guilt had scared the wretch, and the sharp
thought
Of his own curse:—how he had cursed the land,
Cursed it with curse of earthquake, landslip, sea!

Before the strained eyes of the unhelpful crowd
Down-launched to sea the slipping land-craft
sailed,
The murderer on its deck, with arms aloft,
And grappled hair, and quivering knees unbent
To God!

No wail went up upon the wind.
The land he cursed disowned him. Stark he
lies.
Above his bones we hear the wild tides beat.
All their timed lash of waves shall ne'er wash
clean
The sin of him whose corse they daily scourge
With the white rod of the great-crested sea.

But Egbert's sorrow brought him touch of heal.
High on the crown of that vine-circled hill
Where watched the king the coursing of the
deer,
A flaring beacon, set for help at sea,
Flame-tongued cries out "a murderer 'neath a
rock
Lies here below; good mariners beware!"
Along the wild roe's track, Domneva built



A goodly dyke, dividing fair in two
Sweet Thanet isled upon the sea: so far
The innocent roe had marked the land for
prayer!

There rose a convent's walls where quiet nuns
Hymned up meek vows, and filled their souls with
tears,
Their lips with prayers, for the lost youths who
lay
Dead 'neath the throne they should have filled with
beauty.

No more the ships come up by Sarre. No more
Curl the grape-tendrils where thy "vyneyards" lie,
Fair Inis Buim belted by the tides!

But still the tamarisk waves, for sea-maid's
hair,

A fitting coronal, where o'er the surge,
Trench, wall, and fosse write plain the Roman's
name:

And Minster's ancient lore, 'mid tales of kings,
Records how Thunnor sailed, erag-borne, to sea.

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.

ADRIANA.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER I.

"I do not care.—"

The words were scarcely consciously uttered, they rather escaped from the lips of a slight-looking girl, who stood crumpling a newspaper in her hand.

Presently she straightened it out slowly and methodically, and passing her hand across her brow, as if to clear away some impediment that prevented her rightly understanding the passage upon which her eyes were riveted, read aloud the words thereof carefully and distinctly: she paused between each word, as though each were spelt and pronounced irrespective of its companions. It was a mere mechanical effort, productive of no mental result.

This seemed to occur to her, for she threw away the paper with an impatient gesture, and sat down, leaning her arms on the table, and laying her head upon them.

After a pause of a few moments she looked up; again took the paper, and spreading it on her knees, sat gazing upon it as if resolved not to give up until she had fully mastered the portion, whatever it might be, that produced so great an effect.

It was but a very small part of that mass of printing that attracted her attention. To her there were not above twenty distinct words in the whole sheet, and those words were standing out in letters of flame, flashing, scorching into her brain,—so bright that they dazzled her, and she needed for them to be less brilliant that she might see them more clearly. She shaded her eyes with one hand, whilst with the forefinger of the other she pointed to the words in succession, this time whispering them softly in a connected sentence, unlike the disjointed spelling manner of her first attempt, and this time she was more successful; she comprehended it now, for she gave a sudden start, the paper again fell to the ground, and she clasped her hands tightly over her heart as if to keep it in its place; her lips were slightly apart, her eyes were closed, and her face was very white,—a sickly, ghastly whiteness as of one in great pain.

The portion of the paper she had been looking at contained the births, deaths, and marriages: it was only an announcement of a marriage that she had seen.

The same thing is continually happening. What does it matter? people get accustomed to it. A marriage is not always just what has been expected; sometimes it is, sometimes it is not; sometimes it is a surprise, sometimes it is a shock. Who can tell how many faces

have turned pale, and how many hearts turned faint and stricken, on looking over the marriage list in the Times? It is a secret too well kept to be known by the world at large, but the world sometimes makes good guesses, though, fortunately for human weakness, it has no microscope powerful enough to magnify those guesses into certainties.

The marriage in the present case was not altogether a surprise: it had been carefully searched for in the paper for many weeks, therefore it ought to have been no shock. Not exactly—suspense often induces hope instead of crushing it.

The girl was evidently undergoing a severe mental struggle, and there were several elements at work striving for the mastery. Now she started up, and paced the room hurriedly, like a panther measuring the narrow limits of his cage, then again she flung herself into a chair, and her head fell back,—all power seemed gone, and but for the quick moving of the nostrils, and the working of the hands, she might have been taken for a statue of marble.

Once more she roused herself, she sat up straight in the chair, she pushed back the long fair hair that had fallen loose in her energetic pacing of the apartment, and walking to the mantel piece, quietly rolled back the hair that was out of place, and gazing earnestly at the reflection of her face, thought how much older it looked than the last time she had seen it there.

Once more she took up the newspaper, and looked at those twenty words; they were not flashing out so brightly as they had done; they were quite clear and plain now, much more distinct than any other words in the paper; she could read them easily, she understood their meaning, she knew that Charles Cunningham had a wife named Margaret, and that she must leave off thinking about him, and about the time when—

She could do it, so pride said: but pride had several rivals to put down. She was going to tear up the paper, but the words flashed out again; she would not destroy them; she should not remember, she should not believe in the fact they announced, if she destroyed that evidence. So she took up a pair of scissors, and cutting the paragraph out of the paper, placed it in an envelope and locked it in her desk, throwing the paper on the floor.

The occupation, slight as it was, seemed to have revived her. She drew herself up proudly, glanced at the slight figure in the mirror opposite, with the sunlight glittering on the soft silken hair that he had compared to threads of gold. "I do not care;" and a momentary flush came into the white cheeks, and

sparkle into the languid eyes; but flush and sparkle died away the next moment, and as she sank back in her chair, a sharp bitter cry rose—

"Oh, God! my life is gone."

CHAPTER II.

NEARLY seven years had passed away since Adriana Linden cut the paragraph out of the newspaper. Time had taken but slight toll of her during those seven years; she was a little grayer-looking than she used to be, and there was a certain reserve of manner that might have been taken for haughtiness. The colour had gone from her cheeks, but it might have been that the sunny climes she had been living of late years had faded it away. Time had brought greater changes in her fortune than her appearance, and by the death of her father even the small annuity that had sufficed to keep them in foreign lands was gone, and she was at the present time dependent on the kindness of a distant relative.

The house wherein Adriana Linden was a guest was of a kind often met with in England, partly a farm and partly a house of higher pretensions, the master partaking of a twofold character likewise, but withal a worthy man, with a wife in whom the virtues of the standard Lady Bountifuls of half a century since were concentrated, together with some of the aims and prejudices, one is apt to connect with that particular species of the human race. The good couple possessed one child, a merry, warm-hearted daughter, who had grown up almost wild in the country, with slender store of book learning, and still slenderer store of accomplishments, and whose mild execution of the Battle of Prague had been looked upon by herself and parents as a masterpiece of musical skill, until the masterly touch of her pale relative's fingers had brought such sounds out of the ancient piano as had never before been heard in that part of the country.

Long and long would the country girl sit listening to her cousin's playing or her cousin's singing, or wondering at the, to her, amazing amount of her cousin's knowledge. She did not envy her attainments; it would have seemed to her that death to have made even an approach to them; but she wondered—she admired, exaggerating in proportion to her own ignorance. Her simple admiration amounted to reverence; she regarded Adriana as a superior being, somewhat incomprehensible, much to be admired, slightly to be in awe of, yet to be loved, yet to be pitied.

It was a cosy old-fashioned parlour the two were sitting in now; the narrow windows on one side were partly open to let in the lazy breezes of July, and partly shaded to keep off

the burning rays of the noonday sun. If you looked through them you would see a trim garden, whose formal beds were hedged with high box borders. This garden was divided from a hay-field by a sunk fence. If this hay-field had not been peopled with busy hay-makers, you might have expected to see deer in it, so park-like an appearance did several fine clumps of trees give to it, and so deceptive was the gentle rise which prevented the hedge that bounded it from being seen. Beyond this gentle rise stretched field and wood for many a mile, till they met with a boundary in a faint blue line of hills. Opposite the windows that commanded this view, a smaller one, with a sweet-briar rose twining over it, looked into Katy's neat poultry-yard. The well-polished mahogany book-case that filled an ample recess was large enough to have contained treasures of literature, but its glass doors were lined with green silk, and moreover were kept carefully locked, so that the curious public were quite unaware of its contents. The piano of ancient date stood at one side, surmounted with still more ancient china vases; opposite was a wide dimity-covered sofa; whilst well-stuffed chairs vied in gorgeous patterned chintz, with the wreaths and bunches of wonderful flowers worked upon corpulent footstools and narrow ottomans, and over the mantelpiece hung a specimen of Mrs. Davis's early skill in needle-work, with her maiden name, the title of the piece, and the date of its completion in large letters and figures underneath. It was the meeting of Isaac and Rebekah. The eyes of the patriarch and those of his intended were relieved with shining black beads; which had been considered at the time as a most ingenious device for imparting a life-like expression to the countenances; and the ear-rings and other adornments which Eliezer had lavished on his master's bride were wrought with beads of gold and divers colours. The narrow gilt frame was somewhat tarnished, but was nevertheless still guarded with yellow gauze, as a thing precious in the eyes of its comely artist; and so it was: to her its original lustre had never been dimmed, and, looking at it, she recalled the time when she, a bright rosy girl, sat stitching at the large embroidery frame, and each stitch served her now as the pleasant date of some old memory.

"It was in hay-making time, just such a day as this," said Mrs. Davis, "that I put the finishing touch into Eliezer's turban. I mind well thinking it was just the colour of the sky. Ah, it's a little faded now: you must look after the blinds, Katy, and see that they are always down in the middle of the day. Girls' fingers," continued Mrs. Davis, blandly,

contemplating her *chef-d'œuvre*, "were more industrious than they are now: when would a girl now-a-days think of beginning such a piece of work as that? all in tent stitch too!"

"Why, as to beginning it, mother," said Katy, "one might easily think of doing that; the finishing would be the difficulty. But girls had not so much to learn in those days as they have now; so there was more time for sewing and stitching."

"Ay, indeed, there's too much learning, and learning and fretting after things that one can't understand, in these times; and I don't see what good comes of it. Where's the use of learning French, for instance, if you are never going to France?—which I hope Katy never will. When you've the happiness to be born in a country like this, where one is comfortable, what need is there to go out of it to be uncomfortable?—and England's the only place where things are at all home-like, I believe. There's no good to be got from foreign countries, dears. Ah, you know nothing about Buonaparte: that was long before your time; I can but just remember the fright we were all in about him, and how my sisters locked the bed-room doors at night, and ran great chests against them to keep out the French if there should be an invasion whilst we were asleep. There can be no good in the country he belonged to, that's certain; and if there's no good in France, where's the good in the language? It was against my will that Katy ever took any French lessons."

"But I did not learn much, mother, and I'm afraid I've forgotten it all now," said Katy, half apologetically.

"Well, child, there's some comfort in that; some things are best forgotten."

"But Bonaparte was not a Frenchman," began Adriana.

"Never mind, dear; he ruled over the French, and was from foreign parts. There's not much difference; one foreign part's as foreign as another; it comes to the same thing in the end. I never troubled my mind much about foreign affairs; one has quite enough to do with home duties."

"But, mother," pleaded Katy, "there is some good in learning; what would Adrie have done if she had not been able to speak anything but English, when she was far away from England?"

The answer that was in Mrs. Davis's heart did not rise to her lips, for the delicate health and the slender purse that had been the reasons of Mrs. Linden's going abroad came to her remembrance as she looked at Adrie; and she thought of the distant cousin whose bones were lying in a foreign burying-ground, beneath a bluer sky than she had ever

dreamed of, even when Eliezer's turban was in its pristine glory.

"Adrie's learned what she has learned, and it can't be helped; maybe it will do her no harm; some things suit some people, and some suit others, and what does for Adrie does not do for you. Too much study gives pale cheeks. The wisest man says 'it was weariness to the flesh,' and I'm not going to gainsay the wisest of men, and him a king to boot. We must give Adrie some roses like yours."

And Mrs. Davis looked kindly at Adriana, then, her eyes turning on her own daughter, she gave a mother's preference with maternal pride to the bright blooming country maiden, and her heart filled with a yet larger measure of the good Samaritan's compassion for the forlorn stranger.

"I wish mother did not despise French and learning, and all that, so much," said Katy, when Mrs. Davis had left the room; "sometimes I wish I knew more. Do you think she's wrong? Isn't it best to know everything as you do?"

"But I don't know everything. I'm far from that."

"Ah, but more than most people. Don't you look down upon people that know nothing?—don't you despise them?"

"Only sometimes," began Adriana.

"Ah!" interrupted Katy, "me, and mother and father——"

"No, no,—I did not finish my sentence, Katy; you would scarcely understand it if I did; I don't despise you, and sometimes I half think your mother is right. Perhaps one is happier the less one knows. One feels one's inferiority less; there are fewer wishes, less ambition, less restlessness, more peace."

"Would you give up all you know?"

"Not now I know it; it has opened deserts, rivers, and I must float along with them; I must see whither they go. It's a restless tide that will not let me land."

"There, now you are getting grand and poetic, and I don't understand you. But you don't think there is no use in learning. Mother thinks everything waste of time when one is not doing something useful."

"The point is to determine what is useful. Just now my great acquirements, as you say, are not so useful as sewing, or cake-making, or any other household art could possibly be for they give me a fortune."

Katy looked up.

"Half the time, Adrie, I don't know what you mean, but I suppose I shall when you have been with us longer."

"I shall not be here much longer: I am going away."

"Where? why? you have no friends but us. You are not offended with us?"
 "Offended! what are you dreaming about? No, I have no friends but you, and I could

not have kinder ones; but I've my own way to make in the world, and I must make it my own way."

"And what is your way?"



(See page 333.)

"Oh, I'm only at the preface; I can't tell what the first chapter will be, till I have looked into it."

"Is it a book, Adrie? can you make stories that every one will buy?" and Katy looked with deeper veneration at the strange wonderful relative.

"No, not a book, something safer to begin with. There, that will enlighten you upon the subject." And Adriana tossed a letter across the table. Katy read it attentively, laid it down, looked first at Adriana, then at the letter, with a puzzled look.

"You going to teach little children of four and five years old, Adrie? Why, how can

you? you—you——" stammered Katy, coming to an awkward pause.

Adriana laughed, half bitterly.

"Are not fit for it,—let me finish the sentence for you:—not much of the milk of human kindness in me; no sympathy with childish troubles,—little eyes overflowing with infantine grief at not being able to master the wonderful phenomenon, that a-b spells ab. No patience perhaps,—patience! yes, I have patience," said Adrie, jumping up, and pacing the room in a manner that practically contradicted her theory. "Yes, you may look, and doubt too, but I can be patient—if I choose. People can be anything they choose, at least I can."

"I can't," said Katy, "I wish I could; I'm always going wrong when I'm wishing to go right."

Adriana paused in her rapid promenade, as if some new idea had struck her.

"You! why, what have you to do but right? Why, you can do nothing but what is right."

"The heart is deceitful," quoted Katy timidly.

Adriana laughed outright.

"Not yours, Katy. If there ever was a truthful little heart, you have it."

But Katy had advanced an opinion, and she felt she must stand to it,—weakly it might be, but still stand.

"All hearts, Adrie," she said, without looking up, "mine, as well as others."

"Mine is not deceitful," said Adrie, hastily. "I know it well enough; I know the bad and the good in it; I need not let the bad preponderate unless I like. What I choose to do I can do."

But Katy had made her little protest, and could go no further; she would have been beaten in argument, and she knew it; nevertheless, she had a vague sense that her cousin was wrong, and that if she were only as clever as her cousin she could explain herself clearly, and her helplessness smote on her painfully as something which had been partly in her own power to have prevented. Adriana was for once puzzled by her country cousin; she could not understand the perplexed face, but there was something in it that touched her, and, stooping down, she kissed Katy, saying:—

"Never mind, little one, I'm not so good as you are, but I must take my own course, and the result will prove the theory. It's a great world, and there's room for every one to run in the race. If there are stumbling-blocks in my path, I must get over them as I can. The race must be run, the battle must be fought: I am going to the wars, Katy."

Katy would fain have made a reply, but the half-jesting manner of Adriana acted as a check to her speech.

And Adriana bore down all opposition to her leaving Silverdale.

The night before she went away, Katy brought her an old-fashioned locket containing a tress of shining brown hair, and showed her a secret spring at the back.

"But you are not to open it, Adrie, at least, not now,—not till some great stumbling-block comes that you have fallen over,—something that you are quite sure has been a stumbling-block."

"Till then I must look upon it as a talisman to keep me from falling, I suppose, the serpent being the symbol of wisdom," an-

swered Adriana, examining the enamel case of the locket, on which was traced a serpent, studded here and there with small brilliants.

"And for eternity," replied Katy; "see—his tail is in his mouth. Oh, Adrie, I'm so sorry you're going."

"You're over wilful, Adrie," said good Mrs. Davis; "I don't know where it comes from: your mother was as gentle a lass as ever lived. Poor Susie! many a pleasant day we've had together in the woods at Burnleigh; you're her own child, to look at, with your pale cheeks, and your yellow hair. I seem like turning you away to let you go, but 'wilful woman will have her own way.' Remember, though, you've a home here where ever you want one. The sheep sometimes come wandering to the fold from far off. There's sorrow and trouble without, and may be, lassie, it will not be all as bright as you're thinking. Dear me," said Mrs. Davis, in a vague peroration, "it all comes, I'm afraid of too much learning."

CHAPTER III.

In a few days a letter arrived at Silverdale bearing the London post-mark.

"Dear Katy," it said, "you see that despite the tendency of mortals to go astray I have reached my destination; you yourself could not have come in a more straightforward matter-of-fact manner. My journey was totally eventless, the monotony being only broken by a stout puffy gentleman offering me the Times after he had finished reading himself, and again by an equally stout lady forcing upon my acceptance a sandwich and two sponge biscuits. With these exceptions I was left to my own meditations, with which I will not trouble you, saving to tell you that as the chimneys of Silverdale vanished in the distance, a half-desolate sensation stole over me. But I have left off analysing my feelings; it is a bad habit, tending to produce a morbid state of mind, in my opinion; therefore I set myself to look vigorously onward to the future, and to ignore the past. Oh, for a draught of nepenthe! But I am almost beginning to think I have taken one, or that I am not the same being I was some years ago. They say our bodies are constantly changing, and that after a certain number of years not a particle of the old body remains. It seems odd at that rate that one does not get rid of scars, instead of the particles forming so exactly like the old marks that one could swear to their immutability. Perhaps something of the same kind takes place in the soul,—the same, and yet not the same. I seem to have had two distinct lives: one that is worked out

nd complete, and another that is just begun,—
new thread, knotted in, perfectly disjoined,
and yet so neatly fitting that the break is
imperceptible, an inverse metempsychosis, the
same body animated by diverse soul. There
you will say, I am getting incomprehensible,
but I will return to rationalities.

"The end of my journey was my arrival
here; but my stay will not be long, as there
is going to be a general move into the country
to the house of Mr. Braddick's elder brother,
or, rather, half-brother. Mr. Braddick is in
India, looking after some property that has
been left to him, which will place himself, Mrs.
Braddick, and my two pupils, in that position
figuratively described as 'rolling in wealth.'

"Mrs. Braddick is an insipid person, with
raw-coloured hair, cold bluish eyes, and a
very pink-and-white complexion, altogether
uninteresting, and I can imagine it must be
rather a relief to Mr. Braddick than otherwise
to be in India for a short time. We had a
little conversation last night, probably she
meant to be gracious, so I am willing to take
what she will for what it is worth, and excuse the
manner of its execution. I send you the conver-
sation as nearly verbatim as I can:—

"Mrs. Braddick.—'I dare say you feel
tired, Miss Linden?'

"Miss Linden.—'Not much, thank you.'

"Mrs. B.—'How long were you in
London?'

"Miss L.—'About eight hours.'

"Mrs. B.—'Is it possible?—eight hours
a day! I should have supposed it im-
possible.'

"Miss L.—'Time passes quickly* in travel-
ling. The change of scene and of passengers
takes up one's attention.'

"Mrs. B.—(musingly).—'Ah!' (A pause.)
You have never been a governess before,
Miss Linden?'

"Miss L.—'No.'

"Mrs. B.—'Ah! you would not find many
situations like the one you will have with
me.'

"Miss L. (interrogatively, assentingly, and
suggestively).—'No?'

"Mrs. B. (explanatorily).—'Yes.'

"What the 'yes' means I have yet to find
out, for Mrs. Braddick did not add anything
further. There was a prolonged pause, at the
end of which Mrs. Braddick observed that
probably I should not care to see my pupils
until morning, and that perhaps I might like
to retire to rest, when a slight scuffle
was heard outside, the door burst open, and
a rushed two handsome children. The elder,
a little girl, after glancing at me, stole round
to her mother's side, but the boy paused, and
stood looking at me.

"His first observation was an unexpected
one.

"'Do 'oo have spettatles?' (spectacles).

"'No.'

"'Then me will lite 'oo.'

"Whereupon he came nearer still, examin-
ing me attentively with his large dark eyes,
as if measuring what degree of confidence I
might be entitled to. Apparently the scrutiny
was satisfactory, for, on my holding out my
hand, he came and seated himself on 'my
knee, and whispered confidentially:—

"'Me allays naughty at my lessons.'

"You know I don't generally care much
about children, but there was a look about
this child that I could not withstand,—half
loving, half defiant. We were friends at
once; and soon the little girl, emboldened by
her brother's example, drew nearer, and at
length joined in his prattle.

"So it's 'Veni, vidi, vici,' with regard to
the children; but you don't understand Latin
and allusions, which is perhaps as well, for I
may be mistaken, as the first battle being a
victory is not always an index to the whole
campaign. It is not 'vici' quite with Mrs.
Braddick; there is a repulsion between us,
though we are exceedingly civil to one another.
Neither is it 'vici,' as respects Mr. Richard
Etheredge, Mr. Braddick's half-brother, who
has come up to town to escort his sister to
Etheredge Court. We are mutually suspi-
cious; I see him furtively glancing at me
from time to time, and I must plead guilty to
taking similar surveys of him. When we
detect each other in the act of thus taking
notes, we turn our attention immediately to
some other object. I am intently and in-
stantaneously engrossed with whatever book
or paper happens to be near, and he has a
happy faculty of seeming to look at nothing,
or of seeing something beyond the object at
which he happens to be gazing. It is not a
vacant gaze either, but an intelligent piercing
of the distance that one would think pene-
trated the very walls of the room, and was
calmly contemplating what might be beyond
them.

"So much for the people I am thrown with;
and as I know the question that would be on
your lips if you were here, I will answer it in
anticipation, if not affirmatively, negatively,
'I am not unhappy,' in fact I am in a state
of perfect quiescence; I don't wish for any-
thing, and I am quite resigned to anything
that may happen. I am floating along on the
river, as I told you, listening to dreamy music
from the shore; the current seems smooth
enough at present, and a fair wind is wafting
me along like a driven leaf on the surface.
I shall not sink, I know that; I am in an

atmosphere of peace at last. Strange that action should be rest!" * * *

Katy mused long over the letter, which she did not give to her mother to read. She told her its contents in her own words.

"Poor Adrie," said Mrs. Davis, "my mind misgives me about her. I wish all the books in the world were burned! Don't you take to reading, Katy: it's not for women to be troubling their heads with books and such-like; it makes men good for nothing, and women can less easily stand it. There's our vicar as full of book-learning as an egg's full of meat,—good soul that he is; but it's my belief that he does not know from day to day what he's had for dinner, or, for the matter of that, whether he's had any dinner at all; and never shall I forget the time when that gipsy scamp stole his fowls, and sold them to him afterwards, and he never so much as knew his own speckled hen that gained two prizes, nor the great Cochon-China neither. We must get Adrie back to us; I dare say she'll soon tire. There's no place like the country, with plenty of cows and sheep and poultry round you for company."

"Adrie's going into the country, mother."

"Ay, but what sort of country?—a cooped-up grand house, with no liberty to roam about. To my mind, the worst prison would be one that you could catch a glimpse of fields and hills from, and be ever longing to be there, and yet never able to reach them."

"I don't know, mother."

"Ah, but I do; and depend upon it I'm not far wrong; but young heads always think they have more wisdom than old ones. I've had my fancies, but they've taken flight, and perhaps Adrie's will. We must be tender with her. What we old ones fail most in is want of memory; we forget that we have been young: we don't make allowances sometimes, Katy. We forget—we forget——"

"Not you, mother," said Katy.

(To be continued.)

CHARCOAL FILTERS IN PARIS:

THEIR ORIGIN.

BEFORE the adoption of charcoal filtering, the Parisians ascribed the *gripette* and other terrible visitations to the impurity of the waters of the Seine. For some time ignorant people were violently and almost superstitiously opposed to the innovation, but the sensible portion of the inhabitants welcomed it as one of the great improvements of the age.

The introduction, if not the discovery, of that valuable process is one of the many improvements that the French people owe to

Englishmen, though French nationality would forget that it was so. The circumstance is as follows:—In the year 1800, or a little before, among the English who resided in Paris was Smith, a gun-smith from Edinburgh (who had in some way been mixed up in the plot of Downie and Watt), and F——, an intelligent mechanic and chronometer-maker, who, after the suppression of the London Corresponding Society, sought, but sought in vain, liberty under the French Republic. They belonged to a small society that met once a fortnight for the consideration of scientific subjects. On one occasion, Smith spoke of a valuable discovery that he had made, by which offered great difficulties in the construction of the mechanical apparatus. From his replies to several questions, his countryman expressed an opinion that it was the same process that a Russian chemist had applied to the purifying of oils, and said that he apprehended no difficulty in the mechanical contrivance.

At their next meeting he placed before the company a small china jar that filtered beautifully, and received much applause. Colonel Montfort, General Moreau's engineer, the same who afterwards blew up the bridge at Leipsic, requested the loan of it to show to his friends. This being granted, it was handed about until it fell and was broken, but not before he had enlisted the good-will of a capitalist named Cuchet. The consequence was that a patent was obtained for the manufacture of charcoal filters in the joint names of Smith, Cuchet, and Montfort, and they took premises at the corner of the Rue de Lille and the Rue de Beaune, with a terrace facing the Pont Royal. When Colonel Montfort went to South America, he parted with his share to M. Ducommun, who about 1800 or 1809 commenced in the Faubourg du Temple an establishment for an extensive supply of ready filtered water, at the moderate price of one sol per large pailful. They began with eight carts, and soon added four more.

The first patentees had their filters examined by a scientific commission from the *Conservatoire des Arts et Metiers*, who subjected them to a very severe scrutiny, and reported most favourably. One of the most conclusive tests was a mixture of rotten vegetable with putrid animal matter, until, under a warm temperature, the noxious juices had become intolerably offensive. This was poured into one of the filtering fountains, and came from it so clear that every one present tasted and approved it, except Smith, the patentee: he alone could not overcome the disgust caused by what he had witnessed.

F.

SONG OF THE FLOWER-GIRL.

I.

the flowers of spring, the flowers of spring—
have sought them on downs where sky-larks sing;
where the wild thyme yielded its perfume sweet
to the lightest tread of my careless feet;
where the ivory buds of the scented may,
new-sprinkled, were wreathing their garlands gay:
come buy, that your house in its cobwebbed gloom
may smile like a bride in the spring's young bloom.

II.

the flowers of spring, the flowers of spring—
have sought them on banks where blue-bells ring
fair-like chime on the morning air;
where king-cups are golden and cowslips fair,
and daisies wide open their star-like eyes
to gaze on the sun in their glad surprise:
come buy, that your pale town-nurtured child
may once in her life weave a garland wild.

III.

the flowers of spring, the flowers of spring—
have sought them in vales where violets fling
the breath of their bloom over mossy nooks,
where primroses blossom by babbling brooks,
and woodbine with clusters and tendrils fine
embraces the buds of the eglantine:
come buy, that the maiden so loved and fair
may braid in their blossoms her shining hair.

IV.

the flowers of spring, the flowers of spring—
that visions of health and of joy they bring!
the nightingale's voice seems to greet the ear
with the breath of the rose it once sang near;
the breeze of the mountain to lift the hair
of ear buds that have waved in the mountain air,
and sunshine and song and soft smiling hours
all enter your house with the young spring flowers!

C. W. C.

THE BIRTH OF THE STEAM-ENGINE.

We are constantly hearing it said that steam is only in its infancy," and no doubt the application of the power of the young infant is very far from being exhausted. But, if we look back upon the centuries during which the infant has been in swaddling-clothes, if we notice the ages during which it has been enjoying its play days, we cannot help feeling that it has enjoyed a very long amount of nursery; that it has not been put to work as soon as might be expected of a servant. It need not go back to the days of Hero of Alexandria, who first noticed its young energies, but actually gave them a little playful occupation. It will be sufficient to revert to the days of our civil wars, at which time it seemed to be making an effort to do some work in the world. The Marquis of Worcester undoubtedly the first philosopher of modern times who saw the capabilities of the

new power. That he actually employed the power of steam to force water to great heights, and that he planned a "vessel to work against wind and tide, yea, both without the help of man or beast," doubtless points to some engine worked by the expansive force of steam; but this was, indeed, the very infancy of the invention, and it died stillborn. The Marquis, indeed, in his "Century of Inventions," called this "a semi-omnipotent engine, and do intend that a model thereof be buried with me." Mr. Woodcroft, the principal of the Patent Office at South Kensington, thought indeed that in this paragraph he might probably find the infant prodigy interred in the vault of its illustrious progenitor. He searched, accordingly, the vaults of the church at Baglan, where the Marquis was buried, but the "infant" was not to be found therein. The probability is, that, after all, it was only a creation of this ingenious nobleman's fancy, for we have no evidence that he ever actually constructed an engine that worked by steam. But the new power was not far off. Towards the latter end of the seventeenth century several eminent men were attracted by the force of steam, which seemed, not long after the death of the Marquis, to draw like a magnet many of the inquiring minds of the time. Sir Samuel Moreland was one of these, and the still more illustrious Frenchman, Dionysius Papin, another. Both of these philosophers lived whilst the author of the "Century of Inventions" was making his experiments, and doubtless the fame of his exploits was noised abroad, and kept alive the flame of the discovery. Papin, indeed, was the first to attempt the application of steam to propel vessels by water. But neither the spirit of the age nor the workmen were yet born who could bind and loosen the limbs of the young giant at their will. He did, indeed, contrive a boat which could be propelled by this means; but having so far conquered nature, unhappily he found the self-interest and prejudice of mankind against him. Having, in 1707, completed his model, he was bringing it to England, to try the experiment upon the Thames, when it was seized at Münden, and destroyed by the boatmen, who, doubtless, thought—like the farm-labourers on the introduction of the threshing-machine—that the new engine would take the bread out of their mouths. But another mind had taken up the sacred flame of invention, and who at last was enabled to put it to a practical use, and to inaugurate its first success in the world of labour. This time it was a military engineer, Thomas Savory, who had the dandling of the illustrious infant. After much labour, and many vexatious disappointments, he at last

erected a "fire-engine" to pump water out of the Cornish mines. But even this engine was on a totally different principle to the modern steam-engine. It was nothing more or less than an atmospherical engine, in which a vacuum was made by filling a vessel with steam, and then suddenly condensing it by means of cold water—the suction power thus created drawing the water by means of pipes from the pits. There are still remaining in Cornwall the engine-houses of several of these pumping-machines. These were at work at the beginning of the last century, but the limit of their power was soon attained, and steam fell into disuse as the mines grew deeper,—or, rather, it was falling, for young steam, like a tennis-ball, this time no sooner touched the ground than it was caught again at the rebound by Robert Newcomen. This inventor was a blacksmith, living at Dartmouth, not far from the residence of Savory, from whom he had received employment. By this means he was doubtless familiar with the working of his pumping-engine, and no doubt noticed its defects. At all events, this provincial blacksmith saw, or rather it was suggested to him by Dr. Hooke, that what was wanted was the means of producing a speedy vacuum. This he, in conjunction with a glazier of the same town, named Calley, at last found out the means of accomplishing. The principle of the new engine (in the words of Mr. Smiles' "Lives of Bolton and Watt," from which the materials of this article are largely drawn), was as follows:—"The steam was generated in a separate boiler, as in Savory's engine, from which it was conveyed into a vertical cylinder, underneath a piston fitting it closely, but moveable upwards and downwards through its whole length. The piston was fixed to a rod, which was attached by a point or chain to the end of a lever, vibrating upon an axis, the other end being attached to a rod working a pump. When the piston in the cylinder was raised, steam was let in to the vacated space through a tube fitted into the top of the boiler, and mounted with a stop-cock. The pump rod at the farther end of the lever being thus depressed, cold water was applied to the sides of the cylinder, on which the steam within was condensed, a vacuum was produced, and the external air, pressing upon the top of the piston, forced it down into the empty cylinder. The pump rod was thereby raised; and the operation of depressing and raising it being repeated, a power was thus produced which kept the pump continuously at work."

The principle of this engine was different from Savory's, but it could scarcely be called a steam-engine, inasmuch as the steam was

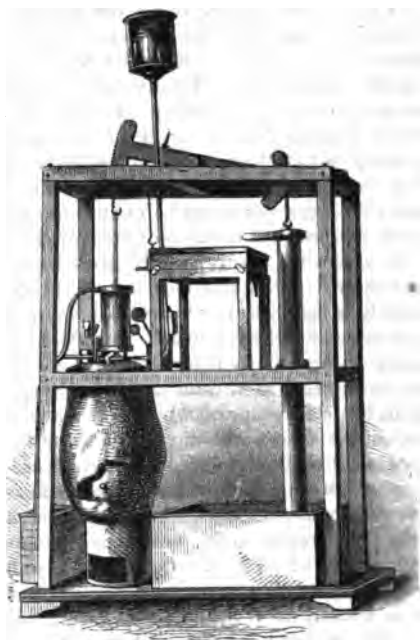
not employed as a source of motion, but as means of producing a vacuum on one side of the piston, which allowed the weight of the atmosphere to exert its full force on the other. It was, in fact, more than half an atmospherical engine, although it was termed by the inventor a "fire-engine," and was by the name known afterwards. The appearance of this engine, however, was not very different from that of the steam-pumping engines of the present day in its outward form. Its weak point was the loss of heat, caused by the application of cold water to the outside of the cylinder after every stroke. Nevertheless, it was a vastly more powerful engine than the one invented by Savory; and in the beginning of the last century the Cornish miners, one after another, made use of it to pump the water from their mines, which were just on the point of being drowned out. But it was but a clumsy engine at best, and the improvements made upon it were, singularly enough, the result of pure accident. The system of condensing the steam in the under side of the cylinder by means of cold water thrown upon the outside, would have speedily proved its ruin, had it not been for a lucky mischance.

In order to keep the vacuum as perfect as possible, a quantity of water was allowed to lie upon the upper side of the piston. While at work one day the engine was observed to make several strokes in quick succession; searching for the cause of this acceleration in its pace, it was found that a hole in the piston allowed a jet of cold water to pass through to the underside of the cylinder, and thereby to produce a rapid vacuum by the condensation of the steam. This plan was at once imitated by art, and the condensation was consequently produced at a much smaller expense of fuel. Another improvement was brought about by the wit of a little boy, whose duty it was to turn alternately two cocks, one admitting the steam into the cylinder, the other admitting the cold water to condense it. The boy, observing the alternate descent and ascent of the beam over his head, bethought him of attaching two strings to the beam and to the levers which governed the cocks; the result was the perfect automatic action of the engine in this particular, and doubtless many hours of absence from his post at play on the part of the ingenious little engineer. Although the Newcomen engine, by successive improvements, had established itself as a valuable power, yet the power was very costly; as the mines were driven deeper by its pumping power, the strain put upon it became so great that its parts were always getting out of order; and so much steam was required that in one mine alone, we are told that four

boilers were burnt out in as many years. By the middle of the last century these engines were clearly becoming inadequate to perform the increased work thrown upon them, and the expense of working, moreover, was becoming so great that it was doubtful whether horse-power could not be employed more economically. At some mines the consumption of fuel was enormous. The two engines at Wheal Rose and Wheal Busy, with cylinders of sixty-six and seventy-two inches in diameter, consumed thirteen tons of coal each per day. If these mines had been situated in a coal-producing neighbourhood, this item would not have signified, but Cornwall was a long way from this mineral; the roads to the mines were mountainous and horrible; we may, therefore, guess at the expense of conveying coals to them. It was, upon this question of the loss of heat, caused by the condensing of cold water inside the cylinder, that Newcomen's engine ultimately broke down, and prepared the way for the new actor upon the scene, who was destined to remake the engine, and convert it once for all into the great moving power for ages.

It so happened that, just at the very time in which the mine-owners of Cornwall were on the point of being drowned out in consequence of the inadequacy of their engines to "fork" the water from the depths of their pits, the mind of an intelligent mathematical-instrument maker, then residing within the shadow of the College of Glasgow, appeared to be directed to the new motive power by the merest accident. He was well-known to some of the professors, and being of a philosophical turn of mind, appears to have been in some sense connected with the University; at all events, the Professor of the Natural Philosophy class, knowing that he had paid some attention to the subject of steam, entrusted to him a model of a Newcomen engine to repair. The model had, indeed, been sent to London for this purpose, and if it had remained there, in all probability it would have been returned without dropping that fruitful seed into the mind of the workmen employed upon it that it did into the mind of the Glasgow optician and mathematical instrument-maker; and, possibly, the invention would have been delayed another century. Imagine, gentle reader, the world without the steam-engine in the year 1866!—imagine all the material concerns of life as they stood a hundred years ago, and then picture to yourself the effect of this lucky accident, if we may so term it, of the recall of this little model from its long journey southward to the remote seaport on the banks of the Clyde. We have given a wood-cut of this famous model, venerable for its antiquity, and

noteworthy as having suggested the mother-thought which has transformed the world. It is a rude affair, with a boiler smaller than that of an ordinary tea-kettle; but it was quite big enough to put thoughts into the head of



Watt that never left him until they had borne abundant fruit to the world. The cylinder was only two inches in diameter and six inches stroke. When Watt had repaired it and set it at work, he found that, although the boiler was apparently large enough, it did not supply steam in sufficient quantities, and, after making a few strokes, it ceased working. He was puzzled greatly; but instead of being discouraged, he was only incited thereby to further inquiry. Professor Robinson says, "Everything to him was the beginning of a new and serious study, and I knew that he would not quit it till he had either discovered its insignificance or had made something of it." After much experimenting, he discovered that the want of steam was occasioned by the waste produced by the cooling of the cylinder by the injection of cold water at every stroke, nearly four-fifths of the whole steam being condensed before the surplus began to act. Here was the difficulty that had to be conquered. Watt, however, held firmly to his belief that "nature had a weak side, if it could only be found out;" this weak side he discovered, and came to the conclusion "that to make a perfect steam-engine it was

necessary that *the cylinder should always be as hot as the steam that entered it*, but it was equally necessary that the steam should be condensed when the piston descended—nay, that it should be cooled down below 100°, or a considerable amount of vapour would be given off, which would resist the descent of the piston, and diminish the power of the engine.”* Thus two conditions were to be fulfilled, which were totally irreconcilable with each other. According to a celebrated French saying, “Nothing is so easy as the discovery of yesterday; nothing so difficult as the discovery of to-morrow.” We refer to this admirably-expressive truth, because the solution of the problem seems so easy now that it has been solved; but it took the great inventor many a weary day and sleepless night cogitating how the difficulty was to be conquered; many a head-ache, to which poor Watt was so subject, and many a heart-ache, too. That there is at times a reasoning power going on within the cerebrum, of which we are wholly unconscious, we have no doubt whatever; men cudgel their dull brains to no purpose all the while that the same brain is ripening an idea, as it were, in the dark. So it was with Watt. He could make nothing of the problem presented to him. One Sunday afternoon, however, in the spring of 1765, he was taking a stroll upon the Glasgow Green, when, to quote his own words, “I was thinking upon the engine at the time, and had gone as far as the herd’s house, when the idea came into my mind, that, as steam was an elastic body, it would rush into a vacuum, and if a connection were made between the cylinder and an exhausted vessel, it would rush into it, and might be there condensed without cooling the cylinder. . . . I had not got further than the Golf-house, when the whole thing was arranged in my mind.” We can imagine the exultation of spirit which seized him as he returned from this walk, in which this idea, big with the fate of nations, had sprung up spontaneously, as it appeared, in his mind, but which had long lain there ready for the proper moment to burst forth to consciousness. As far as the idea was concerned, the clumsy steam-wasting Newcomen engine was now transformed into the new creation, to be henceforth the universal drudge, the all-powerful slave, more obedient and more terrible than any we read of in Arabian story. But there was to be a long and weary path trodden before the idea of a separate condenser became translated into a pregnant working fact.

* We have quoted this and other passages occurring in this paper from Mr. Smiles’ singularly-interesting “Lives of Bolton and Watt,” a work which has, in fact, afforded the main facts it contains.

The mechanical arts were then at a very low ebb in Glasgow, as indeed elsewhere. The splendid machinery for working in iron to be found now in the shop of every mechanist, were not then in existence; the turning, planing, and boring machines had not been invented, and the first cylinder Watt used for his engine was not bored, but hammered! No wonder that it “sniffed,” or leaked, in every direction, so that the waste of steam was immense. In the midst of his difficulties, he complains that his “old white-iron man is dead;” an event which plunged him into the depths of despair, and affords a measure of the character of the mechanical aid at his disposal. About this time his friend, Dr. Black, introduced him to Dr. Roebuck, the founder of the Carron Iron Company, who very warmly entered into the steam-engine project, and ultimately went into partnership with Watt, who gave him a two-third share in the engine, in exchange for the capital Roebuck lent him to bring it to perfection, and for the aid afforded him by the establishment at Carron. New castings of the cylinder were made at these works, and early in 1768 a new trial was made of the model, but with no very satisfactory result; in a month’s time, however, after much tinkering, the engine was set to work. But a model and a working engine of large proportions are two different things, and this poor Watt found when he attempted to get mechanics to make machinery in large. However, the patent for the engine was taken out in 1769, and the engine after his new patent was removed to Kinneil House, the residence of Dr. Roebuck, not far from Glasgow. But the new engine would not go with any success, and now poor Watt was indeed reduced to the direst despondency. “You cannot conceive,” he wrote to Small, “how mortified I am with this disappointment; it’s a horrible thing for a man to have his all hanging by a single string. If I had wherewithal to pay the loss, I don’t think I should so much fear a failure, but I cannot bear the thought of other people becoming losers by my schemes; and I have the happy disposition of always painting the worst.” But the honourable spirit of the great inventor, depressed as it was, and still more depressed as it became by the bankruptcy of Roebuck, which occurred about this time, was at length about to triumph over all his difficulties. “The darkest place is under the candlestick,” says the old proverb; and the ruin of his friend happily proved to be the salvation of the steam-engine. When Roebuck failed, the merits of the new engine were made known to Mr. Boulton, the princely manufacturer, whose works at Soho were at that time famous

throughout Europe. Roebuck's two-thirds' share of the engine was, with the consent of his creditors, made over to Boulton, in exchange for a debt of £1,200, which he had a right claim against the estate; the good man who wound-up the affairs of the too daring schemer, holding of little account the new engine, which no doubt they looked upon, as picture-alers would say, as "highly speculative." Indeed, Watt himself, at this moment, seemed to think but ill of its prospects, for he said himself of the transaction, that it was only paying one bad debt with another. What splendid chances some of us miss for the want of a little foresight; the greatest discovery of the age—the source of untold wealth to all mankind for all time, parted with for a bad debt! However, the engine from the old hat-house at Kinneil was taken to pieces and moved to Soho, and in 1774 Watt himself left Scotland, heartily sick of its people and its harsh climate, as he himself confessed.

Not to go further into details, we may say that with the trained hands in the manufactory of Soho, and with the energy of Boulton, the Kinneil engine, or "old Beelzebub," as Watt named it, was put in thorough working order, and the commencement of the manufacturing of engines only awaited an extension of the patent right, to begin in England. It is very possible that unless Boulton, at the seventh hour, had come to the rescue, the steam-engine, like many other famous inventions, would have failed. Without tools, workmen, money, or energy, Watt could not have fought the battle much longer; as it was, he was obliged to turn from his labours upon it to do a little surveying, to make plans, to construct mathematical and optical instruments, to keep the wolf from the door. Now, however, all was plain sailing; his moneyed partner removed all the difficulties from his path; an Act of Parliament was obtained for a new patent to run for twenty-four years—which the great Burke, among others, by the way, opposed—and the whole manufacturing world, especially the miners of Cornwall, were eagerly looking out for the new machine which was to restore their fast-fading fortunes.

Before long several engines were in active work in England, and orders had arrived for powerful engines for Cornwall. The expense of fuel and the waste of steam in the Newcomen engines still at work in that county, had brought the mining interest to the verge of bankruptcy; and the news of the new invention had created the greatest excitement among the adventurers. It was therefore of the utmost consequence that no failure should occur in the setting up of the new machinery; and Watt himself went down to superintend

the erection of the Chacewater engines, required to drain one of the most celebrated mines of the country. "At last," says Mr. Smiles, "the Chacewater engine was finished and ready for work. Great curiosity was felt about its performance, and mining men and engineers came from all quarters to see it start. 'All the world are agape,' said Watt, 'to see what it can do.' It would not have displeased some of the spectators if it had failed. But to their astonishment it succeeded. At starting it made about eleven strokes per minute, and it worked with greater power, went more steadily, and forked more water than any of the ordinary engines, with only about one-third the consumption of coal. 'We have had many spectators,' wrote Watt, 'and several have already become converts. The velocity, violence, magnitude, and horrible noise of the engine,' he adds, 'give universal satisfaction to all beholders—believers or not. I have once or twice trimmed the engine to end its stroke gently, and to make less noise; but Mr. Wilson cannot sleep without it seems quite furious, so I have left it to the engine man; and, by the bye, the noise seems to convey great ideas of its powers to the ignorant, who seem to be no more taken with modest merit in an engine than a man.'"

The success of this engine, which very soon forked the water from the mine, settled the question of Watt *versus* Newcomen. None of the latter engines were erected after this; indeed, in a very few years there was not a Newcomen engine at work in the country. Many of the engine-houses, however, yet remain, presenting a very picturesque appearance, and serving as mementos of a past era of human labour.

When the great saving of fuel in the new engine was demonstrated, Watt and his partner demanded, before erecting any fresh ones, that they should be paid as a royalty one-third of such savings; and this, after a struggle on the part of the miners, was at last agreed to; but it subsequently became a constant source of dispute, and ultimately it was given up for a fixed payment. When the wants of the pumping districts were supplied, orders for the new motive power poured in from all parts of the country. Poor Watt, who had to make the drawings for the new engines, endeavoured to discountenance the acceptance of these orders; he thought that Cornwall was field enough for the firm. Moreover, he feared that steam would not be able to contend, especially in the North, with wind and water power; but Boulton very wisely combated these ideas. With a far more comprehensive vision than his partner,

he perceived that the new power was to be lord paramount; that calms and drought and frost would be its great ally, and that the powers of nature would not be able to fight successfully against it. But to apply the new force to the ordinary requirements of the country it had to be converted into a rotative engine. The Cornish pumping engines, it will be remembered, were not of this class, an up-and-down motion only being required; but all this had to be altered. The transmutation of the reciprocating to the rotative motion Watt had planned—it was, in fact, the simple application of the crank to one end of the beam. This was such an obvious application of the common lathe crank, or that of the knife-grinder's wheel, that he did not think of taking out a patent for its application to his engine; but one of his workmen did, and sold it without his knowledge to one Pickard. Watt was greatly irritated at this piracy; as he observed, "it was but taking a knife to cut butter that had cut cheese." But the patent prevented him from using it, and he had to apply his inventive powers to produce the same action by other means. He did indeed invent five different methods of accomplishing it, but he adopted that known as the sun-and-planet motion, the invention of William Murdock, the head man of the firm, and a subsequent partner. The "sun-and-planet motion" is to be seen in the old engine now in the South Kensington Museum. This venerable remnant of antiquity, known as "old Bess," was the first rotatory engine erected by Watt, at Soho, nearly eighty years ago, on the expansive principle, and was the engine which was the great show of those celebrated works towards the latter end of the last century. In the same museum, at the opposite end of the room, is a still more interesting relic, being nothing less than one of the old Newcomen engines, fitted with the separate condenser and air-pump by Watt; it stands a most interesting monument of the great transition of the old "fire engine" of the early part of the last century to the steam engine of the present time. It was used for pumping water, and its clumsy wooden beam, with its semi-circular ends hung with chains, presents an extraordinary contrast to the model of the pumping engine close by, fitted with the elegant parallel motion which Watt was prouder of having invented than anything else.

The latter days of Watt's life were more calm than were those of his early manhood. Pecuniary matters no longer troubled him; indeed he was accumulating money fast, adding estate after estate to his lands; and in 1800, the term of his original partnership with

Boulton having expired, he retired from the active duties of Soho, and took up his quarters at Heathfield, a charming residence near Birmingham. Poor Watt, although he made the whole material world subject to the power he had invented, was not, however, the master of his own household. His second wife appears to have kept him most completely under control. His ever active mind could not rest even in his retirement, and he had a workshop fitted up in his house, where he occupied himself in inventing, almost up to the day of his death. Here, in his working dress, he used to amuse himself with his copying machine—a beautiful instrument, which copied works of art with mathematical accuracy. But the man whose genius could even in his old age accomplish these things, was not permitted by his wife to come into his own drawing-room in his working dress, or in his leathern apron. He consequently remained here a greater part of his time, and it remains now in just the same condition in which he left it when in the autumn of 1819 he parted with this life. Mr. Smiles has indeed made a most interesting volume of the lives of these two men, and no doubt it will be as extensively read as the many other volumes of Industrial Biography which this work so worthily crowns. W.

"MUM."

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—With reference to "Mum," the "lost liquor" described in one of the last numbers of your old series,* permit me to observe that Jonathan Oldbuck, like a true antiquary, drank in 1798, with his breakfast, "mum, a species of fat ale brewed from bitter herbs." Sir Walter was right in calling this beverage ale. Bitter ale is a misnomer; it should be bitter beer. Ale is a Saxon word, most probably akin to öl, the present Scandinavian term for malt liquor. Beer is a German word (bier), and is most probably akin to barley, the Scotch bere, and the Hebrew בָּר (bar). Ale proper has not the slightest infusion of hops introduced into it, as may be seen from the following quotations:—"The general use is by no means to put any hops into ale, making that difference between it and beer; but the wiser housewives do find an error in that opinion, and say that the utter want of hops is the reason why ale lasteth so little a time, but either dyeth or soureth, and therefore they will to every barrel of the best ale allow half a pound of good hops." (Gervase Markham, 1620.) "I wish that there was a brewery at Aukeland in regard to my purpose of living there some part of this summer, and I wish that it should be well hopt for keeping it the better from souring." (Bishop Neale's Letter, 1622.)

JOHN WATKINS, B.C.L.

* See vol. xiii., p. 737.

+ Good bitter ale would require two pounds of hops to that quantity of wort.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER XXIV. LAWRENCE'S PROSPECTS.



N the day of any man who has to earn his bread hardly, in the sweat of his brow, with the labour of his hands, by the exercise of whatever mind God has given him, the working hours are necessarily many, the moments of recreation, or even relaxation, few; and for this reason, when a writer undertakes to tell the life-story of such an one as Lawrence Barbour, it is needful to speak of the toil as well as of the pleasure—of the heat and burden of the noon-

day, as well as of the cool shade and the pleasant chatter of the even-tide.

He had come to London to work—to learn to labour—and to wait; he had come to put his hand to whatsoever offered itself for hand to do, to make a way for himself in the world—to win position—to earn wealth. When he first set foot in the great Babylon he knew that whatever good he effected in—whatever victory he achieved—whatever honour he gained, he should have to effect and achieve and gain for himself by the strength of his own right hand, his will, and his industry.

And he had succeeded. He was not now standing where he stood when he first started his career. He had learnt; he had secured that no evil fortune could take from him—no knowledge; and he felt within himself that every year was likely to increase his knowledge, and consequently his power of making money.

The step of the social ladder on which he had been reached by no adventitious means—from the height of no worldly advantage—had climbed there with the help of his own industry and his own talents, despite of early prejudices, and physical weakness, and frequent ill-health; and he knew that, were he

able to continue in the same course, he could, as the years went by, climb still higher, and in time stand almost on the highest point of the hill of business prosperity.

He was thinking of this as he walked up the Commercial Road, while the afternoon sun blazed full upon it—thinking of how wonderfully he had prospered, of how much better than all his imaginings the reality of success had proved; and yet, even while acknowledging with thankfulness the progress he had made, and looking forward eagerly towards the progress it was still competent for him to make, he felt vaguely that the years had taken something out of his life, that there was some of the gilding rubbed off existence, some beauty which the past had held, blurred and faded in the present.

The actual castle a man builds for himself with brick and mortar, with wood and stucco, is never so lovely as the dream-castle he conceived out of his own head, and perfected with his fancy in the morning time when life had but just commenced, when the day was before him, when the sun had scarcely risen upon his earth. Though the one may be good to inhabit, though it may have doors and windows, though it have pleasant rooms and fair prospects, though it may be strong to shelter, sound and weather-tight, and look well to the eye of the passing stranger, it yet lacks something which the dream-castle possessed. Its vanes and pinnacles never glitter in the sun like the vanes and pinnacles of youth's palace of delight, never on such fair lands does the eye of manhood look forth as those over which the glance of his younger self has wandered up and down: there may be flowers, but they are not the flowers of the imaginary paradise; there may be love, but it is not the ideal love of inexperience; there may be perfumes, but they are not the sweet fresh lightsome scents of the early morning; there may be exquisite fruits, but they pall on the taste and clog the appetite; there may be success, wealth, fame, social standing, worldly distinction, but the man who grasps these good things grasps also earth with them; he finds the gold and the alloy together, the gem and the flaw, the position and the drawback.

There is not a grain of earth about the boy's castle, concerning which he dreams as he pores

over his books at school, as he wanders through lanes bordered with blackberries, as he parts the privet-hedge to look at the piedfinch's nest, as he lies on his back among the new-mown hay, or sits idly by the river's brink watching the stream flow by.

He moulds no bricks for his grand edifice, he hews down no trees, he pays no man for the site, and yet the palace he wots of that he means some day to inhabit is all beautiful both within and without—is as lovely as imagination, and the soft clouds, and purple mists and glorious sunrising of morning can make it.

In comparison to this, what is the best house a man can erect for money? what architect may ever design such dwellings as youth rears and furnishes, and decorates and embellishes according to his own sweet fancy? what actual results ever yielded such perfect satisfaction as these unreal edifices, where room can be added to room, and story to story, by a touch of that which is, after all, the true magician's wand, the imagination of the young and ardent; who, feeling within themselves the power to do something, start in life with the idea of therefore achieving everything.

The humdrum of actual existence seems at first hard to bear. Doubtless Adam found for many a year after his being cast out of Paradise, that there was a material difference between eating fruit and growing it; between the earth yielding her increase spontaneously, and the earth having her increase dragged forth from her by force; and, in like manner, most men and women who ever, either in early days or in maturer life, come to stand face to face with actual success, fail for the moment to recognise the countenance of their dream acquaintance.

The photograph of their dream may be perfect, but it wants the beauty, the expression, the vitality, which threw an indescribable loveliness over the fancies, and the visions of the past.

We are told that the good which is worked for seems better in men's eyes than the good which knocks at their door unsolicited and unexpected; but this is an assertion open surely to grave doubts. Rather, on the contrary, does not work take away to a great extent from the capability of enjoyment, from the power of full and perfect appreciation? Does the cook eat with appetite of the dinner her own hands have prepared? does the fisherman care for the turbot and salmon he himself has captured? does the sailor, who has been out to the Spice Islands, feel any interest in the cargo he has assisted to bring home? the painter, who has laid colour on colour? the author who has toiled on page after page? the

merchant, who has entered transaction after transaction in his ledger? the barrister, who has pleaded the cause of client after client?—reader, do these people each and severally attach the same value to the works of their heads and hands as the outsider? Does it ever seem to the successful man as fine a thing to have achieved success, as it does to his unfortunate next-door neighbour, who has failed in compassing the same object?

In effect success is but the rainbow of existence, which when men touch they find merely a shadow, colourless and unlovely; never a thing of all brightness does it seem, save when seen through a mist of fancy. Very beautiful seems the orb in the firmament of the future to the lad starting on his walk through life, but when the morning dews glitter no longer on the grass, when the sun of reality has dried up all the moisture and softness out of the early air, man sees the rainbow of the past no longer; there are the blue heavens and the green earth, but the arch up which his soul once climbed away from earth to heaven gladdens his sight never more for ever.

For this reason, if the measure of worldly prosperity that had fallen to his lot failed completely to satisfy Lawrence Barbour, who looking into his own heart, into the hopes and the dreams with which it was once full to overflowing, may find fault with the young man?

He had nursed his fancies, he had erected his fairy palaces, he had lived his imaginary life, and behold, the reality of his success, though beyond his actual expectations, did not bring with it the happiness he once thought theoretically, success could not fail to accomplish.

"Every existence is prosaic," he decided as he walked along; and who indeed, traversing that dreary Commercial Road could have arrived at any other conclusion? "Why should I be discontented? why should I long to kick over the chair on which I am standing? why should I allow the thought of pleasure to interfere with business, and hate so much the bridge which is carrying me across to pleasure and ease and competence as to desire to break it down even while I am walking over it? I wonder if I were once married whether work would seem less irksome, whether the two lives would be any easier to combine than has been the case of late; I wonder—" and he wound his way in and out among the people, and thought, as he turned his steps in the direction of Good man's Fields.

He was but a lad when he first entered London, when you, dear reader, in the opening chapter of this book made his acquaintance.

ice; but the years have passed since that, and he is now a man in appearance, feelings, tastes, memories, purposes.

A clever man too, as Mr. Perkins is ready to testify—clever, ingenious, hardworking, quick jumping to a conclusion, resolute in carrying out his intentions. The same temper which induced him to come to London enabled him to succeed in London. He never turned his back on difficulty, he never suffered any obstacle to daunt his spirit. His hours of labour had been many; his moments of recreation few; at Distaff Yard, in Goodman's Fields, in his own lodgings Lawrence Barbour was essentially a worker with all his wits about him, and his "seven senses," so Mrs. Perkins admiringly declared, to boot.

"There is not a wink on him," she affirmed every day to Percy Forbes; and although that gentleman decided her conclusion might have been couched in a more elegant form, still he was inclined to believe it could scarcely have been conveyed in one more terse or strictly accurate.

The man who walked up the Commercial Road a few days after Mr. Forbes' invitations were issued had indeed both eyes wide open to his own interest, to his own advancement, to his own ultimate success; and no person in London was, perhaps, more keenly alive to a knowledge of this fact than Mr. Josiah Perkins, who was wont to look after his relative, and wonder where he got his business capacities, his keen, cool, calculating head.

"It is not as if he had been reared to it," Mr. Perkins remarked on more than one occasion to Mr. Sondes. "It is not as if he had been buying and selling and bargaining and haggling all his life. He has only been a few years in the business, and I'll be hanged sometimes I don't think that he could buy and sell me."

"He is working for love of Miss Alwyn," returned Mr. Sondes with a sneer, "and there is a great incentive to both invention and labour."

"The business talent was in him from the start," Mr. Perkins insisted.

"I think it was," answered Mr. Sondes; at least it was under that idea I took to him. He is a very useful fellow, Perkins; and if it were not for that Alwyn affair we might do well for him. As it is——"

"When he marries Miss Alwyn, what course do you mean to adopt with regard to his position in the—the concern?" asked Mr. Perkins desperately.

"I think it is very probable he will never marry Miss Alwyn," said Mr. Sondes, quietly looking straight in his partner's face as he spoke.

"Not money enough?" suggested Mr. Perkins.

"On either side," returned Mr. Sondes, and his partner indulged in a subdued whistle.

"It has occurred to me lately," Mr. Perkins said after a short pause, with his hands plunged deep in the pockets of his office coat, and his eyes wandering hither and thither apparently in mortal fear of meeting Mr. Sondes' glance, "that Barbour wants to be taken into the business."

"I know he does," replied the senior partner; "but he won't be."

"I thought you told Mr. Forbes that you had some idea of giving him a share."

"In Distaff Yard," answered Mr. Sondes; "but it is not a share in the chemical factory your relative desires. It is the sugar-house he has his eye on;" and Mr. Sondes, leaning up against Mr. Perkins' desk, laughed to himself softly, and added, "If he were my partner he could propose to Miss Alwyn, and if he were my partner he might stand a chance of being accepted; but I am not going to be such an idiot as all that comes to, clever though your relative may be, Mr. Perkins."

"It is not my fault that he is clever, or that he tries to fly too high," said the chemist deprecatingly.

"I never thought it was," answered Mr. Sondes, and the conversation terminated.

It was about a week after this that Lawrence Barbour walked up the Commercial Road, and turned into Goodman's Fields, and soon found himself at Mr. Sondes' Refinery, the outside of which he surveyed with a sort of leisurely speculation from the time he came in sight of it, till he passed through the gates and entered the building.

Not for worlds, reader, supposing you were with me at this moment in the flesh instead of merely in the spirit, would I ask you to cross the threshold of that place with him. It is one thing to visit a sugar-house in imagination, and quite another to climb in the body from story to story. It may not be altogether disagreeable, sitting in a pleasant drawing-room surrounded by every comfort, with open windows admitting the pure sweet air, with flowers on the table, and a blazing fire on the hearth, to read how money is made due east, but an actual visit to one of those dismal "diggings" beyond the Tower would prove too much for the sensitive nerves of those individuals whose way in the world has been made for them, who have never had to take the rough and the smooth, the good and the bad of business; nor been compelled to turn their steps day after day to the factories and the warehouses, to the shops and the foundries where money is earned hardily,

to the end that it may be spent in far different scenes, lavishly.

A huge building of eight stories in height, covering a large surface of ground, dilapidated-looking, black, grimy, gloomy—with a long expanse of dead wall turned towards the street—that was Mr. Sondes' sugar-house externally, while internally, words would fail to convey even a faint idea of the apparent misery and discomfort of the arrangements.

The first time Lawrence Barbour reached the third story, whither he persisted in mounting contrary to Mr. Sondes' advice shortly after his return from Grays, he had to be carried down again by a pair of half-naked Germans, who laid him flat on his back on the pavement of the yard, and threw water on him till he recovered consciousness. Nothing daunted by the result of this experiment, the youth made trial after trial, till at last, as he said, the smell of the "spice" affected him no more than if it had been eau-de-cologne, and he minded the heat as little as the spice.

"How I should like to go over a sugar-house," observed Miss Alwyn to him one day, some months after he had become acclimatised.

"You would never come out of it alive," he answered; "and you would not touch sugar again for a twelvemonth."

"But you take sugar," she suggested.

"True; but then I am not you; besides, I know the process now sufficiently well to appreciate its cleanliness—in one visit you could only appreciate its dirt. Happy is the man who either understands all about what he eats and drinks, or nothing; whose eyes are either fully opened, or who is able to keep them shut close. A little knowledge is a dangerous thing even at dinner. I often think about what Mr. Forbes said after I took him over our factory in Distaff Yard,—'Where ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise.'"

"I remember his repeating something like that to me," replied Miss Alwyn, "and he has been a perfect pest since he knew you. Cayenne, he says, is not cayenne, nor coffee coffee; he declares there is no tea in London, and that he believes the very eggs are adulterated. Papa had a present made to him of some very fine mustard, which he felt certain was genuine; but Percy procured a little packet from Mr. Perkins, I think, of the pure and simple, and papa's mouth was blistered for a week afterwards. I never was so sorry about anything as your taking him over your place. He seems to have devoted himself to the subject ever since, and can tell me how every morsel of food one touches is manufactured, and how each article that is used to adulterate another article, is adulterated itself in its turn."

"I do not think he can," laughed Lawrence. "Why, he told me you initiated him into all the mysteries of your business," she remarked.

"He thought I did, which afforded him quite as much amusement," answered the young man; "it would hardly have pleased my employers had I made a confidant of him about their private concerns."

"Oh, you hypocrite!" exclaimed Miss Alwyn, shaking her head at him as though perfectly scandalised; "and I suppose you do the same thing with me, and when I ask you for information feed me with falsehoods instead of with valuable truths."

"No, I either answer you truly or not at all."

"In reality?"

"Try me," he replied. And thus invited, Miss Alwyn at once returned to her original charge, and inquired concerning the domestic economy of a sugar-house.

"Was it actually a horrid place, and so frightfully warm, and did they really use blood to make loaf-sugar, and was not the idea very nasty?"

"It is not very nice," Lawrence returned.

"When we were children—that is, my cousin Alice, and her brother Jack, and myself—we amused ourselves in the nursery by burning sugar in the candle, and Jack said that the coloured drops we saw in the flame were the blood. He used to make me so sick," and Miss Alwyn laid down her embroidery, and looked up pathetically at Lawrence, who occasionally felt a little jealous of cousin Jack, and disposed to do battle with him.

"He was talking folly," said Mr. Barbour, not sorry to prove himself better informed even on a business question than Mr. John Alwyn. "The 'spice' does not remain in the sugar; if it did, the loaf could never be pure and white, as is the case."

"Then it really is clean?"

"To be sure it is; though, if you were to go over a sugar-house, you might, as I said at first, be inclined to doubt the fact. That is the reason why it is better to know nothing or to know all. White of eggs would purify sugar just as well as 'spice, if we could only get enough of it. I tried adulterating eggs for the sake of the albumen, but found it would not pay. Mr. Perkins said it could not be done, so I thought I would try, and I did it."

"You clever creature, what did you do?"

"I took the white and yolk out of an egg, and filled the shell with water, and no person could have told the egg had been tampered with—not even the hen that laid it," he said, a little boastfully.

"How could you manage it?"

"Simply enough," he replied. But still he did not tell her how.

"That is no answer," she pouted. "I want to know the *modus operandi*, and it is not kind of you to refuse to gratify my curiosity."

"You would not understand the process if I tried to explain it to you," Lawrence answered. And then Miss Alwyn got absolutely angry. Did he think she was a perfect simpleton? Because she happened, unfortunately for herself, to be a woman, did he think her incapable of comprehending the simplest experiment? How could men expect women to be clever, if they refused to tell them such a trifling thing as that? At all of which Lawrence only laughed, and held to his point. He would not deceive her with any fibs; but he would not confide to her any secrets.

Those were very early days, however. Before many years went by, Miss Alwyn could get what information she desired out of Lawrence Barbour; and it was fortunate, perhaps, for him that she did not desire to know very much concerning his business or that of his employers, or else he might have found himself some day with a month's salary in his pocket, wandering home to his lodgings, and wondering where he was to go to, and what he was to do.

As it was, he was far too unreserved in his conversations with the fascinating family in Hereford Street. At the first Samson deluded Delilah; but in the long run Delilah deluded Samson. It is always the way;—let a man be ever so cautious at the beginning, let him swear to himself ever so resolutely, thus far will I love and trust this woman, and no further, the end has usually a terrible uniformity about it. Delilah worms his secret out of him at last, and it is not till he finds himself bound and a prisoner, that he understands her tactics, and curses the day in which he was beguiled into trusting one so fair and one so false.

Mr. Sondes was just the man to visit such indiscretions with the heaviest punishment his ingenuity could devise. To him the unpardonable sin was gossip between office and home. Had he been an inquisitor he would have rewarded with thumb-screw and rack the unfortunate culprit who told the wife of his bosom how much sugar he refined in a week, or by what improved process the refining was effected; and having long suspected that the Alwyns were in possession of more of the details of his business than he at all approved, and being, moreover, sorely annoyed by the Alwyn intimacy altogether, he seized on the first tangible ground of complaint that offered itself, and told one of the men to desire Mr.

Barbour, before he left, to come into the counting-house as he, Mr. Sondes, desired to speak with him.

Lawrence had made up his mind as he walked along the Commercial Road to open the question of a partnership that very day, by asking for an increase of salary; and accordingly, when he received Mr. Sondes' message, he was standing on one of the floors, upon a carpet of sugar about an inch thick, wiping the perspiration from his face, and considering in what manner it would be best to preface his request.

"You are not to leave without seeing Mr. Sondes, sir," said one of the few Englishmen employed on the premises; "he wants to speak to you particular."

"That is lucky," returned Lawrence, "for I want to speak to him." There was something in the tone of the message which ruffled his temper.

"You are about the only person then who has wanted to speak to him this afternoon," answered the man significantly.

"Why; is he—?" asked Lawrence, eagerly.

"As two sticks," was the reply. "I thought perhaps you would like to know," continued the man, who was a sort of time-keeper and confidential servant, "for he has been like a bear with a sore head ever since he came in."

"Do you know what it is about?" inquired Lawrence.

"No; but I think you are going to catch it for something, and forewarned, forearmed, you know, sir," he added, dexterously catching the shilling Lawrence threw him, as he turned and descended into the presence chamber.

He entered the counting-house, and bade his employer good afternoon; while he did so, he saw there was a storm brewing, and for the first time since his arrival in London felt he was only a servant in Mr. Sondes' employ.

"Shut the door," said that gentleman; and Lawrence obeyed.

"I have sent for you, Barbour," he began, "to tell you that, although it is perfectly immaterial to me where you spend your evenings, or with whom you are in love, and to what friend you choose to confide the hopes and sorrows of your own life, I have a decided objection to my affairs being canvassed by your acquaintances. You are here in a position of trust, and if you go gossiping up in Hereford Street about our affairs, why the sooner you look out for another situation the better."

"Will you tell me what I have done, sir?" said Lawrence; "it is hardly fair to condemn a man without first giving him an opportunity of answering your accusation."

"It is not," returned Mr. Sondes. "My accusation is that, being in love with Miss Alwyn, you forget I am not in love with her also, and that you discuss my affairs and the affairs of our works in Distaff Yard too freely, both to the young lady and her father. You told him I was building a new sugar-house, that I was coining, and so forth. Now the one fault I hate in a man is a loose tongue; and unless you put a bridle in your mouth, you will not suit either me or my partner."

"Very well, sir," answered Lawrence; "am I to go now, or take the usual notice. I did not think there was any crime in saying what every man about the place knows, that you were going to enlarge the premises, and that business was good; but if you think I have done wrong, I am content to go. I do not believe, however, you will find another who will serve you as faithfully as I have tried to do."

And Lawrence turned away choking. Any strong excitement always since his accident produced this feeling, and he tried to reach the door and the open air before it proved too much for him. He had dreamed of a partnership, and behold! instead thereof, dismissal. He had thought himself necessary to the concern, and he was told he had better leave it. He held his situation by so insecure a tenure that a chance sentence lightly uttered had imperilled his position. "I have worked hard," were his last words, ere he dropped into the nearest chair gasping for breath.

"What a confounded fool you must be, Barbour," said Mr. Sondes, throwing open the door, and flinging up the window. "I am not going to cast you adrift for one indiscretion, only be careful for the future. Don't stand staring there," he shouted to some of the workmen; "but go and get some brandy, and be quick about it, and some of you fetch a cab. You will find some day," he went on, "that what I said to you at Grays will come true, and that you will wish you had never set eyes on the girl or her father either. But there, I have done; keep your mouth shut about my affairs, and you may court Jezebel, and wed her too if you like. Now, what will you do? go to your lodgings, or come back to dinner with me? I want to talk to you quietly; if I have been hasty, I am sorry for it; but Alwyn put me out to-day. What the deuce business is it of his whether I am doing any trade or none? Are you all right again? Take a little more of the brandy; that is better. Get in. Stepney Causeway," Mr. Sondes added, speaking to the cabman, who drove up Great Alie Street, and thence along the Commercial Road to the old house with the wide staircase

and the painted walls, and the old fashioned chimney-pieces, and the pleasant home-like rooms!

(To be continued.)

A WORD ABOUT CHISWICK.

TO THE EDITOR OF "ONCE A WEEK."

SIR,—A correspondent asks whether Mawson's Buildings is still standing?

It is; but the place is called Mawson's Row. I never had any other name. It is situated in Chiswick, at right angles to the river.

More than 150 years ago Mr. Mawson established a brewery close at hand, which is still carried on by Messrs. Fuller, Smith, and Co. Dr. Mathias Mawson, son of the brewer, was educated at St. Paul's School, whence he removed to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge; he was admitted in 1701, and was, in 1724, elected to the mastership of his college. In 1734 Dr. Mawson refused the bishopric of Gloucester, but was prevailed upon by his friends to accept that of Llandaff in 1738, and about two years afterwards he was translated to Chichester. He continued to hold his mastership till 1744. In 1754, on the death of Sir Thomas Gooch, he was translated to the see of Ely. The sees of Ely and Chichester, as well as the college over which he presided, experienced in the most liberal manner the munificence of this worthy prelate. His lordship died at his house at the south-west corner of Kensington Square, in November, 1770, aged eighty-seven years.

For the above information I am principally indebted to "Faulkner's History of Chiswick, Ealing &c.," which contains a vast amount of very interesting facts. I cannot, however, find that he was aware that Pope ever lived here, and therefore your "Word" is much valued by Chiswickians.

No one can doubt but that Pope knew Chiswick well, as frequent allusion to places round about may be found in his works. Here is one bearing upon the Duke of Devonshire's garden:—

Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
And half the platform just reflects the other.
"Moral Essays," Ep. iv., l. 160.

A little quiet satire on Le Notre, the gardener.

May I ask, in return for the above information whether the name of Merton Place, whence I write this, has anything in common with Merton College Oxford. I believe it has, but do not know how I got this idea into my head.—I am, sir, your obedient servant,
SEPTIMUS PIESSE.

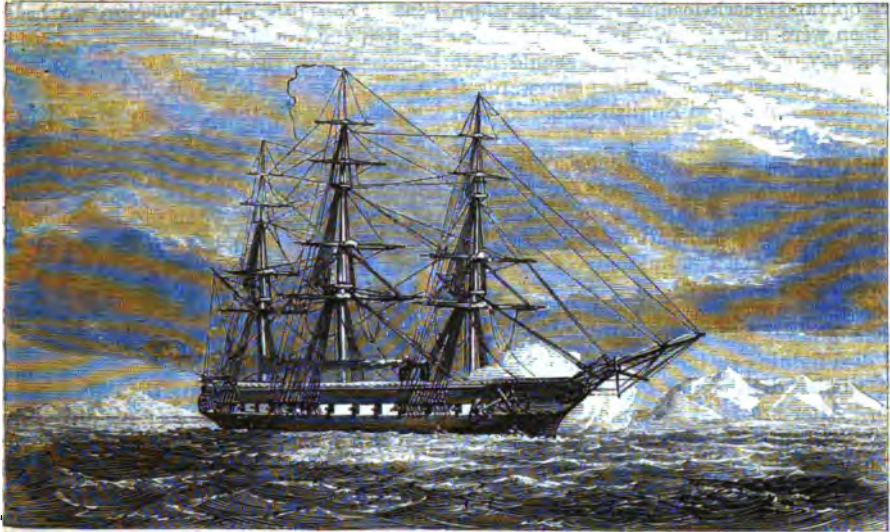
1, Merton Place, Chiswick.

A CRUISE IN H.M.S. GALATEA.

JAN. 14, 1865.—One of the earliest incidents after setting sail from Bermuda was a painful one for the moment, but fortunately was attended with no evil consequences. One of the carpenters, who had been ordered to make some repairs, fell overboard, and for the cutter to be lowered and to reach him, occupied some minutes, during which everybody on board suffered the deepest anxiety, which was not terminated until we saw that he was being hauled into the boat. We had not left the Gulf stream long before a stiff breeze set in,

and it became very cold, but it moderated—the breeze, not the cold—before we reached the fine roadstead of Fort Munroe, which was five days after we left Bermuda. Here we gave the Federal flag a salute of twenty-one guns, which was returned by the fort. The

American commodore paid us a visit, and a day or two afterwards I managed to return the visit of the officers of the Colorado, a fine well-manned frigate, which took part in the bombardment of Fort Fisher, interesting accounts of which they gave us. We managed



H.M.S. Galatea.

to get a little run on shore, and found a good many pretty faces among the Secesh young ladies, who, if they had been as polished in their manners as they were pretty, would have been very delightful company. They were, however, at this time in a state of great indignation, on account of General Butler having just made them take the oath of allegiance to the Federal Government, and this perhaps had some effect on their urbanity. We got some very fair skating here, and still better shooting, the quails being very fine. Before we went on board again, we paid a visit to General Grant, who gave us a pass to General Meade's head-quarters. We were introduced to General Meade, and a very kindly reception he gave us; in which respect he was imitated by everybody about him. We met here, among others, General Webb, who had a wonderful escape at Gettysburgh, a bullet having passed through his head in that battle without killing him. We were also introduced to Rosecrans, who entertained us most hospitably in his hut, and beside supplying us with cigars and grog, told us some exceedingly interesting incidents of the war, and in all respects seemed a capital fellow, as well as a good entertainer. The next morning, after breakfasting with General Meade, Rosecrans

found us horses, and rode with us round the lines, which were defended by some strong forts and earthworks, communication along the whole being maintained by a telegraphic wire. On our way we passed through a succession of encampments, composed of log-huts with brick chimnies, surmounted by barrels, and very comfortable they looked too. At the head-quarters they had not only studied the comfortable, but had exercised a good deal of taste in the external arrangements. Everything we saw, in fact, indicated the observance of cleanliness, neatness, and order. The termination of our ride was marked by a look-out station some sixty feet high, at the foot of which stood a barrel, on which a soldier was mounted for punishment, and with a sentry over him to see that he remained in his position the allotted time. Of the two, the stigma excepted, the former seemed to have rather the best of it. At this point we were quite close to the Confederate lines; the pickets indeed were so near each other, that they not unfrequently conversed, though this was contrary to orders. On our return we called on General Wheadon, who was settled in delightful quarters, and well he deserved them, if we may judge by the kind reception he gave us. By the time we had "liquored,"

General Meade rode up with his staff, and we galloped off to visit the hospitals with him. As regards cleanliness and order they were perfect, and no doubt the medical attendance was good also, for when the former exist, we may be pretty sure that the latter does also. On our way back a visit to General Winthrop gave us an opportunity of inspecting Sharpe's telescopic and breech-loading rifles, with which his men were armed. We had a most interesting day of it, except that we should have felt a little less uncomfortable afterwards if we had been in a good English saddle instead of McClellan's wooden ones. We met most of the Generals again at dinner, when the conversation naturally turned on military matters. General Meade and the others, too, spoke in terms of admiration of the Confederate fighting, and not unkindly of the Confederates. It was very saddening this conversation after all, when we became aware that Meade himself had lost three nephews, who had died fighting on the Confederate side, and that similar divisions of families were common. After breakfast next morning we rode with Rosecrans to visit Fort Sedgwick, a strong well-built fortification, the men's quarters casemated, and the works from eight to twelve feet high, all of which was done under a most galling fire from the Confederate works, not more than thirty yards distant. A lot of the Federal officers rode with us down to the steamer which was to take us off, some of whom accompanied us on board our frigate. Before embarking we called on General Grant, to take leave and thank him for his pass. We had no fault to find with him; he struck us as being a very silent austere man, but as regards the officers generally, to whom his pass opened our way, we cannot speak too warmly. It is hard to reconcile the kind and friendly treatment which Englishmen receive individually from Americans with the enmity with which they seem to regard our nation.

A day or two afterwards we got ashore again and had some very good quail shooting, and we then heard that there had been some sharp fighting, and that Winthrop had had two horses shot under him.

While the frigate was lying here we had some very rough weather. The wind blew stiffly, and the sea came rolling in with such force that she dragged her anchor a considerable distance.

The second cutter broke adrift, and I was sent in the first to pick her up, and had to go so far that I found it necessary, to save us from being blown out to sea, to beach the boat, which we succeeded in doing with no other accident than a thorough soaking. There

was a cold wind blowing at the time, and the men were almost chilled to death, and right glad and thankful we were for the hospitable reception accorded to us by Mr. Iriah, the Government agent of a farm near the spot where we got ashore. He gave us coffee, and had a splendid fire made up to warm us, and found a log hut for the men to pass the night in. Long before the morning we had forgotten our troubles, and were in a mood to be amused with the request of the contraband who came down to see us and ask us to write love-letters for them. They seemed to have nothing to complain of; as the Government gives them farms to cultivate, and educate their children.

From this place we ran to Bermuda, where we got up some good cricket matches with the officers of the garrison; very good fun it was, too; rather warm exercise, but not attended with the casualties described by Mr Jingle in his famous game with Colonel Blazo.

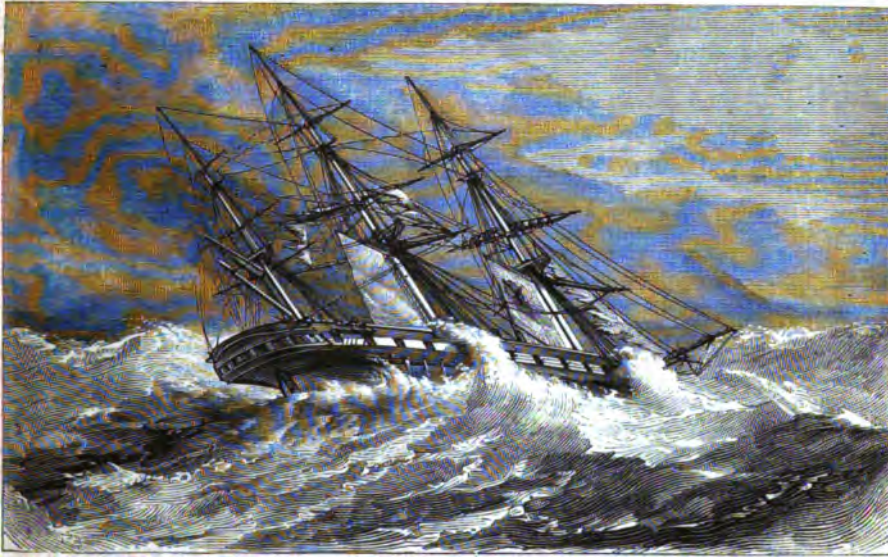
Nor was the cricketing the only amusement we had on these occasions; for after that was over, dancing followed with the ladies who came down to see the playing, of whom there was no scarcity, and very charming they were. Beside these impromptu dances there were several regular balls, which were capital. I got up, the 2nd Queen's especially distinguishing themselves in all these matters. Delightful, however, as all this was, nobody complained when we received orders to sail for Halifax, leaving not a few white handkerchiefs waving behind us to show that we had made some friends during our stay there.

A sailor's life is by no means the monotonous affair which some people imagine. In danger at sea there is excitement, and except during long voyages, the duty is sufficient to occupy the time, when taken with the peculiar hobby which nearly every officer has. One paints, and fills up the sketches of which he drew the outlines on some previous occasion, or he composes a *genre* picture; another is an entomologist, and employs his spare time at sea in preparing the insects he caught when on shore. Very few, indeed, but have some kind of occupation beside reading, for their leisure hours. Towards evening we get together on deck to smoke, and chat, and talk over adventures, some of which would have impressed any fair *Desdemona* quite as strongly as *Othello's*.

At Halifax we found things in a satisfactory condition. All old friends were well, and we were soon in the midst of amusements. In addition to cricket we had rackets, and in lieu of quail shooting we had fishing. There

is splendid salmon and trout fishing to be had about Halifax. There is a coach which runs to Margaret's Bay, where there is a choice of rivers. I engaged a man and went up the Tourly, where I had fair sport. We did not accept all the kindness and hospitality given

us a-shore without making some return. Occasionally we managed to get up a ball on board for their amusement, and there was always a strong muster at such times, and a great demand for invitations; a ball on board ship being a novelty, and less easily attain-



[The Verge of the Cyclone.

able than a dance on shore. By way of a change the captain decided on going to Newfoundland, and just before we reached there the men were ordered up for gun-practice; an iceberg at a convenient distance furnishing a capital target. The men made good practice, but it took two hours to knock it over. Everybody in the island was in anxious expectation of the arrival of the Great Eastern; which was quite as great on board. We had a man on the look-out at the masthead day and night, and guns were fired every hour, in consequence of the fog. We ran along the line of cable, and on our return were very near running ashore in the fog; fortunately it lifted just in time to let us see the danger of our position. For several days we cruised about here in hourly expectation of seeing the big ship; every steamer that came in sight on the horizon occasioning the wildest excitement. Except for this we should have found it anything but agreeable, the danger of running into something or being run into not being compensated in any way. The risk of running down a fishing-boat was by no means imaginary; it was a misfortune that actually befel the Royalist, and all in the boat were drowned. Except once—when a vessel suspected of being a slaver came in sight, which

we chased, but ineffectually—we had nothing to divert our attention from the monotony of working out to sea and back again, except one very painful circumstance which saddened everybody on board for a time. This was the drowning of a poor boy, who was knocked off the maintopmast cross-trees into the sea.

On the 15th, when we had all given up the Great Eastern, we caught sight of two steamers, and directly wore and pelted after them. One of these was the Terrible, and then we learned what had happened to the cable, which quite took away what little hope we had remaining. As it was certain that we should not now see the Great Eastern, we ran under sail and steam for Halifax, running fourteen knots an hour with a fair wind. Here we resumed our shooting, fishing, and cricket with good success; and spent delightful evenings at the houses of our many friends there, in dancing or singing, or some other amusement not less agreeable. It was impossible to get tired of such a life as this, nevertheless we were not sorry when by way of change we got orders to proceed again to Bermuda. On the 24th October the Urgent arrived with the news that an insurrection had broken out in Jamaica, and that several

of our countrymen had been murdered by the negroes. Two companies of the Buffs and the 2nd West Indian were embarked immediately, and we left for Port Royal. There was no wind, and we put on all steam, having six boilers lighted, and did the 900 miles in three days and seven hours. We anchored in Morant Bay, and directly afterwards an officer came off and told us all about the attack on the court-house by Paul Bogle and his party, who first set fire to the court-house, and then murdered all who came out, including the volunteers who had turned out to defend it. A dreadful retaliation ensued when the troops arrived. We were told that altogether, over 1500 who had been tried by drumhead court-martial were hung or shot. The insurrection, which was well-organised, was fixed to take place on the 26th of December. All white and mixed breeds were to have been killed by the blacks; the women alone were to have been spared.

On the 29th, the officers and crew of the Bulldog arrived in a Haytian man-of-war. Captain Wake seemed greatly grieved at the loss of his vessel. Shortly afterwards we were ordered to Port au Prince, where we took the *chargé d'affaires* on board, and proceeded to Cape Hayti. Here we anchored and communicated with the French and American steamers lying there. The commanders came on board and dined with us. Diplomatic messages were going to and fro, but nothing came of them. About nine o'clock a tremendous thunderstorm broke over us. The next day we saw the rebels clearing out of the fort, and we opened fire and had it all our own way, for the shots from their guns could not reach us, and finding this to be the case, they gave up firing. In the meantime the consuls came on board, and were in a great state of mind at seeing the town on fire. The Lily and a boat's crew went down to Fort Piccolo, where they landed and dismounted the guns. Our Captain landed and was received by President Geffrard, and rode out to his late lines, which were very strong. Firing was still going on up the hill, but we heard that very few were killed. I and some others went on shore to have a look at the forts, which we found to be mere earthworks on the tops of hills. One-third of the town was burnt. After visiting the Amazon's quarters, we returned on board, and right glad we were to get away from such a hole of a place and find ourselves on our way back to Bermuda. We had the officers of the Bulldog on board, and a very pleasant addition to our mess we found them. Our stay here was very short, as we were ordered to

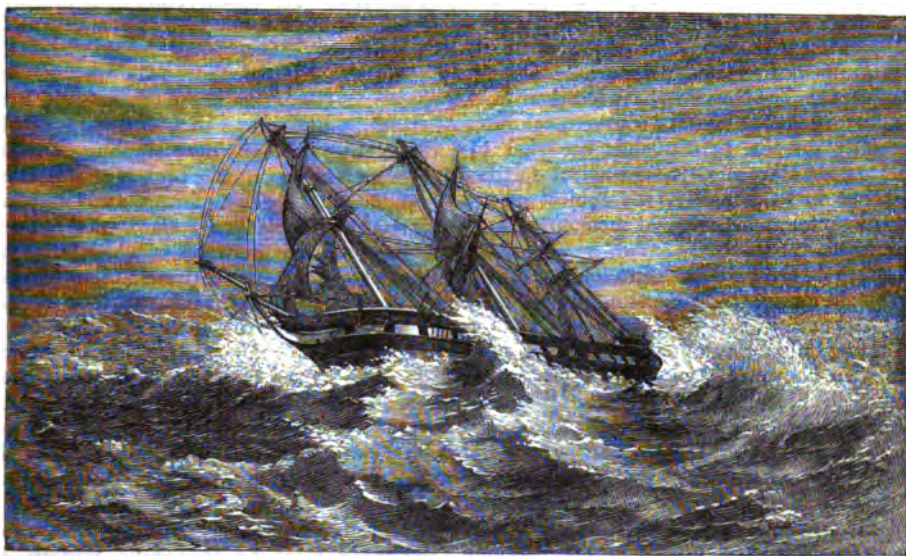
Halifax with troops. The weather became bitter cold before we got there, and we found the town covered with snow. Notwithstanding, we were very sorry to leave it, which we did as soon as we had disembarked the troops. We had not left the port many hours when a heavy storm came on, which lasted over Christmas Day, the ship rolling so heavily that a good many of us had our Christmas dinners rolled into our laps. I think I never knew it to blow harder, and, to make it worse, it was accompanied with heavy hail. The ship rolled so heavily that she dipped her lee gangway under. One of the sails blew away, and we were very near losing the other cutter.

There are few of us, however long we may have been afloat, who are not impressed by the signs of an approaching storm, especially when they manifest themselves towards night, and it is almost certain that its raging will be attended with darkness—the dull roar of the wind, at first coming by fits and starts, as though it were the bellowing of some terrific monster which had risen from the sea and thus announced its coming, increasing in duration and volume until the air is filled with it, and it gives one a sensation as though he were about to be crushed into nothingness. On one occasion, when we were cruising a few miles from Bermuda, we witnessed a storm of this kind, which exceeded in violence anything I had ever seen previously, though the vessel I was in, being on the verge of the cyclone, escaped with little damage beyond the loss of her sails, which had been hoisted with the view of running the ship as speedily as possible out of the course which it seemed probable it would take.

Our good fortune was not shared by a large Indiaman, which, having to depend solely on its sails, was retained within the sweep of the circling wind. Sometimes her head pointed in one direction, and then rapidly veered round to another, thus showing the little steerage power they had over her, while there were times when she lay like a log amidst the boiling sea, now covered with a thick foam. In spite of the obscurity caused by the thick masses of cloud which were coming down towards us with immense rapidity, we could distinctly see through our glasses that she had passengers on board, who clustered together near the stern, fully sensible, no doubt, of their dangerous position. Every gust of wind as it came down increased in violence; and the intervals between them became shorter and shorter, until at last they ceased altogether, and the wind blew with a steady, unmitigated roar. The sea was torn up into huge masses of whirling foam, which crept up the dark sides of the devoted ship, sometimes

toppling over like hills of snow on its deck. Gradually it was whirled round with increased rapidity. One after another her sails and portions of her rigging were torn away, until only the larger and stronger sails were left, and which her crew were probably too weak

to lower, or which were suffered to remain up so long that it became impossible to cut them away. Suddenly the whole of the masts and rigging were torn from her decks; she was blown over on her side, then rose slowly upright. For two or three moments we could



Running before the Wind.

see that a few of those on board were still clinging to different portions of the ropes and projections remaining on the deck. The wind had suddenly ceased, and we almost hoped that the tornado had swept past, and we might be able to save those who had until now escaped; but this hope lasted scarcely a moment. It was evident that she had nearly filled with water while lying on her beam ends, and the volumes of water which rolled in upon her deck finished the work—she sank

lower and lower into the foam, until it closed over her like a huge winding sheet, and she and all on board disappeared from mortal eyes.

We soon repaired the damages we had sustained in the storm mentioned just before the preceding digression, and continued our course, with a fair wind, before which we ran 170 miles daily, for Plymouth, where we arrived in time to see the commencement of the present year.

G. L.

ISLES OF LIGHT.

I.

WHEN the morning first appeareth
From the golden gates of day,
And the glorious daylight neareth
O'er the hill-top far away,
Look we forth, and calmly gazing,
Mark the dying of the night,
While we note in glory blazing
Heaven's goodly isles of light.

II.

When the sun has climb'd the heaven
In the fulness of his might,
And away hath darkness driven
Far beyond our utmost sight—

Then across the heavenly azure
Floating clouds so softly white,
Smitten by his golden treasure,
Stand transformed to isles of light.

III.

When the daylight is declining
In the gorgeous purple West,
When 'midst radiant tints combining
Sinks the sun into his rest—
There, amid the hazes golden,
Flaming out against the night,
Glories over glories folden,
Gleam the burnished isles of light.

CAERPHILLY CASTLE;

A STRONGHOLD OF THE LORD MARCHERS.

RICH as the principality of South Wales is in objects of historical and antiquarial interest, very little is really known or written concerning these landmarks of past glory. The archaeology of the country seems to have been lost sight of in the contemplation of its picturesque beauty, and a wide field lies yet unexplored. The Normans have left their foot-prints everywhere along the southern counties, especially on the border-lands occupied by their Lord Marchers, the principal fortress of whom was Caerphilly, the subject of my present sketch, and a bright memory to look back upon.

My first sight of the fine old ruin was singularly lovely and fortunate, and my good luck happened in this wise.

Having only a day to spare, I started from a friend's house for Caerphilly at dawn, and reached the high ground overlooking the basin or plain in which the castle stands, before the sun had risen high enough to disperse the night-veil of mist which, lying white and even on the low ground, bore a close resemblance to a lake, from out of which rose irregularly the battlements and towers of the magnificent ruin.

As the sun mounted higher and higher, and as the shadows cast by the mountains lessened, the misty lake began to surge like the waters of some troubled bay, and as the first sunbeam fired the topmost tower, and gilded the green moss wreathing its crumbling beauty, fleecy clouds rose from the plain, and floated away, borne on by a south-western breeze: the first token of their approach of which I was sensible, was a shower of diamond drops pouring down upon me from the leaves of the elder-tree under which I had taken my seat at no great distance.

Wonderfully and perfectly beautiful were the changes wrought during the next quarter of an hour, field after field starting forth to shape and life, some yellow with the ripening harvest, some emerald with the rich grass of South Wales; tiny cottages, pink, blue, or white-washed, standing, some of them, by humble little farmyards, where groups of black cows stood waiting for the milking-time; and towering over all the grand old castle, which, now that the mists were gone, stood out clearly in all its magnitude and solemn grandeur, unlike anything I had ever seen before; and prepared as I had been by Mr. G. T. Clarke's graphic "History" to expect a section of a city in appearance, rather than a solitary fortress, the reality far exceeded my anticipations.

Caerphilly has certainly been the largest castle in Wales, Carnarvon itself not excepted; indeed, it is written that it is exceeded in extent only by Windsor. Of its early strength and size a perfect idea may be gained by Mr. Clarke's drawing; the battlements, walls, and towers being carefully restored as in the thirteenth century, and with this drawing before me I could bring the whole before my mind's eye.

The situation of the castle was carefully chosen, its strength being partly natural, partly artificial; the waters of a little brook called the Nant-y-Gledyr (now rippling musically through a chasm in the broken walls) having been dammed back to form a moat and lake. Upon the island thus formed was built the minor ward, the gateways of which, with portions of the towers, still remain; in one case, that of the western, tolerably perfect. A deep chasm has been made in the wall towards the south, evidently for the purpose of allowing the water of the lake to escape, and a pretty green meadow now marks its bed. A portion of the Great Gate House, with the piers of the bridge, is in tolerably good order. The moat is still marshy, and choked with aquatic plants.

Scrambling over heaps of ruins, we enter the inner ward by the grand postern, and stand awestruck at the work of destruction, for one glance at the enormous thickness of the walls bears indisputable evidence that man, not Time, has been the destroyer; and that by the agency of gunpowder: the working of mines, and the action of the explosion being easily traced by a careful inspection. Nor has the work of destruction been done by halves; a mine has been sprung in each tower; that on the north-east has been almost completely levelled; of the south-western, the outer portion only has fallen, and the other half retains its original height; the north-western has a wide gap in a portion of the outer surface, and the interior is completely gone; the south-eastern is the well-known leaning tower, of which I had often heard as a rival to the leaning tower of Pisa. It is about seventy feet in height, and leans some ten or eleven feet out of the perpendicular. It still bears the name of the "Mint," from the purpose to which it was formerly applied. It has a most singular appearance, I must own; but the happy simile of Tennyson gives its character more clearly than the best description of mine can do.

He look'd and saw that all was ruinous.

Here stood a shatter'd archway plumed with fern;
And here had fall'n a great part of a tower,
Whole, like a crag that tumbles from the cliff,
And like a crag was gay with wilding flowers:

And high above a piece of turret stair,
Worn by the feet that now were silent, wound
Bare to the sun, and monstrous ivy-stems
Claspt the gray walls with hairy fibred-arms,
And suck'd the joining of the stones, and look'd
A knot, beneath, of snakes, aloft, a grove.

Much speculation has been hazarded as to the causes of the obliquity of the tower; the solution, as in many similar cases, is a very simple one. The strength of the explosion has struck inwards, and while it has destroyed a portion of the inner circumference, it has thrown the remainder of the wall out of the perpendicular.

There is little trace of ornament about the castle; the windows, with the exception of those in the large chambers of the inner gate-houses, are loop-holed; the exceptions have the beautiful reduplicated band-moulding of the time.

There is no carving about the fire-places; the parapets and battlements are plain; indeed, from first to last, Caerphilly bears evidence of strength rather than show.

Of its history comparatively little is known, and that little may be divided into two sections, the first appertaining to the period antecedent to Gilbert the Red Earl's castle of Caerphilly, when Synghennydd occupied the same site, and changed hands many times during the old warlike days. Of the history of this first castle, the earliest authentic notice which I have been able to find, is that in A.D. 831, "the Saxons of the Marches came by night unawares and burnt the Monastery of Synghennydd, which then stood where the castle stands now."

In those days Synghennydd applied to the district round the castle, it being a comot, or subdivision of Morgannwg, now the county of Glamorgan.

Subsequent to the Norman Conquest, it was a residence of Rhys ap Tewdwr, Prince of South Wales, whose right to the throne, though warmly disputed, was finally settled in the person of his son Griffith, by a miraculous intervention. The story goes that the prince was riding past Lake Savathan with two friends, when one of them began talking of a strange tradition connected with the lake, namely, that "the birds upon its breast would burst forth into song if so commanded by the rightful Prince of Wales."

Griffith laughingly advised them to try; but no answer came from the feathered inhabitants, floating on the clear waters, until Griffith himself made the attempt, when a perfect concert of sweet song burst from the birds, and settled the important question. It is to the domestic differences of Rhys ap Tewdwr that South Wales owes the famous immigra-

tion of the thirteen Norman knights. It would seem that Rhys, who was apt to love "not wisely, but too well," fell a victim to the charms of Nest, wife of Jestyn ap Gwrgan, lord of Glamorgan. Eager to further his suit, Rhys proposed a friendly meeting, which took place at Castell Nedd, and became more infatuated than ever, and so alarmed the virtuous lady Nest that she told her troubles to her husband, and persuaded him to leave the place by night and without any explanation to Rhys, who, thus balked and insulted, went back to his castle at Whitland, vowing vengeance, not loud but deep, against Jestyn, to whom he attributed his disappointment in love.

A time for active hostility at length arrived. Rhys, making some slight excuse about the extent of his boundaries, declared war against the lord of Glamorgan, who, feeling how unequal he was to contend with such a prince as Rhys, summoned his nephew Einon from the Norman Court, inviting him to bring such aid as he thought fit, and promising as reward his daughter, and a dowry of five hundred pounds a year.

Einon was nothing loth, having thereby an opportunity of gratifying two passions, love for his cousin, and revenge against his old enemy, Prince Rhys; so, obtaining King William's permission, he brought over with him Sir Robert Fitz-Hamon and twelve brave and needy Norman knights, all of whom had secret advice from William Rufus to "take what each could," the king's sole reason in letting them go being to establish a Norman settlement among the turbulent Welsh, and thereby obtain the key to their wild and mountainous country.

So Fitz-Hamon and a strong body of cavalry and infantry came down, and conquered Rhys, but Jestyn not keeping faith with Einon, the Norman arms were turned against their late allies, and the king's secret desire fully realised by Fitz-Hamon proclaiming himself feudal lord of Glamorgan, and dividing the lands between his followers, by which division Synghennydd or Caerphilly fell to the lot of Cadifor ab Cedrych. About five years later the Normans were again at war with the Welsh, and Sir Walter Scott's poem of the "Norman Horse-shoe," graphically describes the state of society, the two sons of the Cadifor lord of Synghennydd leading the band that, intercepting the Normans after their defeat at Gellygaer, finally and completely routed them in battle.

The sun arose
And Rhymney's wave with crimson glows—
For Clare's red banner floating wide
Rolled down the stream to Severn's tide

And sooth they bowed. The trampled green
Shewed where hot Neville's charge had been ;
In every sable hoof-tramp stood
A Norman horseman's curdling blood.

The estates given by Fitz-Hamon to his countrymen descended pretty regularly ; that of Caerphilly, as it is shortly afterwards called, being, in the reign of Henry II., the lordship of Ivor Bach, in right of his marriage with Nest, daughter of Madoc. After him came his son Griffith, who was, with his family, taken prisoner by De Clare, Earl of Gloucester, and starved to death,—a circumstance scarcely outdone by William de Braose, Lord of Bramber, in Sussex, who, as the story goes, invited a number of Welsh noblemen to feast at the castle of Abergavenny, and, closing every avenue of escape, had them ruthlessly butchered.

When Llewellen revolted against King John, he begged Reginald de Braose to help him, promising him Caerphilly as his daughter's dowry. Reginald, who had been a former suitor of the prince's daughter, gladly accepted, but changing his policy when Henry ascended the throne, Llewellen took arms against him, besieged and conquered Brecon, and was marching southwards when Reginald, touched by his wife's distress and petitions, met him, and gained his father-in-law's pardon.

Caerphilly was built upon debateable ground, and was one of the strongholds of the Lord Marchers, whose extraordinary powers might well be doubted, did not our most trustworthy historians bear testimony to the truth of the wildly romantic tales told of their ruthless raids, kingly pomps, and unlicensed cruelty. Those were the days when, as the old ballad runs,

He may take who has the power,
And he may keep who can.—

days in which I am very thankful my lot did not fall, and which, charming as they may seem in pictures, whether painted or printed, must have been very unpleasant ones to take part in.

When Edward II. was flying before the soldiers of his unnatural queen and wife, it is said that he took refuge at Caerphilly, then held by Hugh Despencer, one of the "two owles" which, according to the prophecy of Merlin, were to "case the goat in the skin of a lion," the goat signifying Edward.* Some accounts say that Edward was taken prisoner at this place, but the more authentic give Neath as the last scene.

* Two owles shall from the eagles ashes rise,

Outbrave both birds and beasts and great spoils winne
By the goat's casing in the lion's skin.

Despencer was hanged at Hereford, upon St. Hugh's Day, and in after years his widow married William la Zouch de Mortimer. After this it is probable that the castle and town of Caerphilly were regranted by royal clemency to the Despenchers, as we find that at the time of the warlike demonstration of Owen Glendower, King Henry committed the custody and fortifications of Caerphilly to Constantine, Lady Despencer, whose daughter and heiress carried the estates into the Worcester family by her marriage with Richard, then earl. From her, in the second generation, came Ann, first wife of Edward, Prince of Wales; and secondly, of Richard, Duke of Gloucester, afterwards the Third of England, and of whose wooing Shakespeare has left us one of his most striking and powerful pictures:—

Was ever woman in this humour woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humour won?

What! I, that kill'd her husband and his father,
To take her in her heart's extremest hate,
With curses in her mouth, tears in her eyes,
The bleeding witness of her hatred by;
Having God, her conscience, and these bars against
me,
And I no thing to back my suit withal,
But the plain devil and dissembling looks.

By Richard, Caerphilly was given to Jasper, Duke of Bedford, at whose death, becoming again royal property, it was granted to William, Earl of Pembroke, whose name is associated with several of the finest old castles in the principality, from whom it has descended to its present owner, the Marquis of Bute. It is probable that Caerphilly was never inhabited after the siege in which Mortimer took and dismantled it, and it is evident that for many years the massive works have been recklessly despoiled, and it will require both antiquarian judgment and means to remove the mass of rubbish, unsightly buildings, &c., that have sprung up upon the site of the fine old castle, although it is to be hoped more judgment will be shown than has been used in the repairs done at Cardiff Castle, which has been so completely modernised that, saving for the broken and moss-grown keep, no token remains of the castle of feudal times. The famous Curthose tower, in which Robert of Gloucester drivelled out his unhappy, aimless days, has been so thoroughly trimmed and pointed, that it puts one in mind of a worn-out beauty—

Powdered, patched, and painted—

until art and fashion have covered the wreck, such as, rising grey and grimly grand in the arena of Caerphilly, stands forth a history in itself.

I. D. FENTON.



THE MAIDEN'S HEART.

I.

Knotted and twisting her golden hair,
That shaded a brow both young and fair,
A maiden sat alone;
Bright were the gems the maiden wore,
But yet for all that the maid was poor,
For her heart was not her own.

II.

For alas! a stranger came one day:
He stole the maiden's heart away,
And gave her in return
A few smooth words and a treach'rous
kiss,
A few poor moments of fancied bliss,
And a bitter lesson to learn.

III.

She knows not—sitting, dreaming there—
Of the bitter waking she must bear,
Of the cloud that hangs above;
No shade is on her fair young brow,
She is whisp'ring ever soft and low,
"Come back to me, my love!"

IV.

Surely a heart is worth more than this,—
More than a flattering word and a kiss.
But there! 'tis ever so;—
Men are not always what they seem,
And love, though fair enough in a dream,
Is another word for woe.

E. CASTLEMAN.

ADRIANA.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER IV.

ETHEREDGE COURT was not a cooped-up grand house, as good Mrs. Davis had imagined, though its small-paned windows had certainly a somewhat prison-like look contrasted with the unpartitioned sheets of glass one sees in more modern mansions. Still there was no lack of inlets through which the golden sun might pour his rays, and if they fell in chequered light upon polished floors, tracing quaint patterns of trefoil, rose, or more fantastic figures, or flickering in diamond-shaped blotches, the effect was perhaps more beautiful than an uninterrupted flood of dazzling brilliancy that wanted contrast to heighten its beauty. Trees of majestic growth waved their thick branches as though to catch the light-winged zephyrs that played among them, and cast deep refreshing shadows athwart the mossy velvet turf as ancient as themselves. There was an air of great repose about the place; even the cawing of the rooks led you to suppose that they had been undisturbed tenants-at-will for centuries. A peacock and his mate gravely strutted along the smooth terrace walk, or perched upon the stone balustrade that bordered it. Several greyhounds wandered lazily up and down in front of the house, and a brisk little terrier, Mr. Etheredge's constant attendant, was taking a nap on the hall mat. But at the sound of carriage-wheels the little terrier became uneasy in his dreams, he slowly pricked up one ear, and half opened one eye, and as the sound came nearer and nearer it appeared to occur to him that he must be on the look-out, so he opened the other eye, stretched himself leisurely, rose, shook his head, and then composed himself into an attitude of easy watchfulness. It was not in accordance with the time and place for the terrier to testify his sense of an interruption by any undignified demonstration. He was evidently a dog of taste and understanding, with an appreciation of harmonies, and though he felt it his duty to be at his post, and to keep his quick bright eyes wide open to whatever might happen, he also recognized that it would be out of keeping to show that he was alive to what was passing by any series of short quick barks, or unnecessary rushing hither and thither to attract attention to the fact that carriage-wheels were plainly to be heard approaching. He watched the carriage as it drove up, his head resting on his forepaws, his ears erect, and his eyes glistening, and, save for a gentle wagging of his tail,

might have been the stuffed skin of some former favourite. But he was a sagacious animal, one who understood his epoch and watched his opportunities, and no sooner was the hand of the servant on the carriage-door, than Snap was on his legs, and in an instant more was greeting his master with every demonstration of joy.

"Good old fellow," said Mr. Etheredge.

"That dreadful dog still here," observed Mrs. Braddick faintly.

"How 'oo do, Snap?" said little Charley, putting his arms round Snap's neck, and kissing the tip of his nose.

"We do not kiss dogs, Charley," said his mamma.

"Charley does," said Charley decidedly.

"You will have enough to do, Miss Linden, to put a stop to many absurdities these children have fallen into," said Mrs. Braddick, turning to Adriana; but Adriana was caressing the dog herself, and Mrs. Braddick felt a twinge of the repulsion that Adriana had experienced, and inwardly asked herself whether she had made wise choice of a governess.

However, the inward interrogation was no sooner made than dismissed, for Mrs. Braddick by no means allowed herself to be the victim of mental activity, and perplexing queries with her soon died away.

It was not long before the party was comfortably settled, and Adriana was well satisfied with the rooms assigned to her and her little charges.

"Pearl and Charley will show you over the house and grounds, Miss Linden," said Mr. Etheredge, "they are quite at home here."

"I dare say you will wonder at such a name as Pearl for a little girl," interposed Mrs. Braddick; "it is one of her papa's ridiculous fancies. Her real name is Margarita, which is, I think, pretty enough, but he wanted some pet name. He suggested Meg, or Madge, or Maggie, but of course I could not consent to any of them, they are so exceedingly common. Then he said a bright idea had struck him, she should be either Pearl or Daisy; I did not see anything very bright in it,—do you?" but as Mrs. Braddick made no pause, Adriana did not feel called upon to give an answer. "Therefore," continued Mrs. Braddick, "I chose Pearl, if it must be anything, as of course pearls are better than daisies; but I never really got accustomed to the name until Mr. Braddick gave me a magnificent set of pearls to inaugurate it, he said; and since then I've had a pleasant association with it, and always think of the two together. I must show you my pearls some time, Miss Linden."

"I will back my little Pearl against the ornaments," said Mr. Etheredge. "Come

here, Pearl: which shall mamma give me, you or her brooches and bracelets?"

Pearl laughed.

"You would like me best, because I could pour out your coffee in the morning; but papa could not spare me."

"So you think you would be more useful than bracelets and necklaces: but don't you know I could sell them, and get a great deal of money for them?"

"But you have enough money, you don't want any more."

"That is a doubtful proposition. But on the whole you think a Pearl that can laugh, and talk, and pour out coffee, a much more desirable acquisition than one that the divers have stolen from the mermaids, amongst ocean caves and coral rocks deep down under the dark blue sea?"

"Really, Richard, I wish you would not talk such nonsense to the child," said Mrs. Braddick; what with you and her papa I don't see how I shall be ever able to make a sensible woman of Pearl."

Adriana gave one of the furtive glances in the direction of Mr. Etheredge, and was disconcerted to find that their eyes met. She looked steadfastly down at the carpet, where she could not, however, discover Mr. Etheredge's sentiments as to Mrs. Braddick's capabilities for training children into sensible women.

"Why need women be made sensible? let them be natural," said Mr. Etheredge, turning to leave the room. "Are they ever sensible?" he added, in what was intended to be a *sotto voce*, but it reached Adriana's quick ear, and a fresh barrier was raised against him.

"My husband and his brother have some very odd ideas, quite at variance with mine. They have a positive admiration for women who are not sensible."

Adriana could quite imagine it, at any rate, of Mr. Braddick, so she answered "Yes," as confirmatory of Mrs. Braddick's assertion.

"It is a subject Mr. Braddick and I continually disagree upon. He says, let children grow up naturally. Now what bears children would turn out if they did. Besides, people with natural manners are so exceedingly unpleasant, they are always saying something disagreeable. Then they are called frank and unaffected. For my part I dislike a natural manner: I have always avoided it."

Again Adriana replied by a confirmatory "Yes," which was again successful, and Mrs. Braddick, warming with the subject in which she believed herself to be appreciated, continued:—

"I strongly disapprove of children being allowed to have any opinion of their own."

give them a sensible code that will be right and proper for them to keep to through life, and let them keep to it; mould them after a proper pattern. But all my endeavours are frustrated by Mr. Braddick and his brother, who have, as I have already mentioned, peculiar views. I trust I shall find an ally in you, Miss Linden, and I hope you will be able to manage the children, for they are quite beyond me. I fear sometimes that they are hopeless."

"I trust not."

Pearl had disappeared with her uncle, and Adriana went to the nursery to look for Charley, but the nurse having taken him out for a walk, she bent her steps to the schoolroom. On her way thither she passed the library; she had never been in this room, it being generally occupied by Mr. Etheredge. The door was slightly ajar, and the ranges of books looked tempting, and Adriana decided that this would be an excellent time to take advantage of Mr. Etheredge's offer of making a selection from them.

The library was a long narrow room, the walls lined with books, excepting here and there, where portraits were hung; but of these Adriana took little notice, and was soon absorbed in the difficult task of choosing, from so many volumes, which she should read first. One was taken up, then laid aside for another, which in its turn gave way to a third that she had long wished to see, and so she went on until it seemed doubtful whether she could make any choice at all.

A feeling of hopelessness came over her,—how much there was to know, to learn, how little time wherein to acquire it. Was there after all any use in knowledge,—would it benefit hereafter? In that hereafter might it not come as a flash upon the emancipated spirit, a sudden revelation of all past knowledge as a preparation to a further development of which she had now no conception. Ah, but the mind was unsatisfied until then; till then it must be fed, and must feed others dependent upon it, absorbing and giving forth, a link connecting the past with the present, yea, carrying it on to the future,—mind revealing itself to mind, a spring setting itself in motion that should never cease. She, too, formed a link; her actions would have their influence on the future:—the pebble dropped in the pool sinks out of sight and is lost, but the circles it has made widen and widen, and act as an impulse to some object, that in its turn acts upon another; and so the action, once put in motion, is carried on indefinitely. So might she, though blotted out of existence, still live by thought or action, carried on through weaker or more powerful mediums.

as the case might be,—the immaterial more powerful than the material, mind over matter triumphant, asserting itself throughout all ages.

In the midst of these speculations Adriana looked up; the sun was streaming through one of the deep bay-windows, bringing out into vivid relief from the dark objects by which it was surrounded a full-length portrait; life-like, it seemed to stand forth, with half-sorrowful eyes fixed on Adriana. With a faint cry of surprise she started from her kneeling position, leaving the books scattered on the ground. She moved towards it, stood eagerly gazing at it. It was a face she had known well in years gone by. How came it there? Was it merely a strange coincidence? There had been such likenesses of man to man before; and yet the resemblance was so perfect, even to the half-sorrowful expression of the eyes, that seemed looking at her just as they used to do. Her colour went and came. She thought she had outlived the past in the last seven long years; she imagined she had forgotten sufficiently to meet Charles Cunningham without one quickened throb of her pulse, and now a picture had unnerved her.

In her absorption she had not noticed that Mr. Etheredge had entered, and was observing her so intently as she was gazing at the picture.

"Have you been able to find any books you care about, Miss Linden?"

"No—yes," said Adriana, turning quickly from the picture, and wondering how long Mr. Etheredge had been in the room. He stooped to pick up the books that were lying on the floor.

"You will not think me very careful with books, Mr. Etheredge."

"They don't seem much injured at present," returned he. "Which will you have?"

"This one, thank you," said Adriana, mechanically taking the one he held out to her.

"Do you usually read the last volume first?" asked he, laughing.

"No, I did not see. I will take the other."

"But this is another work altogether."

Adriana looked bewildered, but recovering herself, and determined to satisfy herself as to the portrait that had affected her so deeply, said, with as much carelessness as she could assume:—

"I am very fond of paintings, Mr. Etheredge, and you have some very good ones here."

"Yes: likenesses of members of the family and of particular friends."

Adriana's heart gave a great leap, but she answered:—

"It must be pleasant to have them always near, reminding you of the absent."

"Pleasant and not pleasant, Miss Linden; years steal on, and the pictures partially lose their resemblances, or carry one back with a weary longing for the dreamy past till the day vision comes to an abrupt termination with a sense of the present, and how the world is slipping away from us. This is the portrait of my mother, taken just before her first marriage; you will see her this evening, and wonder how that waving chestnut hair and that laughing face ever belonged to the old lady with silver locks and quiet eyes. This," said Mr. Etheredge, pausing before the one at which Adriana had been gazing, and fixing a scrutinising glance upon her, "is my half-brother, Mr. Braddick."

Adriana's eyes were bent on the picture; her hearing was strained to the utmost to catch the name; she felt an effort was required to hear Mr. Etheredge's voice, which seemed to her dying away in the distance. She longed yet dreaded to hear what he was going to say.

"Mr. Braddick!" She felt an indescribable sense of relief, and her next feeling was that of contempt at her own weakness, her own folly in absurdly imagining that she had met with a portrait of Charles Cunningham at Etheredge Court.

She took up the books, but in spite of her endeavours, her hands trembled, and one of them dropped.

Mr. Etheredge quietly and without remark placed it again in her hands, and she went away.

CHAPTER V.

WHEN Adriana descended to the drawing-room before dinner, she found Mrs. Braddick, dressed with more than usual care, conversing with a stately old lady in soft grey silk. She had the silver hair and quiet eyes that Mr. Etheredge had spoken of, so Adriana had no doubt as to her identity.

"This is Miss Linden, mother," said Mr. Etheredge, as Adriana advanced; "my mother,—Mrs. Cunningham,—Miss Linden."

Adriana's self-possession nearly vanished; she had been divesting her mind of one coincidence, and blaming her own credulity, and here was evidence carrying her conclusions in an entirely opposite direction to her late verdict. She was altogether unprepared for a second surprise, and her white lips trembled, despite her compression of them as she bowed. Where was she? Who were these people? Then a sudden light flashed upon her: she understood it all; how could she have been so dull? the boy's name,

the indescribable attraction that had won her heart at once. Even her intuitive feeling of repulsion to Mrs. Braddick was accounted for; they were as strange magnetic influences still linking her with Charles Cunningham.

Was it mere chance that had brought her hither? Chance? pooh!—was there such a thing? was it not wheel within wheel making up the complicated machinery of life? Why should she disarrange it? The drama of life had to be played out, why should she spoil one of its scenes by bad acting? No, she did not understand the plot, she only knew she was an accessory, and must wait for the rising of the curtain, that act after act might develop what the end should be.

Things might take their course; at any rate, her secret was her own. How she longed for the quiet of her own room, that she might have time to think, to decide. But the weary ordeal of a formal dinner had to be gone through, with stilted common-places for the benefit of the attendants. Adriana took whatever was brought to her, and it was removed almost untasted. Mrs. Braddick's conversation flowed on monotonously as usual; she had Mrs. Cunningham for a listener, so did not notice Adriana. Mrs. Cunningham mentally commented that her daughter-in-law might have chosen a more lively person to be with the children; whilst Mr. Etheredge alone speculated upon the sudden change that had come over Miss Linden. However, the longest dinner must come to an end, and the appearance of Pearl and Charley at dessert in honour of grandmamma's arrival was hailed by Adriana as a seasonable diversion.

Mrs. Cunningham would have had the children on either side of her, but Charley, remembering a late catastrophe, of which he was the luckless hero, and fearing again to damage grandmamma's gown by any slip between the cup and the lip, declined with his wonted decision the honourable place provided for him, and took up his station by Adriana, whilst Pearl could not be prevailed upon to leave her uncle.

Mrs. Braddick was much disconcerted by this manifestation of free will on the part of the children.

"Just what I was complaining of, Miss Linden," said she, when they regained the drawing-room, and Mrs. Cunningham was comfortably dozing in an easy-chair; "children who act naturally are sure to act perversely, and to do the very reverse of what they are wanted to do. I am sure grandmamma will not give Charley the beautiful toy she has brought for him after he has been

so naughty to her," she continued, hoping to make some impression upon the obdurate Charley.

Whereupon Charley's heart, or rather his senses, being touched, he set up a loud howl. "Never mind, Charley," said Pearl, consolingly, "I will ask uncle to give you a top."

"You naughty child, to encourage your brother. Did you ever see such children? It is enough to break anyone's heart," said Mrs. Braddick, sinking back on the sofa; "such wilfulness, such a spirit of disobedience! I don't know what is to be done with them. They shall go to bed immediately. Please ring for Anne."

At the prospect of such a curtailment of her evening Pearl dissolved in tears, and mingled her lamentations with those of her brother. Mrs. Cunningham awoke from her nap.

"You see the children are as troublesome as ever," said Mrs. Braddick. "I am obliged to send them away."

"Come here, Charley," said his grandmamma. But Charley's temper having risen to fever-heat was not yet subsiding to temperate.

"I won't come. I don't want the top. I don't like you: I don't like anybody."

Mrs. Braddick looked thoroughly annoyed, and Adriana, lifting up Charley, carried him away to the nursery.

She sat down in a rocking-chair by the fire, and slowly rocked backwards and forwards without saying a word. The child's sobs grew fainter and fainter, and he laid his little head on her shoulder. She waited before she spoke, then she talked soothingly and lovingly to him, and made him understand that he had done wrong. He listened attentively, and when she had finished speaking, he put his arms round her neck and whispered *sotto voce*,

"Charley will be a good boy."

"Will Charley say good-night to grandmamma?"

The boy slipped off her knee, and held out his hand, and they went to the drawing-room together. Charley walked straight in, and marched up to his grandmamma.

"Will you kiss Charley, grandmamma? he is good now."

Mrs. Cunningham looked at the handsome child with proud affection, and as he turned to kiss his mother, observed to Mr. Etheredge:

"Just what Charles was when a child, so impulsive, always doing wrong, and always ready to acknowledge it."

"I object to impulse," said Mrs. Braddick; "it is constantly placing people in uncomfortable positions."

Adriana's pulse was throbbing faster and faster. Mrs. Braddick's hand was on the bell, but Adriana said :—

"I will take Charley to Anne."

She did not return to the drawing-room that night, but gaining her own room, locked the door.

For some time she sat with her hands pressed tightly over her forehead, as if endeavouring to collect the thoughts that were wandering hither and thither. She felt in a waking dream; was she awake or asleep? What an age it seemed since morning! She might have been in a fever; the words that she had heard might have been only delirious fancies; there might be no reality in them. Etheredge Court and the Braddicks had nothing whatever to do with Charles Cunningham.

Pearl—a new thought crossed her mind, she opened the old writing-case, and on the slip of paper inside an envelope found that the name of Charles Cunningham's wife had been Margaret Armytage. The slip of paper seemed to bring up old memories. "It is all true," said she. Then she reflected on the strange position in which she had been placed. To what end? For some purpose surely. Should she retreat? Was not that her safer, truer plan? Possibly; but she disdained it. Flashing up into her mind came angry and bitter thoughts of revenge.

Her life had been ruined: what did he care? She knew not, she cared not, but should she submit quietly to be trampled down without one struggle? No. She looked into the mirror, as she had once looked before, long and earnestly. Excitement had brought a strange lustre into her hazel eyes and a crimson glow upon her cheeks, the fair hair waved like golden ripples—that golden hair, not sickly flaxen, but soft shining yellow, here and there assuming even a warmer tinge, that made the invidious describe it as red. But it was not red; it was that rare shade sometimes depicted by the old masters, that when the sun's rays fell upon it, seemed almost to shed a halo around her head. She loosed the comb that gathered it up, and shook it down over her shoulders. Earnestly, more earnestly, she gazed in the glass before her, her wild eager eyes meeting the wild reflection till the image seemed living, real as herself, and like some mocking spirit to answer her.

She started back half affrighted; was it herself she had seen? she almost feared to look again; she cast a hurried glance at the mirror, and a pale timid glance in answer to her inquiry reassured her. More calmly she scrutinised the picture, critically, carefully.

There was nothing remarkable in the beauty of it: a figure not diminutive, nor precisely insignificant, still, not to be compared with the majestic form of Mrs. Braddick, neither would the face for regularity bear comparison with hers; the large hazel eyes with their dark lashes, and the magnificent golden hair, were redeeming points, and the consciousness of intellect gave a life that was wanting in the statuesque Mrs. Braddick.

"Mr. Braddick and his brother have a positive admiration for women who are not sensible." The words were ringing in Adriana's ears. Not always; there was a time when it was otherwise, might it not be so again? Could she not rival the dull inanimate beauty of Mrs. Braddick. Yet how had Mrs. Braddick injured her, that she should wreak her vengeance upon her? She did not wish to injure her; she did but wish for one single moment of triumph to repay her for long embittered years; one moment's triumph, yea, but one gleam, and she would quit Etheredge Court for ever.

And with vain sophistry she sought to cheat herself. No. She in her heart disapproved the deed; but stronger rose the demon of revenge, stronger arose the wounded feelings of years, the remembrance of weary nights, of weary days, the overshadowed landscape of the past, with all its pitiless storms and clouded sunshine.

"His children love me better than their mother!"

And the scornful lips smiled triumphantly, and the pythoness eyes again meeting the eyes in the mirror, again shrank back as though they had encountered a mocking demon.

And Adriana lay down to rest, and, strange as it may appear, slept calmly, tranquilly,—no weary tossings to and fro, no broken slumbers, no startling visions. So it often happens: the mind, thoroughly exhausted, has no further strength wherewith to torment itself, and the reaction almost amounts to lethargy.

(To be continued.)

THE FLESH-WORM DISEASE.

THE public have been startled lately by the published accounts of a new and terrible disease in Germany, and especially in Saxony, which brings to mind some of the most terrible plagues of Egypt.

The disease in question, termed Trichiniasis, caused by the ravages on the human muscle of a minute worm, termed the Trichinis spiralis, coming so close upon the cattle disease, did indeed, to the ignorant, appear to justify some of the terrible prophecies

of Dr. Cumming, but to the more intelligent, and especially to the medical mind, it came as an old story. Singularly enough, the worm which is now occupying the attention of German anatomists was discovered as long ago as 1835, by Professor Owen. Both Mr. John Hilton, a demonstrator of anatomy at Guy's Hospital, and Mr. Wormald, the demonstrator at St. Bartholomew's, had two years previously observed small white bodies interspersed among the muscles of subjects under dissection, and that they were of a gritty character was evident from the manner in which they turned the edges of the knives. One of these specimens of affected muscles was, in the year mentioned, given to Professor Owen by Mr. Paget, then a student, for inspection. These speckles the distinguished anatomist discovered, under the microscope, to be the capsule of a very fine worm, which was seen coiled up closely within it.

From its hair-like fineness, its discoverer derived the term "trichina," and, from the spiral manner in which it was invariably found coiled up within its envelope, he added the word "spiralis." Hence the name by which it is known. An account of this newly-discovered parasite was published by Professor Owen in the Transactions of the Zoological Society in 1835, headed, "Description of a Microscopic Entozoon infesting the muscles of the human body." This paper gave a very minute account of the creature, illustrated with drawings, and established his claim to be the discoverer of one of our latest found inhabitants, which has made such a sensation in the world.

The discovery made much noise at the time throughout Europe, and the Professor's paper drew the attention of the anatomists of Europe to the worm. But one or two cases were recorded of the presence of the parasite in the human body, and the matter remained in abeyance for some years, until the German Professors again drew attention to it, and completed our knowledge of its method of introduction.

Professor Luschka, of Tubingen, carried our knowledge of the worm perhaps up to its highest point anatomically, and in the same year the method of transmission of the worm from one animal to another was made out by a series of experiments instituted by Herbst von Nachrichten. He gave the flesh of a hedgehog, which he knew to be infested with trichina, to young dogs, and speedily found that all their voluntary muscles were full of these worms. But, although this

important step was made out, little notice was taken of it. His experiments were repeated in Scotland and England, but the peculiar manner in which the worm got into the muscle was yet undiscovered. Kenker, in 1860, was lucky enough to supply this knowledge.

The body of a servant girl, who had died with many of the symptoms of typhus fever, came under the inspection of the anatomist. He found her voluntary muscles to be full of trichinæ; and, upon inquiring into her case, he found that she had assisted in the making of sausages about three weeks before she was taken ill, and that she had eaten some of the raw meat a few days before her illness commenced. The butcher who had killed the pig, and several members of the family, had been affected in the same manner as the girl, but had recovered.

The sausages and hams were examined, and were found to be full of worms "encapsuled," as it is termed, or surrounded with an envelope; but, in the girl, the worms were found among the muscles in a free state. From this evidence the manner in which the parasite obtained entrance to the human body was fully made out. Pork—uncooked pork—was the vehicle by means of which the parasite was enabled to enter the human body.

But, says the reader, why should pork only be the means of conveying the entozoa to the human body? The reason is, that the pig is the only animal eaten by man that is partially a carnivorous feeder. It is supposed that the pig obtains them from dead rats, which are often infested with these worms, or other garbage. Birds, although carrion feeders, cannot, for some unknown reason, be infested with the worm. In the horse, the calf, and the young and old dog, says Dr. Thudichum, the young trichina are born, but they cannot pierce the intestines, and therefore cannot immigrate into the flesh, but they cause a kind of bloody dysentery.

Of course it is just possible that the worm may be conveyed, like the tape-worm, through the medium of impure water. We are not likely to drink this, but it often happens that fruit and vegetables are watered from impure tanks, into which these creatures may have got.

It is certainly an objection to the modern system of watering with liquid manure, that in this way the tape-worm, and possibly the trichina, may find their way on to the vegetables which we eat, and in this manner we may be receiving noxious intestinal worms into our system. For instance, some people water their strawberries with liquid manure

little thinking of the little serpent that may be hidden in the fruit.

It is now known that, after entering the alimentary canal, the parasite finds its breeding-ground, and brings forth immense numbers of young, which immediately begin to make their way through the coats of the intestines and migrate into the muscles.

It is a singular fact that these disagreeable adventurers always select the voluntary muscles, or those which are moved at our will. The heart and kidneys, and those parts of the viscera which act independently of the will, are scarcely ever affected. It is, indeed, a matter of dispute how the worms get distributed so generally over the body; some anatomists asserting that they make their way directly by boring, as the ship-worm bores through a piece of timber: but Dr. Thudichum, who was appointed in 1864 to investigate the subject by the medical officer of the Privy Council, asserts that they enter the circulation, and are in this manner distributed equally over every part of the body. To use his words: "Arrived in the capillaries (terminal blood-vessels) they penetrate their two-coated walls, separating the fibres as a man separates the branches of a hedge, when creeping through it, and are now either at once in muscular tissue, their proper feeding ground, or get into inhospitable tissues and cavities, and there either perish or escape from them by a renewed effort at locomotion, enter the circulation a second time, and ultimately perish in the lungs, or arrive in some muscle to obtain a late asylum." This hypothesis certainly seems the most reasonable, as it is in agreement with the known means by which other entozoa migrate. Arrived at the muscular tissues, it seems again questionable whether the worm attacks the muscle only, or whether it is not deposited in the intervals which occur between the bundles of muscles. Leuckhart says they penetrate the sarcolemma, and eat the muscular fibre itself. Dr. Thudichum says that he has never seen but once the worm in the muscle, but always outside of it. It is certainly a strange fact that, in many cases, persons attacked with trichinias have not only perfectly recovered from its effects, but have become as strong as ever. It could scarcely have happened that the muscles of these patients had been fed upon by vast colonies of worms, which would have inevitably destroyed them beyond repair. The probability is that the worm finds its way into all the tissues. Between the third and fourth week after immigration, the trichina has become full grown, and now it begins to prepare its capsule. It becomes fixed to the spot in which it is, solid matter is deposited

around it, and curled up it lies immovable in its plastic capsule, and dies unless received again into the alimentary canal of another animal, which in this case of course it never does.

The presence of these encapsuled trichinæ in the muscles may cause irritation, but that speedily subsides; and it is pretty clear that many persons suffer little harm from them whilst thus curled up, as they have been found in the bodies of subjects that have been dissected, and whose previous history gave no evidence of their existence.

On the other hand the disease, when severe, puts on many of the characteristic symptoms of well known diseases. The fever caused by the presence of the parent worms in the intestines may be, as indeed it often has been, taken for gastric fever. Then, again, when the young worms are immigrating into the muscles, the most excruciating agony seizes the patient; he cannot move a muscle without the utmost pain, and he lies generally upon his back, with his legs a little apart, covered with perspiration. The face and neck becomes tumid with a dropsical effusion, which gradually extends to the legs and abdomen. An attack of acute rheumatic fever appears to have seized the individual, but for the want of the heart symptoms. Again, the disease simulates cholera and typhus, and indeed poisoning, in many of its symptoms; but those who have seen a genuine case of trichiniasis cannot be deceived, as the whole symptoms present are consistent with no other disease. In cases of doubt a piece of the living muscle has been excised from the biceps muscle of the arm; and this test is almost certain to be conclusive, as the worm is distributed, in severe cases, in profusion through every voluntary muscle of the entire body.

Dr. Thudichum, speaking of a child who died of this disease, says in his report to Mr. Simon, "One preparation from the biceps muscle of a child, four and a half years of age, which died on the seventy-ninth day, contained the astounding number of fifty-eight. Such a preparation was estimated to weigh one-fifth of a grain, and therefore every grain of muscle contained on an average one hundred trichinæ. Now, assuming the weight of the muscles of an adult to be only forty pounds, and assuming him to be a victim of trichiniasis, and the parasites equally distributed throughout his body, he would contain upwards of twenty-eight millions of these animals."

The agony of this plague of worms attacking the fine fibres of nerves distributed throughout the frame, can from this estimate

be thoroughly understood in the fever and weakness caused by the destruction of fibre, and the irritation is accounted for with equal ease.

The progress of the disease is pretty much as follows. During the first stage, which lasts from a week to ten days, there is great intestinal disturbance, caused by the presence of the parent trichinæ in the intestines giving rise in severe cases to alarming diarrhœa, as may be expected.

The second stage lasts a fortnight or three weeks—seldom longer; during this time the immigration of the young trichinæ, hatched in the intestinal passage, is taking place, hence the agony throughout the body, the dropsy in the face, the hurried breathing, and the fever: although the dropsy becomes genuine, it in no manner depends upon kidney disease, as that organ is never affected in any way.

In the fourth week the immigration has entirely ceased, and the worm is beginning to be incapsulated. From this time the patient begins to recover, the appetite improves, the pains become less, and unless complications arise, as in other severe fevers, the patient gradually passes into a state of health.

Death may, however, take place at any stage of the disease. At the great outbreak of this disease, which took place at Calbe, in Germany, it was observed to happen on the fifth, eighth, fourteenth, twenty-first, and forty-second days of the illness. Death generally is brought about by exhaustion: the exhaustive diarrhœa which sometimes occurs, together with the inability to take food, and the terrible agony, easily explains this termination.

The difficulty connected with the treatment of this disease is consequent upon the impossibility of knowing what is really the matter in its early stages, when treatment is alone useful. In regular outbreaks of the disease, the physician is led to suspect the evil in the beginning, and then it can be cut short by destroying and expelling the parent worms before they have had time to colonise the intestines with their young. But at the commencement of an outbreak, or in isolated cases, the symptoms are too like those of gastric fever to lead to a suspicion of the real nature of the affection.

Prevention is far better than cure, and happily this can be easily accomplished. As pork is the only means by which the parasite can enter the human frame, we have only to take care that we eat it thoroughly cooked.

The Englishman has a very strong pre-

judice in favour of doing his leg of pork well, however much he may like beef and mutton underdone. The Germans are apt to suffer desperate outbreaks of this disease, because they are fond of smoked sausages, in which no heat is applied to the meat. The severity of the infection depends indeed upon the amount of cooking to which the trichinous meat has been subjected, and the order in which it is affected is as follows: raw meat, smoked sausages, cervelat sausages, raw smoked ham, raw smoked sausage, fried sausage, fried meat-balls, brawn, pickled pork, blood sausage, boiled pork. As few people are likely to eat raw pork, there seems little danger to be apprehended from the most dangerous item in the list, but it is well to know that boiled pork is in all cases the most harmless.

The power of the worm to resist heat and cold is very remarkable. They have been frozen to five degrees below centigrade, and have been thawed to life again. Ordinary vermifuges are powerless against them—their vitality is as great as that of the wheel-worm, which seems almost indestructible. Let our friends, then, take care never to touch the smallest portion of underdone pork, and beware of German sausages, polonies, and things of the same kind, as they would beware of an assassin.

Before the discovery of the new disease, trichiniasis, several epidemics occurred in Germany, which very much puzzled the physicians.

In two or three cases it was supposed that the persons suffering had been poisoned in some mysterious manner, and judicial inquiries were instituted without any result. More generally, however, the outbreaks were ascribed to rheumatic fever or typhus fever. It was observed at the time of their occurrence that the outbreaks were confined to particular families, regiments, or villages.

The symptoms, then obscure, are now recognised as those of trichiniasis; indeed, there seems to be little doubt that they were outbreaks of this disorder. They all occurred in the spring of the year, the time of pig-sticking in Germany, and the very characteristic swelling of the face, in the absence of any kidney disease, was observed.

The mortality arising from this disease is in direct ratio of the severity of the attack, and this depends upon the number of worms which may chance to be introduced into the body. One pig is sufficient to cause an epidemic far and wide; indeed, many of those which have ravaged Germany within these last three or four years have been traced to one trichinous pig.

At the outbreak at Planen one person died out of thirty attacked. At Calbe, where the epidemic was more severe, seven persons died out of thirty-eight infected; at Hettstädt, where one trichinous pig infected 158 persons, twenty-eight died. From these facts the formidable nature of the infection may be gathered.

If sudden epidemics can be traced to the action of an obscure worm, may we not hope that many of our disorders, now obscure in their origin, and consequently unmanageable and incurable, will in time come to light, and be amenable to treatment? Possibly some more subtle power even than the microscope will be discovered, and give us the power of scrutinising diseased conditions, and finding out the agents so stealthily at work in bringing the human machine to misery and premature death.

W.

AN ALLEGORY.

I.

An ancient room,—through high-latticed casements
Morning sun gilds the wainscot brown;
Rows of children, with upturned faces,
Never a tear, and never a frown.

II.

Sultry noon,—are the children drooping?
Let them out for an hour to play;
Clear their brows in the light of Heaven,
Then to work till the close of day.

III.

Rows of feverish tear-stained faces,
Sunshine fading from wainscot brown;
Tired children, with large eyes, asking,
"Master, when will the sun go down?"

IV.

Twilight falling,—“Awake the sleepers!
Tasks completed and tasks half-done;
Leave them now,” says the master softly,
“Patient workers, your rest is won!”

EVELYN FOREST.

THE JEWELLED DAGGER.

MY daughter Anna is longing to add new specimens to her vivarium, and I am glad to change wig for wide-awake and Blackstone's Commentaries for Anthony Trollope's last novel. A Monday morning at the end of a broiling August finds us in a neat cottage at Herne Bay, watching the tide coming in, bringing, as our landlady assures us, shrimps for breakfast. “So good and fresh, sir; the distinguished foreign gentleman on the drawing-room floor lives on them.” So! A prince in disguise, for a fellow lodger, was at least a novelty! Breakfast over—out on the beach, where we behold him, opera-glass in hand,

and with the inevitable polished boots and lemon-kid gloves, but, withal, a thorough aristocrat in appearance. Tuesday morning: barometer rising, wind all right for a sail. What have we here? A letter on the table, forwarded from my chambers; Nap's head in the corner of the envelope. My friend Phil Madison writes me from Paris, that an interesting Japanese nobleman, with whom he has lately become well acquainted, is shortly coming to London, and that he carries a letter of introduction to myself. His fate has been a cruel one, yet his character is unblemished; he had been quite the fashion this season, owing to the marked favour shown him by the Emperor. Phil hopes I will do the civil, and show him the lions—himself being the greatest of all; so that if Belgravia could but know his history it would most certainly feel anxious to hear him roar. At present, he believed this rare Asiatic to be at some little bathing-place. What a strange coincidence!—for of course Anna at once jumped at the conclusion that the shrimp-devouring “distinguished foreigner” must be the Daimio in question; though, with professional caution, I required some proof of his identity. After dinner, whilst still at dessert, confirmation of the fact came to hand, in the shape of a message brought in by Mrs. Matthews, all wonder and mauve ribbons, who informed us that, on hearing my name, the gentleman had exclaimed, striking his forehead, “Ah well! I am happily fallen. Madame, if you permit, I will descend to render visit to him, if it be given me to do it.” It having been “given to him to do” so, he presented himself, and after five minutes' elaborate apologies—began in execrable English and ended in excellent French—he presented to me Phil's letter. The man had evidently travelled much, and was certainly agreeable and entertaining. We soon became friends. There was about the handsome stranger, despite his somewhat Mongolian type, something that interested me, and, independently of my friend's hints, I could easily have imagined him to be the hero of some tale worth hearing. We met naturally often, either on the sands, or smoking together in the garden of the little cottage. Anna's curiosity was not idle in surmises concerning “the Prince,” as she called him, and upon my rejoining her after such chance meetings she invariably hailed me with, “Well, papa, have you found out? Has he told you?” He never made any allusion to his former life, and I was baffled in all my attempts to induce him to do so. Daily disappointment thus made the desire to know keener, and Anna took every opportunity to endeavour to draw from him, with female tact, some

revelations touching his past history. But the mystery remained unfathomable—at least with such plummets as she could use: we had to wait contentedly for time and nearer intimacy, to assist us in such soundings.

These both ere long befriended us, and we had hardly been a month together at Sea View Cottage, when the impervious texture of our conjectures was pierced by—a dagger, not equal in beauty to that which “The costly Sahib yielded to her,” but simply in the form of a harmless paper-knife, an Indian present from my son Arthur, who (extravagant fellow) had been very costly to me. “The Prince” was spending the evening with us, and had taken up the knife to cut the leaves of a new book for Anna. Admiring it, and turning it round, he appeared to be much struck with some fine garnets set in the handle, which, scintillating in the rays of the setting sun, dazzled the eye. Suddenly throwing it down as if it had stung him, he exclaimed, striking his breast, “I had a dagger once—one to dream of, but rarely to see.” The evident agitation caused by this recollection induced us to forbear inquiry. He preserved silence on the subject, and after he had left us, Anna removed the ornament, to prevent any recurrence of annoyance to him. The fine autumn days were now passing quickly away, and my clients were anxiously awaiting my return. “The Prince” seemed more than politely sorry to hear of our contemplated departure, of which he could never speak with composure. I noticed about this time that Anna appeared to be unusually out of spirits. “Papa,” said she to me, a day or two before we were to leave, “I do wish we could stay longer here, instead of going back to that horrid London and those stupid parties, which it worries me to think of again.” There was, too, a degree of embarrassment in her manner, whenever I alluded to “our foreign friend.” Returning from a stroll on the morning before that which was to be our last at Herne Bay, our hero passed me coming out of the garden, but so preoccupied as not to recognise me. On entering I found my daughter in the arbour, apparently in distress, and upon my questioning her, she burst into tears. “Father,” she cried, “he loves me, but there is—there must be, some insuperable obstacle to his declaring himself. He was but now betrayed into implying as much. ‘I am a marked man! under a ban,’ he said; ‘but the greatest fatality of all is my having seen and known you.’ Then, suddenly stopping himself, he left me. Oh! shall we ever see him again?”

I was, I must say, startled and perplexed. I ought, then, never to have permitted this intimacy. But I had fully believed Anna’s

affections to be engaged elsewhere; nor did I imagine it possible that, though converted to our faith, and himself of European education, this outlandish foreigner could have won my child’s heart. Yet, short-sighted mortal! such a complication had been brought about, and all through that disgusting Phil’s letter. Somehow or other I was always doing wrong, blunder-headed things, and was as stupid in detecting things out of court, as an owl in discovering mice in broad daylight. Being, as I had long been, her only parent, my sympathies were at once fully awakened for poor Anna, who, in all her little troubles, had confided in me. Why should it not be so, too, in greater ones? At the same time I wished the Daimio at the bottom of one of his own gulfs. But he was, unfortunately, not only on *terra firma*, but upon a portion of it in uncomfortable proximity to myself. So, like Phil’s officiousness, he had sent him with an introductory letter to me! I would send somebody even more objectionable, though quite as aristocratic, with a ditto to him! However, there was no use being savage about it. I must make the best of matters, and take the girl back to town at once, where Charley of the Guards would smoke a weed with me. No daggers—no mysteries about him: blue eyes, fair hair, fresh colour, as unlike a Japanese as could be. Girls were queer creatures—a smack of romance about a fellow, and they succumb. In their eyes a touch of villainy polishes up an admirer wonderfully. In cooler moments, I might have pleaded guilty myself to a sneaking predilection for adventurers and villains, the same kind of liking as that possibly existing between a terrier and a rat. Had I not got a deal of fun out of such in my own line, when in harness? Yet, in private life, I had a proper and wholesome aversion to a nearer acquaintance with the species. After all, I might be doing “the Prince” an injustice. But to return to my relations with him under Mrs. Matthews’ roof. After poor Anna’s embarrassing communication I lighted a cuba, and took a ruminative turn on the sands, wandering farther than was my wont. At a turn round the point of a rock I came suddenly upon “the object of my thoughts,” who, lost in contemplation, was walking hurriedly to-and-fro on a sequestered reach of sand, in evident perturbation. The look of indecision with which he at first met my gaze was but momentary; the next instant he obeyed an impulse which prompted his hasty advance and fervent grasp of my hand.

“Forgive,” murmured he, “and when you know all, you will not blame. My hurried departure will explain what you will pro-

bably already guess—that I have remained here too long for my peace. But before we part,—probably for ever,—it is, I feel, due to you, to relate some distressing passages in my troubled history, however repugnant to my feelings it may be to broach a subject so painful.”

We sat down upon some large boulders; the sea stretching wide before us, an occasional splash of the waves making the stillness around us more striking, until “The Daimio” thus began his story—one which my readers may think a strange one, and be certainly thankful that none of its incidents are likely to befall them :—

THE DAIMIO'S STORY.

“My father was a man of superior attainments and much in advance of most of the nobles, whose national prejudices rendered them averse to all progress. The Emperor and the Court were mostly conservative in their feelings, and strongly opposed to what they termed all kinds of innovations. My father's conversion to Christianity, as well as the fact of his procuring a French tutor for me, proved sufficient to alienate the favour of the Court; and as time went on, and I grew up, animosity was but too plainly shown towards myself. It is my misfortune to have inherited my father's temper. Though an amiable man, he was liable,—happily on rare occasions,—to paroxysms of anger, which were at times ungovernable.

“One day at a public assembly, I was unwillingly engaged in an argument with the Emperor's son, who was the centre of a group of young nobles. It is needless to say they were all against me, and I was left alone to defend my opinions, which they held to be extravagant, if not dangerous.

“They communicated their disapproval in no very choice words, dispute rising to contention; intemperate language was beginning to irritate me to a degree unbearable to my excitable temperament. My hereditary passion was aroused, and in an unhappy moment, I struck the heir-apparent. The result of this rash act was an accusation and arrest for high treason, followed by an immediate condemnation to capital punishment. I was commanded by the Emperor to take my own life, in our approved national manner of ‘the happy despatch,’ or, in plain English, ripping up the stomach, and a magnificent diamond-hilted dagger was sent me for this purpose. The royal displeasure was not to be appeased by the humble apologies—the heart-rending appeals from my nigh distracted father. Though on *parole* in our own palace, I was a state prisoner. This must appear inexplicable

to you, unless you are aware of the strong, almost fanatic, sense of honour in our country—a religion in itself with us, and which obviates the necessity of public interference in cases of this kind, all being safely left to the honour of the individual. My own ideas on the subject were essentially European, as may easily be imagined after the education I had received. The customary confidence was, however, not denied me. At length the fatal day arrived for the completion of this tragedy, which was to be enacted by torchlight in my own apartment, unwitnessed, save by a serjeant of the Imperial Guards, a body of them remaining in the vestibule. Left alone with me, this man threw himself at my feet, whispering, ‘Let me assist you in escaping this unmerited, this cruel destiny. My sympathies are all on your side, and that of your noble father, who in a time of extreme difficulty befriended and rendered me that assistance which alone was able to save me. I can now show my heartfelt gratitude to him by helping you, which I can easily do, if you will listen to me and follow my advice. It is not suspected that I know you; we can change clothes, and with the aid of a bottle of ox-blood, which is secreted about my person, we will deceive the tyrant, and spare a nobleman who does honour to Japan.’ I entreated him to consider the imminent risk he ran, for if detected, and unable to effect his escape, his life would buy my doubtful freedom dearly. He was, notwithstanding, resolute in his generous purpose, and accepted cheerfully the difficulty. We hastily exchanged clothes. The similarity of his features to mine was an advantage to the scheme. Spilling the blood upon the floor, he threw himself down foremost in the midst, with the crimsoned dagger in his hand. Having hurriedly advised my escaping if possible to his home, naming a village close at hand, he signed to me to inform the guards in the vestibule that the deed was done. They collected in the room to evidence the truth of this assertion; but as I remained with my back to them, at the feet of the supposed corpse, they did not recognise me. The captain, ordering two of his men to remain, marshalled the rest away to carry intelligence of what had taken place to the Emperor. They were scarcely gone, when, quick as thought the suicide arose, and levelling one of the unsuspecting guardsmen to the marble floor, made his exit; while I, in the meantime, with equal alertness, first securing the dagger, prostrated his companion, and, rushing to a side-door, made my escape. What became of the poor fellow I know not, for I lost sight of him. Getting down into the courtyard, I reached, under cover of the night, the neigh-

bouring village, and the dwelling of my deliverer, whose wife befriended and disguised me in a peasant's costume. Arriving at one of the nearest seaport towns, with the help of secondhand European clothes and a grey beard, I managed, the next morning, to get unperceived on board a French trader, and, taking advantage of the bustle occasioned by the lading, preparatory to weighing anchor, I concealed myself. I thought the vessel never would be set in motion; at last, to my relief, we sailed, satisfied that there were no Japanese on board. I emerged, and deprecatd my presence to the captain as best I could, relating my story, which he at first, I saw, discredited, until I showed him the jewelled dagger, when he became interested, promising secrecy and, before the voyage was over, help. On landing, with his assistance I made my way to Paris, where I sought my old tutor, who, in spite of my disguise, instantly recognised me by my voice, and a peculiar opal ring which I had forgotten to remove from my finger. Through some influential friends of Monsieur de L'Aunier, my case was made known to the Emperor, from whom I received every mark of sympathy that his really awakened interest in me could suggest. The dagger had attracted great notice, and I was enabled to sell it for a fabulous price. At Court I became acquainted with Monsieur Madison, who prevailed on me not to quit Europe without visiting England, and gave me the letter which was the means of conferring upon me at once the greatest happiness and the deepest misery. I now go to join the Emperor's troops in Algiers. Forget that I had ever the presumption to love, and remember me only as the most unfortunate of men."

He left me, and I returned to Anna in a thoughtful, distressed mood. Much as I liked "the Prince," I yet felt that I could scarcely encourage so strange a lover, encumbered with such an extraordinary tale. I determined to tell her all about it after his departure, for which I soon found rapid preparations were being made. Anna appeared somehow to divine this; a presentiment of hopeless separation was too potent for her to succeed in restraining her emotions, now too plainly shown by her fast-falling tears. But she instinctively checked her sobs upon hearing the sound of his footsteps upon the little staircase; as he reached the last step she stood, her eyes riveted on the door, her hands pressing her bosom, which, by the fluttering of the muslin bodice, I could see was beating wildly. She held her breath as he passed by our room door hurriedly and left the house. She sank down by the window, partly concealed by the muslin curtains. Hurrying down the gravel path,

"the Prince" opened the little gate. As he turned to shut it Anna leaned forward; their eyes met, and the tale they told must have been a sad one. Another instant, and he was gone—for ever. "Cruel! wrong! to leave me thus," cried the poor girl. "To go away without a word!" Then, suddenly changing, she sank upon a chair, weeping freely. I allowed her grief to indulge itself, nor did I break the silence that seemed to fill the room; the monotonous stillness was rendered more oppressive by the buzzing of a bee, which having entered at the open casement—attracted by some wallflowers in a vase upon the table—was busily but vainly striving to free itself at the window-pane, struggling, like my poor child, against hard fate. I rose to release it: would that I could as easily have restored to her poor fluttering heart the freedom it had lost, and peace again to the young life once as joyous and unfettered as this bright happy insect! I must trust to time, the great healer; a girl of eighteen, of such an impressive nature, would more easily forget than one whose fancy might have been less readily impressed. And now—back, as soon as possible, to town; bidding a long farewell to Mrs. Matthews and Herne Bay, that most communicative of women having confided to me that the foreign gentleman had gone away like one distracted, and had eaten nothing for several days; but had paid his bill all the same, and made such handsome compliments, bowing as usual on the stairs, and, indeed, whenever she had looked at him. "And as to his packing, 'twas conducted queer! I went on begging of him to let me put his things together, but, bless me! he shovelled them all in, one on top of the other; those fine cambrio-fronted shirts of his, with an ink bottle with the stopper half out next; and last of all a pair or two of boots!—ramming all down together. I was fit to cry over the shirts; a pretty state they will be in when they come to hand again, if they ever should. When the porter came to fetch his luggage he stared wildly at him, exclaiming, 'I will go to mount your back, my fellow,' meaning, I suppose, *with* the portmanteau, though he didn't explain."

I was soon immersed in my clients' business, and my special pleading was, I was told, as effective as usual. Poor Anna, too, made great efforts to be cheerful, entering more than ever into society after a time. She gave away her vivarium, and, a year after, married the Guardsman. But the sea-side was not chosen for the wedding trip, and I married nobody, and gave away the paper-knife, that it should never recall painful remembrance of the Jewelled Dagger. MARGARET SWAYNE.



THOU April now appears
 Smiling childlike through her tears ;
 Flitting over hills and plains,
 Breaking Winter's icy chains ;
 Bidding fetter'd streamlets flow
 Where the warmth and sun-light glow ;
 Through the silent woods doth creep,
 Waking blossoms still asleep ;
 Peeping into new-built nests,
 Rousing thence her feather'd guests.

To the village next she hies,
 Bids the slumb'ring swain arise,
 And to honest work repair
 Through the morning's perfumed air.
 He, responsive to her call,
 Sallies forth, and from the stall
 Soon th' obedient team he brings,
 Leads them to the cooling springs.
 Onward then to yonder field,
 Where the live-long day they yield
 Willing labour, strength, and toil,
 To upheave the fallow soil ;

While beside them and behind
 Plods the sturdy honest hind,
 Sweat-drops pouring from his brow
 In the furrows of the plough.
 To and fro o'er all the mead
 See the sower scatter seed ;
 Full of hope the grain he drops
 Looking for glad Autumn's crops.
 See the bow of promise set
 In yon cloud ; can he forget,
 That while this our earth remains,
 Storms may rage, and cruel rains,—
 Yet shall each to each succeed,
 Time of harvest, time of seed ?
 So he fears not yonder cloud,
 Which his village doth o'ershroud,
 It will drop in gentle rain
 To revive the buried grain,
 And the sun shall pierce the veil
 Of " the thin descending hail,"
 Telling by each gentle shower
 Our Creator's love and power.

B. TRAPP ELLIS.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER XXV. DISAPPOINTED.

DINNER was over, the cloth drawn, the summer fruits were placed upon the table, Olivine had left the room, and the wine stood before Mr. Sondes. Then that gentleman turned to Lawrence Barbour, and opened the conversation by asking his guest how he felt.

"Are you better?" he said. "Are you often subject to such attacks?"

"Sometimes," Lawrence answered vaguely. Like all young men, who are young men, and not old women, he hated talking about his own ailments, and was not at all inclined to be communicative on the subject of his health.

"You work too hard," remarked Mr. Sondes; to which observation Lawrence replied not with the usual stereotyped phrase about "working and rusting," but in words more directly to the point.

"I am glad you think so," he said, "for I have often been afraid you might not consider I did enough. It is hard though," he went on speaking more rapidly, "for a person to do his duty between two places; always when I am in Distaff Yard I feel I ought to be at the Refinery, and when I am at the Refinery I feel I ought to be in Distaff Yard."

"Rather an uncomfortable sensation, I should imagine," observed Mr. Sondes, refilling his own glass, and passing the decanter on towards his guest.

"I am positive I could satisfy you and myself better if my time were not so constantly cut up," continued Lawrence; "if I were able to devote my mind to one business exclusively."

"Very well," agreed Mr. Sondes, "devote your time and energies wholly and entirely to Distaff Yard; you have made many pretty experiments lately, Mr. Perkins tells me, and have suggested and carried out some desirable improvements in the process of manufacture," and as he concluded this pleasant speech, Mr. Sondes helped himself to a peach, and became at once absorbed in its preparation. Never a peach was more slowly dissected, more deliberately eaten; but during the whole time thus occupied, Lawrence remained resolutely silent.

He was trying to swallow his mortification. Twice within a few hours Mr. Sondes had thrown him back, twice he had come up to the

charge, and twice he had been repulsed. The partnership he had felt so confident of at noon seemed now as hopelessly far from him as yesterday. Suddenly it occurred to him that as Mr. Sondes had done without him in past years, so he could do without him in the future years; and not Mr. Sondes merely, but every person; he was only one in the world after all, and what was one more or less among the millions?

The same feeling which had come to damp his sanguine expectation the first day he set foot in London, which had thrown a shadow for a moment over his heart, oppressed him once more. The man who sets out on foot to seek his fortune must not expect fine weather all the way; the rain pours down, and the snow beats upon his head, and the wind forces him back, and the cutting hailstones pelt in his face—it is not all sunshine, it is not all light. There come very dark hours to the mind as well as to the body of the struggler after wealth; and one of those dark hours was on Lawrence Barbour while he sat biting back his disappointment, drinking fennel with his wine, and dipping his fruit in mental vinegar.

There is nothing so bitter to any one as the sudden conviction that he is not immediately necessary to the scheme of creation; that if it pleased the Almighty to take him out of the world, the world would not miss him in the least. And an idea of this kind was doubly bitter to Lawrence, who had always hitherto considered himself rather one of the earth's props than otherwise.

Humility sitting on the ground does not receive any great shock when she is forced to lick the dust; but the height from which pride has usually to fall makes the fall painful, and Lawrence felt the jar in every nerve of his body.

He tried to answer Mr. Sondes; his very pride made him desire to say something in reply to his employer's observation, but he felt he could not say that something coolly and unconcernedly, and for this reason he held his peace.

He ate his fruit and he drank his wine in silence, till at last Mr. Sondes looked up suddenly and inquired:

"Will that arrangement suit you?"

"Perfectly, sir, if it be agreeable to you,"

answered Lawrence, and there ensued another silence.

Then Mr. Sondes pushed his plate from before him, and crossing his arms upon the table, said :

"We will be frank with one another, Barbour, if you please. You are not saying exactly what you think to me; I am not saying all I mean to you. A little explanation now may save us both a great deal of trouble hereafter. You are dissatisfied about something; you have been dissatisfied for a considerable time past."

"I have made no complaint," said Lawrence.

"Not in words," replied Mr. Sondes, "and neither have I, till to-day; but yet I too have not felt perfectly satisfied, and it is because neither of us is satisfied, that I say we had better come to some understanding on the subject of our mutual discontent at last."

"Would it not be better for us to part?" asked the younger man, who felt he could not bear to have his mind inquired about and probed into by the cool collected individual who sat staring straight at him. "I am perfectly willing to accept what you said to me to-day as sufficient notice, and to confess that I did wrong in mentioning anything about your good or bad trade to Mr. Alwyn. Thanks to you and Mr. Perkins, I know more now than I did when I came to London, and it is not impossible I may soon obtain another situation."

"Perhaps you have another in view," suggested Mr. Sondes.

"No, I never thought of leaving your employment till you broached the matter to-day—never."

"No, and you never thought of remaining on with us as a clerk," finished Mr. Sondes.

"You first assume my thoughts, and then condemn me for your own ideas," answered Lawrence, who was now fairly at bay.

"Am I wrong in my conjecture?" demanded his tormentor, with the utmost calmness.

"I will neither admit nor deny anything," replied the younger man; "you are taking an unfair advantage of me in every way. If I am guilty in any respect, dismiss me. If I am not guilty, dismiss me still, if you think proper: but do not try to cross-question and trap me. What I have thought or felt, or expected, is my own concern, and no business of any person on earth, except myself."

"I think you are in error there," returned Mr. Sondes. "However, let that pass. I wish you well, and am sorry for your disappointment; but if you stay on with us, it is necessary we should understand each other

perfectly; therefore, I intend to tell you what I mean, so that there may be no misconception about the matter. I do not mean to take any one into partnership at present; and if I did it certainly would not be a mere youth like yourself, over head and ears in love with a pair of bright eyes, and a pleasant winning manner."

Lawrence did not care now whether Mr. Sondes dismissed him or not. His blood was up, and it did not matter to him whether the man were peer or peasant of whom he inquired:—

"Would it not have been as well, sir, to have waited till you were asked before you refused my request?"

"No," answered Mr. Sondes, quietly; the more angry Lawrence grew, the calmer he. "I am somewhat in the position of a young lady with a devoted lover who yet hesitates about proposing, and thereby compels her to take the initiative. Besides," continued the speaker, "if you have not spoken, other people have. Mr. Alwyn to-day was sounding me as to my intentions concerning you, and I told him plainly that I did not feel inclined to act a father's part by the son of any other man, and that I had not the slightest purpose of giving you a share in my business, either now or at any future time."

"I hope," said Lawrence, "you do not think Mr. Alwyn spoke to you on the subject with my consent; I should like you to be satisfied that I have never directly nor indirectly stated to anyone I expected or deserved more at your hands than my salary."

"I perfectly believe you," replied Mr. Sondes; "and because I believe you, and because I have now told you what I intend *not* to do, I am going to tell you what I will do, viz., double your salary, always providing, remember—always providing there is no more chattering between Limehouse and Hereford Street."

"Thank you, sir." For the life of him Lawrence could say nothing more,—three hundred a year!—six thousand shillings! not a pound a day;—he who had dreamed but a few hours before of boundless wealth—whose expectations had seemed realities, whose prophetic visions had appeared to be on the very eve of fulfilment.

And how on that was he ever to marry? How could he ever summon up sufficient assurance to go and ask Henrietta of her father?—he with no fortune, with no certainties, with no hopes, save three hundred a year, and what he could make by suggesting improvements. And would not that three hundred a year be considered a set-off against any new processes he might discover? Would he not have to give his brains as well as his body for that

mere pittance? He could remember the time when such a salary would have seemed affluence; but he had grown older, if not wiser since those days, and he was labouring now for another beside himself.

"I am sorry not to be able to do better for you," said Mr. Sondes, after a pause. "It is a matter of much regret to me that you should have prepared such a disappointment for yourself."

"I am not disappointed," Lawrence answered; "at least," he added, correcting himself, "I ought not to be disappointed, and yet—and yet——"

"Go on," said Mr. Sondes; "forget I am your employer. Speak to me as you might to a friend;" and he uttered this gently, for there had come into Lawrence's voice a tone of despondency which might have softened steel. "What were you thinking? what were you going to say?"

"I was going to say, how long?" answered Lawrence, desperately. "Mr. Sondes, I will forget you are my master, and speak to you as man to man. Till to-day I did hope, vaguely, that I might make myself necessary to you: so useful that perhaps a small share in the business would be given to me. You know how I have worked; you know, too, why I have worked; and now, though you offer to double my salary, though I know you have proposed to give me every sixpence I am really worth, still I feel I may just as well sit down for the future with my hands folded, for a duchess would be as likely to marry me, as Mr. Alwyn to give his daughter to a clerk on a salary of three hundred a year."

"Then you really do want to make her your wife?"

"Assuredly."

"Why do you not propose to her, then?"

"What! A beggar as I am."

"Mr. Alwyn is rich. Can he not afford to gratify his only daughter's whim?"

"And should you recommend any man to be dependent on his wife?"

"Perhaps not; but I think I should recommend a man to be quite sure of the nature of the affection his ladye love and his ladye love's family entertained for him."

"Surely," began Lawrence; but Mr. Sondes interrupted him and went on:

"I may as well say precisely what I think—which is, that Mr. Alwyn's wealth has been greatly exaggerated. I think Miss Alwyn might have married over and over again; and would have married too had her actual fortune been satisfactory. I think at this moment Mr. Alwyn is grievously embarrassed. I think he is even more embarrassed than he was when he offered for the sake of his few

thousand pounds in ready money to take Percy Forbes into partnership."

"Percy Forbes into partnership!" repeated Lawrence, incredulously.

"It was that first excited my suspicions as to the state of Mr. Alwyn's affairs," said Mr. Sondes. "I felt sure Mr. Forbes was not a man Mr. Alwyn would care to have in his business unless even so small a sum of money were an object; and now what I think is this, Barbour, that had you any interest in my trade—supposing, for a moment, I were so mad as to dream of giving you an interest—Mr. Alwyn would ruin us all. He would make use of me through you. Do you understand?"

"I confess I do not," answered Lawrence.

"There are many ways of backing up a failing credit—many ways of keeping properties together, of satisfying duns, of meeting liabilities, and——"

"Will you think me impertinent if I say that unless you have proof of any embarrassment in Mr. Alwyn's affairs, you have scarcely a right——"

"To warn you off dangerous ground—is that it? Well, now I have warned you; so take my advice or leave it, as you think best; only, were I in your shoes, I would either settle the matter definitively with Miss Alwyn, or cut Hereford Street altogether."

"I cannot ask her to marry me on three hundred a year."

"Then make up your mind to forget her!" But Lawrence shook his head.

"You will neither, in fact, go into the candle nor stay away from it," remarked Mr. Sondes; "neither be on with Miss Alwyn, nor off with her; neither test her attachment for you, nor try to conquer your own. Some day, perhaps, you will wish you had taken my advice, and cut that connection; but, however, each man must make his own bed, and lie in it after he has made it, which is the worst part of the business oftentimes—far the worst."

There ensued a silence, during the continuance whereof Lawrence absently turned over the pieces of pear he had left on his plate. At last he said:

"I believe you have done Mr. Alwyn great injustice to-day, and I know you are wrong about Miss Alwyn; but still I cannot do what you advise. I cannot even seem to go fortune-hunting."

"Right," remarked Mr. Sondes, and he wished to heaven he could transfer Lawrence's affections from Henrietta to Olivine. "Nevertheless, you might explain to Miss Alwyn at once the hopelessness of your position and of your passion, and separate yourself from her.

If you do not do this, separate yourself either with or without an explanation. Some day Miss Alwyn will accept another suitor, and——"

"Mr. Sondes, I really will not sit and listen to such statements."

"Then the girl is fond of you?" said Mr. Sondes, coolly. "All the more reason for your leaving her—all the more reason for your following Mr. Forbes' sensible lead, and cutting the West-end, and settling down to business due East."

"I wish Percy Forbes was at the devil," observed Lawrence, angrily; "he is cast up at me continually. 'If you could only meet with such a thing,' Mr. Alwyn says—and so on—and so on—a man who, twelve months ago, was the very poorest fellow I ever met. I am sick to death of him, and as for his party, I never was so weary of hearing of anything in my life."

"Then you had better not go up-stairs, for Olivine can talk of nothing else," said Mr. Sondes.

"You are surely not going to allow her to go?" exclaimed Lawrence, in amazement.

"And why not? Why should she not go with me? Do you suppose I mean to shut her out from all innocent amusements?—do you think I intend her to pass the entire of her life in Stepney Causeway?"

"No," the young man answered. "I did not know—that is, I am not certain—that is, I believe—I never thought you would care for her to go among such a lot of people. I thought Miss Sondes herself——"

"Well, you can discuss what you thought with Miss Sondes," said Mr. Sondes, rising from table. "Meantime, what is of much more importance to you, consider my advice; be either off or on with Miss Alwyn. She is coming to this party, is she not?"

"Yes; but what then?"

"Nothing; I only wanted to know. She is handsome as ever, I suppose?"

"I suppose so," Lawrence answered; and the two passed out into the hall together.

CHAPTER XXVI. DRESS.

STILL, as of old, Olivine and her uncle kept solitary house in Stepney Causeway. Mr. Sondes had tried taking a place in the country and keeping his niece there in company with a staid governess; but the pair broke their hearts for one another, and so the child was brought back to her London home. The staid governess proving a restraint, young ones were procured, who had lovers and visitors, aims, objects, wishes, hopes, purposes, plans and futures of their own; all of which, not suiting Mr. Sondes' ideas of strict propriety, he

tried the medium of middle-age, and found middle-age the worst evil of the three.

Middle-age wanted to marry him; middle-age thought that where the duties of wife and housekeeper might be so easily combined, it was a pity for one person not to fill the situation; and accordingly spinsters and widows of from five-and-thirty upwards, contended so vigorously for the honour of pouring out Mr. Sondes' tea and working him slippers, that he finally decided on "clearing the house," as he called it, and letting Olivine take her chance.

"She cannot get more spoiled than she is doing," he considered, and I am bound to say Mr. Sondes was right.

The spinsters and the widows—the ladies with curls and the ladies with caps—those with timid, maidenly manners, and those with more decidedly business address, were unanimous on one point—viz., in trying to get at Mr. Sondes' heart through Olivine.

To this end flattery and indulgence and over-care and over-anxiety—to this end making the young girl feel there was no one on earth of importance besides herself—to this end compliance with her every wish, endurance of her every little whim,—of a truth had Olivine not been a very angel, a creature almost incapable of being spoiled, she would have been ruined. As it was, when her last toady left the house, she first loaded her with gifts and then smothered her with kisses; and then she and Mr. Sondes rejoiced in their solitary evening, and felt guiltily glad that the last troubler of their domestic peace had packed up her goods and departed,—"spectacles, Roman nose, and all," suggested Olivine,—to make some other household miserable.

"How good the tea is," said the girl at breakfast next morning, with a sigh of relief.

"And how fresh the bread and how sweet the butter," remarked Mr. Sondes, sily. And thereupon the pair burst out laughing, and Mr. Sondes wondered to himself why he had endured the governess incubus so long.

"But still the girl must be educated," he considered; and in order to compass this desirable end, he procured the services of a married lady, who consented to give Olivine the advantage of her society for a certain number of hours per diem, while masters attended, and Miss Sondes practised and painted, and read French and German and Italian, for all of which good things, I regret to say, she had not much appetite.

Never a more genuinely idle girl breathed than Mr. Sondes' niece—idle, be it understood, in the matter of learning. She had been so accustomed to do nothing, to sit still, to wander up and down stairs, to play with her pets, to go dreaming about the garden at

her own sweet will, that any system with regard to her time seemed wearisome in the extreme.

Further, like some of the sweetest and truest women who have ever breathed, she had no special talent, no great amount of cleverness. Languages were not her forte; for the life of her she could not be made to comprehend why everybody should not speak English, and why people should study the literature of other countries, when there were already, as she opined, too many books published in Great Britain. It was a perfect waste of money and card-board, teaching her to draw; dancing she liked, music she loved.

"If I could only sing like Lawrence Barbour," she said once to her duenna, "I should not care if I could not write my name."

"And who is Lawrence Barbour?" asked Mrs. Martyn Gregory. These were the early days of her engagement, and she had never been favoured with a view of Mr. Barbour's perfections.

"He is a cousin of uncle's partner, Mr. Perkins," answered Olivine; "and he is so clever, and he sings like an angel, and he is going to be married to Miss Alwyn, a great heiress and a wonderful beauty."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Martyn Gregory, who, having sundry little reminiscences of her own, was a very terrier for scenting out the inner feelings of other people. "Do you see much of this gentleman?" she inquired, after a moment's pause.

"No, not so much as we did when I was a child. He used to be staying with us then. He was with us for months after he nearly got himself killed stopping Miss Alwyn's horse in Hyde Park. He has never sung so much since. He says it tires him; but sometimes, when he is in a very good temper, I get him to sing for me still. It is heavenly," went on Miss Sondes. "I shall be so sorry when he is married!"

"Why?" demanded her companion.

"Because uncle does not like Miss Alwyn; and at any rate, I suppose, she would be much too fine a lady to come here. I remember her paying Lawrence a visit when we were at Grays, and she was the most affected creature I ever saw in my life—would not eat, would not drink, left the flowers I gathered her. I dare say she has forgotten all that; but I have not. Child as I was, I noticed her."

"You are nothing but a child still," remarked Mrs. Martyn Gregory.

"I am turned fifteen," answered Olivine, a little indignantly, "and I look eighteen, so Mr. Forbes says, and Mr. Perkins declares I might be forty. Nobody really thinks me a child except uncle and Lawrence Barbour;

and Lawrence only thinks so because Miss Alwyn is ever so much older than I am."

"You ought not to speak of Mr. Barbour as Lawrence, it is not proper," remarked Mrs. Gregory; whereupon Olivine looked at her in amazement.

"We all call him Lawrence," she said, "Mrs. Perkins, and Ada, and all the children. I never called him anything else after the second time I saw him, when he told me to say Lawrence. Once he is married, perhaps I may arrive at Mr. Barbour; but not till then."

"I wonder your uncle allows it," said Mrs. Gregory.

"Allows what?" demanded Olivine; but she began to blush suddenly, she could not have told why or wherefore—and her duenna was confirmed in her suspicions.

"If you were my child," she thought, "this Mr. Lawrence Barbour should not be free of the house, as seems to be the case. Mr. Sondes may be a very wise man, but I imagine he is doing very foolishly here. However, as I am not an inmate of the establishment, Mr. Sondes's visitors are no affair of mine, except that I will not have Mr. Percy Forbes interrupting our studies as was the case yesterday.—Is Mr. Forbes much here in the evenings with your uncle?" she asked, as a finish to this mental journey.

"No," Olivine answered. "Uncle does not seem to care for him much. He thinks he is light-minded and frivolous. He cannot talk about discounts, and vats, and moulds, and acids, and alkalis like Lawrence—I beg your pardon—like Mr. Barbour. My uncle thinks there never was such a young man sent into this wicked world; so Mr. Forbes says. Mr. Forbes is really quite right in that."

"What did your uncle think of Mr. Forbes calling yesterday?"

"Oh! he thought it very kind; he seemed pleased, and said we would go to the party if I wished. He had refused without telling me anything about it, which I consider was sinful, and told him so; but now he has accepted, and I am sure I shall not sleep from this time till the day arrives."

"You silly child!"

"It is to be like fairy land, Mrs. Perkins says, and there are to be such tribes of ladies there, and they will all be beautifully dressed, and Mr. Forbes is so nice and so kind. Very likely going to a party seems nothing wonderful to you, Mrs. Gregory, because, I suppose, you have been at thousands, but I have never been any place,—never all my life."

"You are far too young even to be thinking about such things for a couple of years yet. If I were your mamma, I should no

more allow you to go to this party at your age, than I should let you walk down the Commercial Road without your bonnet."

"How glad I am you are not my mamma, then," said Olivine, naïvely, and she threw her arms round Mrs. Gregory's neck, and prayed her not to say anything to make Mr. Sondes alter his mind.

"For if I do not go to Mr. Forbes', I may never have a chance of seeing such a grand affair again. Just as likely as not I might die without ever having a clear idea what a party really is. And I have so set my heart upon going. I have, indeed."

"If it were a children's party, now," observed Mrs. Gregory.

"Children, indeed!" exclaimed the girl indignantly. "I wonder if any one else will dance with me besides Mr. Forbes."

"Mr. Forbes—what are you dreaming of? Mr. Forbes dance with such a chit as you!"

"He said he would, at any rate," answered Olivine, bridling up a little; "and oh! dear Mrs. Gregory, I do wish you would seem a tiny bit glad about going, too. I should feel so much happier."

"I cannot go, as I told Mr. Forbes yesterday; it was very kind of him to think of asking me, but I cannot go."

"Uncle says you must, though."

"And I say it is impossible," answered Mrs. Gregory.

"But why—why—" entreated Olivine.

"If you must know why, because I cannot afford to buy a dress for the occasion, and I have not one fit to wear among such stylish people."

"But it would not cost much; uncle says I shall go in nothing except white muslin."

"I could not go in white muslin, though," answered Mrs. Gregory.

"I do not suppose you could," said Olivine meditatively, after she had looked her duenna's ample figure and greyish black hair all over; and she sat and thought out this difficulty in silence.

"I will be back in a moment," she declared at last, and she left the room, and ran down the stairs, and knocked at the door of her uncle's special apartment.

"Come in," he called, and Olivine entered.

"Uncle," she said, coaxingly, "Mrs. Gregory cannot go with us to Mr. Forbes'."

"Why not?" he asked; "she must. I intend to do so. I shall make it a *sine quâ non*."

"She has nothing to wear," explained Olivine.

"Lord bless me!" exclaimed Mr. Sondes. "Women are all alike: young or old, they never, according to their own showing, have a rag to cover them. If that is the difficulty, however, I will remedy it—she shall have a

dress to-morrow. Now run away, for I am very busy, and you ought to be at your lessons, instead of talking about parties."

"Oh, uncle! parties are so much nicer than lessons!" answered the girl.

"Humph!" said he, "perhaps you may not always think so," and then he put her hair back from her forehead and kissed her, and bade her depart. "Don't let this affair turn your brains," were his last words; and when the door closed behind her, he began wondering if he had done wisely—if he had not better have held to his first resolution, and refused to allow her to go. "But, pooh!" he finished, "the child cannot stay a child for ever; she will have to venture out into the world some day, and better for her to begin while I am with her—God knows how long that may be!" and the man turned his face towards the window, and looked away and away with a changed expression at something he seemed to behold far off in the distance. Then, with a weary sigh, he resumed his occupation, which, when he had finished, he took his hat and went to the city, where he met Mr. Alwyn, who discoursed to him at length about Lawrence Barbour, and Lawrence Barbour's talents and chances of success, till Mr. Sondes wished from the bottom of his heart he had either never seen Lawrence Barbour, or that Lawrence had never met Mr. Alwyn.

The skein of silk he had once hoped to wind so easily, was now hopelessly entangled, and he could not help thinking about this as he ascended the staircase, side by side with the youth who had disappointed him.

"I bought that dress to-day, pussy," he said to Olivine; "it is a wonder to me women do not back out of Death's invitations by saying they really have nothing fit to be buried in."

Lawrence laughed. "Is the dress for you?" he asked, addressing Olivine.

"No," she answered; "I wish it were, but uncle will not allow me anything more extravagant than white muslin, and I should so have liked a pink silk, with about three hundred flounces, and a quantity of white lace, and lilies of the valley. I was reading in a novel the other day about a lady who had a dress like that, and I thought at the time it was just what I should choose, if I ever had a chance of wearing it."

"Time enough for silks and laces, pussy," answered Mr. Sondes. "When the days come in which such things are suitable for your age, you would give a great deal to be able to return to your teens and white muslin. Do you not think that very likely, Barbour?"

"It is certain," Lawrence replied, with more gravity than the subject seemed to de-

mand; but Mr. Sondes, holding his cup out to Olivine for more sugar, remarked that the young man was looking at his niece with a certain wondering and speculative interest; that something about her which had never struck him before seemed to have attracted his attention at last.

Two ideas, in fact, occurred to Lawrence at the same moment; one, that Olivine was not precisely what she had been four years and a-half previously; and the other, that possibly Miss Alwyn's desire to see her might not arise from simple curiosity.

"She really is very pretty," decided Miss Alwyn's lover; "and I hope she will dress herself becomingly."

Now the "she" thus mentally referred to meant Olivine Sondes, and not Henrietta Alwyn.

(To be continued.)

A SPRING DREAM.

HERE rest awhile, the violet's blue
Mocks April's deepest skies;
A forest fragrance fills the breeze,
The lonely cushat sighs;
Strange if amidst this genial glow
Bright fancies cannot rise.

A waking dream, old sages say,
Is wiser than the train
Of airy phantoms haunting sleep
Within the slumb'rous brain;
To dream beside this calm-flowing beck
Might whisper morals plain.

'Twere passing sweet, while caw'd the rooks,
And rapturous thrush-songs thrill'd
The drowsy sense, entranced to glide
To lands with sunshine fill'd;
Where flutter flies than flow'rs more gay
Round palms where love-birds build.

How easy in that Eden clime
Fair Progress queen to throne,
With Right and Love to stand beside,
And boundless realms her own;
To dower her with weather and rule,
And wisdom broadly sown.

Then should heroic hopes, high plans
For the world's future bloom
In golden plenty; Peace should hang
Her trophies on War's tomb;
And boyhood's longings, man's deep aims,
Ne'er find a blighting doom.

There would I dwell in yearlong bliss
Beside my own sweet bride;
Not Adam ever loved his Eve,
When first she left his side,
Dearer than I would cherish mine
In those rich lands so wide.

And there would we the true life lead,
Each helping on the other;
Wedding high thoughts to lofty deeds,
Cheering each weary brother;
And leaving here unrest and strife
Which nobler longings smother.

Who wouldn't love each Spring to find
The track to such a land?
To breathe its perfume, sail its seas,
Pass on from strand to strand?
To pluck its blooms, and childlike string
Them on some rhyming band?

Soft clouds should float there, Alps of snow
Blush in the balmy west,
Large-leaved magnolias scent the land
In tropic splendours drest;
And hark!—what elfin music—pahaw!
Yon chaffinch o'er his nest

Has broke the spell that led my sense
In dreamland's wealth to roam,
And artless sings how native joys
From English woodlands come,
What time sweet Spring with varied mood
Smiles through her tears round home.

His clear love-music yearly tells
(List! how he cheers his mate!)
That those who seek will beauties find
In spots most desolate;
That homely duties duly done
The world's age renovate!

M. G. W.

THE MOTE, IGHTHAM.

IN TWO PARTS.

PART I.

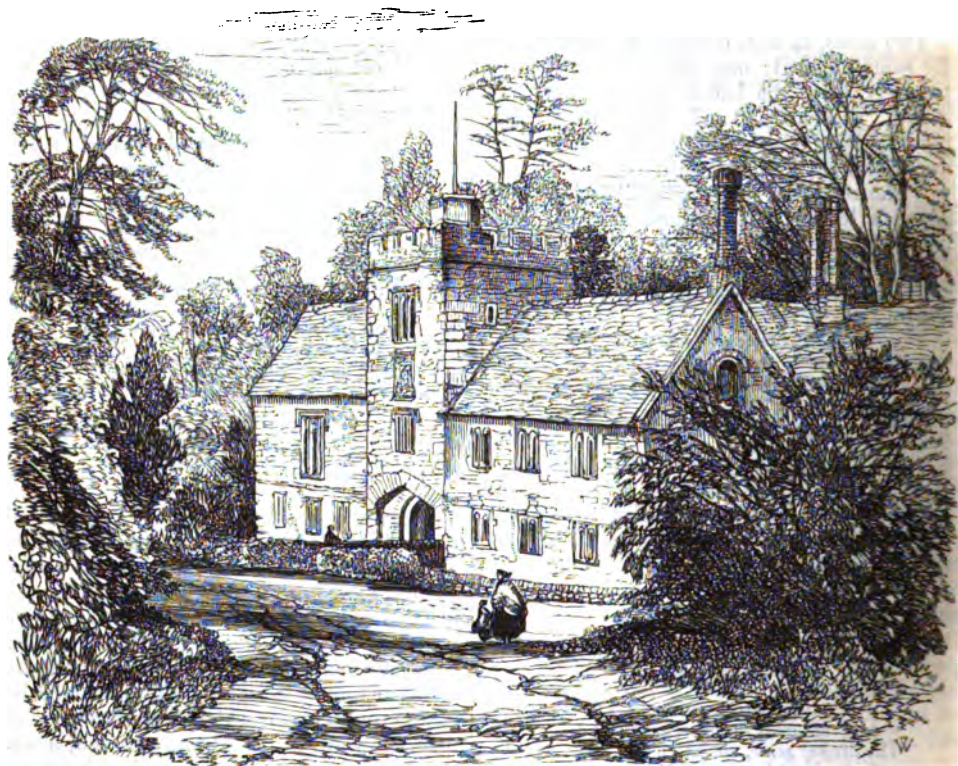
FROM the pretty town of Sevenoaks, a walk of some four miles, or more, first through the classic park of Knowle, and under its spreading oaks and beeches, and then through copses of hazels, along an upland ridge, looking down upon the hop-gardens of the Weald of Kent without number, will suddenly bring the traveller or tourist in sight of a pleasant and imposing country seat, which, when it first breaks upon his view, at the bottom of a dell, among the surrounding trees, must make him fancy, if he has ever been at Oxford or Cambridge, that one of the mediæval colleges has been suddenly transported into Kent by fairy hands. There stands the central tower; there are the gables, and the long red roof, and the mullioned windows; and a nearer approach reveals to him the porter's lodge and a handsome quadrangle within. And if he is fortunate enough to come provided with an introduction to the owner, or with an educated eye for artistic effect, or a love of archaeology, and carries with him the bearing and manners of a gentleman, on crossing the bridge which spans the waters of the moat he will be sure to meet with a courteous, and even hospitable, reception.

The village of Ightham is about half way between Sevenoaks and Wrotham. The manor was formerly held by the Crevequers, who, in the reign of King John, owned considerable property in various parts of Kent, and subsequently by the Criolls, from whom it was alienated by William de Inge, who was a Justice of the Common Pleas, temp. Edward II. It afterwards passed through

several hands, and finally came into the possession of the James family, the present lord of the manor being Colonel Grevis-James, of Ightham Court. Ightham Court Lodge is a respectable old building, standing about a

quarter of a mile from the village, whilst, in the neighbouring parish of Plaxtol, are the remains of an ancient manor-house of the time of Edward I., now called Old Soar.

Ightham Mote is a most interesting speci-



West front and Tower.

men of a somewhat rare class of building, a fortified dwelling-house of a gentleman of the fourteenth century; and it still stands perhaps more nearly in its original condition than any other specimen of domestic architecture in this country. It is seated about two miles to the south of the main street of the village of Ightham, concealed among leafy woods, in a somewhat deep ravine; and the waters of a rivulet, trickling down from a small lake, supply the moat which surrounds the house on all sides, and from which the edifice takes its name. I should add that, through all the neighbourhood the house is known, not as Ightham Mote, or the Moat House, but simply as the Mote; and a writer, who signs his name A. J. K., in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for December, 1835, suggests that the house was originally constructed on an island or eyot, and that the whole parish took its name from this fact. This, however, is scarcely probable; though A. J. K. urges

that the word Ightham comes from the Saxon 133að, an island, and that 133að-ham was easily contracted into Ightham.* The stone of which the mansion is built (Kentish rag) is supposed to have been dug out of the moat.

I must leave it for antiquaries more learned than myself to decide upon the exact difference between a castle, properly so called, and a fortified residence, such as that which I purpose here to describe, and to say at what date the latter edifice superseded the former. But I will say that Moated Houses, or Moats, are not uncommon in Kent, and that a long catalogue might be named of manor-houses still standing, which have been strengthened by the introduction of a ditch of water washing the base of their walls. Leeds Castle, near

* Another suggestion as to the derivation of the name, which we have received from a well-known Kentish antiquary, is that Ightham—or, otherwise, Elghtham—signifies the eight "hams" or villages which lie within its verge, namely, Ightham proper, St. Clare, Borough Green, Redwell, Oldbury, Beaulieu, Ivy Hatch, and The Mote.

Maidstone, and Hever Castle, near Penshurst, are instances in point; and between Hever and Ightham there is a very marked resemblance, at all events in their general features.

However, five centuries ago, the castles of

the barons and the moated houses of the lesser gentry presented a striking evidence of the military character of the tenure of lands under the crown. "Every great landholder, by knight's service, erected and resided in his



The Quadrangle and Hall.

castle; his retainers formed the garrison; he became a prince paramount in his own fee or lordship; he often obtained licence to exercise therein the highest judicial rights, and his friendship and alliance was frequently of no small importance to the sovereign of the realm. In cases of disputed title to the crown, the lords of these castles were enabled on many occasions to prolong the contest between the claimants; they opened their gates, perhaps, to the vanquished or retiring party, who, safe within their entrenched and embattled circuit, had time to gain breath and to renew the struggle with recruited fortunes. Instances of this application of the political strength of domestic castles are particularly numerous in the war between Matilda and Stephen; memorable traits of their importance abound in every period of our history, down to the rebellion of fanatical republicanism by which it was tarnished in the seventeenth century."

During the anarchy that prevailed in the reign of Stephen, and at various later dates, when the laws were weakened by the disputed claims of the White and the Red Rose, these feudatory knights and "gentlemen" too often had their hands stained with blood, and the evil reputation of oppressors of their poorer and weaker brethren. It is true that Henry II. reformed some of the abuses to which these private fortresses gave birth; and from his time it was made incumbent on any landowner who wished to embattle or crenellate his house, or even to secure it by a moat, to obtain a licence for that purpose from the crown.*

There is no record of any military encounter having taken place at Ightham; but it is

* In the reign of Edward II. the moated castle at Leeds, in Kent, the mansion of Lord Badlesmere, shut its gates against the queen, and was, in consequence, regularly beleaguered by a royal force. The castellan, Thomas Colepepper, on surrender, was hanged as a traitor, and the noble owner of the castle himself narrowly escaped the same fate. — "Gentleman's Magazine," Feb. 1837, p. 154.

certain that there was a strong place here as early as the reign of Henry II., when Ightham belonged to Ivo de Haut, who represented a younger branch of the great Kentish family of that name, who resided at Hautebourn in the parish of Petham, in East Kent. In the reign of Henry III. its owner was Sir Piers Fitz Haut, steward of the king's household; in that of Richard III. we find it still occupied by a gentleman of the same stock, Richard Haut, who in the eighteenth and twenty-second of Edward IV. had been sheriff of Kent. He joined the Duke of Buckingham in his abortive attempt in favour of the Earl of Richmond, his manors became forfeit to the crown, and this of the Mote was given to Sir Robert Brakenbury, the Lieutenant of the Tower, whose name so frequently occurs in the annals of that period, and to whose honour it is recorded that he refused to be concerned in taking away the lives of the youthful princes, his prisoners, showing that whatever his official allegiance to his master, his person "was yet the cover of a fairer mind, than to be butcher of an innocent child." Brakenbury sealed his fidelity, in other respects, to his sovereign at Bosworth Field, where he was slain. On the accession of Richmond to the throne, the Mote was restored to Edward Haut, son of Richard Haut, who lost his head at Pontefract. It afterwards passed through female heirs into the possession of other names, as of Clement, Pakenham, Alleyn, till in the reign of James I. it became vested in Sir William Selby, of Branxton, in Northumberland, a military officer of repute in the low country and Irish wars: he died in 1611, at the age of eighty. And with his descendants in the female line it remained till a comparatively recent date; one of the Brownes, of the family of the (now dormant) Viscounts Montagu, having married the heiress of the Selbies, and taken her name.

A little brook, which rises about a mile above the house, is dammed up into a small lake, out of which the superfluous water trickles down into a basin, which art has turned without much effort into a quadrangular moat, as it flowed past the west side of the mansion. The constructors of the house had but to dig a channel round the other three sides, and their work was completed. They deepened the channel slightly, and the moat assumed the regularity of a fosse.

The house is nearly a square, with a frontage each way of about 100 feet. The principal front seen in the view faces the west. In the centre is a handsome gate-tower, above which rises a staircase turret; the approach to this tower is by a bridge composed of two low arches, which doubtless was erected at

the time when the ancient drawbridge was removed. The gate-tower was evidently the keep or master-tower of the mansion. Passing through the portal, we enter the court, in the front of which is the hall, the remaining space being filled up by buildings, the upper stories of which are in the old English *half-timbered* style, the gables acutely pointed, and the windows surmounted by the label moulding known as the Tudor, a presumptive evidence that Richard Haut, in the reign of Henry VII., had made large additions and alterations in the fabric. At this period the large window, divided by mullions into five compartments, was introduced into the front of the hall. The main body of that structure may be safely referred to the period of Henry III. or Edward I.; it was probably the work of Sir Piers Fitz Haut.*

The hall is still a magnificent feature in the building. It is thirty feet in length, and twenty in breadth; and in the centre is still the *louvre* in the roof, through which the smoke ascended in the days of the Hauts. It needs restoration sadly; but adorned with tapestry and with family portraits, it would soon resume its ancient character. With the exception of the great window and the fire-place, the hall is supposed to be of one date. Huge timber logs, placed on massive hand-irons, still blaze in winter in the fire-place, which is of stone. The roof of the hall, which doubtless had originally the rafters exposed to view, has undergone some alterations, being now ceiled over; but at either end we still see two of the acutely pointed arches which mark the date of its erection. The weatherings of the entrance door at either end are adorned with heads, one, that of a female wearing a chaplet of roses—a custom frequently alluded to by Chaucer:—

"She gatherith flouris white and redde,
To make a sotill garland for hir hedde."

E. WALFORD.

COMIC PAPERS OF GERMANY.

THERE are many foreign institutions which seem perfect in their own country, but which it is ticklish work bringing before the judgment of another nation. To take one instance out of many, how impossible it is to find a Frenchman and an Englishman agreed on a definition of wit. Even such critics as M. Forgnus find Douglas Jerrold's sayings blunt and savage, not delicate enough for wit, not pure enough to be Attic. And, on the other hand, how many English consider the finest French

* Mr. J. H. Parker gives the date of erection as probably about the year 1340.

bon mot insipid, and regret that the polished taste of our neighbours leads them to file their ideas till the point has vanished. What is true of verbal wit is still more true of pictorial wit. No standard can be devised which will be accepted by every nation. No Frenchman will think it right to imitate Leech. No Englishman will avow a preference for Cham. One of the reasons is, no doubt, that a considerable acquaintance with the life of a people must precede the least appreciation of its caricature. An Englishman going to Paris for the first time thinks some things strange, because he does not find them in London; other things because, wherever he sees them, they are opposed to his theory of life. But let him caricature these, and the Frenchman would find nothing comic in the daily customs of all Paris, in the things most consonant to the French ideal. The French style of hunting was the height of absurdity to Leech; a French Leech would have taken just the opposite view. Hence there are fewer subjects that the artists of two countries can see with the same eyes, and still fewer that they can paint in the same colours.

What is true of France applies with even greater force to Germany. Of late, we have mixed so much with the French, that both countries have yielded some of their national peculiarities, and each has adopted some customs from the other. But though we live a great deal among the Germans, we do not mix with them; their narrow means and their want of hospitality prevent them, except in rare cases, from making intimate friends of us when we are in their country; while, in like manner, our high prices and our upper crust of insularity keep them from paying us long visits. Of the many English who have lived in Germany, how few have made friends with the people, as English people make friends in France and Italy. And it is not easy to enter into the life of people with whom you cannot make friends. You see some external peculiarities, and perhaps you disapprove of them; but how can you tell their meaning, if you are ignorant of the inner life which they symbolise?

It is true, that a diligent study of the caricatures of the nation will help you to some better knowledge, but if the caricatures are to be judged from an English point of view, this study will be thrown away. You must be content with the instruction contained in them, and must not look for pleasure. Seeing how a German artist, who professes to be comic, treats a phase of German life which was before unknown to you, will give you a gradual insight both into German life and the comic element in Germany. If you impose

too high a standard, you will be considered an aristocrat, like the man who asked the meaning of some "grouse in the gun-room" story, and to the explanation, "Oh, that's an old joke of mine;" replied, "Joke, is it? Well, I am much obliged to you for the information, for I should never have known it was a joke, if you had not told me."

In the first place, the paucity of political caricature is highly significant of the political state of Germany. There is only one paper which indulges in political pictures, and which circulates throughout the country, the Berlin *Kladderadatsch*. Even this paper is not free to caricature the great at a distance, much less the great nearer home. What should we say of *Punch*, if it had to avoid the slightest allusion to the Queen, and had to be extremely careful in portraying the Duke of Cambridge? The Berlin paper must leave royalty out of the question. Its editor was imprisoned a short time ago for some verses on one of the smallest German sovereigns, and the Elector of Hesse Cassel is the only one whom it is safe to handle. It is different with ministers, because if ministers were also to be exempt, there would be an end to political caricature. But while we are accustomed to have England represented by the Queen, France by the Emperor Napoleon, Prussia by the royal sergent-major, and Austria by Francis Joseph, the German caricaturist must confine himself to conventional figures. His England is a Jack tar, his Prussia a soldier with a helmet, and his Austria a soldier in white uniform. An exception has indeed been made him in favour of Napoleon and Victor Emmanuel, who are too far off to remonstrate, and are not sufficiently popular with the German authorities to be protected in their absence.

I can well understand that any German monarch, or any monarch who was friendly to Germany, would protest very strongly against being caricatured in the *Kladderadatsch*. From the want of practice in depicting royalty, or any ministers but German ministers, the sort of excellence in comic portraiture attained by German artists, is that which we witness in the wall-paintings of schoolboys. The Berlin caricaturists seem to consider that the whole art of caricature lies in making everybody as coarse and as vulgar as a Berlin cad. An idea or a likeness is a thing that never occurs to them. If they can catch some prominent traits they think they have made a hit; if not, they append an explanation. But, by dint of insisting on some feature which, perhaps, never belonged to the real character, they succeed in making a figure familiar to their public. Thus Napoleon is always a man with a long nose and

two sharp points to his moustache. Nothing more is necessary. He may be fat or thin, tall or short, young or old, the nose and the two points are always enough to identify him. Victor Emmanuel is a coarse, pudgy figure of a Turco, with a pipe stuck in his cap and a mangy moustache, the likeness consisting in the ends of the moustache being trained to grow on his cheeks. And these two things, the Napoleon nose and the Victor Emmanuel moustache, are, in the eyes of German artists, the head and front of political comedy.

The Kladderadatsch has more freedom with regard to ministers, and it must pay the German ministers the compliment of a better likeness. Bismarck is generally drawn to the life, which is at once necessary, as the Berlin public must be familiar with his face, and easy, as he was for a time a contributor to the Kladderadatsch. But as soon as we get away from Berlin, the likeness vanishes. It is said that Beust sent his carte-de-visite to the editor of the Kladderadatsch with a request that the artists would make use of it in future, and favour him with a likeness. If all statesmen would do the same, or if the readers of the paper would club together and present the editor with a photographic album of living celebrities, they would do him an inestimable service. I should advise Earl Russell to lead the way. One would think his person must by this time be familiar to the whole of Europe, yet when Kladderadatsch wishes to caricature him, it draws a hideous lay figure, resembling no statesman of any country, but looking exactly like an old clothesman from some German Juden-gasse.

One circumstance is especially curious, as exemplifying the absence of true personal and political caricature. When an English comic paper celebrates an anniversary, or a centenary, or a royal marriage, or any other great occasion, it makes the chief public characters of the day the vehicles of its wit, the figures in its pageant. But the German caricaturist cannot venture on this. He could not bring in native characters, for fear of the censorship; an assemblage of purely foreign personages would have little interest. All he can do is to revive the imaginary characters whom he has invented during his existence as a comic illustrator. But the fun of this can only be appreciated by himself, and by those who have followed him throughout his career. And though well enough for once, it does not bear repetition. We should get tired even of Mr. Briggs, if he was to be always the leading figure in a procession.

Another advantage which is possessed by Punch, and is not shared by his German brothers, is the union of general with political

caricature. This is really an important element in keeping up the level of the paper. One week there may be little stirring in politics, and people are disappointed in the cartoon. The next week some fault may be found with the smaller drawings: the artist has not struck a good vein, or has been hurried, or careless. But both these things seldom occur the same week, and the faults of one drawing may generally be condoned by the excellence of the other. With the Germans there is no such loophole. Their political paper confines itself to politics, and their general caricaturists never go beyond general caricature. One of the many results of this is, that the political caricaturists are contented with an idea, and the general caricaturists with the execution. The politicians are not required to draw, nor the artists to think. Thus, while the Kladderadatsch is personal in its application, but coarse in its drawings, the *Fliegende Blätter* of Munich is rather a weekly magazine than what it professes to be, a comic paper. It is the same with regard to the text, which may be dismissed in a couple of lines. The *Fliegende Blätter* gives stories and poems; the political writing of the Kladderadatsch is mostly local to Berlin, and the fun consists chiefly in the substitution of *j* for *g* according to the Berlin pronunciation.

The only limits to general caricature in Germany, as in other countries, are the taste and the comprehension of the public. But the public that immediately surrounds him is more important than any other to the comic artist. Really successful comedy cannot be produced, still less can it be sustained, without an appreciating audience. If it is to be sustained regularly, the audience must not be scattered, it must be close at hand, so that its influence may be felt at once, and may be expressed directly. For this reason a capital is essential to a comic paper. Nothing is more fatal to sustained comedy than a touch of anything provincial. Unfortunately for Germany its comic papers must be provincial. A paper published at Munich must deal to a great extent in Bavarian character, for fear of losing its immediate and regular public, while suiting the taste of its distant and chance public. This rule is exemplified by the fate of a paper published at Dusseldorf, which seemed for a time to give promise of a long and glorious career. It was illustrated by some of the leading artists of the Dusseldorf school, by men like Achenbach, who hold the first rank among the landscape painters of Germany; Lessing, Hildebrandt, and Hübner, who are nearly as high among the historical painters; and Hassenolever, whose picture of "Job before the Examiners" is in the gallery

of modern works at Munich, and has already received its meed of praise in a book by the present writer. But with all these able supporters, the Dusseldorf paper languished. It was the old story of "all the talents." The best illustrations were not those of the greatest artists, some of the promised names never made their appearance, and some that did were sadly disappointing. Achenbach's small engravings were scratchy, extravagant, and unmeaning; his large lithographs were not equal to those of less famous painters. One of the best of the cartoons was Scheuren's "Idyllic landscape," a pretty cottage, with romantic gables, balconies overgrown with luxuriant creepers, and trellised summer-houses at the side. But when you looked closer, you saw that the life of the cottage was anything rather than idyllic; one half of the inmates was turning out the other half; there was a fight with pitchforks, brooms, and beer-jugs; hats were flying off, or their owners were bonneted with them; dogs barked, and cocks crew; one woman belaboured her husband with a water-jug, and another emptied another jug from the vine-clad window upon the combatants below. Such a picture is highly significant of the life of Germany, which, when seen from a distance, is so idyllic as to impose on many, but which comes out in such a different light under the critical microscope.

However, the general public of Germany could not appreciate the Dusseldorf caricatures. One of the jokes in the paper itself was typical of its career. In defining theory and practice, it had said that there were three classes of people,—the theoretical, who understand a thing, but can't do it; the practical, who do a thing, but can't understand it; and the theoretico-practical, who can neither understand a thing or do it. The Dusseldorf paper began by understanding what was wanted when it engaged great artists to supply its illustrations. It did what was wanted when it kept on the names of the great artists, and got good illustrations from those who had to make their names. But it passed into the third stage when the names remained, but the excellence vanished, and the end was that it expired in the twelfth year of its existence. Had the Munich paper of which I have spoken pursued the same course, it would long ago have met the same fate. But the Munich paper saw that it must not shrink from being local. Luckily the Bavarians have a more *prononcé* character than any other of the German races. What with the genuine Munichers who cannot see beyond their glass of beer, their amusements, and their loyalty; what with the

peasants, the officials, the railways, and the Prussians, there is a large though rude field for caricature open to the Bavarian, which would be closed to the Saxon or the Rhinelanders.

Perhaps the ways of the peasants are the most fitted for comic illustration. The peasant character is admirably portrayed in the Baroness Tautphoeus's novel of "Quits": it is apt to be idealised away in the German novels which profess to deal with it. The roughness and niggardliness of the peasants, combined with some homely virtues, especially those which cost nothing, and a great deal of simplicity and good-heartedness, chiefly in those who are not proprietors, lend themselves admirably to dramatic or pictorial treatment, while they disgust us with those Arcadian fancy-pieces that abound in literature. Any nature, however bad, is better than perversion of nature. There are many points in the character of the Bavarian peasantry which redeem their faults; there are certainly points which make people never tired of studying the character. The artist's task is greatly simplified when he has such peculiarities to work upon. As an example I will take the way in which a German caricaturist treats an attack of tooth-ache. We can compare his version with that "imagined by Horace Mayhew, and realised by George Cruikshank." Not only is the German tooth-ache much ruder as regards art than the English, but it introduces personages so much more absurd that everything about them seems funny, and the tooth-ache, the remedies, and the process of extraction, which are the soul of the English work, sink into insignificance in the German. When we see the peasant seated at his simple meal, and eating out of the same dish as his wife, we think more of the peasant's spindle-shanks and turned-up nose, his jacket which ends some way above the beginning of his trousers, and the curious figure he cuts generally, than of the scene itself, and the light it throws on the domestic life of the peasantry. Then, when the pain of the tooth-ache seizes him, and he dances about the room, smoking the tooth, drinking from a spirit bottle, plunging his head in a tub of water, leaning his head against the stove, beating his wife, knocking his head against the wall, getting into bed with three mattresses and four pillows on top of him, kicking them all off and standing on his head, and, lastly, crawling under the bed, we think all the time of the comical figure, not of the absurdity of the remedies. It is much the same when the man finds his way to the village doctor, a lank figure in a flowered dressing-gown, with a long pipe in his mouth, which never quits that place during

the whole operation. The doctor produces a sort of hooked instrument, which he sticks into the tooth; there is a sort of tussle, and the peasant rolls over on the floor, while the doctor stands up triumphantly, with the hollow tooth on the point of his hook.

All this requires but little drawing, no knowledge of anatomy, and not much study of human nature. Peasants do dress very much in that way; village doctors might live in flowered dressing-gowns, and smoke an endless pipe. But if you take a higher grade of civilisation for your scene, you are forbidden all these aids, and thrown much more on your own resources. We see this when the German caricaturists leave the peasants for the city life, whether of Munich or of other parts of Germany. Of course, a great many of the Munich caricatures turn on beer, but there are even more devoted to what I may call *les petites misères de lavie à Munic*, if that name be not a profanation of Parisian life and Balzac. One of the chief of these miseries is connected with houses and landlords. "You must not receive visits," says the landlord in one caricature, "your friends have muddy boots, and bring dirt into the house. Either cease to receive your friends or pay me an increased rent." "You must not open the windows," says the landlady who keeps furnished lodgings; "the dust flies in and spoils my things. Either keep your windows shut, or pay me so much more rent for the damage to my furniture." These are petty worries, but they are felt severely in a petty town. Nor are the larger towns exempt from larger worries. One of the most amusing series of caricatures in the Munich paper is devoted to the plague of Prussian soldiers and Prussian views about nobility. The Prussian major's idea of heaven is that it is a place peculiarly set apart for his order. He makes a military salute to St. Peter on being admitted, there is a grand review in his honour, with King David conducting a Prussian military band, and the day ends with a grand *battue* of democrats and an inspection of the infernal regions, which are peopled exclusively by the Berlin Chamber of Deputies. It is needless to add, that this caricature could not have appeared in Prussia.

However, as a rule, German caricatures would not hurt the people against whom they are aimed. If the German artist wishes to imply that towns are not lighted as well as they might be, he can only venture on an allegorical picture of owls making their nests on the tops of the gas lamps. That the people are as much in fault as the officials is implied

from a series of pictures. The magistrates of a certain town decreed that it should be lighted, and the crier was sent round to order all the inhabitants to hang out lanterns. In the first picture we see the inhabitants hanging out lanterns, but without candles in them. Report was made to the magistrates, and the crier was sent round again, ordering the inhabitants to hang out lanterns and put candles in them. The second picture shows us the inhabitants hanging out lanterns and putting candles in them, but not lighting the candles. The crier was sent round a third time, and the inhabitants were ordered to hang out lanterns, put candles in them, and light the candles. We find the difference in the third picture—so did the town.

This stupidity of the citizens excuses in some degree the insolence as well as the tardiness of the officials. But while the comic papers see no reason for sparing the former vice, they are led by their native affinities to look benignantly on the second. They do not attempt to flatter the high postal official who rejects a candidate for employment because he cannot speak French, a knowledge of which has become an indispensable qualification in all German post-offices. Next moment a Frenchman puts his head in at the window, and addresses the old official with, "Excusez, monsieur, voulez vous—" "Nix wullewu," roars the official; "if you want anything in a German post-office you must speak German." But their treatment of delay is very different. The artist wants to show that two travellers have been waiting three weeks for their luggage. He draws them accordingly, with telescopes to their eyes, watching the course of the train that is bringing it; and the slowness of the train is forced upon our mind by the exact reproduction of the same caricature in three successive numbers. The force of mildness could no further go.

And yet this force of mildness is more or less typical of the Germans. I said in the outset of this paper that we were not to judge their caricatures from an English point of view, though it may have been necessary to illustrate their deficiencies by a reference to the things in which we differ from them. Many of the caricatures which I have cited will have answered the purpose of throwing light on German character and circumstances. They will show, too, what is still more important, that many of the Germans are alive to the faults which have been pointed out and insisted upon by foreigners, but which had little chance of being reformed till they were forced on the attention of the nation.

E. WILBERFORCE.



LOST FOR GOLD.

She stood by the hedge where the orchard slopes
Down to the river below ;
The trees all white with their Autumn hopes
Look'd heaps of drifted snow :

They gleam'd like ghosts through the twilight pale,
The shadowy river ran black ;
" It's weary waiting," she said, with a wail,
" For them that never come back.

" The mountain waits there, barren and brown,
Till the yellow furze comes in Spring
To crown his brows with a golden crown,
And girdle him like a king.

" The river waits till the Summer lays
The white lily on his track ;
But it's weary waiting nights and days
For him that never comes back.

"Ah, the white lead kills in the heat of the fight,
When passions are hot and wild;
But the red gold kills by the fair fire-light
The love of father and child.

"'Tis twenty years since I heard him say,
When the wild March morn was airy,
Through the drizzly dawn—"I'm going away,
To make you a fortune, May."

"Twenty Springs, with their long grey days,
When the tide runs up the sand,
And the west wind catches the birds, and lays
Them shrieking far inland.

"From the sea-wash'd reefs, and the stormy mull,
And the damp weed-tangled caves:—
Will he ever come back, O wild sea-gull,
Across the green salt waves?

"Twenty Summers with blue flax bells,
And the young green corn on the lea,
That yellows by night in the moon, and swells
By day like a rippling sea.

"Twenty Autumns with reddening leaves,
In their glorious harvest light/
Steeping a thousand golden sheaves,
And doubling them all at night.

"Twenty Winters, how long and drear!
With a patter of rain in the street,
And a sound in the last leaves, red and sere;
But never the sound of his feet.

"The ploughmen talk by furrow and ridge,
I hear them day by day;
The horsemen ride down by the narrow bridge,
But never one comes this way.

"And the voice that I long for is wanting there,
And the face I would die to see,
Since he went away in the wild March air,
Ah! to make a fortune for me.

"O father dear! but you never thought
Of the fortune you squander'd and lost;
Of the duty that never was sold and bought,
And the love beyond all cost.

"For the vile red dust you gave in thrall
The heart that was God's above;
How could you think that money was all,
When the world was won for love?

"You sought me wealth in the stranger's land,
Whose veins are veins of gold;
And the fortune God gave was in mine hand,
When yours was in its hold.

"If I might but look on your face," she says,
"And then let me have or lack;
But it's weary waiting nights and days
For him that never comes back."

C. F. ALEXANDER.

A LADY'S ADVENTURE IN THE GREAT PYRAMID.

THE state of Coleridge's mind when he wrote his fragments of Kubla Khan, must have nearly resembled that of any reasonably excitable person during a first visit to Cairo. Just a degree too vivid to be a natural dream; many degrees too beautiful and wonderful to

be an ordinary daylight vision, the rich dim courts, the glorious mosques, the marble fountains, the showers of southern sunlight poured on stately palm-tree and slow-moving camel and shifting, many-hued crowd—all form together a scene such as no stage in the world may parallel for strangeness and splendour. One day spent in roaming aimlessly through the bazaars, and the gardens, and the mosques of Hassan and the Gama Tayloon, does more to reveal to us what Eastern life means—what is the background of each great Eastern story, the indescribable atmosphere which pervades all Eastern literature—than could be gained by years of study.

At least, I can speak from experience that it was such a revelation to me, and one so immeasurably delightful that, having performed the long journey to Egypt mainly with the thought of the attractions of the ruins of Thebes and Memphis, Karnak and Philæ, I waited patiently for a fortnight within sight of the Pyramids without attempting to visit them, satisfied with the endless interest of the living town. At last the day came when the curiosity of some quarter of a century (since that epoch in a child's life, the reading of Belzoni) could no longer be deferred. I had a concern, as good folks say, to visit Cheops that particular morning, and to Cheops I went, mounted on the inevitable donkey, and accompanied by a choice specimen of that genus of scamp, the Cairene donkey-boy. Unluckily I had overnight ordered my dragoman to wait in Cairo for certain expected mails, and bring them to me in Old Cairo whenever they might arrive; and of course the order involved my loss of his services for the entire day, spent by him, no doubt, with my letters in his pocket, at a coffee-shop. Thus it happened that my little expedition wanted all guidance or assistance—such acquaintances as I possessed in Cairo being otherwise occupied on that particular morning, and not even knowing of my intention.

Arrived at the ferry of the Nile, just above the Isle of Rhoda, it was with considerable satisfaction that I found a party of pleasant English ladies and gentlemen also proceeding to the Pyramids. Their time, however, was limited by the departure of the Overland Mail that day, and of course they could make no delay—as they seemed kindly disposed to do—to keep up with me and my wretched donkey, or rather donkey-boy.

If there be an aggravating incident in this very trying world, it is assuredly that of being mounted on a non-progressive donkey, unarmed with any available whip, stick, spur, or other instrument of cruelty, and wholly at the mercy of a treacherous conductor, who

pretends to belabour your beast, and only makes him kick, and keeps you behind your party, when you have every reason in the world to wish to retain your place in it. Only one thing is worse, a mule which carries you through a whole day of weary Alpine climbing, just too far from all your friends to exchange more than a scream at intervals. If there chance on such an excursion to be ten pleasant people of your party, and one unpleasant one, whom you particularly wish neither to follow nor seem to follow, it is inevitably that particular objectionable person whose mule your mule will go after, and press past every one else to get at, and drag your arm out of its socket if you try to turn it back, and finally make you wish that an avalanche would fall and bury you and the demon-brute you have got under you in the abyss for ever. On horse-back you are a lord (or lady) of creation, with the lower animal subject unto you. On mule-back, or ass-back, you are a bale of goods, borne with contumely at the will of the vilest of beasts,—not where you please, but where, when, and how, it pleases.

To return to my expedition to the Pyramids. Very soon the English party were out of sight, and slowly and wearily I was led a zig-zag course through fields of young growing corn, and palm-groves, and past the poor mud villages of the Fellah-Arabs. Mud, indeed, occupies in Egypt an amazing prominence in every view. Mud hovels, mud fields, where the rank vegetation is only beginning to spring through the deposit of the inundation, mud-dams across a thousand channels and ditches, and finally the vast yellow mud-banks of the mighty Nile. If man were first created in Egypt, it is small marvel that his bodily force should be a "muddy vesture of decay." In the course of my pilgrimage on this particular day my donkey-boy cleverly guided me into a sort of peninsula of mud, out of which there was no exit (short of returning on our steps) save by crossing a stream of some three or four feet deep. As usual in Egypt, two or three brown Arabs arose immediately when wanted, from the nearest brake of rushes, and volunteered to carry me across on their shoulders; their backshish, of course, being divided with the ingenious youth who had brought me into the trap. What it costs to the olfactory organs to be carried by Fellah-Arabs, language altogether fails to describe.

At last the troubles of the way were over; the sands of the Desert were reached, and the stupendous cluster of edifices, the three Pyramids of Ghizeh, the Sphinx, the Cyclopean Temple, and the splendid tombs, were before

me and around. For miles off, in the clear air of Egypt, where there is literally no aerial perspective, I had been able to distinguish the ranges of stones which constitute the exterior of all the Pyramids, save the small portions of the second and third still covered with their original coating. It was hardly, as Longfellow says:—

The mighty pyramids of stone
That wedge-like cleave the desert-airs,
When nearer seen and better known
Are but gigantic flights of stairs.

Almost as soon as they come within the range of vision they are seen with their serrated edges and the horizontal lines of the deep steps, marked sharply with the intense shadows of the south.

Of all these ruins of Ghizeh—these earliest and mightiest of the records of our race—the one by far the most affecting and impressive, is assuredly the Sphinx. A human face, nay, an intensely human face, a portrait full of individuality even in its solemnity and colossal grandeur,—gazes at us with the stony eyes before which have passed Hebrew prophet and Greek philosopher, and Roman conqueror, and Arab khalif. Had Napoleon the Great told his troops that sixty centuries looked on them through the Sphinx's eyes, he would have used no unmeaning metaphor. Even the very ruin and disgrace of the mighty countenance, seems to render it more affecting. Half immeasurably sublime, half pitiful, nay, grotesque, in its desolation, it stands, with its brow calmly upturned to heaven, and a somewhat one might almost deem a ruddy flush upon its cheek, but with every feature worn and marred since it has stood there, a stony St. Sebastian, bearing through the ages the shafts and insults of sun and storm.

I must not pause to muse over the Sphinx, nor yet to describe the gradual revelation which comes to the traveller of the enormous magnitude of the Pyramid, as he slowly wades at its foot through the heavy sand, and perceives when he has walked thrice as far as it seemed he need have done, he has but reached the half of the base.

The English party, who had outridden me, were concluding their luncheon as I reached the Pyramid, and after declining their cordial offers to share it, I asked one of the ladies, "Had she visited the interior and Cheops' chamber?" "No. Some of the ladies and gentlemen had done so. The Arabs were a wild set of men, and she did not like to put herself in their power." Deeming the lady's caution must be over-developed, and too intensely interested to make very serious reflections on what I was doing, I engaged the Scheik at the door of the Pyramid to provide

me with proper guides so soon as the English party had ridden away. Five strong Fellah-Arabs volunteered for the service, in spite of my remark that three were enough, and we were soon plunged into the darkness of the first entrance-passage. All the world knows how the Pyramid is constructed: a solid mass of huge stones, all so perfectly fitted that scarcely a penknife might be introduced in any place between them. The passages at the widest scarcely permit of two persons going abreast, and are for long distances so low as to compel the visitor to stoop almost double. The angle at which these passages slope upwards, is also one which, on the slippery well-worn floor, renders progress difficult as on the ice of an Alpine mountain. But oh! how different from the keen pure air, the wide horizon, the glittering sunlight, of the Alps, this dark suffocating cavern, where the dust, and lights, and breath of heated men, make an atmosphere scarcely to be breathed, and where the sentiments of awe and horror almost paralyze the pulse. Perhaps my special fancy made me then, as ever since, find a cave, subterranean passage, or tunnel, unreasonably trying to the nerves; but so it was—the awe of the place well-nigh overpowered me.

The Arab guides helped me easily in their well-known way. One or two carried the candles, and all joined in a sort of song at which I could not help laughing, in spite of both awe and lack of breath. It seemed to be a chaunt of mingled Arabic and English (a language they all spoke after a fashion), the English words being apparently a continual repetition:—

Vera goot lady, backshiah, backshiah;

Vera goot lady, give us backshiah;

and so on, *da capo*. Twice we had to rest on our way from sheer exhaustion, and on one occasion, where there is a break in the continuity of the passage, there was an ascent into a hole high up in the wall by no means easy to accomplish.

At last, after what seemed an hour, and I suppose was about fifteen minutes, since we left the sunshine, we stood in Cheops' burial-vault, the centre chamber of the Great Pyramid. As my readers know, it is a small oblong chamber, of course wholly without light or ventilation, with plain stone floor, walls, and roof, and with the huge stone sarcophagus (which once held the mummy of Cheops, but is now perfectly empty) standing at one end. The interest of the spot would alone have repaid a journey from England; but I was left small time to enjoy it. Suddenly I was startled to observe that my guides had stopped their song and changed their obsequious

voices, and were all five standing bolt upright against the walls of the vault.

"It is the custom," said one of them, "for whoever comes here, to give us backshiah."

I reflected in a moment that they had seen me foolishly transfer my purse from the pocket of my riding-skirt to the walking-dress I wore under it, and which I had alone retained on entering the Pyramid.

"Well," I said, as coolly as I was able, "I intend, of course, to give you 'backshiah' for your trouble, and if you choose to be paid here instead of at the door, it is all the same to me. I shall give three shillings English (a favourite coin in Cairo), as I said I only wanted three men."

"Three shillings are not enough. We want backshiah!"

"There they are. They are quite enough."

"Not enough! We want backshiah!"

I must here confess that things looked rather black. The Fellahs stood like so many statues of Osiris (even at the moment I could not help thinking of it), with their backs against the wall and their arms crossed on their breasts, as if they held the *flagellum* and *crux ansata*. Their leader spoke in a calm dogged sort of way to which they all responded like echoes.

"Well," I said, "as there are five of you, and I am rather heavy, I will give you one shilling more. There it is. Now you will get no more." Saying this I gave the man the fourth shilling, and then returned my purse to my pocket.

"This won't do. We want backshiah!"

"It must do. You will get no more backshiah."

"It won't do. We want backshiah!"

Each moment the men's voices grew more resolute, and I must avow that horror seized me at the thought that they had nothing to do but merely to go out and leave me there in the solitude and darkness, and I should go mad from terror. Not a creature in Cairo even knew where I was gone. I should not be missed or sought for for days, and there I was unarmed, and alone, with these five savages, whose caprice or resentment might make them rush off in a moment, leaving me to despair. Luckily I knew well it would be fatal to betray any alarm, so I spoke as lightly as I could, and laughed a little, but uncomfortably.

"Come, come. You will have no more backshiah, you know very well; and if you bully me, you will have *stick* from the English consul. Come, I've seen enough. Let us go out."

"We want backshiah!" said all five of the villains in one loud voice.

It was a crisis, and I believe if I had wavered a moment, I might never have got away; but the extremity, of course, aided one's resolution, and I suddenly spoke out, angrily and peremptorily—

"I'll have no more of this. *You* follow there, take the light, and go out. *You* give me your hand. Come along, all of you."

It was a miracle; to my own comprehension, at all events. They one and all suddenly slunk down like so many scolded dogs, and without another syllable did as I ordered them. The slave habit of mind doubtless resumed its usual sway with them the moment that one of free race asserted a claim of command. Any way, it was a simple fact that five Arabs yielded to a single Anglo-Saxon woman, who was herself quite as much surprised as they could be at the phenomenon.

O, how I rejoiced when the square of azure sky appeared at the end of the last of the passages, and when I at last emerged safe and *sane* out of the Great Pyramid! Dante ascending out of the Inferno, "*a riveder le stelle*," could not have been half so thankful. Away I rode home to Old Cairo on my donkey, and could spare a real laugh under the sunshine, when I found that the wretched old Arab Scheik, with whom I had left my riding-skirt, had quietly devoured my intended luncheon of dates, and then carefully replaced the *stones* in my pocket! FRANCES POWER COBBE.

ADRIANA.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER VI.

DAY after day passed on, Mrs. Cunningham revoked her mental comment, and decided that her daughter-in-law's governess improved on acquaintance, and managed the children admirably.

"Margaret has been most fortunate in securing such a judicious person," said Mrs. Cunningham to Mr. Etheredge.

"Hem, yes," answered Mr. Etheredge, somewhat vaguely.

"Really, Richard, you should be less fastidious. You cannot meet with perfection."

"I don't expect it."

"You might at least be more considerate. I can see that Miss Linden is by no means at ease when you are near. Seriously, Richard, I'm sometimes half afraid of you myself."

Mr. Etheredge laughed.

"You have a way of piercing through one with your eyes."

"Have I, mother?"

"And then it is sometimes rather difficult to tell whether you are in jest or in earnest."

"Is it?"

"Then you are so laconic."

"There is an old saying, that it is well to know when to be silent."

"Now, I do not know in the least whether you mean anything or nothing by that speech, and we are going off our original topic,—Miss Linden. You are very perplexing, Richard."

"I do not intend to be so, mother. But in what do you wish me to agree with you as regards Miss Linden?—that she is very judicious, very suitable in every way, and that Margaret has been most fortunate in obtaining such a treasure? I shall be most happy to arrive at your conclusions."

"But at present you are unable to do so? However, you must allow that the children are very fond of her."

"Yes, I assent to that most fully. Pearl is fascinated, and Charley devoted."

Mrs. Cunningham looked but half satisfied. She was beginning to be fascinated herself, and did not care to have the castle she had been building up shaken in its foundations. Adriana's nervousness and coldness of manner the evening of her arrival were attributed to indisposition, and she believed the governess was now at ease and quite natural in her manner. To Mrs. Braddick it simply seemed that Adriana felt more at home, and consequently less constrained with them all.

Mr. Etheredge, however, was a deeper student of human nature than his mother or sister-in-law. He noticed a change, and noticed that if Adriana seemed more at ease, she was nevertheless more on her guard. He watched curiously, for he, like Adriana, felt on the eve of some drama whereof the plot was at present undeveloped. But he viewed it from a different stand-point; he was but a spectator, whilst she was an interested performer. Mr. Etheredge's intuitions were not lost upon Adriana; she perceived that he was aware of the change in her, and that he was observing all that passed. He knew that she was on her guard, and she knew that he knew it. In some ways it made it more difficult, in others more easy, for her to play out her part. She had nerved herself to hearing Charles Cunningham's name mentioned without an outward sign of emotion; she had sung the songs that she used to sing long since, and had listened to Mrs. Cunningham's praise of some of them as Charles's favourites with perfect calmness; and she heard without the moving of a muscle, nay, even with a sensation of pleasure, that in less than a month Mr. Braddick would be at Etheredge Court.

Long communing did she hold with herself in the silent watches of the night whether even now, at the eleventh hour, she could not retreat. Retreat! Was she beginning to be a

coward? Would not retreat betray the feelings which Charles Cunningham might not have known? Had not he known? Could she so delude herself? She chose to do so because the argument favoured the theory she wished to adopt: that it was her right and dignified course to remain where she was. Conscience in a moment shattered the fallacy, and whispered, "Go," but revenge stifled the whisper, and answered, "Stay;" and strong indomitable will chimed in with the response, and said, "I will stay, whatever the consequence; I am a free agent, and can choose. I see two paths, and I take my choice deliberately." So free-will conquered, and the warning voice was unheeded.

The struggle had commenced, right against wrong, the spirit against the flesh, the light against the darkness, the god-like against the devilish,—the struggle that goes on in human souls for all ages, the old yet ever new struggle known but by man's own individual experience. No tenets handed down relieve him from its discipline; it is the battle each must fight for himself unaided, the ordeal through which each one must pass alone, and woe to him to whom the fiery trial never comes. Alone, unassisted, as far as human help is concerned, for soul to soul is an impenetrable mystery, a secret inviolably kept, for it is a secret beyond the power of man to reveal.

Adriana did not blind herself now; she trusted to herself to be able to play out bravely the dangerous part she had undertaken. She trusted to keeping her foot firm on the slippery precipice she was about to tread. The smothered feelings that had lain dormant but unsubdued for so long burst forth like smouldering volcanic fires that do but bide their time to leap up into flames. The night was far advanced, but yet she felt no fatigue; her cheek was bright, and her eyes showed no sign of weariness. She unlocked a trunk, and from thence drew out a carefully folded parcel; her hand trembled slightly as she untied the knot, and there was a moment's hesitation ere she opened the paper.

Seven years since she made up that parcel! It is open now, but she does not yet see the contents, her eyes turn away, she remembers so well the night that she last wore that dress, those ornaments. The past is coming up before her, that night in particular; she shivers slightly, involuntarily she quails before the memory of the bitter grief that followed that night; her eyelids droop, her heart beats faster and faster. Oh for a burst of tears! But none come. The momentary weakness is past. Her glittering eyes are fixed upon the black dress of soft gauzy material. She shakes it out, and with the zest of a milliner

examines it, notes how it may be altered so as to accord with a more modern fashion without entirely depriving it of its identity. She clasps the crescents of jet in her ears, and observes their effect upon the delicate white skin. She twists the curious cable chain round her slender throat, and fastens it together with the padlock clasp.

Can it be seven years since she unclasped it? In the dress in which he had last seen her, should he meet her after that lapse of time. How well the soft folds hung; there was but slight alteration needed. She could scarcely bring herself to replace the dress in the trunk, or to take off the ornaments. But the night was wearing on; slowly she drew the earrings from her ears, and as she laid by each well-remembered article, it seemed as though she could scarcely bear to lose sight of them. There was a strange confusion in her mind—regret and triumph, sorrow and revenge, injustice, justice, selfishness, pride, and humiliation. She felt the conflict, but she let it rage disregarded; free-will had chosen her destiny, and intended to carry it out. No, not her destiny, only the present path. Free-will was "rough-hewing her course," but could not quite shape it.

CHAPTER VII.

MR. ETHEREDGE was lounging lazily over his library fire, partly engaged in reading the newspaper and partly in meditation. From both these processes he was now and then aroused by a tap at one of the long narrow windows, and an appeal from without that Uncle Richard would come and play at "Hare and Hounds."

"Hardly a dignified occupation for Uncle Richard," soliloquised Mr. Etheredge; nevertheless he moved towards the window as a preliminary step. The children were at the other end of the terrace with Miss Linden, evidently begging some favour which she was not disposed to grant.

Mr. Etheredge stepped out just as they were nearing the window again.

"Oh," said Pearl, "why did you not come sooner? we must go in now to our lessons."

"I am afraid the children will be tired," replied Adriana, in answer to Mr. Etheredge's look.

"Who could be tired to-day?" asked Pearl.

"Well, it is an invigorating day; we shall not have many more such, Miss Linden," said Mr. Etheredge, appealingly; "it is getting near the end of October, and November is coming—

November dark and drear,
The saddest month of all the year.

There, either some one says that or something like it, or else I've made it myself, and am entitled to have my wish granted according to the old saying."

"But you should not have spoken," said Adriana, laughing.

"I have not told my wish, therefore I am on the safe side at present. Will you say 'yes,' Miss Linden, without asking questions?"

"But if I have guessed beforehand, will not that prevent the accomplishment of the wish? Perhaps I may think it wiser not to grant it, even if I have any power in the matter."

"Matters with 'ifs' are always doubtful," answered Mr. Etheredge, with a quick glance, "and I demur to the right of making guesses. Do you think one has a right to make guesses?" he added, as if a new thought had occurred to him.

There was something in the tone that made Adriana look up, and she replied steadily:—

"Guesses are not inquiries; one cannot help them."

"True," returned Mr. Etheredge; "therefore they are allowable."

There might or might not be emphasis in Mr. Etheredge's tone; Adriana's conscience made her a coward, and she was willing to beat a retreat, even with disadvantage.

"I must say 'yes,' I suppose, to your wish, and pretend that I have not guessed it."

"Do not pretend anything—truth is best. It would be well if we all could guess right as easily as you have done, Miss Linden."

Adriana totally disagreed with this proposition, which, to her, carried with it the uncomfortable conviction that Mr. Etheredge was pursuing his speculations. She turned away abruptly, leaving the children with their uncle, and hastened to the house. As she passed through the long corridor, the library-door was once more open, and she felt a strong desire to look again on the picture. She had had no opportunity of looking at it since the day she had first seen it, though she had been many times in the room; but now Mr. Etheredge was with the children, and Mrs. Cunningham and Mrs. Braddick had just set off for a long drive, so that there was no fear of interruption.

A step outside, however, convinced her that such was not the case.

"I have soon been relieved of my charge, Miss Linden," said Mr. Etheredge; "their grandmamma insisted upon taking them off to Fallowfield. So you will have plenty of time to look at the books: you have not been reading much lately."

"No," returned Adriana, her colour slightly rising.

"One is not always in the humour for reading," continued Mr. Etheredge.

"No," Adriana's hand was on a book.

"Is this your last study?" asked Mr. Etheredge, taking up the book. It was "Vanity Fair."

"No," again answered Adriana, vexed with herself for finding the monosyllable again capable of serving for an answer.

Mr. Etheredge seemed amused, and continued turning over the leaves. "Now," thought Adriana, "for a panegyric on that stupid Amelia. I may as well forestall it."

"I do not like Amelia, Mr. Etheredge."

"Neither do I."

"I should have thought you would have liked her."

"Why?"

Adriana had involved herself in a dilemma; she had, as was her usual custom, pursued the chain of thought in her own mind without considering whither it might lead.

"Why?" again asked Mr. Etheredge.

"Oh, I scarcely know. I was thinking of something. Amelia had so little sense."

"Is that an answer to my 'why?' or a continuation of your assertion?"

"I thought you were of opinion that women ought to have no sense,—at least, I thought you objected to sensible women."

"What is your idea of a sensible woman, Miss Linden?"

"A person who has ideas, and understands how to act upon them."

"Suppose the ideas are not sensible, to begin with—will she be a sensible woman who carries them out? Does the carrying out of the idea redeem the idea?"

"But a sensible woman would of course have sensible ideas."

"Precisely, Miss Linden; but that does not define what constitutes a sensible woman. Sensible women," continued Mr. Etheredge, with a smile that somewhat annoyed Adriana, "must, I presume, be good logicians."

"I do not pretend to be a logician," began Adriana; then, suddenly seeing the inference that might be drawn, she stopped.

Mr. Etheredge fairly laughed.

"Nay," said he, "I was not impugning your claims to sense. I was investing the sensible ideal woman with reasoning qualifications."

Adriana was annoyed.

"Reasoning from an ideal is somewhat theoretic."

"You prefer the deductive mode?" and again the amused gleam shone in Mr. Etheredge's eye. "But, I beg your pardon, is there any model of the sensible woman that we can take?" His eye as he spoke fell

upon the book he still held in his hand; the leaves opened as he placed it on the table at a sketch of Becky Sharp. "Was Becky Sharp a sensible woman?"

"She had sense,—yes, I suppose so," said Adriana, dreamily, "and——"

"Sensible women must be good tacticians, and carry out their plans at the expense of everyone else: selfishness, then, is an eligible qualification."

"Mr. Etheredge!"

"I was merely drawing from the model before me."

"There are twice as many excuses to be made for Becky as for Amelia. Consider the way in which she was brought up, or rather not brought up; how she had to struggle for herself, with everything against her; think what she might have been, as she herself meditates, if everything had gone smoothly with her—perhaps as good as Lady Jane, if the circumstances had been equal. I dislike people to condemn when they have had no trials, no temptations. People do not know what they will do till the time comes: probably just the reverse of what they have always intended. There are so many springs that govern one's actions, so many strange events that are hard to grapple with, so many under-currents in the stream one floats along, that often we are carried beyond our depth, and——"

Here Adriana paused, for she became conscious that her auditor was regarding her attentively, and she knew that she had strayed away from the point in question.

"Scarcely admissible arguing, Miss Linden,—quite away from the subject. I neither instituted a comparison, nor called for a defence. And I thought sensible women," he added, "could carry out their ideas, and not be carried away by them."

"We shall never come to an agreement, even if to an understanding. I suppose, however, you will be ready to admit that in the case of sensible women the exceptions are sufficiently numerous to prove the rule."

"I should not have sufficient courage to own to such an opinion, even if I held it," returned Mr. Etheredge, quietly.

Adriana was provoked; Mr. Etheredge's imperturbability annoyed her; he seemed to assume a calm superiority over her that was, to a person of her temperament, irritating in the extreme. She had a tolerable opinion of herself, and of her capacities; she felt her own powers, she believed that she did not overrate them. She had a certain faith in herself, on which she had hitherto prided herself, and here was a person whom she had known but a few weeks calmly setting aside

this estimation she had formed, even leaving her to doubt if she might not have been mistaken in forming it. Yet again she felt sure that she had not; he was the one who was mistaken; and up rose all the antagonistic feelings of her nature. She could not distrust, still less look down upon Mr. Etheredge; there was that in his clear piercing eye that drove the first away, and there was a mingled authority and frankness in his manner that prevented the latter. Still there was an unacknowledged yet decided antagonism between them. There was a repulsion that made her feel they were enemies, each on the look-out for the other's weak point,—each with a match in hand ready to light the train at a given signal.

Adriana made no reply to Mr. Etheredge's last remark, and he added nothing to it, but turning to a table on which a large half-opened packet was lying, he said:—

"As you are fond of drawings, Miss Linden, perhaps you will help me to look over these Indian sketches of my brother's, and tell me which are worth keeping; they came by the last mail, and I am to use my discretion with regard to them, and I really know nothing about their merits."

"It does not always depend upon the absolute merit of a sketch whether one thinks it worth keeping. I am afraid I should be a poor adviser in the present case," answered Adriana, willing if possible to excuse herself from a task which brought up old memories to her mind, and made her more uncomfortable than ever under the penetrating glances of Mr. Etheredge. "It's a struggle between us, I know that," mused Adriana; "one watching, one hiding; so far, I have the best of the fight, but the chances of war are always doubtful."

Mr. Etheredge had finished unfastening the packet—the first sketch lay before her.

"How beautiful! How wonderfully——"

She stopped: "improved" was the word on her lips, but her surprise had not quite taken her off her guard. Charles Cunningham had, in days gone by, attempted sketches; but this drawing surpassed anything she could have expected.

"Wonderfully what?" asked Mr. Etheredge. "Pray tell me if there is any particular phase in which I am to look upon the picture. If you can help me to a few artistic technicalities, I will make notes, and rise in my brother's opinion as a connoisseur."

"I know very little of technical terms. I know when a picture pleases me, and my eye tells me the difference between daubing and well-harmonized colouring; but beyond that I must profess ignorance."

"The confession of ignorance is the beginning of knowledge."

"That depends upon circumstances."

"Certainly, but still it is a step; without the knowledge of ignorance man would be ever willing to remain ignorant."

" 'Ignorance is bliss,' sometimes, or said to be."

"I do not believe it; besides, your quotation is not a fair one—you have twisted it."



(See page 411.)

"But knowledge brings sorrow."

"Miss Linden, you really must study logic."

"Are you a good logician?"

"I have not confessed to being a sensible man yet," answered Mr. Etheredge, laughing.

"Nor I to being a sensible woman," said Adriana, colouring, and half vexed.

"Really?" said Mr. Etheredge, quietly.

"Not but that I approve of sensible women," said Adriana, collecting her forces for a defence; "and I really believe, Mr. Etheredge, that women can be and sometimes are sensible."

"I have not the slightest doubt of it."

Adriana was silent. Mr. Etheredge was an enigma, she almost thought him one of the most disagreeable people she had ever met with. He had an extremely annoying way of making her feel she had been saying foolish things, and yet she knew that she had sense enough—if she could only prove it to him. That she was not in a fair way to do so at the present moment, she was fully aware, and therefore she took the earliest opportunity of leaving Mr. Etheredge to finish examining the Indian sketches by himself.

As Mr. Etheredge turned over the drawings, examining some more minutely than the rest, a folded paper slipped out from between them.

and in falling its enclosure dropped on the floor.

Stooping to replace it, he glanced carelessly at it; it was but a rough sketch, yet there was evidently something much more interesting to him in it than in the more elaborate pictures, for he gave a start of surprise, much as Adriana had done in the library.

"Hum!" soliloquised Mr. Etheredge. It was not much of a speech, but the tone expressed a variety of sentiments. "Ha!" further ejaculated Mr. Etheredge; he discovered a date at the back of the sketch, a date of some seven years ago. "I wonder who drew it; not Charles, certainly; he has some taste, but not talent enough for anything like this; a likeness in a few scratches of the pencil, and not a bad one either; kept time with the original, or the original's kept time with it. How in the world did it come into his possession?" Mr. Etheredge turned the drawing round and round—no cipher, no inscription to elucidate. The large brown eyes looked steadily at him, clear and honest as the gaze that had answered more than once the keen scrutiny of his. "Act second of a mysterious drama," pondered he. "That there is a mystery is clear enough, and instead of its clearing it gets involved in more perplexities. Plot thickens towards the third act. Patience. I don't understand it. There's nothing underhand about that Miss Linden. I'd stake my life on her truth. How fond Pearl and Charley are of her—and children, like dogs, don't generally take to dishonest persons. They seem to have an instinct for what is real. An innate yearning after truth, the divine spark in the midst of original sin, the combating element whereby the strife is called into action, the light crushed down as life advances, and truth seems to be a lie. Crushed, quenched! O, ye, through whose lies upon lies your weaker brethren perish, how much sorer will your condemnation be than theirs! Rhapsodic," mused Mr. Etheredge, coming to a pause; "I might almost have been a preacher, but every walk of life is so beset with lies that to be nothing seems most righteously to accomplish the end of being. Illogical, decidedly," and so ended his musings.

That night Adriana was roused from her dream-rife slumbers. Charley was in a burning fever, and his delirium-cry was:—

"Linna, Linna, I want my Linna."

No rest for Adriana now; hastily she obeyed the summons.

"Hush, darling, darling! Linna is here."

No further dreams, no thought of studied meetings, his child was dying. No, he must not die, he should not die, if but her care

could save him. Oh, that she could draw the poison-fever from the child and take it to herself, and so breathe out her life in saving his. The father had given her death in life; might not the child more mercifully give her peace in death?

(To be continued.)

THE FALL OF THE YBURG.

A LEGEND OF RADEN.

THE last branch and heir of the Lords of Yburg, Sir Erkebrecht, had consumed and dissipated his ample possessions in a wild and dissolute life, and, while yet in the prime of manhood, had so deeply fallen, that, to gain a miserable existence for himself and family, he had descended to the disgraceful occupation of a "Knight of the Stirrup," or, in plain terms, a highwayman. From the watch-towers and battlements of his ancestral castle he gazed far and wide over the neighbouring high road, or lurked in some thicket by the way, to overthrow harmless travellers and wandering apprentices, and appropriate their goods. Very frequently he brought a rich booty home; and now began anew in Yburg a life of boisterous revelry. This, however, lasted not long: a righteous retribution soon overtook him. His wife succumbed to the burden of sorrow which his harshness and cruelty, as well as his reckless life, had laid upon her. She sank to the grave in the flower of her age, and, a few weeks after, their son, a blooming boy of twelve years old, hitherto his father's joy and pride, followed his mother to the tomb.

Shortly after this event, the Knight of Yburg expected a sharp conflict with some travelling merchants of Strasburg, who were returning, under a strong escort, from the fair at Frankfurt. His fortune here entirely deserted him; the greater portion of his companions fell in the struggle, and he himself escaped with the loss of an eye. No adventure of importance could be attempted with any hope of success by the little band in its present reduced condition, and, when there was no more booty to share, his followers left him one by one, and Sir Erkebrecht found himself totally alone on his mountain fastness, which hitherto had withstood all assaults from without. But beyond his four walls, there was nothing on the wide earth that he dared to call his own; he had no property, no estates; he had neither vassals nor men-at-arms to attend his bidding. Having incurred the hostility of the entire neighbourhood, he ran no small risk, unprotected as he was, in leaving his castle. He ventured out only by night into the forest to hunt down some wild animal, on which to make a

miserable meal. And even this he only dared to do in armour from head to foot.

One evening he had just quitted the precinct of his fortress as the full moon was rising behind the eastern hills. He had left the last drawbridge not far behind, and was taking rapid strides into the shadow of the lofty pines, when all of a sudden a strange pilgrim, as if sprung from the earth, stood before him. His stature was gaunt and tall, his whole figure haggard and fleshless. The bright moonbeams illuminated a withered, earth-pale countenance, shadowed by a grizzled beard; his hair flowed out in disorderly profusion from under a pilgrim's hat, and from their deep recesses his eyes sent forth glances of an extraordinary glow. The whole apparition had something unearthly and terror-stirring, and even the fearless knight of Yburg at the first glance could scarcely escape the consciousness of a slight shudder. He scanned from head to foot the unaccountable figure of the pilgrim, who now began, in a heavy, hollow voice, to address him:—

"Friendly greeting and happy evening to you, Sir Knight of Yburg!"

"Your friendly greeting I accept," replied the knight seriously; "but pleasant evenings have been long since unknown guests at Yburg. Tell me, however, what brings you hither so late? The neighbourhood of my castle, I should suppose, is not exactly the spot which people are accustomed to frequent at so late an hour."

"I had hoped," was the reply, "to find a hospitable reception from the holy brethren of the Fremersberg; but, on my way across the mountain, which I took with the idea of shortening my journey, I wandered from the right track, and thus have arrived in the neighbourhood of your castle. Even if you were kind enough to put me in my way, the hour would be too late, and I too much fatigued. I must, therefore, request a greater favour, and entreat you to grant me a hospitable shelter in your castle for the night."

"You could nowhere have made a worse application for a shelter, holy pilgrim, than to me," returned the knight. "Cellar and cupboard in these walls are as empty as my purse and my stomach. You see me even now on my way to hunt up some trifling head of game, and, until my skill or good fortune procure me this, I can offer you no refreshment beyond a draught of fresh water."

"By your leave, kind sir," replied the pilgrim, "I only require and request from you a roof-tree to shelter me, and a bed of straw to sleep on. The cellarer in the monastery of Reichenthal, where I passed yesternight, filled my skin and calabash as liberally on my de-

parture this morning, that there is abundance for us both; and if you disdain not to share a meal with a poor pilgrim, give up your chase for to-day, and permit me to follow you into your castle."

After a little reflection, Sir Erkebrecht assented, and the pair advanced to the entrance of the fortress. They passed through several doors, which the lord of the castle opened, and then carefully closed; they crossed rapidly the broad court of the castle, in which grass and weeds abundantly flourished. All was lonely and desolate, and nowhere was a human being to be seen. At length they reached the vaulted hall; but here also life seemed to have died out, and the moon alone lent them light upon their way.

While Sir Erkebrecht was now busied in kindling a fire on the hearth (for it was a fresh, cold, autumn night, and no lamp, moreover, was to be found in the castle), the pilgrim emptied the contents of his scrip upon a table, which he then drew to the hearth. Quickly blazed up the fire, crackling merrily, and diffused a pleasant warmth and cheerful brightness in the vast apartment.

And now the twain, each other's mutual guests, turned their attention to the provisions, and Sir Erkebrecht was not a little astonished at the abundance of choicest delicacies which the pilgrim carried with him, and which, the knight thought, could not have been a little burdensome on the journey. The pilgrim seemed not to notice the observation, and requested the knight to direct his attention to the flask as well. Sir Erkebrecht was not the man to wait for the repetition of such a request, and he took a long, deep pull at the calabash. When he replaced it on the table, he could not but confess that a richer draught had never bedewed his lips, and that he not a little envied the pious monks in Reichenthal, who possessed a rich abundance of this divine beverage. The stranger again seemed not to notice the remark, and the banquet proceeded without interruption.

While, however, Sir Erkebrecht eagerly replenished his famishing interior, his guest appeared to remain at table only for sociability's sake; for he tasted little or nothing of the dainties, but became every minute more and more communicative, while not intermitting from time to time to push the bottle—a movement never dishonoured by his companion. Agreeably, however, as the beverage tasted to a palate long disused to wine, its operation on his entire being was no less pleasant and delightful. A healthful glow diffused itself throughout his inner man, and every draught poured a strength of animation through his veins: he felt himself within and without.

youthful and lively, even as he never had felt in the days of his most vigorous youth. But the grand marvel of the matter seemed not to strike him, but even wholly to escape his notice: often as he applied to the bottle, lusty as were the draughts he imbibed, he could not empty it, although he had swallowed more than triple or quadruple its possible contents. Then he followed the pilgrim's narratives with closest attention, his travels, his descriptions of the most superb tournaments, the most costly banquets, the stateliest and most magnificent pageants. These narratives could not, however, fail to awaken painful recollections in the soul of the knight, as he recalled his squandered wealth and his present helpless position, and he could not occasionally repress a deep involuntary sigh, which seemed, however, to escape the notice of the narrator, whose descriptions became continually more attractive and alluring, so that they could not fail to awaken in the breast of the knight an irresistible yearning and craving after gold and wealth. Suddenly the pilgrim made a pause in his tale, and then, in an altered tone and sympathetic manner proceeded,—

"And when I reflect on all these magnificent glories, and contrast them with your desolate life, my heart is overwhelmed with compassion. Pardon me, Lord of Yburg, if I have awakened in your breast a painful sense of your poverty, but my heart would almost break with distress to see you perish helpless here, when you might be in possession of inexhaustible riches.

Sir Erkebrecht scarcely trusted his ears; in astonishment and the height of excitement, he demanded—

"Inexhaustible riches? Are you in your senses? How might that be possible?"

The pilgrim proceeded,—

"As I will tell you. Mark me. In the course of my many and distant travels, I have gained from the instruction of eminent scholars and the perusal of mysterious manuscripts, a wonderful knowledge of things which before I esteemed impossible, or regarded as idle tricks and fables. It was thus that I obtained the discovery of a mighty treasure, which at present rests beneath the earth, but to which you have the most indisputable claim, if any such can be advanced at all. You have received me so hospitably that I regard it a duty to help you to the attainment of this incalculable sum of gold, which is actually at your command, so soon as you can form an earnest determination to possess yourself thereof. At the full of the moon you have only to enter the vaults where the earthly remains of your ancestors moulder ;

dig up the ground beneath their graves, and you will find the inexhaustible treasure therein buried, and which but awaits the hand which is fated to release it, and bring it to the light."

Incredulity and avarice struggled in the breast of the knight, and he shook his head with an expression of doubt. But the pilgrim appealed to all that was high and holy for the truth of his statement, and at length forgot himself so far as to launch forth into horrible imprecations, inconsistent with his pilgrim's garb. Sir Erkebrecht would not, and could not, doubt any longer the truth of his guest's assertion. Already in spirit he revelled in his new-born wealth, he exulted already in the anticipated joys of a luxurious life, which he once more trusted to enjoy. He could not, however, quite so easily repress a slight feeling of shuddering, when he thought of violating the abode of death, and at the midnight hour. This feeling induced him to ask the pilgrim, whether, if he undertook the adventure, he might count on his new friend's assistance. His guest, with some hesitation, replied,—

"To give you personal assistance in this matter is not permitted me. He who would obtain the subterraneous treasure must lay a solitary hand to the work. But to prove to you my readiness to help you, I will so far give you the comfort of my presence, that I will stand on the threshold of the vault, until you have completed the business beneath my eyes. There is, however, one little insignificant condition, the fulfilment of which, to a man of your courage, is mere child's play. That the raising of the treasure may fully succeed, it is indispensable that, as soon as the graves are opened, you take out thence with your own hand the mouldering bones, and cast them through the open window into the moat of the castle, that there they may bleach in the pale light of the full moon."

If the mention of a condition associated with the acquisition of wealth had awakened expectations of joy and hope, this was, however, no longer the case when Sir Erkebrecht plainly understood what was required of him. And now a terror seized on his otherwise obdurate soul, and an icy shudder shook his limbs, on reflecting that he must violate those hallowed bones with sacrilegious hand, and fling them forth to horrible desecration.

The pilgrim well observed what was going on in the mind of his host, and said, with a cold sneer,—

"I am sorry, Lord of Yburg, that I have not found in you the man I expected. I believed you unapproachable by fear, and now I perceive that you start back from the dis-

turbance of a few dead bones, like a boy before a nurse's rod. What I scarcely deemed worth mentioning is to your disposition an insurmountable obstacle. Well, then, let us say no more on the matter. Let the gold rest in its place, ready to yield itself to some bolder hand that will not tremble and shrink before a few dead bones."

To make question of his courage was to touch Sir Erkebrecht on the tenderest point. Bursting forth in an impatient tone, he said angrily,—

"Who tells you that I renounce the treasure? If I must dig up the bones of all the holy martyrs from their graves, I will never let my property come into the hands of a stranger; and mine it is, whatever is concealed in the earth within the precincts of my castle!"

"Now you speak as becomes a man of true courage, Sir Knight of Yburg," said the pilgrim in an encouraging tone; "but the prize will overtop your boldest wishes. And that all may be conducive to the rapid and successful completion of what is well begun, it happens fortunately that this is one of the days on which the work may be accomplished. Twelve times only in the year does the moon fill her orb; see, she is even now rising over the summit of the great flight of steps in all her magnificence! Midnight is not far distant—the brief interval will soon escape us! On to success! On to a happy termination!"

Thus saying, he seized the calabash, and presented it, scarcely set down, to the knight, who took thereout so hearty a draught that he must have drained it twice over had all been right and natural.

Amidst conversation of various kinds, midnight arrived. When the stroke of twelve rang forth from the tower of the Fremersburg Convent, and the tall form of the pilgrim arose from his seat, a renewed shudder shook the limbs of the Knight of Yburg, which increased as he strode with the pilgrim through the halls, and passed the pictures with which the walls were richly adorned. There were they displayed, the male and female ancestors of the Lords of Yburg, with their children, grand-children, and great-grand-children, from the founder of the house to the last departed members of the family. A thousand and a thousand times had Sir Erkebrecht passed them without heed or notice; but now they seemed to exercise over him an irresistible fascination. His glances flitted involuntarily about till they rested fast and motionless on the haggard features of the dusky forms on which the pine torch which he bore in his hand cast a ruddy light. Though covered with dust and cobwebs in abundant profusion till they had almost be-

come indistinguishable, they still appeared to cast upon him wrathful glances; on *him*, who was even then proceeding with sacrilegious hand to violate their graves, and disturb their mouldering corpses in their long deep slumbers on the bed of their last repose. At one moment he thought they raised their hands against him in a threatening attitude; then again that they walked out of their frames against him, to hold him back by force from his reckless enterprise. An icy chill shook his inmost being, and his feet seemed rooted to the ground. The pilgrim, who could not but suspect what was passing in the breast of his companion, grasped him in silence by the hand, and drew him to the entrance; then, in the cool of the open night air, his full resolution returned, he resumed his former courage, and he no longer hesitated to provide himself with the tools which he thought necessary for his undertaking.

Two ways conducted to the vault; the readiest led through the castle chapel; the key, however, was not at hand; they took, therefore, the other. Crossing the castleyard, they arrived at a low narrow door, the rusty barriers of which could only be burst by a strong effort; and, as at length it turned upon its groaning hinges, the pair descended the narrow spiral staircase, and reached at length a second door, which was more readily opened, and led direct to the vault of death.

Here lingered the pilgrim behind, and Sir Erkebrecht walked into the vault, where he secured the torch in an iron ring which was fastened to the wall. On one side was an outlet towards the church; on the opposite were numerous recesses, wherein the coffins containing the remains of the race of Yburg were placed in a row. Richly adorned blazonries were set over the niches, and above each the name of him who claimed it for his last abode, and the day of his death. Behind, towards the castle-moat, a window opened, the pictured panes of which were so faded and darkened by time, that they scarcely afforded a passage to the light.

And now had the moment arrived when the Knight of Yburg must lay his hand to the work, whereby, as he was given to understand, he was to attain unbounded wealth; then again awakened a dread of the graves which surrounded him, and a horror of the midnight hour. In vain. Lust of gold, irresistible thirst of voluptuous life, overpowered the last feeling of reflection. With violent hand he tore up the nearest grave; the stones tumbled on the earth; with a hollow sound fell the coffin-lid on the pavement, and the grinning skull of a fleshless skeleton glared on him from the eyeless sockets. The

terrors of the Last Judgment seized him at this spectacle; his blood congealed to ice, his hair stood erect, his knees struck together.

"You tremble for fear, Sir Knight of Yburg," cried the solemn voice of the pilgrim; and the shrill laughter of mockery followed his words.

Once more Sir Erkebrecht summoned courage, and extended his reckless hand to the lifeless bones. A strong gust of wind rushed whistling through the hall of death, and tore away the rusty hinges of the window, so that the moonbeams burst in bright and clear. The Knight hesitated no longer; his soul was on fire for gold, and every other emotion was silenced by this burning thirst. The despair of the fiends had come over him, and in reckless haste he hurled the bones of the fallen skeleton through the open window. His sacrilegious hands desecrated grave after grave; bone after bone flew into the waterless moat, rattling on each other, and rapidly forming a lofty heap.

And now, in the desperation of his folly, he had come to the last grave. It was his son's. His frantic impetuosity hesitated not even at this; the coffin was soon burst open; but, wondrous to behold! there lay, fresh and undecaying, as in the pure bloom of youthful life, the corse of the boy: a smile of happiness hovered on his rosy lips; a heavenly peace was shed over the mild expression of his features. Motionless and breathless, the Knight of Yburg gazed awhile on the beloved countenance; but soon he felt himself unusually affected. His despair was over, a feeling which he had never experienced took possession of his soul; a grief which he had never known now filled his breast. The heart of stone was broken, and tears gushed forth—tears, such as had never bedewed his eyes from his earliest youth, ran down his cheeks.

The demon who in pilgrim's garb guarded the threshold of the entrance, not daring to tread the consecrated ground, no sooner perceived that his project was likely to fail, than he made a last attempt to secure his prey, ere it should escape his grasp. "Courage," he exclaimed; "Courage, courage, Sir Knight of Yburg! one more cast and the work is accomplished, and the treasure yours!"

But now the form of the dead boy arose in the coffin; it stood erect, surrounded by an unearthly light; it extended its hand with a menacing expression towards the tempter, and exclaimed with melodious but powerful voice, "Avaunt! hence, Prince of Darkness! here is the limit of thy power!"

And Satan fled, raving and gnashing. At the same instant a hurricane burst around the castle, horrible thunder-peals agitated the

air, the earth trembled, the walls of the fortress tottered to their foundations. On the morrow morning, when the inhabitants of the neighbourhood gazed on the height of the Yburg, the stately castle lay in ruins, and only the two mighty towers of stone rose from the heap of destruction, like two gigantic tombstones, to the bright autumn sky.

We conceive the moral of the foregoing tale to be, that a life of reckless sin is often chastised in mercy; but, when this chastisement fails to take effect, and sin is still persisted in, the sinner is given up to the power of Satan, and hurried by him into the most heinous and revolting crimes. Nevertheless, the merciful chastisement has not been altogether useless—some special cause brings it to remembrance in time, and the reflection overpowers the temptations of the Evil One.

HENRY THOMPSON, M.A.

KILLED AT THE FORD.

By H. W. LONGFELLOW.

He is dead, the beautiful youth,
The heart and honour, the tongue of truth,—
He, the life and light of us all,
Whose voice was blithe as a bugle call;
Whom all eyes followed with one consent,
The cheer of whose laugh, and whose pleasant word
Hushed all murmurs of discontent.

Only last night, as we rode along,
Down the dark of the mountain gap,
To visit the picket-guard at the ford,
Little dreaming of any mishap,
He was humming the words of some old song:
"Two red roses he had on his cap,
And another he bore at the point of his sword."

Sudden and swift a whistling ball
Came out of a wood, and the voice was still;
Something I heard in the darkness fall,
And for a moment my blood grew chill;
I spake in a whisper, as he who speaks
In a room where some one is lying dead—
But he made no answer to what I said.

We lifted him up on his saddle again,
And through the mire, and the mist, and the rain,
Carried him back to the silent camp,
And laid him as if asleep on his bed;
And I saw by the light of the surgeon's lamp
Two white roses upon his cheeks,
And one just over his heart blood-red!

And I saw in a vision how far and fleet
That fatal bullet went speeding forth—
Till it reached a town in the distant North,
Till it reached a house in a sunny street,
Till it reached a heart that ceased to beat,
Without a murmur, without a cry;
And a bell was tolled in that far-off town,
For one who had passed from cross to crown,—
And the neighbours wondered that she should die.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER XXVII. SPRING AND AUTUMN.



BEFORE—long before—the evening arrived on which an entrance was to be obtained into fairyland, Olivine decided that time had a spite against her, and was travelling slowly on purpose.

"I am positive that night never will come," she declared twenty times a day to Mrs. Martyn Gregory, and Mrs. Martyn Gregory, once the question of the dress was decided, refrained from rebuking her pupil for impatience; but rested contented with telling her time would soon pass by, and bring the long expected evening on its wings.

"Wings!" repeated Olivine scornfully. "Crutches!" and the young lady declared once more, she thought no time in all her life—none—had ever limped along so slowly.

"What will you do when once the party is over?" inquired Mrs. Gregory.

"Oh! do not talk about that," entreated Olivine, looking very much cast down; but next moment she brightened up and said, when it was all over she could think about it.

"Whenever we have a dreadfully wet day in the winter time I sit and think to myself about the summer," she went on; "and it is wonderful how the time passes by when I do that; when I put buds on the lilacs, and hang flowers on the laburnums, and imagine the sun shining over the green fields down at Grays. Do you ever 'make out' summer in the winter, Mrs. Gregory? I cannot help fancying it is a good plan in the wet days."

And the girl turned her young, fresh, spring face as she spoke towards Mrs. Gregory, who answered—

"It is of the coming summer, not of the past, you think, Olivine."

"And what difference does that make?" asked Olivine.

"All the difference," was the reply, spoken sadly, albeit Mrs. Gregory was neither very

sentimental nor reflective. "If a summer were certain never to follow your winter, if there were no future, in fact, you would scarcely care to look back."

"I believe I should," Olivine answered. "If I were certain never to go to another party I am sure I should like to look back on Mr. Forbes'; and when I am an old woman, with grey—white hair," corrected the girl, fearful of seeming personal—"I shall tell my grandchildren about the night I went to a ball in Limehouse, and wore nothing but a muslin dress, and looked among all the fine ladies a perfect Cinderella."

"My dear, you ought not to talk about grandchildren," suggested Mrs. Martyn Gregory.

"Well, my children then," amended Olivine. "There must be a great pleasure in looking back and talking about the past, or else old people would not keep on telling stories about the time when they were boys and girls. If there never were to be another summer, I should still love to remember last August, and the month we spent down by the sea. Do you not care to think about when you were a girl, Mrs. Gregory?"

"No," was the answer; "I like to forget."

"How unhappy you must have been," said Olivine, sympathetically. "I do hope the time will never come when I shall like to forget," and Spring folded her hands together and let them lie idly in her lap, whilst she thought about her future; and Autumn looked at Spring and envied her.

Little though the past may have held for any man or woman, still there is something in the mere fact of the greater part of life being gone for ever which causes middle age to look regretfully on very early youth. If the past of middle age have been happy, then it cannot help sighing at the idea of all the happiness that may be in store for youth—happiness which for it, is now a tale of the past and gone. If the early story were, on the contrary, sad, then it is hard to think of the wasted years, the wretched hours, the clouded morning, the darkened noon.

It is the has, or might have been, against the may be,—the certainty contrasting with the uncertainty, the actual result placed side

by side with the vague possibility. Autumn knows what flowers the spring held for her, what blighting frosts came to nip the young fresh buds of promise, what rains washed down the formed fruits, what blights fell on her fairest trees, what lightnings came to strike the finest branches in her oaks, what a long cold May was in the season of her life, what an unhopeful June never let the roses in her garden bloom in the sunshine, but bent them down to the earth.

Life, friends, life; after all we are but as the years—to one a full harvest and a glad-some summer; to another a barren life, a poor seed-time, a sorrowful in-gathering—to you, prosperous man, the seven seasons of plenty; to you, oh! stricken one, the seven of famine.

We are but as the years, and let the twelve months of our experience have held what they will for us, we cannot, having lived out our youth, help standing to wonder half enviously what the new year will contain for those whose light feet meet ours on the threshold as we totter out uncertainly into the darkness of age.

It is the night marvelling concerning the new day; it is the man speculating about the boy; the woman considering the possible future of the girl.

Looking at Olivine, Mrs. Gregory's thoughts went back to her own far-away youth; to a remoter period, when this century was in its teens, and she about as old, with her hair in a crop, and her waist under her arm-pits, and a dress as wide as her flannel petticoat, and gored up to the waist aforesaid. Those were the days of sacks, and girlish simplicity; of painting on hand-screens, and executing the Cat's Minuet; of early tea drinkings and pleasant pic-nics; of short skirts, and long whist, and obedience to parents; and those days were gone.

Well, what had they held for her? That was precisely the question Mrs. Gregory was considering as she sat looking at her pupil. They had held Mr. Edwin Lionel Tomlins, of the Grange, Hackney, now Edwin Lionel Tomlins, Esquire, of Park Lane and Lannersly Court, Hampshire. Never did Mrs. Gregory pass through Hyde Park without turning aside to look at the house of her former admirer, and think of what might have been. She could have pointed out the very tree in Epping Forest, under the shade of which her papa and mamma, and Mr. and Mrs. Tomlins, senior, and a number of other elderly individuals, in charge of a tribe of sons and daughters, partook of food in that singularly uncomfortable fashion which prevails at pic-nics. She could have shown the

spot where she sat, and the place where Edwin Lionel prepared the salad, coming softly behind her to whisper he had "kept a heart for somebody he knew." How beautiful seemed the name of Edwin then; how distinguished that of Lionel; how perfect the result obtained by the conjunction of the two—Edwin Lionel! What a dear, motherly old lady Mrs. Tomlins seemed; and had not Mr. Tomlins, the father of Edwin Lionel, a happy gift of telling stories; and of welcoming young people to his house?

Then Mrs. Martyn Gregory's papa failed in business, and after that somehow they fell out of acquaintance with the Tomlinses. Edwin Lionel married a widow, who brought him a large fortune. She saw the pair driving sometimes about in the Park, and Mrs. Gregory, fat, middle-aged, and destitute of beauty, still keeping to the traditions of her youth, wondered if her old admirer were happy, and, I fear, hoped he had repented him of his mercenary fickleness.

Meantime, after Mr. Tomlins' desertion, his lady-love fixed her affections on a dissenting minister, who came to lodge in her father's house. There were other men in the world, she discovered, than Edwin Lionel; every one had not married a widow; every person might not be a Mammon-worshipper, like him of the pic-nic and the lettuce heart. She left the parish church, and went to listen to Mr. Crampford; she devoted herself to his temporal interests; she made his tea; she aired his clothes; she toasted his muffins; she warmed his slippers; and at last the young man rewarded her devotion by entrusting her with a secret. He was going to be married.

"Oh! good gracious, Mr. Crampford, you don't say so!" fluttered the young lady, with her face all a-glow, and her heart throbbing a little faster, wondering what was to come next.

The handsome apostle informed her he did say so, and that he had been engaged for some incredibly long time, and that the youthful maiden's name was "Lucy," and that her paternal parent had a paper mill down in Kent.

Women, even when just out of their teens can endure a good deal without flinching from the torture, and the girl to whom this interesting piece of intelligence was communicated stood fire bravely. She congratulated Mr. Crampford, and thanked him for his confidence and laughed at him a little (her cheeks a trifle paler than they had been), and supposed he would not be wanting their first-floor much longer, and felt relieved for her parents' sakes when he said he must ask leave to

bring his wife into his present apartments; and then she went to her own room and had a good cry, and decided that she would go and be a governess.

Which she did, and earned enough to help her parents' means for some years, at the end of which time she returned to Hackney and started a school, and made the most of her few accomplishments, till she met with Mr. Martyn Gregory, a clerk in a bank, whom she married, and who, never being able to induce the two ends of his small income to meet, was glad of any extra assistance his wife could give him.

They lived in a small house in Bow, with only one parlour, which smelt of Mr. Gregory's pipe. They had merely one servant—a little maid-of-all-work. They were the happy parents of a couple of boys, earning a few shillings a week in city offices. They could not afford to go out either to parties or theatres—supposing the theatres within reach, or a desirable party a dainty ever likely to be pressed upon their acceptance; and Mr. Tomlins was presented at Court, and drove in his carriage through Hyde Park; and Edwin Lionel's name figured in heaven knows how many lists of directors—and he had once gone to pic-nics in Epping Forest with Mrs. Gregory!

As for Mr. Crampford, he was a burning and a shining light in a chapel west of Regent Street, and his wife Lucy sometimes came to see Mrs. Gregory in her brougham, and brought with her grown-up daughters, dressed in the height of the fashion, one of whom rumour said was likely to marry well.

Little wonder on the whole, perhaps—though the life was neither an interesting nor a romantic one—that Mrs. Gregory should look on Olivine with a vague feeling of envy, with a terrible longing for the past to come back again, and give her a chance of a better future—of a vague future, at any rate, like that stretching forth before the girl, instead of the dull cold certainty through which she now walked in the autumn of her existence day after day.

As for Olivine, with her pretty hands idly folded together, she sat thinking about her future—about that vague, uncertain time which youth thinks never can become a reality—about sorrow, about trouble, about change, about all the coming years might bring.

She had said, "I do hope the time will never come when I shall like to forget," without considering the full sense of her words; but, after the sentence had passed her lips, its meaning struck on her ear and made her reflect.

Trouble she had never known, care she had never felt, unkindness she had never encountered. As the years went by, and she grew old, would she come to have a history like other people? would she ever suffer like women in stories? would anybody she loved die and leave her? would her uncle?—and at this point, which was the only vulnerable place in all her armour, as she thought, her eyes filled full of tears, and then the tears slowly trickled down her face and fell upon her dress.

"Olivine! Olivine! what is the matter?" asked Mrs. Martyn Gregory, returning in a moment from her mental journey.

"I was only thinking about all you were talking of," answered Olivine; "and it came into my mind that if—if——"

"If what, dear? Now, do not cry, there's a good girl. Only remember how angry your uncle would be, were he to see you. He would imagine I had been scolding, and——"

"I was thinking about him," sobbed Olivine. "If he died—before me—oh! Mrs. Gregory, what should I do?"

"For mercy's sake! child, how did such an idea ever enter into your mind? Your uncle is no more likely to die than I am."

"And how long do you think you will live?" asked Olivine, who took this piece of consolation literally.

"I never know what to make of you, Olivine," returned Mrs. Gregory, severely. "You have the most singular ideas, and the most singular mode of expressing them, of any girl I ever met with in the whole course of my experience. I never can tell whether you are in jest or earnest about anything."

"That is precisely the same as Mrs. Perkins says," answered Olivine; and she resumed her lesson with the air of a person determined to afford no cause for future speculation. But she continued thinking out her problem in silence.

In good truth Mrs. Gregory was right. Olivine had curious ideas, and the faculty of occasionally expressing them inopportunistly. She was a girl who never seemed satisfied with the surface of anything, but who liked to get to the bottom of the commonest matters.

She had lived so isolated a life, she had mixed with so few people, she had such a narrow range of vision, that necessarily within that range her sight grew keen and sharp beyond what is usual at her age. Perception and reflection were both unduly developed, and the trifles she noticed and the deductions she drew from what she saw, made her appear to some people, as Percy Forbes declared, "delicious."

But to others the sharpness of Miss Sondes' faculties afforded no such unbounded pleasure. Mrs. Perkins pronounced her "the cunningest most old-fashioned creature I ever see;" and Mrs. Gregory herself was sometimes at a loss to decide whether Olivine were unsophisticated or satirical, whether she seemed odd, "because she thought all she said, or said all she thought, or because she did neither." "I should like to understand you, miss," was the idea that passed through the governess's mind as she sat and watched Olivine poring over her book. "You are no more like what I was at your age than day is like night; and I cannot comprehend you in the least."

Which was the less to be wondered at, perhaps, as most women of Mrs. Gregory's stamp find it very difficult indeed to make even a guess at the characters of women dissimilar to themselves.

"I wish she were not going to this party," decided Mrs. Gregory as a finish to her mental reflections. "She will be certain to say or do something wrong, and then Mr. Sondes will be equally certain to blame me."

But in this idea Mrs. Gregory chanced to be mistaken; nothing Olivine was likely to do or say, could have seemed wrong in Mr. Sondes' eyes. Nature to him did not seem so terrible a monster as it appeared to his niece's governess. Art was not so desirable a good to this man, who knew the world and its ways well, as to make him desire its acquisition at any price—at the price of innocence and simplicity, of self-forgetfulness and perfect truth.

CHAPTER XXVIII. MR. FORBES' PARTY.

ROUND and about and inside Reach House, everything was in a state of bustle and confusion. Servants were rushing hither and thither; gardeners were arranging flowers; solemn waiters, who had so far unbent as to take off their coats and work in their shirt-sleeves, were unpacking hampers and laying out piles of china and pyramids of plate. Every window in the house was open to admit the faint breeze which blew off the river; the caps of the maid-servants were all awry; outside the close wooden gates were collected the young Arabs of Limehouse and its vicinity, who lustily cheered each cart which arrived on the scene of action; down on the shore were tribes of barefooted urchins, with trousers tucked up to their knees, who having tried hard to climb the high bank, piled and protected with wood, which served alike to keep off intruders and to resist the encroachments of the river, now contented themselves with wading out into the gravel and mud, and so

obtaining distant views of the house and garden. Some few had managed to sneak into the ship-yard, and, lying snug among logs of timber and portions of old vessels, kept their eyes on the hampers and baskets, on the servants and the decorations. Across the Thames lay Deptford and Rotherhithe; with the afternoon sun shining upon them, the pleasant Surrey hills seemed scarcely a mile distant; up and down the river went stately ships, and busy tugs, and foreign steamers, and the strange craft of all nations; to the right was the great city, with a golden haze over it. To the left no land could be seen save the coast-line of the Isle of Dogs, with the Thames skirting round it. Above the trees towered the masts of the vessels in the ship-building yard; the grass on the lawn was as green as though the sun never shone upon it; and, lounging on one of the rustic seats, overlooking the river, was Percy Forbes, the only idle individual on the premises, who lay there with his feet over the end of the bench, and his head supported by his hand, while he contemplated the scene before him and speculated whether his party would go off well or ill, and whether his guests would be satisfied or dissatisfied with their evening's entertainment.

Lounging there, watching the sun shining on the river, and bringing the far-away hills close almost to the opposite side, raising himself on his elbow to scrutinise the build of this barque and that brig, taking his cigar from his mouth at long intervals and knocking the ash off leisurely and deliberately—Mr. Forbes was thinking of many things beside his party: of his past, of his future; of business; of pleasure; of Lawrence Barbour and Miss Alwyn; of all the girls who were coming to his house that night—young, and pretty, and fashionable.

"I wonder if I shall ever like another girl well enough to marry her," he began to consider finally. "I certainly was very fond of Hetty," and then he fell to marvelling how Miss Alwyn would come arrayed, and whether she would be the best-looking woman in the room. He had not seen her armed for conquest for a long time, and having once admired her, it was impossible for him to avoid speculating concerning her beauty still. He ran over all the dresses he had ever beheld her in, pink and amber, and white and black; he tried to decide whether she would come in a toilette severely simple, or ravishingly elaborate; whether she would have the contents of a conservatory on her head, or wear her tresses unornamented; whether she would strive to break hearts by her cold cruelty, or turn heads by her fascinating graciousness;

whether she would make herself generally agreeable, or be set down as a haughty beauty.

"I hope to heaven," finished Percy Forbes, as he rose and strolled towards the house, "that there will be some one here able to try a tilt with her."

He did not wish Miss Alwyn less beautiful, he only desired to see some one as beautiful; he wanted to behold a race on the ground; he earnestly trusted Miss Alwyn would have something else to do beside walk over the course at her own sweet will.

He knew enough of her to be well aware it was a matter of uncertainty whether she would elect to come in a dress close up to her throat, and utterly destitute of ornament, or in clouds of tulle, wreathed and garlanded with flowers. Most other women he could hazard a guess concerning, but Miss Alwyn was uncertain and changeable as the wind; and it was because it made him angry to see her so confident of success in any attire that Mr. Forbes hoped so heartily she might find for once there were other girls in the world as attractive as herself.

"If Olivine Sondes were a few years older, I should not mind backing her against Miss Alwyn," he thought, while he stopped and lighted another cigar. "I know fifty prettier girls, more showy and more able to make much of themselves than she will ever be, but still she possesses something which might make Hetty fearful of winning the day. What a nuisance it is she is such a chit of a child still. What eyes the girl has—wonderful eyes:" and Mr. Forbes turned back to the river walk, and took a look up and down the Reach as if he saw something in it which reminded him of Olivine.

"What a child it is, and I have promised to dance with her, and all the grown-up young ladies will think I am committing a sin. She is too young to come to such a gathering. I wish now I had accepted her uncle's refusal, and left her with her governess and her pets. Poor little thing, what a life it is; what a life!"

Child though she was, many people that day were thinking more about Olivine than her scarcely sixteen years had a right to expect. As a matter of course, Mr. Sondes could not avoid wondering what kind of *début* his little girl would, in her small way, make; and Mrs. Gregory likewise felt naturally anxious that Olivine should neither say nor do anything calculated to disgrace her instructions for ever in the eyes of genteel society. Nurse Mary, long since promoted to the position of maid and housekeeper, proudly declared that dress or no dress she knew her

child would look as well as the best of them; and was secretly disgusted because Mr. Sondes resolutely refused to allow his niece to wear any of her mother's jewels on the occasion.

"She may have a diamond brooch to fasten her dress," he said, "I see no objection to that; but she shall not go decked out like a married woman of forty. Either as a girl or not at all, Mary!"

As for Lawrence Barbour, with the entire of his heart and soul he hoped Olivine would look her best and be prettily dressed, because he intended to devote himself to her. Greatly to his disgust, Mr. Gainswoode had lately been almost domesticated in Hereford Street; at first as a friend of papa, but at last as an admirer of Miss Etta.

He was as old as Methuselah, as ugly as sin when the freshness has worn off it, as rich, report said, as Rothschild, and as much in love with Miss Alwyn as Lawrence himself.

Perfectly well my hero knew what the result would be, and yet this battle he was resolved to fight out to the last. He would try to rouse Miss Alwyn's jealousy. If Olivine were but a child, still he knew she was old enough to cause Etta some anxiety.

He would take Mr. Sondes' advice, and bring the beauty to a decision. He would not be the Alwyns' lackey any longer, driving outside their carriage through that "cursed neighbourhood," as he said to himself, in order that Mr. Gainswoode might sit next Etta, and Mr. Alwyn be enabled to leave room for his daughter's flounces.

Those were the days of flounces! Ye gods! had not Miss Alwyn a profusion of them! Was not she dressed in some indescribable material that seemed to envelope her as in a haze of light fleecy clouds? When she alighted from the carriage there was a glimpse to be obtained of a white satin skirt, and when she stood in the tiring-room, with an admiring lady's-maid touching flounce and fold as if she loved the material, did not Miss Alwyn look as though somebody had been pelting flowers at her flounces, which stuck on her dress here, and there, and everywhere. She had not a flower in her hair save a white rose; down her back the black curls wreathed and twined themselves; over her shoulders streamed the coarse, hard, wonderful hair—over her shoulders, which were white as snow, smooth as polished marble.

She had but the one rose, as I have said, amongst her hair, but she wore flowers in every other available position. They knotted up her short sleeves; they lay among the folds of her lace *berthe*—they were here

there, elsewhere over the flowing skirt, looping up the flounces, nestling beneath the light flowing material. She had plain gold bracelets on her arms: she had a jewelled fan in her hand: she carried a bouquet in a cornucopia studded with precious stones. Altogether, Miss Alwyn was got up regardless of expense, and so Olivine decided, when standing not far off, she contemplated this wonderful beauty with mixed feelings of envy and admiration.

In the glass Miss Alwyn beheld the girl's face reflected—beheld the veil of soft dark hair covering her head, her white unornamented dress, the brooch glittering and changing as the rays of the evening sun fell upon it, the round young arms, the pure clear skin; and turning sharply, she saw after years, Olivine Sondes once more.

For a moment the two stood looking at each other, while the maid still continued her loving toil.

"You are Olivine Sondes," said Henrietta, holding out her hand.

"And you are Miss Alwyn," answered Olivine, taking the hand proffered, not with any great warmth or enthusiasm.

"I saw you looking at my dress, and I thought I remembered your face."

"I was wishing I had a dress like it," replied Olivine, wholly ignoring the latter part of the sentence, and Miss Alwyn swept out of the room, followed by the girl, feeling that, after all, she had not attired herself in vain.

"The child is really very pretty," she said to Lawrence Barbour; "and if I were you I should not let Percy Forbes marry her."

"I do not intend," answered Lawrence, and straightway he crossed the room and devoted himself to Olivine; who, thinking such attention beyond her deserts, prayed him not to stay with her while the dancing was going on.

"It amuses me so much to look at them; but Miss Alwyn will be wanting you," she said, and would have forced him to go but that Lawrence was determined to stay.

"So you are there, Barbour," exclaimed the host, at length; "why on earth are you and Miss Alwyn not dancing?"

"I think Miss Alwyn is engaged to sit," answered Lawrence, significantly.

"Why don't you dance with Miss Sondes, then?" demanded Percy.

"Do you dance?" asked Lawrence, eagerly; and on Olivine answering "yes," he engaged her for the next set with more earnestness than Mr. Forbes considered at all needful under the circumstances.

"Remember, you are not to forget me," he said, as he went off laughing; and when Law-

rence asked Olivine what Mr. Forbes meant, she laughed too, and told him all about how she came to be there at all, and of how good Mr. Forbes had been to her.

"I would not have missed seeing the ladies' dresses for anything," she concluded. "I think the whole place is just like fairy-land. And there is the moon rising," she added; "how lovely it is!"

"Come," exclaimed Lawrence, "and see how the moon looks on the river;" and regardless of Mrs. Gregory's gestures of disapproval, Olivine suffered him to lead her from the room and wrap an opera cloak round her, belonging to some one who frequented operas doubtless, and lead her down the side walk towards the Thames.

"We have not seen very much of each other lately, Olivine," he said.

"No," answered the girl; she was looking across the river at the lights on the opposite side, and thinking of what a happy evening it was, and of how thoroughly she enjoyed herself; "and I suppose we shall see less of you when you are married."

"God knows whether I ever shall be married or not," he replied; he was thinking of Miss Alwyn's new admirer, and wondering whether Henrietta had noticed his defection.

"You must not keep my niece out in the evening air, Barbour," observed a voice behind them at this juncture; and Olivine, blushing, she scarcely knew why, was taken in charge by her uncle, while Miss Alwyn, possessing herself of Lawrence's arm, began to accuse him of all sorts of crimes and shortcomings as they walked, a long way behind Mr. Sondes, back to the house.

"So, sir! when you told me you were studying chemistry, and trying experiments, *la belle Sondes* was the true cause of your absence from Hereford Street," she said, tapping him with her fan.

"More than one can play at the same game, Miss Alwyn," he answered; and the pair continued their walk in silence.

From that moment the beauty never lost sight of Olivine during the whole evening. Any one looking at the two might have thought Olivine had come matronised or patronised by Miss Alwyn—that she owned no separate existence of her own.

To Mr. Gainswoode Henrietta introduced the girl specially as "a particular friend of Mr. Barbour," and when Olivine blushed, she could not have told wherefore, Mr. Gainswoode and Etta looked at each other significantly and smiled.

"This is Miss Sondes, papa," said Henrietta, with that engaging manner which was one of her chiefest charms, and thereupon Mr.

Alwyn, "God blessed himself," and first declared it was impossible, and then observed he always knew she would turn out something remarkable, and finally, after paying her a multitude of compliments, observed she need not care about anything an old fellow like himself said to her.

"If you please, sir," asked Olivine, at this juncture, "may I stay with you? for I do not see my uncle, and I am afraid of being left alone."

Which speech was wrung from her in a very extremity of dread lest Mrs. Perkins and Ada, whom she saw nodding to her from distant regions, should come and claim acquaintance, and carry her away to earth from heaven; but Mr. Alwyn did not view it in this light at all. He saw "little Sondes" had grown up into a very pretty girl, and felt rather gratified by her preference.

"On my word, a most discreet young lady," he said, as he led her for the second time out of the crowded rooms down the garden walk. "Won't you come and see my daughter, my dear, in Hereford Street? you know my daughter, don't you—that young lady with the flowers and——" Mr. Alwyn made a fluttering movement of his hands to represent her flowing attire.

Fact was, various circumstances had tended to make Mr. Alwyn very happy and very hospitable during the course of the evening. At last a suitor had come to whom money was no object—to whom fortune was not a *sine quâ non*. With all his heart he hoped Mr. Gainswoode would propose to Henrietta; with all his heart also he hoped Lawrence would, at the proper time, transfer his affections to Olivine; and he had in this hope drunk a good deal of sherry and of champagne, and was in a very comfortable state of mind accordingly when he spoke to Olivine.

"You are such a pretty girl, you know," he said, "and have such an extraordinary manner. You ought to marry Barbour, poor fellow; he will never do any good if some woman does not take pity on him, and he is so lonely, and so peculiar, and so clever. I should like to advise you as a friend," went on Mr. Alwyn; "marry Barbour; he will make a far greater figure in the world than Percy, though Percy is a confoundedly nice fellow, and has a devilishly nice place. Think of what I say, my dear, and don't throw yourself away on him." And Olivine's white dress gleamed in the moonlight, and the diamond brooch flashed and glittered; and she thought within herself, the evening was turning out a little differently to the evening she had anticipated.

(To be continued.)

FLAMBOROUGH HEAD.

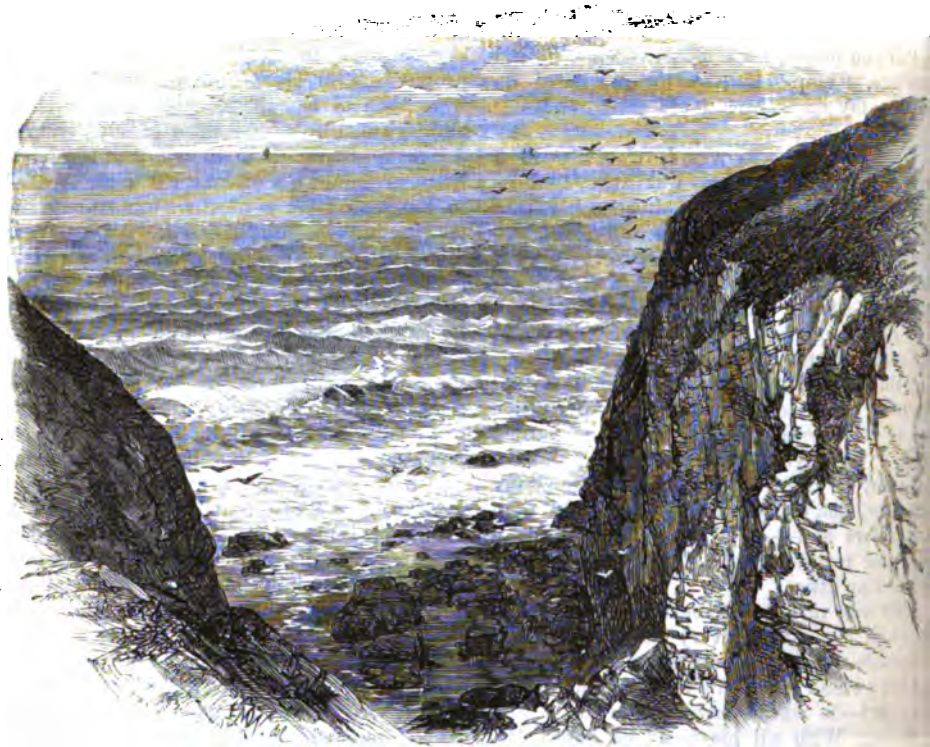
MOST passengers by steamboat from Scotland to Hull or London, remember, to their sorrow, how they made acquaintance with Flamborough Head. Here the stoutest stomachs had to yield to sea-sickness, and if people were ill before, off Flamborough they were sure to be worse. Its looming chalk cliffs, girdled by whiter lines of surf, seem to delight in acting up to the spirit of the Kirkpatrick's famous motto, "I'll mak siccar," to the discomfiture of such unfortunates as gaze upon them from the sea. As if by way of compensation, however, Flamborough Head offers so much that is interesting to the artist or the naturalist, who wisely approaches it by land, that an account of its most remarkable features, derived from personal exploration, may remind us, in days when people flock to continental scenery, how many charms our own land possesses for students of nature.

Flamborough is the Ocellum of the Romans, which appears to be merely the "*ykill*" or "promontory" of the aboriginal tongue. As its modern name imports, a *flame* beacon has, from early days, served to warn mariners from the inhospitable shores of the headland. The remains of an older building are at present useful for displaying Admiral Fitzroy's storm-signals, while, on a higher eminence, stands the celebrated lighthouse. On a stormy day it rises conspicuously against the back-ground of angry sky like a pillar of white light, while its cheerful glare at night penetrates far and wide through fog and darkness. The illuminating power is made up of three sets of reflectors, each containing seven plates arranged in an X form; two of these systems are white, and the third red, the whole apparatus revolving in six minutes. At no great distance is a piece of ordnance, fired every quarter of an hour during fog, and Manby's rocket-lines are close at hand to complete the humane appliances for saving life on this cruel shore.

But we have not yet described the promontory itself. It is the northernmost English headland of the chalk formation, that great white zone which runs diagonally through the country to Beer Head in Devon, its extreme western range. Like the whole coast of Lincolnshire, south-east Yorkshire is formed of tertiary deposits, over which the drift has passed, and left everywhere its traces, from minute pebbles to enormous trap boulders. North of Burlington the chalk may be observed rising, capped in some places by a few feet only of boulder clay. Pursuing our ramble round the headland of Flamborough.

we find everywhere chalk bluffs, till they die away under the blue clays of Speeton and the eolitic rag of Filey Brigg. Inland the ap-

pearance of the promontory is a succession of swelling eminences and depressions, much resembling the waves which close it in, and



The Head.

themselves a relic of a vast primæval sea-bed. The bold white cliffs which face the sea vary from fifty to 200 feet high, rising on the north-west to their loftiest point, 436 feet above high water. Grand as they are, their greatest charm consists of the many picturesque *wicks*, or little bays, into which they are broken; the many caves where, with loud booming, the waves dash in and out; and the shapeless peaks, standing out from the mainland, ever vainly assaulted by the sea. The formation of these pinnacles may be seen daily going on. The coast of Yorkshire is being swept away by the sea at an alarming rate, whole villages (such as Ravenspurn, the landing-place of Henry IV.), having been entirely destroyed. Naturally, chalk stands firmer than clay, hence the projecting headland of Flamborough. As the sea, however, bores caverns even in the hardest parts of the range, their roofs gradually fall in, and then the sides remain, as in "The King and Queen Rocks."

The headland itself is very disappointing,

though two masses of rock called "the Matrons" guard it, as it is considerably lower than the cliffs which trend away from it on either side. The same thing occurs at the Land's End, where the extreme point is far from being the most picturesque. Thus, like the gravel bed of Spurn, Flamborough Head may be regarded as a huge natural barrier against the encroachments of the sea on Yorkshire. The north landing-place is extremely steep, and at its head, drawn up on high by horses, rest the many fishing cobbles of the natives, painted in brilliant stripes of red and blue, apparently to emulate the wonderful waistcoats worn by their bucolic brethren of the inland districts. To the south the cliffs fall so as to form a good natural landing towards the sheltered waters of Bridlington Bay. Here, too, are the largest herring-boats the fishery demands. It is amusing to speculate on their names. The "Rosy Morn" and "Sea Flower" evidently belong to young and poetic owners; the "Mary," "John and

Ann," and so on, represent the ordinary nomenclature of all fishing-villages, the beaten track into which in this, as in everything else, men fall when they become family men. But what shall we say of such names as the "Oxus" and "Euphrates"? Do they point to a more advanced stage in a fisherman's life, when geographical contemplation has become the end of his existence; or are they simply dictated as "book names" by the parson? Ida's sons, with forty ships, are said to have landed at Flamborough; and it is here we may best fancy the rough yellow-haired sea-dogs surrounding their high-peaked galleys, the leaders' shields hung round the bulwarks, and over all the raven flag of Odin fluttering in the breeze, but too often the signal for fire, and rapine, and desolation.

As for the natives of Flamborough, all of them either fishermen or fish contractors, they are manly civil fellows, nature's gentlemen, who will enchant a visitor, provided he be not a snob. You see and hear amongst them none of Falstaff's "cat-a-mountain looks, red-lattice phrases, and bold-beating oaths," except (as one of them confessed) on very exceptional Saturday nights. It is a comfort to find that the simple-hearted independent character generally ascribed to fishermen has not everywhere lapsed into the cringing rapacity too common at fashionable watering-places. "I am not for extortioning any one," said a Flamborough fisherman to us; and his words may be applied to all who came under our notice.

The stranger, as he draws near Flamborough village, falls in with numerous donkeys feeding by the wayside, bearing witness by their playfulness to the kindly treatment they receive while dragging up the steep beach panniers of fish. Further on are six low platforms surmounted by curious posts and chains, not guillotines, as one might fancy, but weighing-places for fish. Indeed everywhere are perceived the evidences of this staple traffic: all sights, sounds, and smells are fishy; fish of all kinds is set before you at your meals; the gulls flap round, waiting, the men will tell you, "for the refusal of the fish;" the very vane on the top of the old church is fashioned into a fish; nets, sails, and wonderful sea-going garments of roomy dimensions lie at every doorway, tanned brown with "terra japonica," and all glistening with fish-scales. The population, being amphibious, appear to enjoy rain as much as sunshine. Then the transition from woollen jerseys to macintoshes and sou'westers is universal, and gives the stranger the impression a recent addition of two bells to the single one in the church belfry produced in a fisherman, who told us, "it makes the place like another toon."

Flamborough is not deficient in antiquities. The remnants of a castle, said to have belonged to the Constables, may be seen in a field near the village, resembling a huge fragment of chalk cliff, just as it might have been flung here by a Keltic Polyphemus. A natural cavern near the north landing is popularly called "Robin Lyth's Hole," whoever that worthy may have been. "Perhaps near this cape was the Prætorium of Antoninus," says Mr. Phillips (to whose "Yorkshire" we are indebted for some of our geological sketches of Flamborough). But the great glory of the headland is the Danes' Dyke, a primitive earthwork running across the promontory, here about three miles and a half long. It is still in excellent preservation, and, following the course of a rough natural valley, looks like an unfinished railroad cutting. It is only named Danes' Dyke in deference to an East Anglian propensity of ascribing all antiquities to the Danes (just as a fisherman naively told us, on being asked to discriminate between "Scotch mackerel," "pollock," and "rock codlings"—"they are pretty much the same; they all turn to coal-fish when they grow up!") Most probably it is a Keltic intrenchment, and was successively used by Brigantes, Romans, and Vikings. A walk on it through its whole length, between plantations on one side and corn-fields on the other, cannot fail to evoke many contrasts in the traveller's mind between its warlike aspect in old days and its peaceful appearance at present.

Its precincts are the chosen home of many of our rarest British birds. Indeed, Flamborough Head is noted for the multiplicity and variety of its birds. During spring the narrow ledges of the chalk cliffs are crowded with myriads of sea-fowls—puffins, guillemots, gulls, &c., some of them breeding here, others resting while they digest their fishy prey. As you look down from the primroses that blossom on the extreme verge of the precipice, the brain turns giddy at the motley crowd and the waves that break far beneath them. We might apply to the scene the well-known lines that instantly rise to the memory on Dover cliffs,—

The crows and choughs that wing the midway air
Show scarce so gross as beetles;

but, unluckily, they recall a grievance to the ornithologist. Neither here, nor at Dover, nor yet in Cornwall, can the chough be seen any longer. Ere long, it is to be feared, it will have to be erased from the list of British birds. To return, however, to Flamborough cliffs; skilful climbers descend them by means of ropes, and bring away eggs and young

birds in great numbers. The curiously-marked eggs of the guillemot are amongst the common sights of Burlington market during the season. It is much to be regretted that tourists—most of them shopkeepers from the manufacturing towns—should be allowed, during the breeding season, to shoot the sea-birds off the Head. They are rowed underneath the cliffs, and massacre every bird that comes within range, often never stopping to pick the poor things up, and wounding many that only escape to die a lingering death of starvation. Multitudes of kittiwakes, too, are slain to supply feathers for ladies' hats. If the fair sex could only see the spotless plumage and trustful habits of the kittiwake in its native haunts, we are sure no lady would wear its feathers, just as no gentleman

would emulate the tourists in shooting birds for practice. Serious accidents sometimes occur through the carelessness of these "sportsmen;" they shoot each other's legs, or fire holes through the bottom of the boat: the very fishermen despise them for their cruelty and "vulgar talk." Among the rarer birds which may be observed, or have been procured at Flamborough (many of which are to be seen there stuffed), are the spotted eagle, hoopoe, Polish swan, gannet, woodcock owl, goatsucker, peregrine falcon, &c., &c. At every season of the year Flamborough is a Paradise for the ornithologist. We have left little space for a notice of the fish of the headland. When we were there in October, 1865, a drawing of a fish was shown us, which had

recently been captured. It was that rarity, the trigger-fish (*balistes capricus*); the owner had parted with it for thirty shillings, and it now rests, we were informed, in Norwich Museum.

Its dimensions were three feet six by two feet six. Another curiosity was exhibited in the shape of a pair of brass spectacles, with the glasses in them, which had lately been taken from the stomach of a cod-fish. They were perfectly uninjured: thus contrasting strongly with that somewhat mythical story of the sailor who swallowed a many-bladed pocket-knife for a joke, and would soon have got rid of it by the action of the gastric juice, if unluckily the buck-horn handle had not been the first part to decompose, thus leaving his internal organs at the mercy of the sharp blades, which eventually killed him. Yet a third wonder



King and Queen Rocks, from the Beach.—(See page 428.)

came before our notice, at the Post-office: a letter, directed to "Flambro' Head, Flambro', Yorkshire." The sender must be wearing a straw wig at Colney Hatch!

If the visitor has an artist's eye—a poetic appreciation of nature's finest aspects—he may be promised endless gratification at Flamborough. Every hour the scene changes with the ebbing and flowing tide, or the declining sun, producing grand marine and aerial effects. What softer blending of colours, for instance, can be seen than those viewed from the beach of the north landing at early morn? In the foreground is the intense red and blue of the boats; beyond stretches a faint blue sea, under a white-streaked sky, all translucent and clear, as the pale mists that yet

fleck the distance gradually disappear. On either hand rises a walk of chalk, crowned with grass, and split into a thousand nooks and crannies and caves, where shadows glimmer and lights glance, to the ever-varying delight of the beholder. At the foot, white-crested rollers lazily form and dash themselves into foam, while in front the sea is perfectly calm. Two or three herring-gulls are plying their heavy flights on the left, while a dozen kittiwakes, in their spotless white plumage edged with black, gracefully career and sharply cry amongst them. There is a freshness in the breeze, too, which braces mind and body, and photographs the view on memory, to be evoked and admired during many future days of work.

Or ascend the cliffs some six miles towards the north, and watch how an autumnal evening gradually draws its veil over the far-reaching prospect. The two promontories that close the view fade into deeper gloom. Then the Castle of Scarborough becomes fainter as we gaze; a last pale gleam of sunset irradiates the crescent of houses that face the sea at Filey, and flashes upon the waters that chafe round its celebrated "Brigg." The rock-pigeons, that but just now darted by to their nests in the crevices of the chalk cliffs, or gave themselves up to the wind, sweeping under the precipices, like bits of torn paper fluttering at their own wild will, have disappeared. Night falls in slow and solemn beauty on the many leagues of sea, the many miles of shore.

These aspects of Flamborough Head, however, are as nothing to the sea which is set running here by a northerly gale. It was our good fortune to witness one such last autumn. The previous day had been bright, but an angry sea roared at low water over the long sandbank that projects before the headland, the storm-signal was hoisted, and the fishermen shook their heads as they looked at sunset. During the night, wind and rain contended like demons round the cliffs, and next morning the scene was awfully grand. Long, dark rollers, with the wide interval between them streaked by lengthening lines of foam, came rapidly towards the cliffs, borne on by a wind that nothing could stand against. Sometimes these would break into sheets of surf, until each wick was whitened through its whole expanse. At other times they drove headlong into the caverns, and struck, and boomed, and flew out in huge volumes of water, that every now and then shot up high into the air like a column in their baffled fury. Perhaps the finest scene of all was to see the waves running in, mountain high, and leaping up the chalk bluffs

till on reaching the summit the wind tore away their heads in sheets of spray, and scattered it over the fields. In one or two places the foam lay like snow on the grassy summits of the cliffs. All seafaring craft ran early in the day to Burlington Bay for security, so it was possible to watch the sea without apprehensions of wreck and loss of life. One who has looked upon it in its stormy moods from Flamborough, will ever after have a lively conception of what an "awful gale" means as he reads the Times over breakfast; and as he lies in his comfortable bed and thinks, while the wind howls outside, of the ship-boy "on the high and giddy mast," he may well murmur a blessing on those who provide lifeboats and lighthouses for the vicissitudes of "an hour so rude" at sea.

M. G. WATKINS.

THE TRIUMPH OF ENVY.

EXULT, dim shadow of the good, and cry,
Here, in this world, the fairest things must die—
True love, and fame, and gentle charity.

The happiest of all souls that ever were,
Who walk'd with angels breathing purer air,
Lived at the best but in a world of care.

For farewell saddens still the joy to meet,
The hope of love the fear that it may fleet,
Making fruition but a bitter sweet.

All mirth is forfeit to a long decay,
Music and song must die with dying day,
The sun will not for man's entreaty stay.

Heroes must be forgotten whose lives are
A single sound of good, a silver star,
Not all the sleepy world can praise too far.

Some time the flower must fade away and fall,
Some time that heat divine grow cold, and all
That pleasure which men worshipp'd some time pall.

Let living poets then their vigils keep,
In beatific fame their fancies steep,
True love and fame must in oblivion sleep. X.

HOW WE BROKE GROUND ON THE WESTBOROUGH ESTATE.

THE worthy man to whom the writer of these pages owes a wife's allegiance, is engaged throughout the day in one of the darkest and closest of our City counting-houses; and his nights were passed in a monotonous suburban street until circumstances permitted him to indulge himself, and me, in the long-sighed-for luxury of a home in the country; where he, during his scanty leisure, could enjoy purer air, and I should be free to renew some of the habits and pleasures of my girlhood.

We proposed to effect this change in a very simple and economical manner—our nurse as

well as our tastes still forbidding anything lavish or ostentatious—and resolutely to eschew the Douro Villas and Wellington Lodges which constitute the “genteel” neighbourhoods of all those localities around the metropolis which the Londoners favour. We had no desire to rent a dwelling where comfort is sacrificed to the effect produced by queer little turrets and pinnacles; or where plate-glass and a tiny conservatory are expected to obviate all the inconveniences of ill-seasoned doors, badly hung windows, and half-finished fittings. We resolved to enter into no arrangements which could interfere with our withdrawal from the new plan, if it did not work well; and to content ourselves with a simple cottage at a reasonable distance—say ten or twelve miles—from Temple Bar; and with no more ground attached to it than we could ourselves keep in order, with some occasional assistance from a jobbing gardener.

Any one who has prosecuted a similar search will bear me witness that it is an arduous one. The *bond fide*, unpretentious cottage of six or seven rooms, which we were bent on obtaining, is seldom to be found; or, when discovered, is still more rarely empty. We inserted and answered advertisements to no purpose; patiently endured the ill-concealed sneers and pomposity of house-agents who “rarely had anything so low-rented upon their books,” and travelled many miles in vain. But at last we found what we wanted in the vicinity of the town of K—, and eagerly secured it.

The Nest, as its owner had named it, had not been erected above twelve months, consequently it was clean and fresh; and, having been originally intended for his own family, was carefully finished off, and well supplied with many little conveniences rarely met with in a new house. The water was disagreeably hard, and rather brackish, and the soil a stiff clay; but with the help of a filter we made shift to use the former, and the luxuriance of our roses soon reconciled us to the latter.

I must not linger over the happy days we spent at the Nest, for alas! those days were few. We had barely entered on the second summer of our tenancy, and, in the full zest of projected improvements, were watching with amateurs’ delight the growth of flowers and vegetables which we honestly believed to be perfection, when our landlord made an unexpected call. With a profusion of apologies he explained that his wife—who had strenuously opposed the whim which had compelled her to leave her pleasant little dwelling—losing her health in the closer atmosphere of the town, had won from him a promise to give

us (at Midsummer) six months’ notice to quit.

With an excess of caution, which I now bitterly deplored, we had refused to take a lease of the Nest; and therefore could only submit, and try to console ourselves with the recollection, that the distance from the railway station and the dullness of the dark and unfrequented road had often been felt—although never before acknowledged—during the winter months. We were now eager to get away from a spot which had lost its attractions; for what enjoyment was there in planning flower-beds or training honeysuckles, whose blossoming in the ensuing spring my eyes would not behold?

But what course to pursue it was not easy to determine. Should we commence another wearying round of inquiries? or—and this was an idea for which we were indebted to our grocer, one of those indefatigable little men who, amidst a multiplicity of affairs of their own, find time to know and interest themselves in their neighbours—should we invest a small legacy lately bequeathed to us in a plot of land, and build for ourselves such a home as we were now reluctantly relinquishing?

The United Townsmen of K—’s Building Society possessed (so the grocer informed us) a charming little estate on the west of the Borough which as yet was wholly unbuilt upon; and if we thought seriously of the notion, he, as secretary and general manager of the society, would be most happy to further our wishes to the utmost of his ability.

Accompanied by him, we accordingly inspected the Westborough estate, and found that his encomiums were not much exaggerated. Situated on a gentle slope, approached by a pretty winding lane, and commanding pleasant prospects,—on the one side of fields, through which a small stream ran glittering in the sunshine, and on the other of the grey-towered church and blocks of antiquated buildings comprising the ancient borough of K.,—nothing could be more suitable to our purpose. Rural and secluded, yet within walking distance of the town and rail, we both felt tolerably certain that for this once, at least, fortune was favouring us.

In reply to a prudent suggestion that the spot would soon lose half its attractions if too closely built upon, the secretary hastened to assure us that the long stretch of greensward fronting the site we had selected was, with one or two trifling exceptions, his own property; and that he proposed converting it into a garden for the use of his family. The land immediately adjoining the estate belonged to the Corporation, who were then putting an

iron railing around it; and for the rest, as the *mass* of the people generally follow the lead of the *few*, he did not doubt that, if we broke ground by putting up a tasteful and convenient structure, others would take their tone from ours; and, as a natural consequence, the Westborough estate, sprinkled with pretty cottages—*ornées*—would far surpass that at Eastborough, which, as every one knew, London contractors had crowded with expensive and ugly crescents and terraces.

The little secretary talked so fast and learnedly on all these points, and so fraternally advised us how to carry out the undertaking, that our original determination not to move in the matter until after due deliberation, was wholly forgotten. A few days found us in possession of a plot of freehold land, and immersed in the study of the plans and specifications sent in by a practical builder, to whom the grocer recommended us, and who, I must do him the justice to say, executed the work entrusted to him well and reasonably.

By the Lady-day of the following year, our cottage was pronounced to be in a fit state for occupation, and I hurried up from my native village in Dorsetshire, where a troublesome cough had induced my spouse to insist upon my wintering, instead of sharing with him the discomforts of a London lodging during the time we were homeless. The building, simple as it was, looked remarkably well as we approached it, although the pretty winding lane was now little better than a slough, and in some places was almost impassable; but the secretary, who had somehow learned the hour of my intended arrival, and had taken the trouble to be present at it, assured me that the Corporation intended making a good sound road as far as their own property extended;—and as regarded the roads and paths on the Westborough estate itself, if we could persuade our fellow-owners to unite with us in *making* them (technical this, but we soon learned the signification), the parish would then take them off our hands, and keep them in repair.

With the interior of our dwelling I was pleased—much pleased—but externally there were unsatisfactory changes. The frontage of greensward which my fancy had been picturing converted into a pretty flower garden, was partly sublet, and divided into small allotments by rails and fences of the rudest description; while the portion the secretary had reserved for himself was covered with patches of turnip greens and rows of cabbages. The glimpse between some elms, of the river and the church-tower, which I had thought so picturesque, was now completely blocked out

by a squat, ugly, little four-roomed red-brick house, before and behind which lines filled with fluttering garments proclaimed the business of its occupant.

My husband helplessly shrugging his shoulders and remaining silent, the grocer tranquilly replied to my exclamations of regret and annoyance:—

“Oh yes, certainly; the little place I pointed out could not boast of any *beauty*; but Mrs. Smith was a most industrious, praiseworthy creature, and had built it entirely from her savings. I must do him the justice to remember that he had not claimed the *whole* of the frontage. He had mentioned an exception or two, and Mrs. Smith's allotment was one of them. A clump of young trees nicely planted would shade us from the morning sun, and effectually conceal the laundry, if we really thought it unsightly.”

If!

And this large building on the land belonging to the Corporation, for what was this intended? It must have been in progress for some months, and yet had never been mentioned in my husband's letters.

“That”—and the secretary's face wore a look of profound astonishment—“that was the chapel of the new cemetery. Was it possible that I had resided so long in the vicinity of it, and had never heard of the Burial Board, and the closing of the churchyard, and the parochial squabbles about it? Oh dear no, I shouldn't find it a great disadvantage. He was sure, as he had often said to my excellent partner here, quite sure that I was not one of those nervous ladies who made troubles of *trifles*. The bell? Well, yes, certainly it might have a depressing influence at *first*; but it was astonishing how soon people got used to those sort of things; and as to its making Westborough *dull*, so nice a little cemetery as this would be must have quite a contrary effect, and would doubtless become the favourite resort of the townsfolk. Besides, there were militia barracks in K.; there would be military funerals occasionally—full band—‘Dead March in Saul’—splendid piece of music that! ‘Dead March in Saul’ going; lively march on returning. No, no, I should not find Westborough *dull*, I might depend upon it.”

It was no use arguing with this obtuse man, and it would be equally useless to dilate upon all I have endured since the consecration of the cemetery. Time may blunt my sensitiveness to the melancholy tolling of that dreadful bell, and may reconcile me to the vistas of tombstones, obelisks, and urns which are rising in the foreground of the view from my drawing-room windows:

but of this I must be permitted to remain dubious.

In the meanwhile the cottage ornées which were to have sprinkled this estate are myths. Too late for ourselves, we have made the discovery that Westborough, owing to its close proximity to a low and filthy suburb of the little town, is in disrepute with the more respectable portion of the inhabitants; and as no one will build handsome houses where there is so little chance of their being let, all the allotments in our immediate vicinity are being, to our dismay, rapidly covered with four-roomed tenements, which are commonly occupied by two families.

As the secretary's cabbages and potatoes continued to flourish before our eyes for a lengthened period, we, regarding these as a lesser evil than bricks and mortar, were hopeful of preserving an aristocratic distance from our fast-increasing neighbours. But alas! the *other little exception* which faces our front door is now adorned—shall I say?—by a long, low shed, in which a man, his wife, and sundry olive-branches have taken up their abode; and, the smallness of their domicile necessarily interfering with their movements, they, with an utter disregard of my feelings, perform as many as possible of their domestic duties in the open air. Added to this, volumes of smoke and steam on Monday mornings, and the additional presence of three matrons who sing and chatter at a row of wash-tubs, proclaim the unpleasant fact that Mrs. Black is a professor of the purifying art also.

The erection of this shed, and the irruptions we are constantly suffering of Daniel Black's noisy and saucy children, have aroused my peace-loving spouse into remonstrating with the secretary, who instantly admitted that the said Daniel Black had scandalously infringed his agreement by putting up such a hovel instead of a decent dwelling-house. A notice was promptly served upon the man to the effect that it must be removed. But, as it appears that the society cannot enforce the pulling down of an erection merely intended to fulfil the purpose of a stable or laundry, David Black, with equal promptitude, took lodgings for his family, and affirmed he was not converting his shed into a dwelling-house, inasmuch as he did not sleep in it.

This quashed the threatened proceedings, and at the end of a week the two bedsteads which had been temporarily taken away, were brought back, and Daniel Black's triumph celebrated by an orgy which kept me awake half the night.

Twice has this futile endeavour to eject him

been made; the recurrence of the same being certified to us by a visit from a juvenile Black for the loan of a bedwinch, and the wheeling away of sundry laths, poles, and bundles, on a hand-barrow; while the defeat of the society is tacitly understood, when, in the course of a week or two, the winch is returned to us, and the hand-barrow brings back its load.

Anxious to be rid of this eyesore, but equally desirous to avoid embroiling ourselves with persons whose angry passions it would not be well to arouse, we have endeavoured through the secretary to treat for the purchase of Daniel Black's landed property. But he has positively declined our liberal offer, alleging "that he isn't likely to meet with another bit o' ground with such a pleasant look-out, or such 'spectable neighbours opposite;" and as a proof of his interest in our well-doing, *my* appearance among my flower-beds generally evokes *his* at the railings, where he lounges, smokes, and favours me with his opinions upon our proceedings, with a freedom which has compelled me to give up gardening, except in his absence from home.

However excellent dearly bought experience may be, I cannot doubt that many of my readers prefer achieving theirs through the misadventures of others. Our own, therefore, may not be without its uses as a caution "to persons about to build." Through incautious haste in purchasing a new site, we are beset with small difficulties, or, rather, with great annoyances. Without drainage or lamps; and with no prospect of a better road than I have already described, until non-resident owners can be persuaded to subscribe a share of the expense of improving, yet are we heavily rated for all these necessities; and, to complete our mortification, the secretary has just received an offer from Barrel the great Brewer for his cabbage garden, which, in justice to his family, he feels it his duty to accept. Consequently, in a few months, our *vis-à-vis* will be a public-house, ostensibly erected for the convenience of visitors to the Cemetery.

Again, we are asking ourselves what course we shall pursue? Will this public confession of our disappointments and distress avail to extricate us from them? To an author meditating an enlarged edition of Hervey's "Meditations on the Tombs," or an essay on Epitaphs, our cottage would be an appropriate retreat; or to a philanthropic individual benevolently desirous of investigating and reforming the habits and customs of the lower classes, Westborough presents a fine field; and we shall be most happy to let or sell on terms advantageous to the purchasers.

LOUISA CROW.



KING ERICK.—(FROM THE GERMAN.)

PRINCE ERICK, the king's youthful son,
 Sweet Anna's love won he;
 Sweet Anna with the golden hair;
 No fishermaid than she more fair
 On earth mote ever be.

For her he hunted hart and bear,
 At dawn, the forest through:
 With her, at ruddy eventide,
 The oar upon the lake he plied,
 The laden nets he drew.

"Farewell, my love! I must obey
 A father's bidding dread;
 Yet thine I evermore remain."—
 A twelvemonth passed—he came again—
 Sweet Anna, she was dead.

The aged king sank to the grave:
 Prince Erick wears the crown!
 King Erick, 'tis thy loftiest day!
 Cast grief and lovelorn cares away.—
 'Tis empire and renown!

The king cast lovelorn cares away—
His realm he guarded true;
In hour of peace sage counsel gave,
By sea and land, in conflict brave,
Full many a foe o'erthrew.

Then, stricken well in years, he set
His house in meet array;
Breathed blessings on his cherish'd land—
Again took spear and nets in hand,
And to the lake away.

In his lost love's forsaken hut,
Unseen of every eye,
His solitary watch he kept,
While in and out the wild winds swept—
It seem'd like days gone by.

Again he hunted hart and bear,
At dawn, the forest through;
As still for her, at eventide,
The oar upon the lake he plied,
The weighty nets he drew.

So lingered there this weary king
With fond and truthful heart,
And flowing locks all silver white,
Waiting the hour to reunite
Those friends no more to part.

And as he once to slumber sank,
He dreamt a dream most fair:
Sweet Anna, with an angel band,
Oped him the gate of Edenland—
And he awaken'd there. H. THOMPSON.

ADRIANA.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE old nurse was dropping off to sleep in her chair; the wind whistled and shrieked round the house; the clock struck,—one, two, three.

There came a tap at the nursery door.

"May I come in?"

The old nurse half roused herself, but the effort was too great, and she closed her eyes more firmly than ever. Adriana, intent on her watch over Charley, heard nothing until a hand was laid upon her arm, and a voice beside her said:—

"Miss Linden."

"Mr. Etheredge!"

"You are killing yourself; go and get some rest. I will watch Charley. Let me see, what night is this?"

"I do not know."

"You cannot stand this; you must be tired."

"Tired!" repeated Adriana, with a slight intonation of contempt.

"Yes, tired," reiterated Mr. Etheredge, calmly. "Go, and I will watch."

"No."

"I can manage admirably; Charley is very fond of me."

The child moved uneasily on his pillow, and breathed convulsively. Mr. Etheredge instinctively stooped forward, and raised him; Charley lifted his feeble arm as if to push him back, and began to moan.

Adriana stood aside for a moment, and the child continued tossing about, stretching out his hands as if in search of some one, and still uttering a low wailing cry.

"Hush, darling, hush," said Adriana, smoothing the pillow, and laying her face down by his. The touch and tone seemed to have a soothing influence: the little hands dropped down, and the cry ceased.

"You see you can do nothing," said Adriana.

"But, Miss Linden, you will be worn out."

"Worn out: I am not even sleepy," and she raised her eyes steadily.

The large brown honest eyes! she must have been looking in that way when the picture was taken. Mr. Etheredge looked at her compassionately: she had never noticed any likeness between the half-brothers until that moment.

"Go, please, go; no one shall nurse Charley but myself," she said, impetuously.

Mr. Etheredge went. The lull of the voices roused the nurse.

"I was dreaming that the master was here."

"Mr. Etheredge has been here, wanting to take care of Charley."

"They're like and not like," continued the old nurse, absorbed in the musings that seemed to have been suggested by her dreams. "You've never seen the master, Miss Linden; a more lightsomer lad than Master Charles never trod the earth. Mr. Richard was always the steady one, as grave as a judge, or graver; but, I don't know how it is, they seem to have changed places. Master Charles is the quiet one now; Mr. Richard is more sprightly-like than he used to be. I don't know, but his voice sounds more like what Master Charles's did; it came into my dream, I think, and made me fancy that I heard the master."

"Have you lived long in the family?" asked Adriana, longing to hear more, yet afraid to ask any questions.

"I came here when Master Charles was a baby less than the little one yonder. Ah, how time slips away! The old nursery looks just as it did; yon is the very cot he used to sleep in, in the old times, when I sat watching him as we're watching little Master Charley

now." And the old woman seemed relapsing into another doze.

"Won't you have a cup of tea, nurse?" said Adriana.

"Yes, and it will just refresh me, and keep me awake a bit; and you must lie down, and get a bit of sleep, Miss Linden."

"Presently, but I am not sleepy yet," answered Adriana, not knowing how to bring back the old woman to the broken train of thought she had been pursuing. "It's four o'clock. Mrs. Braddick will want to know how Charley is; she has not been in since eleven."

"Ah, and Mrs. Braddick too. How days go by: it was a long engagement, from children almost, for Miss Margaret was here more than at her own home; and Mrs. Cunningham's heart was fixed upon it. It's seldom that people have things happen just as they wish; but it turned out just to her mind, and every one was so pleased there was not a soul but thought it was just as was best, and things don't often happen so that no one finds fault with them, and no one did with that wedding."

If the old nurse could have looked into her companion's heart at that moment her ramblings would have been cut short by very astonishment; but she saw nothing but a very pale face, with dark attentive eyes that seemed to invite her to go on. There is something fascinating in being listened to, and so the old woman evidently felt; she poked the fire complacently, sipped the cup of tea Adriana had poured out for her, then, slowly stirring the spoon round and round, she resumed:

"Mr. Charles was away for long together before his marriage; I don't know that he was ill when he was away or what, but he used to come home looking sad and sorrowful, and the more company Mrs. Cunningham used to get together to cheer him up, the worse it seemed to make him." Adriana's heart was beating half triumphantly. "And so at last," continued the nurse, "it came to be so dull whenever he came, that Mrs. Cunningham thought it must be that his marriage was as far off as ever; for you see, Miss Linden, he had not much of his own, it was all the mistress's; and so she said he should not have to wait, she would make it all over to him, and he must allow her so much a year out of it, for he was her favourite son, and she did not mind what she gave up for him. And like enough it was that he should be sorrowful, for Miss Margaret was a handsome young lady; there were few like her in the country. Mr. Charles said he could wait, and begged his mother not to do anything, but she knew

him better than he knew himself: and so she had the lawyers, and it was all settled, and so there was no reason why they should not be married then." Adriana hid her face, and gave a half groan. Nurse Alison looked up in surprise and half alarm. "You are ill, I know you are, Miss Linden: do lie down."

"Not to-night; the danger will be over to-night. See, Charley's restless; and the doctor said everything depended on a quiet sleep."

The child tossed his arms about, moaning incessantly; his breathing was hurried, his cheeks were burning, he would not lie still in any position. Adriana lifted him out of the cot, threw a shawl round him, and took him in her arms. She rocked him gently, and sung in a soft low voice, and before long he was quietly asleep again.

"Put him into his cot, Miss Linden; you'll be wearied enough before he wakes."

"No, no, it will rouse him up if I move; just put something round me, for it is very cold."

The nurse folded a dark plaid carefully round Adriana, and placed a pillow behind her head.

"You're as white as a ghost, Miss Linden, and not much more substance either," said she, as she sat down on her own side of the fire again. Adriana closed her eyes, but not to sleep; she was only shutting out the present and driving back her thoughts into the long past. "Sad and sorrowful, sad and sorrowful," the words rang through her heart. It was a wild mournful cadence at first, rousing up bitter feelings; but as it went on, "sad and sorrowful, sad and sorrowful," the words ran into a soothing melody, like the gentle rippling of a stream, and calmed down the bitterness, and her heart was softened. He too might have had sorrow, regret perhaps, even remorse. "God forgive me!" burst from her lips. It was the first prayer she had uttered for many a day.

"Miss Linden, dear," said the old nurse. Adriana opened her eyes, and gazed dreamily at her.

"Oh, dear!" said the old woman, "she's wandering. Miss Linden?"

"Did I say anything, nurse?" asked Adriana.

"Forgive——" began Nurse Alison.

"Ah," said Adriana, "forgive!—why should I forgive? I have no one to forgive; the music was very pleasant."

"Dear, dear! I knew this would be the end of it," said the nurse. "Miss Linden, dear, you're dreaming; try to rouse up. The doctor's coming; I hear his ring, and Master Charley's in a sweet sleep. He's safe, Miss

Linden; feel his little heart how quiet it beats, and his skin is moist, and all the scarlet flush is gone. Hark! he's coming up. Miss Linden, Miss Linden!"

Adriana was listening now, for as the footsteps approached, voices came too, and there was another voice besides the doctor's and Mr. Etheredge's; the door opened quickly but noiselessly, and a slight gentlemanly-looking man with sorrowful eyes bent over the sleeping child.

"Charley, my boy, my boy!"

"Safe!" murmured Adriana, placing the child in his father's arms.

"The master!" ejaculated the old nurse.

"Master Charley's safe, sir."

"Safe," repeated the doctor, who had entered the room, "but here is another patient for me."

Adriana had fainted.

"No wonder, poor thing!" said the old nurse; "she's had no sleep these three nights, for Master Charley would go to no one else."

Mrs. Braddick and Mrs. Cunningham were in the room now. The doctor was applying restoratives. Adriana half unclosed her eyes, and gave a shudder.

"Better take her to her own room," said he; and he lifted Adriana gently from her seat. As he did so, the comb dropped from her hair, and the long golden waves fell over his arm.

Mr. Braddick started. What recollections did that golden hair bring up?—surely that pale senseless face was familiar to him.

"Miss Linden! has she nursed Charley?"

"Of course, my dear Charles," said Mrs. Braddick; "she is the governess, and Charley is very fond of her."

"The governess!—Miss Linden?"

"Yes, my dear; I don't see anything strange in it. She is a most excellent young person, and we are all very fond of her—all except Richard, I may say."

Mr. Etheredge gave one of his peculiar smiles, but said nothing. The plot was becoming clearer to him; the third act was past, what was to come next?

Adriana had been taken to her own room, and the stately Mrs. Cunningham herself had laid the weary head on the pillow.

"We owe her much," said she; "but for her unwearied exertions we might have lost poor little Charley. I will sit here awhile, Alison," she continued. "Send Anne at six o'clock, and then I will lie down till breakfast-time."

As six struck, and she was crossing the passage to her own room, Mr. Etheredge met her.

"How is Miss Linden, mother?"

"The doctor says her pulse is quieter, and that she may sleep away the danger of fever, but is very much exhausted."

CHAPTER IX.

At ten o'clock Adriana was still sleeping. The kindly old doctor had looked in, desired that she might not be disturbed, and left a composing draught to be given to her when she awoke. But she slept on till the girl who had been left to watch her began to be afraid that the quiet white face slept the deep sleep that has no awaking. Dare she just touch her hand? but if she did it would bring no evidence, for the icy coldness would not have had time to set in. The country girl had known something of death.

She would draw aside the curtain to let in a little more light,—she could see better if she moved. Whiter and whiter looked the face as the sunlight fell upon it.

What should she do? The doctor had said she was not to be disturbed; yet she could bear the suspense no longer. She would call Nurse Alison to look at Miss Linden. As she moved to open the door, her dress caught on a chair, and dragged it to the ground.

The sudden noise aroused the sleeper. She half started up.

"Where am I, Charley?"

The girl had moved to the side of the bed again.

"Anne?"

"Yes, Miss Linden. Charley's out of danger, miss; and doing well; you fainted, and——"

"Ah, yes, I remember," said Adriana, wearily. "Have I been asleep long?"

"It's nearly eleven now; you've slept as quiet as a lamb. I'm so sorry I woke you."

"Never mind, Anne, I shall not be awake very long, I'm so sleepy. Will you stay with me till I wake?" said she, earnestly. "I don't think I shall have the fever; but don't let anyone else come in. You'll stay?"

"Yes," said the girl.

"And if I speak wake me."

The girl poured out the draught; Adriana drank it off, her head sank back on the pillow, and in five minutes the girl was beginning to wonder again whether she were dead or sleeping.

The day wore on: the evening hours were setting in when Adriana awoke. Anne was keeping conscientious watch over her.

"How do you feel, miss?" asked the girl.

"All right, Anne. I think I'll get up."

"Oh, no, Dr. Wilson said you must lie still till morning, at any rate. Mrs. Cunn-

ham said so too; she's been to ask after you a great many times. But aren't you hungry, miss?"

"No—yes—yes, I think I am; I must keep up my strength, I suppose."

"Strength," soliloquized she, when the girl had left the room, "I need my strength. Where am I? Why did I not go away? Is there anything real in life? Is it not a long fever-dream that one never seems to wake from till the end? Oh, how long the end is in coming! I have no strength: what shall I do? Cowardly! contemptible! play out your part. Has he not come home to his wife, his children? He is happy; he cares not for the past,—the past is yours alone; a life to live over and over, never to be, yet ever present."

She raised herself as she spoke, and the colour flitted into her cheeks. "I am quite well—quite strong. How hard it is to crush out life! how it springs up and battles against the foe! I cannot die, I cannot die! life is too strong; my pulse is firm and steady. I shall not have the fever: I could walk through fever hospitals, and visit damp noisome hovels all unscathed, bend over plague-smitten lips, and yet be unharmed. Misery bears a charmed life. The unhappy fear nothing. Oh, life, life, how hard it is to live!"

"Miss Linden, Miss Linden!" said Anne, for on her return Adriana's flushed face alarmed her.

"You see there's nothing the matter with me now, Anne. See how strong and well I am, and so hungry. I must eat, whether I will or not," and she drew the tray towards her."

Anne looked on in silence. Adriana almost devoured the food.

"What a terrible thing it must be to die of hunger, Anne."

"Yes, miss."

"There are stories told of victims closed up in walls, with just a narrow space to stand in, left with a pitcher of water and morsel of bread, and when that was gone they must stand there quietly, and wait for death. No, they could not wait quietly: think of the fearful despair—the agony. Shriek after shriek must have stifled within those stones." And Adriana shuddered.

"Don't speak of such things now, miss," said Anne. "I doubt if you are as well as you think for."

"I wonder how long they were in dying. I suppose all their past life came up before them, and they knew then what their judgment would be. I daresay the dying have a presentiment of their future—a sort of foreknowledge."

The girl grew more and more bewildered, and was greatly relieved to hear Mrs. Cunningham's step outside.

Mrs. Cunningham gently opened the door, and, seeing Adriana was awake, came in.

"You look a little feverish; lie down again," and she smoothed the pillows, and laid Adriana's head on them. "I will take care of Miss Linden, Anne."

"Oh, no, I need not trouble any one," said Adriana.

"Indeed you need," answered Mrs. Cunningham; "but you must not speak of trouble. We owe too much to you to think anything that will bring back your strength a trouble."

"I am quite strong."

"So you think, but you do not know how one deceives oneself in these cases. You are just rested after your long sleep, but in the morning you will feel differently. After so long a loss of rest it takes some time to recruit."

"Oh, Mrs. Cunningham! please do not stay with me. I cannot bear to see you troubling yourself about me."

"Hush! I will not hear that word. I can only remember how you watched by Charley. What would poor Charles have done if he had come home to find his beautiful boy dead?" Adriana turned away her face. Mrs. Cunningham went on: "Margaret, too, she would have come to thank you, but I would not let her come to-night."

Adriana gave a convulsive sob.

Mrs. Cunningham stooped down and kissed the pale forehead. She was a stately old lady, and generally undemonstrative, but there were tender places in her heart, and Adriana's untiring devotion to her grandchild had stirred up depths of gratitude, added to a sort of fascination that had been gradually drawing her towards Adriana. "Richard quite undervalues Miss Linden," she cogitated, and a sort of antagonism rose in her mind, a wish to show him that he was mistaken in his estimate. So she sat down by the bedside to watch.

Adriana's face was turned away: Mrs. Cunningham thought she was asleep.

Presently, in a slow measured voice, as of one speaking with an effort, Adriana spoke.

"Do not be offended, Mrs. Cunningham; but I think I should be better alone."

"As you wish it, then," said Mrs. Cunningham, kindly; "good night, and pleasant dreams."

"Pleasant dreams!" muttered Adriana, as the door closed. She sprang up, bolted it, and flinging herself on the bed again, burst into a wild fit of stifled laughter—stifled, for she dared utter no sound, else shriek upon

shriek would have burst forth to have given her relief; as it was, she controlled any outcry, but her frame shook with convulsive sobs which she could not quiet. Again and again the paroxysm burst forth, till she sank back exhausted, and sobbed herself to sleep.

Night drew her dark curtains closer around the weary frame, and Morpheus gently stole to the sleeper's side, and whispered into her ear pleasant words of the calm days of olden times ere sorrow had cast its shadow over her. The troubled soul fled from the present, and sought rest in the quiet past. A little child sat holding its mother's hand under the deep spreading shade of a Spanish chestnut. Beautiful flowers were growing on every side, and the child loosed its mother's hand to gather them. Ah! there was an unlooked-for sting in the flower, and the little one, with piteous cry, held out its hand. "Oh, mother, mother!" And the mother lifted up the child on her knee and kissed away the pain, and the child nestled closer and closer, comforted and protected.

Strange that such childish remembrances should come back: what train of waking thought had suggested them? Why should the thoughts fly back almost to forgotten infancy, when the bitter realities of the present were eating their way into her heart? Who can tell the mystic economy of dream-life, the capricious wanderings of the soul, the immaterial, whilst the unconscious material, the body, takes its rest—is dead to all around it? No outward impression conveyed through the medium of the senses; the eye sees not, the ear hears not; and yet the soul passes through scenes, wild, mournful, terrible, joyful beyond all that ever happens in our waking hours. Time is annihilated, circumstances disregarded, and incongruity does not seem incongruous.

Adriana's dreams were pleasant, and Mrs. Cunningham's wish was fulfilled.

CHAPTER X.

MR. BRADDICK was pacing up and down the library: every now and then he paused.

"Richard."

Mr. Etheredge was standing before the fire, apparently absorbed in the newspaper.

"Richard!"

"Well?"

Mr. Braddick resumed his walk, and Mr. Etheredge remained poring over the paper.

"Why can't you answer a fellow when he wishes to talk to you?" said Mr. Braddick, coming to a sudden halt.

"You've said 'Richard' at least four times, and I've said 'Well: ' what more could I do?"

"It's awkward sometimes asking questions," said Mr. Braddick, giving the fire a poke and

letting the poker drop. "Dick, I'm not accustomed to making confidences, as you know, but I want you to answer some questions, and make no comments."

"Hum, well?"

"Where did Miss Linden come from?"

"How should I know, Charles? I never inquired. Margaret advertised, Miss Linden answered, and Miss Linden came. That is all I know about the matter."

"Oh."

"I don't think she knew where she was coming."

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Braddick.

"I don't think she knew *your* name was Braddick."

Mr. Braddick took two or three strides up and down the room.

"Confound it, Richard, I don't believe you have a particle of sympathy in you. Here am I wishing to draw you out upon a subject, and can't get a word from you."

"I thought I was to make no comments."

"Well, who wants you to make comments? I only want facts."

"I've told you I know nothing of how, why, wherefore, or whence Miss Linden came."

"Do you know anything about her?"

"Next to nothing; but I am willing to give you all the information I can. Miss Linden came to us in London, and came down here with us. One day on entering the library I find Miss Linden deeply absorbed in your picture. She is evidently agitated, and as evidently tries to conceal it. 'Whose portrait is it?' 'Mr. Braddick's.' Whereat she is evidently relieved. Afterwards I introduce my mother, Mrs. Cunningham. A sudden light flashes upon her. I am perplexed, and don't know what to make of it. Some time afterwards I look over the drawings you sent from India—a sketch drops out—I recognise it at once. I make surmises as to the state of affairs, but arrive at no certain conclusions."

"Richard," said Mr. Braddick, gravely, "I never was really in love but once."

"Very satisfactory indeed to Margaret."

"Margaret!—who was thinking of Margaret?"

"I was, of course."

"I wasn't," said Mr. Braddick, hastily. "Dick, I got engaged to Margaret early, before I knew my own mind; then I saw Miss Linden, and knew my mind at once. What could I do?"

"Did Miss Linden know?"

"I never told her."

"Hem! Isn't that rather an evasion? *What* was Miss Linden's mind?"

"It's no vanity, Dick; I wish it had been. Her mind answered to mine. When I saw her last I hoped that I might never see her again. I hoped that in years I might forget the look of those sad eyes the night that we parted."

"And here, you've both met at my house—a pleasant dilemma. Charles, I never suspected you of flirting."

"Neither need you. I tell you what, there's a destiny,—a fate that urges one on. What could I do but be honourable to my engagement?"

"Hem! and be dishonourable to some one else—excuse plain speaking."

"I never said anything to mislead her."

"Did she know you were engaged?"

"No."

"Does Margaret know you have met before?"

"No, that is one awkward part of it; between the two I don't know what is best to be done. Explanations, besides being a bore, generally make matters worse. What's your advice?"

"Leave Miss Linden to take the initiative," said Mr. Etheredge.

(To be continued.)

THE DANGERS OF SANITY.

THE Irish town of Poplin (I dare not give the place its real name) was never very deficient in blackguards; but, a few years ago, it boasted a very black sheep who was called Shaun Magee. The crimes attributed to Shaun were simply innumerable. If he had hitherto escaped the gallows, it was through no particular watchfulness on his own part; for Shaun took no pains to conceal his misdeeds, but rather that he was a true gregarious Irishman, and that all his evil escapades took place when he was associated with a dozen or two of congenial spirits. It is to be feared, however, that much of the evil notoriety acquired by Shaun was due to one special failing he had, a leaning towards heresy; and that the good people of Poplin, horrified at the notion, immediately came to the conclusion that if Shaun had not been hanged for a dozen capital offences, it was not his fault, but the fault of the English government.

Suddenly, however, Shaun was attacked by his conscience. He repented him of his crimes; and privately repaired to a worthy priest, called Father Mahoney, at whose confessional Shaun revealed the numerous errors he had committed. The good father rejoiced over the returning sinner, and welcomed to the bosom of the church one who had gone

of piety, until he became one of the Father's pet pupils; though all this time he had spoken to no one of his conversion. Perhaps he was afraid he should draw disfavour upon the character of the good old priest who had received him, and may have resolved to postpone the disclosures of his repentance until the flavour of his past offences should have somewhat disappeared.

Now, it happened that Father Mahoney, amongst his other duties, was accustomed to conduct mass in the chapel attached to the lunatic asylum of Poplin; and, one forenoon, as he was rapidly on his way towards this chapel, he met Shaun Magee.

Shaun humbly took off his cap, as in duty bound, and was about to pass the Father, when the latter stopped him.

"I'm in great perplexity, Shaun," said the Father.

"Indade, your rivirence," said Shaun, with manifest concern, "and axing your pardon, your rivirence, is't anything now I could do for yiz?"

"Well, to tell you the truth, Shaun, I've got no one to serve mass at the chapel. There's Mr. O'Halloran has taken suddenly unwell, and I'm clean bothered to get some one in his place. Do you think you could serve mass, Shaun?"

"Sure I could, your rivirence; weren't we all tached to serve mass? And if I went wrong, sure it's your rivirence could give me a bit of a hint."

"Come along, then, Shaun; I'm glad I've met ye, for indeed it's a great favour you're doing me."

"And saving your presence, it's no favour at all!" cried Shaun. "Ah, your rivirence, isn't it glad a poor boy is to do you a good turn for what yiz do to every won?"

So, Father Mahoney and his pupil were speedily in the chapel; and though Shaun did at first feel somewhat embarrassed in the white surplice, he soon forgot his bashfulness in his anxiety to help the Father. The service proceeded in the usual way; and, if Shaun did make one or two little mistakes, he said to himself, "Sure it's not a bit of harm it'll do the poor crayturs; there's norra one o' them knows the difference."

"I'm obliged to ye, Shaun," said the Father, when it was all over, "and I will say you remembered the service well. But what made ye grin like a sucking-pig?"

"Well, your rivirence, I was just thinking that some of the poor crayturs might have seen me face before, and wouldn't it be the divvle's own wonder—I ax pardon, your rivirence—for them to see Shaun Magee serving mass?"

"Why Shaun?"

"Well, you see, your rivrence, they've told some daycent stories about me in my time, and——"

"Never mind, Shaun. It's a hard thing if a poor boy is always to be brow-bated about what he's done years before."

"Thank ye, your rivrence."

"Good day to ye, Shaun."

"Good day, your rivrence," said Shaun, with an humble obeisance; and they parted.

Now it further happened that in this lunatic asylum there had been confined for many years a gentleman of some consequence in Poplin. He had never been very insane; but his friends had come to the conclusion that the best thing to cure him of his gentle hallucinations was to place him under the care of the doctors in the asylum. Recently reports had been daily growing in his favour; until came the final intelligence that the doctors considered him perfectly sane.

His relatives (whether rejoicing at the intelligence or not, history is not in a position to chronicle,) resolved to meet in the lunatic asylum, and there judge for themselves as to the certainty of their friend's recovery. The day appointed for this meeting was that succeeding the day on which Shaun Magee had served mass.

The relatives of the hitherto insane man, therefore, were assembled in a room within the asylum; and to this commission of inquiry came the gentleman himself. He was affectionately received by his friends, and sat down to converse with him, they narrowly watching for any symptom of his previous ailment. Everything progressed satisfactorily. His remarks were quite up to the intelligence of the auditors; and in no respect were bizarre or ludicrous.

"By the way," said he, "do you know who was at mass yesterday?"

"Father Mahoney, was it not?"

"And who served him, do ye think?"

They protested their ignorance.

"Shaun Magee," said he.

"Who?"

"Shaun Magee."

"Shaun Magee serving mass?"

"Yes."

The friends of the unhappy man looked towards each other, with apparent horror, perhaps with inward satisfaction.

"Sure you're mistaken, Mr. Jewry," said one; "don't yiz know that Shaun Magee, begging your pardon, is one of the biggest blackguards in Poplin, an idle, dhrunken, swearing vagabond?"

"He served mass here yesterday," said Mr. Jewry, firmly.

"The divvle's as mad as a March hare,"

said one, in a whisper; "be me sowl, it's not a safe thing to be nare him."

"Oh, it's joking ye are, Mr. Jewry," said another; "ye're making fun av us, ye divvle!"

"Dade, I'm not then," said Mr. Jewry, "for I saw him with me own eyes."

The friends withdrew; and Mr. Jewry was ignominiously ordered back to his ordinary duties and restrictions. Protesting, vowing, swearing, was of no avail; nay, they rather the more convinced every one of the poor man's hopeless madness.

"Shaun Magee!" cries one of the relatives as they went their way homeward.

"He'll never be a sane man in this world, except be the blessing of God and the Holy Virgin."

And so it was that poor Mr. Jewry was thrust back into his confinement. Several weeks passed by, and no one thought any more of the matter. Every one knew that Mr. Jewry was still a lunatic, and pitied him, and envied his relatives. But one day one of these relations, passing down the street, met Shaun Magee.

"Good day to ye, Shaun."

"The top o' the morning to ye, Phelim."

"By the holy piper, Shaun, I've got sumthin to tell yiz. Sure yiz must know Pat Jewry, that made a rare bag o' goold wi' his owld rags and bones?"

"Av coorse I know the gintleman."

"He's a fair straight lunatic, Shaun."

"And what av that, Phelim?"

"We thought the poor boy had been cured and all of us thought of taking him out; and sure it's not for a year ye would be guessing to tell what he said to us. He said that Shaun Magee had been serving holy mass in the chapel."

"Faith, then, Phelim, he made no big blunder."

"What do yiz mane, Shaun?"

"I mane that mesilf, Shaun Magee, did, by the grace of God and the help of his rivrence, serve mass in that same chapel. That's what I mane, Phelim Jewry."

"Och, Mother of Moses! it's ruined we are, every mother's son of us! Jump up, Shaun, on this kyar, and let's fly with the blessed news."

And they did fly. Round to the houses of all poor Tom's relatives they went with this true narrative; and speedily a fresh commission of inquiry was instituted, and the unhappy victim set at liberty. The historian has further but to chronicle that there was a grand dinner to celebrate the liberation, at which the former lunatic generously proposed the health and continued happiness of Mr. Shaun Magee.

WILLIAM BLACK.

A TURKISH TRAGEDY.

MIDWAY between Constantinople and Barossa, to which latter place I had made an excursion in the spring of 18—, stands the romantic village of Emir Keng, built round the borders of a small clear lake, forming the source of a pretty river, which winds through a rich valley to the sea. This village is surrounded by forests of olives and gigantic walnut-trees, which almost bury it beneath their thick foliage during the summer, when the air is impregnated for miles in all directions by the delicious perfume of the fields of violets cultivated for the Stamboul market. The extensive vineyards and luxuriant cornfields impart an additional softness and richness to the gently undulating landscape, while the humble minaret peering through the woody curtain that all but envelopes it, and the snow-white houses with their glittering gardens, still further enhance the rural beauty of the scene, and complete a picture of at least apparent contentment and pastoral innocence rarely equalled in my experience. At Emir Keng I had taken up my quarters for four-and-twenty hours; and the magnificence of the surrounding scenery, together with the extreme hospitality lavished on me by the single-hearted inhabitants of this delightful hamlet, made me resolve to linger there for a longer period on my return to Constantinople. Foremost among those who had loaded me with civility and kindness, was Sahir Agha, the principal personage of the place, who, greeting me with more than courtly grace, had insisted on my transporting my scanty luggage from the *gahvé* at which I had dismounted, to his own abode, vowing in his expressive dialect that the house was not his, but mine, so long as I condescended to remain in it, and exacting from me a promise on my departure, that I would, as I repassed, spend three or four days as his guest. My impaired health and wasted strength requiring pure air and rest, I readily enough assured the old Agha that I would tarry with him, the more so that the charms of this little paradise had imbued me with a desire to explore it more fully.

For a week I admired Barossa, loitering amid the splendid localities of the neighbourhood, and losing myself in the snows of Mount Olympus. From those classic regions I then started on my return to the "Beautiful Stamboul," the fond epithet bestowed on it by the Moslem, who deems it, not only the centre, but also the pearl, of the whole earth. In due time I arrived, and alighted *sans cérémonie* at the door of the Agha's mansion, to which he was no less delighted to welcome me, than I was to enjoy the cool shade and the repose of his

parmaylig (balcony), after an eight hours' ride under a scorching eastern sun. Sahir Agha, who must have numbered some seventy or seventy-five winters, was one of the most patriarchal figures I had ever seen, majestic to a degree unusual even in that majestic race, the Turks of Anadoly. In height he was upwards of six feet, and though so advanced in age, he was erect as the tall cypress of the adjacent *Mezalig* (burial-ground); a little inclined to *embonpoint*, just enough to impart an air of additional dignity to a man of his years; his luxuriant beard, white as the Olympian snows, fell to within an inch of the shawl of many folds and many hues which encircled his loins; a turban of capacious dimensions, and of a shade of green denoting his claim to be reckoned among the Emirs or sheriffs (the descendants of the Prophet), shielded his venerable brow from the burning rays of the summer sun, and from the piercing, northern wintry blast, adding to the highly picturesque appearance of the Agha. His dame, some fifteen or twenty years his junior, hospitable as her lord, was moving quickly about, superintending the completion of the arrangements in the room destined for the *musafir* (guest), ordering the dusky damsel who occupied the important post of *chef de cuisine* in their primitive establishment to hasten the evening meal, to look well to the *pilaff* (chickens boiled with rice), to put some spice into this dish and some honey into that; and ever and anon pausing in her erratic evolutions to ask some question regarding Stamboul, or to express her surprise at the acknowledgment I had been compelled to make, that I had never become acquainted with, or even met, her son, who was "reading" there; while at each recurrence of such expression of wonderment on her part, she would incur a bantering reproof from her amiable old spouse.

"These foolish women," he would say to me, by way of explanation, "cannot form a conception of the immense size of our Stamboul; they think it is like their own villages, where every individual is the neighbour of the other and of all. My wife has never had the good fortune to behold the pomp of the city, or the majesty of our lord the Sultan, on whom be the glory of God and salvation. But, Inshallah! when you go back you will do me the favour to bear a letter from me, and a present from his mother to our son: and certainly you will look upon no common man. His native village may yet have to boast of one who will throw dust in the eyes of the very masters of science of our days; had he been born in the olden times, I verily think that he would have sat not far from the side of our lord the Sultan in his Divan. Inshallah!

he will be a great man yet. He has now been reading in the College for three years, and we never see him except at the Ramazan, when he comes to bring joy to our hearts, and new light to our old eyes."

Four days of peace and tranquillity did I pass in that still and beautiful village; forgetful of the turmoil and the crosses, the struggles, and the bitter disappointments and heart-burnings of the busy world. Reclining luxuriously on the soft rugs spread on the flooring of the *parmaylig*, gazing on the lovely landscape of the verdant plain below, the calm, bright Marmora beyond, and in the further distance the mountain-peaks of Roumelia, how contented could I have imagined myself, thus to dream away the few remaining years of my earthly pilgrimage in that peaceful abode, and to bid a long farewell to the petty pride, the cold selfishness, and the heartless etiquette of "Franguestan." These fanciful reveries were occasionally interrupted by the master of the house, who would place himself by my side, and question me for the hour together about the war then being waged with Mehemet Ali, and the unfavourable state of affairs at Stamboul, pathetically lamenting the distress of the peasantry, the burden of the heavy taxes, and the depopulation of the country arising from the drain of all the village lads for the army and the fleet.

"Those," he said, "who did not die resisting when seized by the press-gangs, or sink beneath fatigue and grief on the road, were sure to fall victims to the plague before they had been shut up in the capital for a month; and as for those who did survive to face the enemy, how could they expect such soldiers to fight? With regard also to the war in Egypt, Mussulmen will never fight against Mussulmen—they are all brothers, and care no more for Mehemet Ali or the Sultan than I do for this wisp of straw. Ah!" he would add, stroking his long beard, "it was not so in the ancient times, before the magnificence of the Gates of Felicity was superseded by the indecent dress of those Russians; the whole land was then but one garden of peace and plenty, and every man had his own yatagan and his gun to defend the home of his fathers if ever an enemy dared to show the tip of his nose. Allah Kerim! may we soon reach the end of these troubles, and by the mercy of God we shall see everything smooth and peaceful once more."

The dame would sit and listen in silent admiration to these political disquisitions of her lord, but after awhile she would generally change the topic of discourse by reverting to her son, and wishing he were back again in their tranquil village, cultivating the paternal acres, instead of wasting his life over books

that were of no use to anyone, and she would end by imploring me, as I "loved God," not to fail to go and ascertain if he were in good health, and to tell him to leave all and be at home again before the next Bairam.

Ere I quitted Emir Keng I availed myself of any stray opportunity to make some enquiries among the villagers and neighbours regarding Sahir's son; and I did this, partly on account of the interest excited in me by the truly hospitable and hearty kindness which dictated every word and action of my good host and his worthy helpmate, and partly owing to a shade of nervous anxiety and apparent foreboding in the mother's manner and countenance whenever the name of one so dear to her was mentioned, coupled with her extreme desire that he and his affairs should form the frequent topic of conversation. I found that different reports and opinions prevailed: some said that he was too proud for them, that he held them vile; others declared that the young man did well to read and study, that he would become one of the luminaries of the faith and "one of the men of the age;" but all agreed that he was too delicate in body and too refined in mind to be aught but a student. Some, again, foretold that his end would not be happy, and that his horoscope would prove an unlucky one.

On my arrival at Constantinople, I lost no time in calling on Latif, the son of Sahir, but I was informed at the door that he was engaged in his studies within the mosque of Mehemet Pasha. I sent to him the letter with which I had been charged, adding a request that he would favour me with his company outside the building as quickly as possible. I had not long to wait, for no sooner had he discovered, not only that the epistle was from home, but also that honourable mention was made therein of the bearer, than he hurried out, and invited me to his house—a small, but very neat and even luxurious one, hard by. Sipping my coffee, I had leisure to survey my host, his attention meanwhile being wholly engrossed by the contents of the letter, which he perused with evident delight and avidity. The *tout ensemble* of the man before me was certainly the most peculiar and the most striking I had ever seen. In age about six or seven-and-twenty, he was rather above the middle height, his form verging on slightness, but compact, and evincing by the depth of chest a great degree of bodily strength and muscular power; his hands and unshipped feet were exceedingly small and delicate, the former, indeed, more resembling those of some fair damsel than of one of the rougher sex; his features were of wonderful beauty—the eye of his native land,

large, soft, and black, the complexion brilliant, and the nose and mouth so finely chiselled, formed a whole so passing fair that only the bushy, curling, dark beard, and the long moustache that shaded it, relieved his face from an unpleasing taint of effeminacy.

Having finished the letter, and paid me a few conventional compliments, he made numerous inquiries respecting his parents and different members of their household, and also asked for some of their neighbours; questions which were put with a simplicity and an earnestness almost boyish in their tone. Then, for a few minutes, he fell into a deep reverie, during which a change so entire and startling overspread his countenance, that I could hardly believe in his identity with the placid and somewhat feminine-looking student, who had but just before welcomed me so gracefully to his house. The brow contracted and lowered until it all but hid from view the eye that had previously so impressed me with its mingled brilliancy and softness, while the strong and iron compression of the mouth threw so much of determination and ferocity into his aspect, that I was suddenly struck with the idea that he was liable to attacks of temporary insanity, and that one of the paroxysms of his malady was at hand. Desirous of avoiding anything like a scene, I uttered a few common-place phrases, and rose to bid him adieu; whereupon his face instantly resumed its natural wonted expression, and the beauty, so spiritual in its style, again shone forth in every lineament—

As the stream late conceal'd
By the fringe of its willows,
When it rushes reveal'd
In the light of its billows;
As the bolt bursts on high
From the dark cloud that bound it,
Flash'd the soul of that eye
Through the long lashes round it.

He begged me to prolong my stay; to call again; and he offered me his services as *cicerone* round the environs of the mosque, promising to show me some ancient tombs and sarcophagi in the neighbourhood. I agreed to his request, and took my departure, rather perplexed by my new acquaintance, his normal appearance, and the mystic nature of his metamorphosis.

After the lapse of about a week, I proceeded to fulfil my engagement by paying Latif a second visit. I found that he was at home, and, as I ascended the stairs, my ears were assailed by the high and angry tones of his and another voice engaged in some vehement discussion or altercation; but the sounds died away in hissing whispers, and on my entering the small anteroom, both the disputants immediately assumed a placid and

unembarrassed air, and the stranger, saluting us courteously, passed out. He was a man of about Latif's age, and apparently of some rank in one of the government departments: at least, so I judged by the style and richness of his dress. The *Sokhta** talked on trivial subjects for a few minutes, but soon grew excited; and turning the conversation on his late visitor, with seeming reluctance, he gave me to understand that the individual in question was his rival, and more—a successful rival; but whether in the path of science and ambition, or in the thornier mazes of love, I was unable to determine. All I could glean from Latif's words was that the stranger was about to wrest from his expectant grasp the prize he had been struggling to attain, and had been on the point of attaining, when the man I had just seen stepped in between him and his soul's desire.

"But," said he, rising and pacing his small apartment with rapid strides, while he gesticulated with all the wild energy of madness; "but I will drag his soul from his polluted carcase, if he continues to intrude his odious presence between me and the object I have toiled for so long!"

Then, apologising for this rude behaviour to his Frankish guest and his father's friend, without an effort he resumed the noble and winning deportment which had so impressed me at our former interview, and in the course of our ensuing discussion on general topics, he displayed such accurate and extensive information on matters totally unconnected with the Koran and its manifold commentaries, and quite unknown to the majority of his countrymen, that I was both greatly and pleasurably surprised. Our discourse ended by his pressing me to accompany him during the next vacation on his visit to his paternal house, and to spend some time among those scenes, the praise of which from the mouth of a Frank had so much gratified his *amor patriæ*. I cheerfully accepted his friendly invitation, with the proviso that my occupations should allow of my leaving the capital when he did.

In a few days I again knocked at his door, my curiosity and interest having been strongly excited by my new friend's conduct, and by the indefinable cloud of mystery in which I fancied him enveloped. I was answered by an Armenian, who told me that the Effendi was from home, and would not return till late.

"But," he added, "you must be tired after your walk; come in, if you will so far condescend, and while you are taking a little repose, I will cook you a cup of coffee."

* Vulgarly called "Softa," a term designating a Turkish divinity student.

Impelled by the desire of hearing something of Latif's history, and of the cause of the enmity existing between him and the above-mentioned stranger, I entered, and did not wait many minutes ere the coffee and the pipe were presented. Reclining on the divan, the garrulous Armenian on a low stool at my feet, as I sipped and puffed, I gradually led the way to his master and his master's concerns.

"Ah, Effendim!" said the valet, "Latif Effendi is a man of great head, and as much superior to the other dogs of Turks as his faith will permit, but—" Here the servant paused, touched his forehead with the tip of his finger, slowly shook his head, and recommenced in a soft whisper, "Latterly there is something wrong *here*—you understand me, *Tchelebi*?"

I nodded; and, after a few pantomimic gestures on either side, doubtless meant to convey a world of meaning, I asked him the name of the gentleman for whom his master appeared to entertain such bitter hatred.

"Effendim," replied the Armenian; "well, I will tell you all, for are we not brothers? I, too, am a Christian, a Catholic" (making the sign of the cross); "but, by your mother's soul and your own two eyes, let not a breath escape you, or I shall die under the stick!"

I promised inviolable secrecy, and my companion thus began:—

"You know the large red building you pass at the corner of the street leading into the square of the mosque? Well, it is the dwelling of the chief Imaum of our mosque here—a curse on all mosques! That harem contains a white rose, a lily, an unpierced pearl; but I cannot describe her—how could I? her beauty is as far above words as the sun is above the fire of your pipe. I have seen her, for my brother is head groom to the old Imaum, and when I go of an evening to smoke a *chibouque* with him, I can gaze on her unveiled as she lounges in the rose garden, the fairest flower in it, like a *Houri* in Paradise, but a thousand times better, since you know there are no such beings. Well, *Tchelebi*, our Latif Effendi, who often visits the Imaum, happened to see her one day unveiled as she came in, not being aware that a *Namharem* was with her father: from that moment Latif's liver became a *kebâb*, and now he burns so, that he has lost all recollection of sleep, meat, or drink. Now, *Tchelebi*, you have seen the Effendi's father and his place, and you know that his inheritance is something, and indeed everyone who understands these matters says, that if he becomes an Imaum, '*Sheik el Islam*' is a title that he has more right to expect to enjoy hereafter than any man of his time. Well, then, Latif, having considered the position of

affairs, deemed that, should he propose a marriage with the Imaum's daughter, nobody could call him 'presumptuous one;' so he goes like an upright gentleman to the head-nurse of her father's harem, and gives her his word for two purses if she will bring about an union between the rose-bud and himself. Latif's prospects and qualities being pretty thoroughly known in this quarter, the old woman said, 'Inshallah! the thing should be!' Not that she cared for the *piastres*, but because she loved him as her own son, and she would not wish her 'milk-child' to be in the harem of a better spouse. So she spoke to the maiden's mother, who in her turn spoke to the father; and as he took care not to repel the proposal, it was soon understood and agreed among all parties that, when Latif should become a regular Imaum, and procure a good mosque, he was to set up his house, and the damsel was to be demanded for him by some respectable mutual friend, according to the custom in these countries. Things were going on in this manner, and the heart of our good Latif was glad and full of hope that his fondest dreams of happiness were shortly to be realized, when that individual you saw the other day (may God bestow his curse on him!) came to our neighbourhood, strutting and twirling his moustache, and cast a black shadow over Latif's horoscope. *Tchelebi*, this world of ours is a very astonishing one, and who can resist the decrees of heaven? The fellow came, I say, and hired a house close by, which he furnished like a man of substance, and lived in it like a man of wealth (misfortunes on him here and hereafter!) He quickly heard that there was a 'fairy face' in the harem of the Imaum; and as soon as he had ascertained, through an ill-omened daughter of thirteen, his agent in the business, that the fair one's beauty and her father's riches were not exaggerated, he sent his mother as his ambassadress in this work of evil. She repaired with many slaves and much ceremony to the Imaum's harem; and having been admitted to the presence of the lady of the house, she began by inquiring after her health, paying numerous compliments in honeyed words; and thus skillfully leading the way to the real object of her visit, she opened the cause, enlarged on her son's good qualities, alluded to the *caiques* that he would keep on the Bosphorus, enumerated the Arab horses and the slaves that he would be able to place at his wife's disposal, and finally suggested that the Imaum's daughter should become that wife, winding up her insidious discourse with the hint that the post then occupied by her son—that of secretary to the paymaster of the arsenal—was but the

first step in the ladder of honours, riches, and distinctions, which he was destined to ascend. These offers were carried to the father directly the old lady was gone; and he, the wily fox, looking more to the wealth of this world than to the treasures of the life to come, was greatly pleased and flattered by so brilliant a prospect, and thenceforth began to show a sour face to Latif, the unhappy one, who was given to understand that his presence and his proposals were alike unacceptable. Thus the thread of his hopes was cut asunder—he eats misfortune, and since that time he has wept rivers of blood, being no longer himself. He has striven with all his soul to make that man of evil augury forego his pretensions—in vain! God show mercy to him!”

“Oh! he will forget!” said I.

“He will *never* forget!” rejoined the Armenian.

Shortly after the above narrative had been confided to me, I was called away to a distance, and was absent for three weeks from Stamboul. One of my first visits on my return was to Latif's quarter, when, approaching the precincts of the mosque, I perceived a multitude of people densely crowded round one spot, while numbers were continually pouring in from every avenue to the same point. I entered a *gahvé* (café) which I had been in the habit of frequenting occasionally since the time that my introduction to Latif had led me to that part of the city.

“Ah! Tchelebi,” exclaimed mine host of the café, “you are welcome,—your coming is agreeable—be seated. But since you left us we have all had much grief.”

“Wherefore?” I enquired.

“They have cut off the head of your *Kafador* (gossip),” answered he of the *gahvé*, “and the people are now gazing on his dead body.”

On hearing this shocking announcement, I rushed from the coffee-shop, and, struggling through the crowd, I succeeded in reaching the place, where, too surely, lay the corpse of Latif. His head, with the turban still enveloping it, was deposited under his arm; a *Yafta* pinned to his breast, indicated to the public both the nature of the crime for which he had suffered, and the retributive justice in store for all evil-doers and spillers of blood, with a conclusion—hardly perhaps appropriate to the occasion—extolling the clemency of “our lord the Sultan.”

The hapless Latif was dressed in the apparel that he had worn on the day of my last visit to him; his features, those exquisite features, were still invested with an air of placidity and repose, the head surrounded by a small pool of blood that had issued from its severed

veins, now mingling with the dust, and discolouring the long flowing beard, dark as the raven's wing, which drooped on one side. I was awakened from the trances of horror into which I had sunk by the shrill harsh accents of an old crone, screaming, “Thanks be to Allah! he deserved thus to die.” I turned and fled from the dreadful spectacle.

I afterwards learned the following particulars of the deed that had led to this dismal catastrophe. Latif's rival and his beloved one were affianced; the festivals and rejoicings customary on such occasions had been the theme of universal conversation in the quarter; for the Imaum, elated by the dazzling prospects that seemed to be awaiting his daughter, had opened both his heart and his purse-strings, so that the fêtes had been on a scale of unwonted magnificence, and the poor had been surfeited with good things during “the three days” of feasting and pleasure. Barely a week had then to elapse before the bride was to be conducted to the harem of her lord at the termination of the marriage ceremonies. Meanwhile Latif, plunged into the depths of misery and despair, secluded in his solitary chamber, had refused to admit any one of the numerous friends and well-wishers who thronged his doors in the hope of being able to console him; alone he sat during several days and nights, not a sound escaping from the apartment to betoken the presence of a living being within. The Evil One appeared to have obtained the mastery over his soul. At last the unhappy man conquered his emotions so far as to enable him to resume his ordinary avocations, and on the morning preceding the one which was to have witnessed the bridal procession escorting the young wife to her future residence, he entered the mosque at the hour of morning prayer. By the dim twilight of the dawn, but faintly illuminating the interior of the edifice, he failed to perceive a figure prostrate before the *Mihrab* (altar), and thus he nearly stumbled over the suppliant at the throne of Divine mercy, in whom, at a second and closer glance, he recognised his supplanter—the cause of his bitter woe! Maddened at the sight, in the frenzy of the moment he drew the knife from his girdle, and buried it in the neck of his unresisting victim kneeling at his devotions. A second time Latif plunged the blade into the dying man, and fled from the mosque.

He directed his steps to the wharf whence sailed the passage boats for the Gulf of Nicomedia, the nearest point to his native village; and having embarked on board a packet just starting, he drew the folds of his turban over his features, and sat silent and immovable until the boat had reached her destination.

The evening of the second day after the commission of the crime saw him clasped in his mother's arms; and his father was in the act

of bestowing his blessing on his son as he welcomed him home, when two Stamboul *Cavasses* (policemen), rudely entering, seized

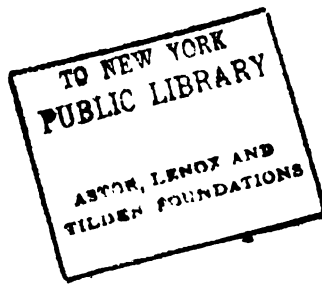


Latif and bound him, with the words,—“Thou must come with us, for thou art the murderer!” Latif cast one look of speechless agony on his shrieking mother, and on his venerable father, who was dumb with horror and affright, then silently followed the officers of the law. Nor did he thenceforth open his lips to utter a single syllable until the hour of his death, remaining as one stupefied, his eyes fixed on the ground, regardless of aught that was said or done around him. It chanced, however, that his way to the place of execution lay through the street in which the bride—the widowed bride—lived; and, on passing the house, he threw a quick and sidelong glance at the harem windows, sighed, shuddered, and relapsed into his previous state of apathy.

O'er him who loves, or hates, or fears,
Such moment pours the grief of years!
What felt he then, at once oppress
By all that most distracts the breast?
That pause, which ponder'd o'er his fate,
Oh, who its dreary length shall date?
Though in Time's record nearly naught,
It was eternity to thought!

Four hours later I was gazing my last on the lifeless body of Latif—the young, the beautiful, the gifted, but, alas! the blood-stained Latif. Yet could I refrain from a hope, that his ignorance of the Christian faith, combined with the terrible provocation he had received, acting on a highly-wrought sensitive brain, might plead somewhat in extenuation of his guilt, great as it was, before the Throne of that God whom both Christians and Mahometans adore?

T. C. MOORE.





"THE SERVANTS' HALL."—BY H. S. MARKS.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER XXIX. AT REACH HOUSE.

EVERY country has its Juggernaut! Under the wheels of the car which triumphantly bears fame, pleasure, or wealth, through the world, the multitudes fall willing sacrifices to their god. Differently, according to their religion, they advance to meet their fate. Dancing and light-hearted they hurry on to join the cavalcade, or with a great rush head the forlorn hope, or with careworn faces, burdened by title-deeds, weighed down by money-bags, they come forward to worship and to suffer; and if this be true in a general sense with regard to nations, how much more true is it of those different grades and classes in society that go to make up nations. What will people not suffer in the cause of gentility!—your pardon, Madam, for the use of a word so offensive to your ears—what agonies of dress, of deportment, of conversation, are not endured daily for the sake of that Christian Juggernaut? This is a matter in which one class cannot laugh at another; this is the common land of English society, where plebeian and patrician meet, where plain "Mister" cannot sneer at "My Lord," nor "Her Grace" at the wife of an Alderman.

All of us in our turn have stretched ourselves on this social rack. The dreary dinners, the wet picnics, the never-ending evenings, the purposeless tea and the amateur musical parties, the morning calls, and the afternoon callers—you who endure these things, ask your own souls if you do not feel the while that you are offering up your time, your patience, your talents, your health, on the shrine of that god whose votaries refuse even to give him a name.

What will Robinson not bear smilingly to-night for the pleasure of mentioning to his next-door neighbour to-morrow that he dined last evening with Lord Bon Ton, and met Etcetera, and somebody else, and a few people besides. To this statement Jones, having no idea that a lord is not a daily form of refreshment with Robinson, never suspecting that genteel society makes his acquaintance about as comfortable as a sea voyage, listens deferentially, and goes home to say casually to the country cousin who is visiting his wife, and employs herself much with crochet-work and myste-

carriage with Robinson; quite a man of the world, dines with Lord Bon Ton, and meets Etcetera, and all the rest of that set; very pleasant fellow is Robinson; *we spent a delightful evening at his house last week!*"

Note the connexion of ideas, the links in the social chain; see how one man is hanging to another man's skirts, how in the great business of gentility every person is trying to borrow capital of his friends and acquaintances, striving to push a connexion,—endeavouring at all hazards to drive a trade.

Where is the man who has never wondered to himself as he made his way home in cab, on foot, or in brougham, from ball, or dinner, or conversazione, what made him go out at all?—to whom it has never occurred that he could have passed a few hours much more satisfactorily in bed, rather than in listening to simpering commonplaces in crowded rooms? And yet the next night finds him labouring away on the treadmill of fashion once again, working out the term of his sentence of social servitude, for that Juggernaut, whose way lies through splendid drawing-rooms, who, well-disguised, presides at the meetings of so many societies, who gives dinner-parties of his own, and has a temple in every street, insists upon his victims having their wits crushed out of them, and the victims, wise and foolish, obey.

Whose assemblies are so crowded as his, —whose dinner guests are so scrupulously punctual,—whose country house is so full of wearied visitors,—whose at Homes are so faithfully recollected as those of Juggernaut the genteel? Have not his priests honour, have not his votaries faith? Where is the Colenso who shall venture to question the accuracy of his Mosaical books? who that desires to enter into his Heaven shall murmur about enduring much tribulation to compass that object? The car moves on, and the worshippers fall prostrate, and the people cheer, and applaud, and honour.

It is quite possible for us to hold two religions—one for this world and one for the next—we may not serve two masters at the same time, but we can try to serve them separately. Just as excessively religious people who believe implicitly that all men shall be equal, and think much and talk much about a future state, are oftentimes the proudest and

most disagreeable of beings in this life; so those who so loudly declare there is nothing abstractedly in a name, are usually much influenced by names and titles in reality, and suffer much to get inside that inclosure with which divinity doth hedge a king.

Such was the case with the Limehouse notables, at all events; a gossip in Mrs. Perkins' bed-room, a comfortable bit of supper rendered more palatable by the aroma of the soap works in Mrs. Jackson's parlour, a bowl of punch at Doctor Reddy's, or clay pipes and discussions, philosophical, democratical, and radical, at Mr. Churchwarden Hills', would have been much more to the taste of Mr. Forbes' neighbours than the feast to which he bade them repair.

What pleasure could Mrs. Hills, for example, derive from her new satin in an assembly where no one directed looks of envy at her, or said, "O law! Mrs. Hills, what a dress!" or fingered the purchase and guessed at its value; what charm could there be to Doctor Reddy in a company ignorant of his conversational abilities, and perfectly indifferent as to whether such an individual as himself existed; what were ices and trifle, wines and jellies, to a man like Mr. Hartfield, the proprietor of the United Saw Mills, who loved his hot steak and his pint of stout every night at "half-past nine o'clock regular, better nor all your late dinners and French kickshaws."

Mrs. Hills' idea of a successful party was certainly not that of one where "you could not see the pattern of the carpet." She liked a few friends comfortably. She did not approve of "those crowded rooms where you got the clothes torn off your back and were ready to faint with the heat, and everybody was pushed on one side that the young ladies might go spinning round the room with their beaux like teetotums."

Doctor Reddy and Mrs. Hills had subsequently quite an harmonious duet about this matter. The doctor was of opinion that low dresses, hot rooms, open windows, iced water, confectioner's pastry, champagne, excitement, and late hours, would soon convert England into a lunatic asylum and a churchyard. Mrs. Hills did not wonder men were afraid to marry, when women dressed like the young ladies at Mr. Forbes'.

"Which I am sure more resembled fairies, as they went a-strolling out into the garden in the moonlight, than honest flesh and blood. Wives and mothers, indeed! I could as soon fancy a sperrit bringing up a family as one of them."

But, spite of all this dissatisfaction, not one of those invited from the neighbourhood had

courage enough to stay away, excepting Mr. Perkins, who said—

"No, thank you, Mr. Forbes, all the same; but such grand affairs are out of my line altogether. It is very kind of you to want me to go, but I had rather not. I am a plain man, and should feel like a fish out of water among all your fine acquaintances. I'll stay at home and take care of the children, if the missus likes to go and see the show."

The missus went accordingly, in a cab with Ada, Mrs. Jackson and Sophia Anne, Mr. Jackson (after Lawrence Barbour's fashion) occupying a seat on the box.

So many carriages had never found their way to the Isle of Dogs before. It was like "a going to Court," Mrs. Perkins remarked, putting her head out of the cab-window, and looking up and down the street. Pulling it in again next moment, she rebuked Ada for thrusting her curls out of the opposite window, and told her to sit still and behave herself, and not toss her hair.

Once inside the house, Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Jackson commenced speculating on what the affair would cost,—whether the flowers in the hall were lent,—and if the confectioners would take back what was left from supper.

"I never did see so many people together before, except on a Lord Mayor's Day," observed Mrs. Perkins.

"Nor I," replied Mrs. Jackson, "except once I had to go into Giltspur Street very early, and forgot there was a hanging at Newgate till I found myself in the middle of a great crowd, with my shawl pulled round, and my bonnet in fifty different shapes."

"Oh! my; did you see it?" asked Mrs. Perkins, the "it" referring to the execution.

"No," answered Mrs. Jackson. "I never was so frightened before or since. If I had been going to be hung myself, I don't think I could have fought harder to get out of the crowd. Ain't this a pretty place? I wonder if there is any young lady here Mr. Forbes would like to bring home to it? I was just a-saying, Mr. Forbes," she added, addressing that gentleman, "I wish it was in honour of your marriage we was gathered together."

"I wish it were," he said, with that gay, cheery manner which gained him so many friends. "But all in good time. No doubt there is an excellent wife in training for me somewhere, if I could only find out where."

And he went away laughing, while the Limehouse notables grouped themselves together, and criticised the company, and made disparaging remarks on the personal appearance of the West End ladies; and decided that their own clergyman was "stuck up" because he shook hands with several persons in

the room with whose very appearance, had he been Christian and humble-minded, and carried what he preached into practice, he could not have been acquainted.

"Ay, it's all very well," said Mrs. Hills, "but sermons is one thing and conduct another—precept may be good in its way, but doing will travel farther;" and the lady shook her head over Mr. Mallory's shortcomings, and observed that "though Hills was churchwarden, still England were a free country, and she for one would not be tongue-tied in it for nobody."

As a rule the West Enders were very sociable and agreeable. To them the party was a most informal affair, and they flung themselves into the spirit of it heart and soul. Their host had told many of them that he intended to have the tribes of the East at his house as well as the inhabitants of the West, and no one took exception to his scheme. On the contrary, very fashionable ladies and good looking young men took a delight in discouraging to the singularly dressed individuals who stood apart like a peculiar people gazing critically on the company.

One old chum of Percy's made Mrs. Jackson's life a weariness to her by reason of his petitions that she would dance with him, and when she would not dance he remained with her talking about the opera and the theatres and the last concert and the latest novel.

In return Mrs. Jackson favoured him with a full, true and particular account of the Beaumont Institute, of a school treat she had gone to at High Beech, and a run she and Mr. J. had taken a few days previously to Gravesend.

"It is not very often he can get away from the 'boiling,'" she remarked; "but a little outing like that is good for us both."

"Forbes, do tell me what that woman's husband boils," entreated his friend a few minutes after. "I never spent such an evening in my life. I never had so much amusement, and it is not quite fair, for I fear your Limehouse celebrities are being bored to death."

"If Forbes would only have followed my advice and served brandy-and-water to them all round at first instead of tea," observed Lawrence Barbour, "you would not have seen many symptoms of weariness."

"A capital idea; one that might be adopted with advantage even west of Charing Cross. When I give a party, I shall procure some rare liquor, and try the experiment. But now, Forbes—oh! he's off! You can tell me, Mr. Barbour, who that girl is with the head—she, I mean, in the blue silk trimmed with red—who keeps turning round and round as though she revolved on a pivot?"

"That is a Miss Perkins, eldest daughter

of one of my employers," answered Lawrence, a little bitterly.

"Then you know her? introduce me, and I will ask her to dance."

"No, don't," said Lawrence, "she is such a forward piece of vulgarity. The niece of my other master is here, I will introduce you to her if you choose, for she is both pretty and sweet."

"Prettiness and sweetness are lost on me," answered the other. "Pray enable me to make acquaintance with the owner of that wonderful head, and earn my eternal gratitude."

Whereupon Lawrence inwardly cursed his companion, and Percy Forbes who had invited Ada, and Ada who had come—and then did as he was requested, for which courtesy Ada rewarded him by exclaiming—

"How tired you look, Lawrence; you are as white as china."

"I wonder who would not be tired among such a cursed lot of people," thought Lawrence to himself, as he stood in the doorway watching the dancers, and observing Miss Alwyn's game—"Tired? I should think I was tired!"

Great wits and little jump together occasionally, and accordingly he and Mrs. Jackson were for once of one mind, though she would have died before owning she was wearied of Mr. Forbes' entertainment. That she felt a little fatigued she candidly admitted, but she laid all the blame on "them boots," which pinched her instep and cramped her muscles till she was just fit, so she declared, "to sit down and cry with the pain."

"Could not you cry as well standing," asked Mrs. Hills, who, being in an aggressive mood, felt disposed to quarrel even with the friend of her bosom.

As for Mrs. Jennings, the tortures she was enduring might almost have entitled her to canonization. The cruelty with which her dressmaker had screwed her in about the waist and pinioned back her arms, and dragged her across the chest, was almost incredible, and yet the victim smiled, and would have broken forth into song, even as the martyrs of old chanted out psalms at the stake, had such a proof of constancy been demanded of her.

"That Miss Spriggs shall never put in another stitch for me," she nevertheless remarked *sotto voce* to Mrs. Perkins, who having torn her right hand glove to pieces in a vain attempt to get it on again, now stood limply fanning herself with that article of attire.

"Why, does it hurt you, dear?" asked that lady, who being mightily pleased and excited, was affectionate to an extreme.

"Hurt! I wish you had it on, that's all," was Sophia Annie's amiable rejoinder, "and

oh! lor, I do wonder wherever my father is, and if he could not take a person out into the cool for a bit; but mercy on us! look at that young lady—ain't she pretty? I wonder who she is? Mr. Forbes seems very sweet on her, don't he?"

"That must be Miss Alwyn for certain," exclaimed Mrs. Jackson, "and she is as disreputable-looking a baggage in her clothes as she was in that linengraph, but she certainly is handsome; though handsome is as handsome does won't hold good there, I am afraid."

"I declare there's our Ada standing up to dance," interrupted Mrs. Perkins at this juncture, in a fever of maternal delight—"ay, she'll show them the figure if they don't know it. Does not the blue set her off, Mrs. Jackson? she is a different looking girl to that Olivine Sondes, who for all her white and simplicity is getting on perfectly disgraceful, as I take it. Hanging about Mr. Alwyn and talking to him, and walking round the garden. Such toadying ways makes me sick."

"Well, for my part, I think she looks better to-night than I ever thought she could look," remarked Mrs. Jennings, who was charmed at the opportunity of differing from Mrs. Perkins. "She is the making of a very pretty woman, as my father always maintained; and she couldn't have chosen anything to suit her as well as white, which the diamond brooch lights up. They are real diamonds—I know they are, because I asked Mr. Sondes, and I am sure he would not tell an untruth about such a matter."

"Then I am ashamed of you," exclaimed Mrs. Jackson; and there ensued a side skirmish between the pair which was interrupted once more by Mrs. Perkins entreating them to watch her Ada, whose half-year's dancing had not been, so the fond parent remarked, "money thrown away."

"She is the life of them," continued Mrs. Perkins. "I only wish her par was here to see her. That is the rector's niece as Lawrence Barbour is dancing with now. If looking was food, she would get her supper off Ada to-night!"

"Who that had the chance of looking at your daughter could avoid doing so?" said Mr. Forbes, who caught Mrs. Perkins' observations as he passed the group, and paused to answer it. "I assure you I consider Miss Perkins has created quite a sensation," and Percy looked gravely in Mrs. Perkins' face, without—so Mrs. Jackson subsequently assured her husband—"a smile on his own."

"Really, Mr. Forbes," declared the soap-boiler's wife, "I thought I saw you at the other side of the room a minute since." You are quite iniquitous"—which compliment the

host acknowledged by a bow, whilst Mrs. Perkins eagerly interposed with—

"Is there nobody to dance with Olivine Sondes? She has been standing this last hour, I think, talking to Mr. Alwyn and the gentleman, whoever he is, that came with him. She is looking now like patience on a monument."

"Yes, but Mr. Alwyn, at whom she is smiling, scarcely represents grief," replied Mr. Forbes. "Miss Sondes prefers not to dance. I engaged her a fortnight since, and now she tells me she is tired and prefers standing. Fickle, like the rest of your charming sex, Mrs. Jennings!" he added, turning to Sophia Anne.

"How I do hate such ways," exclaimed Mrs. Perkins, indignantly. "If I caught my Ada serving any one so, I would walk her off home on the instant. Tired, indeed! Aids and nonsense!"

"It is not every one, however, who has the exhaustless energy and vivacity of your daughter," remarked Mr. Forbes, which observation restored the mother's equanimity.

"He may well say that," she burst out, when he left them. "It must be pleasant to him to see a girl as is a girl, and not a pale-faced statue, with great eyes, and hair like a cloud, looking as if she had risen from her grave, and come out to spoil everybody's enjoyment. Only see how Ada's partner is laughing—how pleased he seems. Ah, she could keep a room-full going, as I often tell Mr. Perkins. She is the very model of what I was at her age. I hope she will never have to go through what her poor mar has had to put up with,"—and Mrs. Perkins stood on tip-toe while she spoke, in order to catch a better view of her younger self, who, leaning on her partner's arm and giggling ecstatically, was indeed a sight to behold.

As she had been a forward, fat, light-haired, snub-nosed, porky kind of a child, so she had grown up into a forward, ill-made, light-haired, snub-nosed, meaningless expressed girl, who laughed loudly, incessantly, and senselessly, and who had a way of flinging herself about, which may, for aught I know to the contrary, have been intended to express vivacity, and a certain consciousness of graceful ease, and absence of all embarrassment.

She wore her hair in curls, of course; not in such curls as Miss Alwyn affected, but in short tiers, which gave the idea of a succession of sandy-coloured sausages being arranged round her head. Any person who was favoured with a private view of Miss Perkins in her bedchamber, would have discovered that this arrangement of her coiffeur by day was due to about five hundred little knots into which

her hair was secured over-night. Rows and rows of paper then adorned her head; blue paper, brown paper, white paper, newspaper, were called into requisition to bring Miss Ada's locks into a proper state of curliness, and when these were unrolled and the hair arranged in what Mrs. Perkins considered a becoming style, the girl was an apparition to marvel at. What her fan proved to Miss Alwyn, those curls were to Miss Perkins; something to toy with and employ her hands; now the ends were coming out; straight ends that had to be tucked up into the sausage-roll again; then the combs became loosened, and had to be re-adjusted; anything more like a mop than Ada's head after dancing could not well be conceived, except that a mop, made of light rags and ornamented with a bow of red ribbon, would have been infinitely her superior in point of picturesqueness.

Her dress was short (are not the gowns of all such girls curtailed for some mysterious reason?) and her petticoats were many; she had shoes which were a little inclined to wearing down at the heel, as Lawrence could see, for, as of old, Miss Ada's legs and feet were rather conspicuous than otherwise. As for the blue silk, how had it not been altered? it had been cut down in such a manner that the girl's neck looked like something completely separate from and having no connection with the remainder of her body. It was tight round the top, and before the evening was over had to be stitched together by one of the maid-servants, who, to avenge herself on Ada for her sauciness, sewed a piece of the skin up with the lace tucker, causing the sufferer to shriek in agony. Her arms were exactly like Castille soap; here white, there blue, there red; generally mottled, and with a development of bone at the elbows which seemed unreasonable, considering the plumpness, not to say thickness, of her figure. Further, she wore a coral necklace, had a red sash streaming behind, ill-fitting gloves, the fingers of which she employed herself in biting when her hair did not require her attention, and altogether Miss Perkins conveyed the idea of a young lady who was slightly demented.

Every social gathering contains, it may be concluded, its apple of discord for some one; and Ada Perkins was certainly one of those apples of discord to Lawrence Barbour that night. Had he ever studied Job, after the fashion in which he pored over Gmelin, he would have found a whole commination service ready to his hand for use on the occasion. As matters stood, however, he had to fall back on his own resources, and out of them he produced a litany for Miss Ada's benefit. Go where he would, he still beheld that girl

clasping her partner's arm, swinging on it so to speak, and treating him to revelations which made the man almost scream with laughter. In the supper-room matters came to a climax; there Lawrence saw Ada drinking champagne out of a tumbler, and stuffing tarts down her throat as though she had a design of fattening herself up for market.

Where Mrs. Perkins might be, Lawrence could form no idea; but he decided on stopping Ada's performances, even at the cost of a considerable amount of annoyance to himself.

Very dexterously he made his way to the point where the pair sat, and reached them just as Mr. Trellin was about to replenish Miss Ada's glass.

"Pray do not," Lawrence whispered to him; "she has no idea of what you are giving her; your mamma wants you, Ada," he added, aloud, "shall I take you to her?"

"Bother mamma," exclaimed Miss Ada, tossing her head and shaking all the ends out of her curls, and rendering the position of her combs anything rather than secure; but she rose for all that, and graciously accepted Lawrence's proffered arm, asking Mr. Trellin if he were not coming too.

"I have left Miss Sondes, will you kindly take charge of her?" interposed Lawrence; "that young lady in white on the other side of the table; thank you," and he hurried Ada out of the room, and was crossing the hall in search of Mrs. Perkins, when Mr. Sondes touched him on the shoulder.

"I will take Miss Perkins to her mother," said he; "you may trust her to me."

Half an hour later Mr. Sondes came to where Lawrence was standing outside one of the open windows.

"You are a right good fellow, Barbour," he began, "and I am glad to see you do not forget that although Mrs. Perkins is an ignorant fool, her husband is as honest and straightforward and true a man as ever breathed."

"I could not endure to watch his daughter making an exhibition of herself," answered Lawrence, who was secretly delighted at such praise from his employer. "I wonder if those Alwyns are ever going home," he added, "or whether they expect me to pilot them safely out of Limehouse, as they expected me to pilot them into it."

"Miss Alwyn wants to set Olivine down in Stepney Causeway," observed Mr. Sondes.

"She is very obliging," said Lawrence; "I wonder if Mr. Gainswoode would sit on the box, to make room for Miss Sondes."

"I am going to take her away now," remarked Mr. Sondes; "I think she must have had enough of it by this time."

"Too much, if she be of my mind," an-

swered Lawrence; "I never felt so tired in my life," and the young man sighed wearily.

"You will have to choose between business and pleasure before very long," were Mr. Sondes' parting words, ere he went in search of Olivine, whom he found talking to Mrs. Lewin, and promising to spend an evening with that lady before she left Reach House.

"That is, if uncle allows me," she said, turning towards Mr. Sondes, who replied that he should make no promises till he saw how she was after her unwonted dissipation.

"Must not I bid Miss Alwyn good night?" asked the girl, as her uncle bore her away out of fairyland.

"It is not necessary," he answered, but Miss Alwyn had no intention of "being cheated," as she said, in such a manner.

"Good-bye," she murmured, in her tenderest tones; "good bye—*au revoir*; it really is very unkind of you, Mr. Sondes, to tear your niece away from us."

"Too bad, positively," chorused Mr. Gainswoode, "cruel to an extent."

"And after all the pretty things we said to one another, to desert me!" finished Mr. Alwyn, sentimentally. "Good-bye, Miss Sondes. I trust you will treat your next admirer better."

"Never mind papa, Miss Sondes!" exclaimed Miss Alwyn; "only remember you are to come and see me; if you do not I shall come and see you; is not that a threat?" and she squeezed Olivine's hand and said, "Good-bye, you sweet little thing," and made Mr. Sondes forget his prejudices for a moment, and think her positively pretty.

"You will allow her to come to Hereford Street, will you not?" she asked Mr. Sondes.

"We must talk of that when you pay Olivine your promised visit," he answered, for which speech he could have struck himself next moment, when Miss Alwyn retorted—

"You have thrown down the glove, and I accept it. Expect to see me in Stepney Causeway, for I shall surely put in an appearance there," and she touched the top of her fan with her lips, and made him a pretty gesture of farewell, and permitted him at last to go home, feeling Miss Alwyn had the best of the game.

"A wonderfully clever woman," he considered; and then, turning to Mrs. Gregory, he asked her how she had been amused.

"I never enjoyed myself so much in all my life before," said the poor lady, and then both remained silent for a moment, seeming to expect some remark from Olivine.

But Olivine remained silent. She offered no observation; she made no comment on the evening's proceedings, but sat back in the carriage with her face in shadow, while the moonlight shone on her white dress.

"And did the play answer your expectations, Pussy?" inquired Mr. Sondes, after that expectant pause.

"Yes uncle, quite," she replied; "it more than answered them," she added, after a second's hesitation.

"What makes you speak so dolefully," he said, trying to get her out of the shadow, and so obtain a glimpse of her face.

"I am tired," was the answer, and the girl drew back a little further into her corner.

"You must get to bed and have a long sleep. No lessons to-morrow, or rather to-day, Mrs. Gregory; you will both require a rest after this night's exertions," and Mr. Sondes laughed and seemed in such excellent spirits that Mrs. Gregory thought, if he would only go a little more into society, he might develop into something perfectly charming.

"I do not think, child, the evening has turned out so pleasantly as you expected," remarked the governess to her charge, when they stood together in the room which had been prepared for Mrs. Gregory's reception.

"Yes, it did," answered Olivine; "but I am so tired, I cannot talk about it now."

And with that she kissed Mrs. Gregory and flitted upstairs to her own apartment, where she sat down in the moonlight, and cried as though her heart would break.

(To be continued.)

HELEN AND CASSANDRA.*

THE rush and the roar and the leap and the curl
Of flames, like the manes of great lions adrift,
Their fierce trisling terror and volleying whirl
'Neath smoke-pall of sable and crimson-dyed rift:

A rain of white ashes, like storm-eddied leaves,
When the shrill blast of winter their troop chases
round;

A noise, as of Ocean that moaning upheaves
When the rafters of hell split with agony's sound;

The loud wrack of temples, tall buildings ablaze,
Like the Titans when Zeus smote their brows with
his brand;

Swooning pillars, whose statues glow lit with warm
rays,
Ere they sink one by one, grasped by Doom's
giant hand;

The flames sweeping nearer, then howling afar,
With their red wolfish throats close on fast-
fleeing night,

When that dread chase is over, proud Ilium's star
Shall no more gild her turrets with joy-beams of
light.

There are trembling lips paler than white ashen rain,
There are teeth set for ever defying stern Death,
As the brave fall at bay, and the timid in vain
Ask the road, known from childhood, with
quick-sobbing breath.

* The illustration to this poem forms one of the monthly extra illustrations by eminent artists.

For the sword of the victor is red to the hilt
 From the warm side that sheathed it a moment
 before,
 And the life-stream of golden-haired nurseling is
 spilt,
 While the thin locks of dotage slow stiffen in gore.

And the priestess shrieks wildly to earth and to air,
 As the spoiler's clutch sullies her white vestment
 o'er;

But none pause or follow her notes of despair,
 And her idol falls, dabbled in blood, on the floor.

Mid the throes of the multitude surging around,
 There are two stand apart, like niched statues of
 dread;

Between them a mirror lies shattered on ground,
 As the flames fringe with glory each small chi-
 selled head.

They are beautiful both, but the one as a dream
 Or a picture by moonlight, so ruthlessly fair,
 You would drink from her cup though you knew
 that the cream
 Of a fatal drug mantled in treachery there.

Her blue eyes, forget-me-nots freshened with dew,
 Her locks, liquid gold down an ivory stair:
 Go, pillage Love's rose-beds a rose-bud to choose,
 Have its heart-folds a blush-tint with hers to
 compare!

But the other, a Sibyl, stood grandly confest;
 In her coiled lips writhes anguish, gloom curtains
 her brow,
 As on Death's nuptial-night she had broken her rest,
 And come forth to fulfil a soul-torturing vow.

She has planted her foot on the mirror, and stands
 To unravel a moment her thoughts' tangled skein;
 And the folds of her dress tears with quick trembling
 hands
 From a pressure that strangles her throat's swell-
 ing vein.

Hush! she speaks now, contorted with passionate
 scorn,
 And wild flies the drift of her billowy hair,
 As her eyes flash from 'neath it so fiercely forlorn,
 Like a stricken wild beast from the dusk of its
 lair.

Like a wild beast that glares from her shadowy
 brake,
 When her track has been stalked and her young
 have been slain,
 She has licked their red wounds, and her thirst may
 not slake,
 As she quivering watches in vengeance and
 pain.

"Perjured wanton! rejoice o'er the doom thou hast
 brought
 To my sire's ancient throne, to this people and
 land;
 'Tis thy small busy hand ev'ry murder hath wrought,
 And to each burning roof thou alone wast the
 brand.

"They said I was mad by the light in mine eyes—
 Did the arrows of Frenzy strike home to their
 mark?
 There is wisdom in madness, when false knowledge
 lies,
 And the soul lost to sunshine sees Truth in the
 dark

"I have known all before—this red vision of flame;
 I have heard the hoarse screams that slow curdle
 in air;
 In the dead of the night 'twas reality came,
 And but spectres of fancy now gibber and stare.

"See, the fire cannot scorch me. My brain hath
 been seared,
 Since the day when thou cam'st here in perjury's
 pride,
 And like tapestry waving around me appeared
 All the blood-boltered Phantoms who hailed thee
 as bride.

"Thou art fair, so is Summer when Pestilence
 breathes,
 And the blue mist of Famine at eve shrouds the
 plain;
 Thou art like to a painting that loveliness wreathes,
 But behind it leers Death with the worm's icy
 stain.

"Ay, gnaw well that tress, it hath coiled round the
 heart
 Of the brave and the good—it hath strangled the
 bold;
 Every hair on thy head hath alive played its part,
 On each hearth scattered venom, a lithe snake of
 gold.

"Bite thy lip till it bleeds, 'twill red blossom
 afresh
 But to smile on the victor and greet a new lord;
 From the heart-strings of Troy thou shalt weave
 a new mesh,
 And a Greek shield to deck thee its gleam shall
 afford.

"Dost thou cower and crouch? Nay, thou need'st
 feel no dread;
 Thou shalt live the vile prize of the sword that is
 first,
 And thy courtesan smiles trick the pillager's bed—
 Lo! a hissing snake glides 'neath its pillow accurst.

"It were easy to kill thee. I'll not have thee die;
 They have died who defended thy falsehood and
 crime:
 Thou shalt sell thyself lower, till men cease to buy,
 And thy name rotting blisters the annals of Time."

Spoke, nor answered the sullen adultress a word;
 But she prayed that an armed tread might quickly
 come near;
 'Twas revenge and not shame in that bosom was
 stirred,
 And she bitterly smiled—"I at least need not
 fear."
 ALFRED B. RICHARDS.

THE MOTE, IGHTHAM.

PART II.

BETWEEN the hall and the chapel, on the
 eastern side of Ightham Mote, there is the
 crypt, now used as a beer-cellar, which is
 finely arched over with stone vaulting of early
 English date.

Ascending an oaken staircase, we find our-
 selves at the door of the old family chapel,
 coeval with the rest of the house, though
 adorned with details of Tudor and even more

recent date. It is not used for service now, we regret to say; for it is an exquisite little chamber, and one which carries the mind and feelings back to a far-distant day. Although the communion-table and altar-rails have disappeared, the pulpit, and the old seats, arranged stall-wise, are still there; whilst at the east end is the priest's confessional, communicating with a room which, no doubt, was occupied, in pre-Reformation days, by the family chaplain. At this end of the chapel is also to be seen the carcase of a curious organ, said to have been the very earliest set up in England. It is now, of course, thoroughly beyond repair. It bears the following inscription:—"Ludovicus Thewes me fecit 1579."

The chief occupants of the chapel now, we fear, are the rats and the mice, and an innumerable quantity of dead bees, which, it appears, have for many years located themselves under the boards of the chapel, in such a way that it is impossible to dislodge them. They find their way through crevices into the chapel in the summer in hundreds; but perish, being unable to find their way out again. The ceiling of the building, which is waggon-roofed, is painted in compartments with the portcullis, a badge of Henry VII., and with a quiver and arrows, possibly a cognizance of the house of Haut. St. George, with his ensanguined cross, is still to be seen in bright colours in the windows; and the tendrils of dark ivy clustering round the panes make a picturesque but melancholy appendage to this house of prayer. "One could fancy," feelingly writes a local topographer, "that one saw before him old Haut returning bodily from Bosworth's bloody fray, and offering up his praises in this, his own family oratory, to the God of battles for the event of that contest which had restored to him his home and patrimonial estates."

Mr. J. H. Parker, no mean authority on such matters, in his lecture before the Archaeological Institute in 1863, stated that there were the remains of an older chapel than the one above described, situated over the cellar;

but we must confess that, at the time of our visit, we failed to detect any trace of it.

Returning into the great quadrangle, we enter, beneath a pointed arch, a low corridor, which leads to the private dwelling-rooms of

the house, which remind us forcibly of the rooms tenanted by college dons on the banks of the Isis and the Cam. Low, snug, and substantial, with windows set in deeply splayed recesses, looking one way on the bright waters of the moat, and the other into what I feel sorely tempted to call the College quadrangle, to my mind they present the very picture of



The Chapel.

comfort and good taste, though some, gifted with more poetic natures, would say rather that here they were able to realise some of those finely wrought sketches of the olden time, from the hands of Walter Scott, or Washington, and people the vacant space with "noble lords and ladies gay." The walls are hung with plenty of old prints, and some family pictures; but very many of what should have been the choicest heirlooms of "the Mote" passed away some twenty years ago, being dispersed by the hand of the auctioneer, when the property was bequeathed to one who was not the heir-at-law.

Repassing the bridge, we see facing us the old stables and other out-houses, standing under rising ground, and showing, even in the late autumn when it was my good fortune to visit Ightham Mote, as rich a mass of colour as I ever saw in an early Turner or De Wint. The whole of the mansion, indeed, both inside and outside, would afford materials to the water-colour painter for a week or a fortnight's constant work, and even then he would tear himself from the spot with a feeling that he had left behind him as many "bits" as he had been able to carry away in his sketch-book. The most thoroughly picturesque portion of the entire building, perhaps, is the back, or eastern side, shown in our last vignette, which exhibits traces of every style of art, and every shade of colour—the effect of which is immensely heightened by the dark cedar and yew trees, which here hang over the outer edge of the moat.

The garden on the north side of the house wears a sombre and antiquated look, and suggests scenes from the days of Queen Anne, when courtiers in ruffles and long coloured coats, and with wigs and gold-headed canes, walked along and talked with dainty ladies, fan in hand, between straight avenues of yews and cypresses cut into fantastic shapes. To me, the scene irresistibly recalled the gardens of Trinity and St. John's; and it needed the clear ripple of the babbling brook as it trickled from the lake into the moat proper, and the scream of a peacock on the wall near the stables, to remind me that I was not in the classic groves of Alma Mater, but in the weald of Kent, with a walk of four long miles between me and the nearest railway-station.

Amongst the other interesting spots in the parish of Ightham we may mention a very curious ancient house of oak and lath and plaster, with very fine gables and chimneys, and which once was in all probability the village inn,* and the extensive Roman entrenchment on the bold eminence of Oldborough or Old-bury Hill.†

The parish church is a handsome building, dedicated to St. Peter, and contains many interesting monuments, more particularly those to the family of the Selbys. That of Dame Dorothy, relict of the second Sir William Selby, Knt., who died in 1641, is erected at the east end of the chancel, and displays a half-length figure of the deceased, within an oval recess. Within this oval recess are two tablets, upon the uppermost of which is a representation of Adam and Eve in Paradise, whilst upon the lower, which is of slate, a curious allegorical picture is depicted. This latter, which is behind the dame's head, represents the Pope seated at a table, in conclave with two cardinals, a monk, a friar, and an individual with a cloven foot, who is in the centre, and who seems to be the life and soul of the party. They are giving instructions to Guido Fawkes. In the background are seen two ships in full sail, supposed to be on their way to England; whilst at the right-hand corner are represented the Houses of Parliament, with the vaulted cel-

lars, in which are placed barrels of gunpowder with faggots laid over them, and Guido Fawkes with lanthorn in hand is advancing towards them. The inscription recording her many virtues and death, runs thus:—

D. D. D.
TO THE PRECIOUS NAME AND HONOUR
OF
DAME DOROTHY SELBY.

She a Dorcas was

Whose curious needle turned the abused stage
Of this lewd world into the golden age;
Whose pen of steel and silken ink enrolled
The acts of Jonah in records of gold,—
Whose art disclosed that Plot, which had it taken,
Rome had triumphed, and Briton's walls had shaken.
In heart a Lydia, and in tongue a Hannah,
In zeal a Ruth, in wedlock a Susannah;
Prudently simple, providently wary;
To the world a Martha, and to heaven a Mary.

Who put on immortality in { of her Pilgrimage 69,
the year { of her Redeemer 1641.

It is traditionally asserted that Dame Dorothy Selby discovered the meaning of the anonymous letter written to Lord Monteagle, to whom she was nearly related, warning him not to attend the Houses of Parliament at the time of the gunpowder plot, which the above lines, together with the incised slab that is introduced on the monument behind the dame's head, would certainly seem to imply. The circumstance was alluded to at some length by Major Luard in a paper read by that gentleman before the Archæological Institute in 1863, and which gave rise to considerable controversy in the pages of the "Gentleman's Magazine" for November and December, 1863, and also for January, 1864, by a gentleman who signs himself "Excursionist," and by Mr. Thomas Selby. The purport of this controversy on the one side goes to show that although Dame Dorothy had executed some admirable works in tapestry, one of which was "The story of Guido Fawkes," no evidence had ever been adduced to show that she was the means of saving the king and country from such an awful calamity as the success of the gunpowder plot would have inflicted. The reply of Mr. T. Selby to the remarks of "Excursionist" was certainly in favour of Major Luard's endeavour to prove that the inscription on this lady's tomb indicates her to have been in some sense the revealer of the gunpowder plot, either by writing to Lord Monteagle, or, at all events, of causing the letter to be delivered to him. Far be it from our province to determine which of the two is right in unravelling the hidden mystery.

When doctors disagree,
Who's to decide 'twixt you and me?

* A fine drawing of it, by John Buckler, F.S.A., will be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, December, 1835.

† "A Roman way crosses the parish of Ightham and the centre of the station of Oldbury, which I take to have been the 'castra setiva' of Vagniacæ, Sevenoaks. This was part of that great transverse line of military communication which ran in a parallel direction to the remarkable chalk hills that form a sort of natural wall to the weald or woody country; this line may be traced far westward into the adjoining counties; the chalk-ridge extending from Folkestone in Kent, to the town of Farnham at the extreme south-west of Surrey. The heights commanding this line exhibit to the practised eye clear marks of a continuous chain of Roman military posts."—*Gentleman's Magazine*, Feb. 1837. p. 156.

"The Archæological Journal," vol. xiii. p. 417, states that there are several similar memorials to that of Dame Dorothy Selby's

Mallet, at Shepton Mallet, Somerset, which closely resembled the tablet at Ightham. The journal continues, "There can be little doubt that the supposed allusion to Lady Selby, as having written the letter to Lord Monteagle, is wholly unfounded. It is said that some of her needlework was suspended behind the monument, and this very possibly may have been the production of the lady's 'art,' displaying some subjects of the popish machinations, similar to that above described."



Eastern front.

in existence, and that one of these, "in æternam papistarum infamiam," is an engraved plate at the residence of Sir Chetham

Thomas Cawne, on a tomb upon the north side of the chancel.

EDWD. WALFORD.

A WORD TO PORT WINE DRINKERS.

IN the International Exhibition of 1862, a section was devoted to continental wines which few of us gave ourselves the trouble to examine. Not having a "tasting order," it was very natural that, like the fox, we believed the produce of the grape within the bottles to be sour. Besides, the average Englishman inheriting from his fathers a very decided opinion in the matter of wine, turned away from the department with a certain supercilious contempt at the idea of anything in the shape of grape juice daring to put in an appearance as popular drinks beside the national liquors, port and sherry. Nevertheless, strongly as the Briton's prejudice runs in favour of the wine of his fathers, it must strike him when travelling abroad that wines, which he meets as his only companions, in the large majority of English households, are there nowhere to be found. The food that we eat (with some difference in the matter of cooking), the furniture that surrounds us, the clothes that we wear, as far as the better classes are concerned, are the same from one end of Europe to the other; but if we ask for port or sherry, the keller or the garçon stares at us as though we were asking for a slice of boiled dodo, or a draught of nectar. The

stray tourist who may happen to find his way to the Peninsula, possibly promises himself that here at least he will find the true "standard of sherry." He takes the wine of the country about Xeres, and prepares his palate for his accustomed flavour. Pahaw! he exclaims, that's not sherry; and possibly he takes out his pocket pistol carefully stowed away in case of emergencies, and with a look of triumph proffers it to the nearest native at hand. It is now his turn to witness a surprise; his "nutty old brown," for which he has perhaps given sixty shillings a dozen, the muleteer at the wine-counter spits out with a wry face as though he were tasting poison. Straying still further west among the Lusitanian Vines, he may promise himself that at least here he will find something that reminds him of home—of the cozy fireside, of walnuts, and that delicious '34 port of Sandiman's shipping. He tastes, he makes a face, he asks for port, and not Burgundy. Alas! the waiter tells him that is the wine of the Alto Douro as they know it, and possibly the tourist hurls a curse at him for his ignorance, after the manner of indignant Britons. But after a while, if he has any habits of reflection, at odd times it must come across his mind, that it is certainly

strange that nobody in the wide world ever knows anything about port and sherry but paterfamilias at home, or that even where those articles are compounded, they do not seem to recognise them either by name or taste! They treat—what we nurse for a lifetime in our cellars with all the care as regards temperature that we would give to a tender child,—as a medicine composed of half a dozen flavours, which they eject as speedily as possible. It certainly is strange! This is the conclusion to which the traveller whose mind has not been case-hardened by habit gradually comes, and if we mistake not it is the mental attitude of the rising generation of Englishmen at the present moment with respect to the wine question.

Thoughts, habits and tastes are beginning to be free, which they certainly have not been for the last century. A man may now wear his cap with defiance, which his father dared not do without incurring the condemnation of his neighbours. Under these circumstances it will not, perhaps, be considered outrageous if we venture to discuss the qualities of port and sherry which, like old servants, have tyrannised over us for so long a time. Like the old butler, on whose nose they blossom, they bear the very highest character—until they are inquired into.

Port wine then, the product of the Alto Douro, cannot strictly be called a wine at all—that is, it is no more the pure produce of the grape than the ketchup seized the other day in London is the product of the mushroom. Until a few months ago, no produce of this celebrated district could leave the country until it had been dosed with alcohol to the amount of twenty-five per cent. This was and is done with the idea of stopping fermentation, and at the same time of preserving a certain amount of sweetness in the wine to suit the Briton's palate, who is supposed to like his liquor black, sweet, and strong. And the reader must remember this is done, not only with the inferior qualities of wine, but with the very best. It could not, until the recent changes in the Portuguese customs, be allowed to leave the country without being thus "fortified," and without a certain amount of elderberry juice being added to improve its colour!

Young wine, when it arrives here, is, of course, undrinkable with these additions. Imagine, good reader, a liquid which is prized by its votaries for its exquisite bouquet and flavour, so delicate that the connoisseur has to turn it in his mouth for five minutes before he can sufficiently appreciate its quality. Imagine, we say, its having such disturbing influences in it as brandy and elderberry juice. Imagine an English-crown wine-apple

served up in treacle sauce, and then only you get a fit parallel of the kind of service rendered by these port wine improvers. Of course wine just subjected to such tampering is not drinkable; but it is considered fit to "lay down," as the wine merchant informs you. Now, this process of laying down may be of longer or shorter duration—ten years, twenty years, thirty years are very usual times. The vintage of 1834, for instance, is now considered to be in marvellous condition, and commands a large price in the market. To have to wait thirty years until a wine develops itself is a serious matter, even when time alone is considered. "Grow pears, for your heirs," is a well-known adage; and to have to lay down a wine which the middle-aged man can scarcely hope will ripen in his lifetime, is certainly a damper. But then he may buy what other men have laid down, as he may buy old trees of other men's planting. True, but at what a price? We are not all able to drink port at seventy shillings a dozen, and below that price no wine merchant would say that drinkable ports are to be obtained. But what is the meaning of this costly process of "laying down?" It is the only method by which the real produce of the grape can partially purify itself of the brandy and elderberry juice which has been added to it. We wait for thirty years, we treble its expense for the pleasure of nursing the sickly child swathed in cobwebs, or kept at an equable temperature by the ever-burning gas-light—to produce what? not a pure wine flavour certainly; for we defy the most liberal connoisseur to say that the utmost result of his nursing has culminated in a pure wine-flavour, which should be the only legitimate result of his self-imposed labour.

The old port-wine drinker will doubtless reply, "Manufactured or not, the result is a flavour I like, and there is an end of the discussion." Doubtless there is, as regards the old port wine drinkers; but they represent an age that is departing, and they will go on with their familiar tittle to the last, just as the old coachman thinks "there's no travelling like the stage-coach with four spanking bays." But there was such a thing as a pure wine flavour before port wine was concocted to spoil the taste for it; and there will be those who appreciate it after the old port wine school have departed from among us. In order to show how merrily the game of "fortifying" port is carried on, we may say that whilst in 1864 we received from the Peninsula 3,344,871 gallons of that wine, we sent there 1,630,304 gallons of alcoholic spirit. In other words, we buy back at high prices the produce of our own distilleries in

the shape of the "good old tory wine." This reminds us of the manner in which we are deluded in another branch of trade: we ship sprats in large quantities to the coast of Brittany, and they come back to us neatly packed in tin cases as sardines!

What we have said of port is equally true of sherry; it is brandied, it is "browned" with burnt sugar, it is mixed until we are astonished at the difference in the prices, and the number of wines presented for our approval; but none of them are pure. For instance, in the Government return respecting the strengths of wine in the principal wine-growing countries of Europe, issued in April 1862, we find the following example of the method of preparing a butt of sherry for England: "It is compounded of forty-one jars of different qualities of wine and spirit in the following proportions,—

- 1 jar spirit about 60 over proof,
- 8 jars of the sweet wine of Dulce,
- 8 jars of Soleras, or mother-wine,
- 10 jars dry wine, 1854,
- 14 jars dry wine, 1859.

Now, we ask our reader, what pure, homogeneous flavour he is likely to obtain out of mixture of sweet and dry, old and young wine, fortified with spirit sixty degrees above proof? Rather, is he not likely to find half-a-dozen tastes? and is not a wine so compounded likely to produce the very acidity in the stomach, to correct which "good sound sherry" is so often prescribed?

The idea that the Englishman cannot drink anything unless it possesses the character of a dram, is so fixed in the mind of the Spaniard and the Portuguese, and, we may add, in many instances, the British wine merchant, that it will take a generation to remove it. We believe the ladies have a great deal to do with this. They take but little wine, but like that little sweet and strong; and if there is anything that the female palate abhors, it is dry wine. Men, on the contrary, have a proclivity to the latter quality of wine, and the tendency is becoming more declared year by year; and in the Amontillado sherry we have at least a wine of this character, although it can scarcely be called pure, inasmuch as it derives its flavour from some adventitious addition, the nature of which wine growers know nothing about.

But the Montilla wine just introduced to the English market is absolutely pure as drunk in Spain. Hitherto, however, it has been employed to mix with the better class sherries for the English market. We have only to compare this wine with ordinary sherry to see what we have lost by the arts of

the adulterator. Its cost will, however, prevent its coming into general use in this country.

But what of the Hambro' sherries? asks the reader. The reader has only to look at the map of Europe to answer his own question. Hambro' is situated in too northern a latitude to grow wine; but Hambro' wine manufacturers can purchase cheap sour wine from the nearest wine-growing countries, and can make sherries to order well enough. It is amusing and instructive to the layman to read some of the circulars that wine merchants now so plentifully supply us with through the penny post, inasmuch as in their keen trade rivalry they are apt now and then to let out some of the secrets of the trade. For instance, Messrs. Haig, in their circular just issued, speaking of this Hambro' sherry, say, "We ourselves have been informed, by a gentleman whose brother is a merchant in Hambro', and had or has an establishment there for its manufacture, that large quantities of the worst German wines, which are too sour to drink, but not good enough for vinegar, are brought into Hambro', and there emptied into great vats, with a quantity of chalk or lime 'to correct the acid;' chalk being added until all effervescence ceases." Having thus obtained a neutral mass, as he calls it, a little sour wine is added, "to give it life," for all wine, he said, must have acid in it; then potatoe spirit completes the compound, with a trifle of "sherry flavouring," or extract of sherry made at Berlin. This extract of sherry is nothing more than a manufactured ether, of which there are scores of kinds, the product of decomposing matter. All children know what are termed pine-apple drops. These are sweets flavoured with an ether manufactured from rotten cheese. The wine-compounder is in his way quite an artist. With his various ethers he imitates, with an ingenuity worthy of a better cause, the most delicate flavours, and even the different ages of wine. In this respect he is like your Wardour Street picture-dealer, who can make you an old master at a day's notice.

Of course much Elbe water tempers the potency of the potato spirit, which can be sold in that country at a shilling a gallon. This will account for the tempting descriptions of the Hambro' sherry and Elbe sherry, advertised by some wine merchants as "good sound wine" at twelve shillings a dozen—a price at which a good profit can be made both by the wine-merchant and the doctor, for the aid of the latter will certainly have to be called in after the patient has indulged in this delicious luxury. Messrs. Haig significantly asks another advertising wine-house what has become

of the 40,000 gallons of Hambro' and Bremen wines of this character on which they had paid duty last year? Very probably to make "mixed sherry," which has become a regular article of sale at such prices as will suit that terrible class—genteel poor people. But we are told there is a lower depth still in the wine-trade, and another wine-circular quotes an advertisement, cut from a daily paper, in which the advertiser, "a practical distiller," sets forth "that he can now produce a fair port and sherry by fermentation without a drop of the grape-juice," and only wants a partner with from between £2000 and £3000 to establish a manufactory in Hambro' for that product. We do not doubt the fact that wine can be imitated after a manner with success, considering the number of compound flavours to which the majority of wine-drinkers are accustomed. If men are allowed to mix and "fortify" and flavour as they like, the public are at their mercy—they never know what a pure wine is, and they have consequently no standard of comparison to judge by. Not long ago grocers were in the habit of adulterating coffee with chicory, and the evil became so great, that Parliament was obliged to prohibit the practice. Why should wine-merchants be allowed to adulterate wine as they do?—a far more important matter than coffee, as in some cases it is one of the best medicines we have, and in all cases it is the great restorative to the exhausted nerve and body. No; let us put our trust in pure wine, and in pure wine only, and then at the worst we shall suffer at the hands of nature, and be delivered from the tricks of knaves and plunderers.

That Englishmen are not wedded to hot and sweet wines, we have the best proof in the returns of the Board of Trade, which show that the pure wines of France and Germany have been steadily advancing in public estimation, whilst those of Spain and Portugal have been almost stationary. Mr. Gladstone's new tariff, by which all wines containing less than twenty-six degrees of spirit are allowed to come in at one shilling a gallon duty, has opened the door to a crowd of new wines, that were utterly unknown to the public before. As the trade in them is new, the art of sophistication is unknown to the growers; and as we are beginning to exercise the palate in a legitimate manner (a duty we have forgotten since political teachers have bound us to the products of Portugal and Spain), the chances for pure wines are suddenly brightening. With clarets and Burgundies the better classes are familiar enough; two centuries ago all classes were also versed in the wines of the fair fields of France, but that was before

politics changed our taste. With the German wines again our best tables have been long acquainted. But the new visitors, to be naturalised (we hope) among us, come farther from the East, and although to be classed *as, par excellence*, pure wines, can scarcely be termed light wines. Such, for instance, as the Greek and the Hungarian, which but rarely find admittance under the twenty-six degrees of spirit test, so full are they of natural spirit evolved by the fermentive process.

As a rule, the English do not like the light wines; that is, wines of a low alcoholic strength. Northern nations, as a consequence of their climate, demand a stronger wine than do those of the South. We possess this desire in common with Danes, Swedes, and Russians. The polite classes, it is true, favour claret, but the polite classes possess many sources of excitement and exhilaration not open to the great public. Whilst, however, we confess that in this damp climate claret is not likely to be universally drunk, we by no means wish to join in the cry that it is an acid, washy wine, and like its brethren from Rhineland is likely to produce pain in the stomach. Very great ignorance prevails on the part of the public in this respect. It often happens that there is much more acidity in a sweet wine than in one which really tastes a little acid. The sugar sometimes placed in wine hides its acid; but it is the former, and not the latter which produces acidity of stomach; practically we avoid sugar in our diet when there is any tendency to acidity, but singularly enough, we do not follow the same rule with our wines. As Dr. Lankester truly says in his "Lectures on Food," neither tartaric acid, acetic acid, nor any other acid, has a tendency to favour the development of more acid in the system. In justice to the French and German wines we must say this much on their behalf. Nevertheless, there is a certain thinness and coldness which does not, we own, agree with the English palate.

We do think, however, that the stream of public favour is setting in towards pure wines, in which the natural fermentation of the grape yields a vinous spirit, which exhilarates without that after-depression such as unhappily is the result of drinking the mixed wines of the Peninsula adulterated with spirit. But the question of natural strength is a mere question of latitude and soil. Grapes must ripen thoroughly, in order to accumulate the sugar which is afterwards turned into vinous spirit by the process of fermentation. Now, we have only to look at the map of Europe to see that there are very few countries possessing a sufficient southern latitude to ripen grapes to the required saccharine standard,

abundantly and continuously. It is well known that in Germany scarcely two good vintages are ever known to follow each other: often, indeed, several bad seasons come together, and produce a great scarcity of wine. In the southern provinces of France bordering upon the Pyrenees and in Spain and Portugal alone, of all the western wine-producing countries of Europe, is the sun throughout the autumn sufficiently powerful thoroughly to ripen the grape. These countries in their southern limits are on the 37th parallel of north latitude, the same as the famous wine-producing countries of old—Sicily and the isles of Greece; but some of these isles are the seats of volcanoes, at present active. Thus the soil is abundantly supplied with those ingredients which, it is well known, the vine loves so well, and which exist in all countries famous for their wines. The island of Santorin, where the best Greek wines are grown, is attracting the attention of the *savans* of Europe, from the fact that at the present moment the island is alive with subterranean fires, and a new island is actually being thrown up in its bay. From the earliest antiquity this spot has been the seat of volcanic action. In antique times it was known as Callista, the beautiful; then as Thera. In one terrible convulsion the island was split into three. The largest portion retained its old name of Thera, the modern name of which is Santorin.

This event occurred about 250 years ago. So powerful must have been the eruption that the clouds of sulphur were carried as far as Constantinople, where every article of silver became suddenly blackened; and it is even said that the sea all the way to Alexandria was covered with cinders and dust. If we lived in the time of antique Greece, Vulcan would most certainly be sure to have his forge here; but we trust, instead of forging thunderbolts for Jove, the effect of the present irruption will only conduce to filling the cup of Bacchus to the brim. In this island, so penetrated with sulphur and with the hard dry scorise, that one not acquainted with the habits of the vine would imagine that nothing would grow, the grape flourishes as the grass does with us, and exhaustless quantities of wine may be produced upon the soil.

In the matter of wine, the quality as well as the quantity is a very important matter. We talk of Chateau Margoux, of Cliquot's champagne, of Tokay, but these are articles *de luxe*, and will never touch the lips of the great middle classes, for whom the price must not exceed two shillings a bottle; and some of the best Greek wines can be obtained at this price, and many of them for less. At

the head of all the new candidates for public favour we give the preference to St. Elie. This wine, as Miss Bremer well says, possesses all the pure, bright, fresh qualities of the Rhenish white wines, with a vinous strength all its own. It bears a great resemblance to the Montilla wine of Spain; but its bouquet is superior. Let the connoisseur get a bottle of each and taste them critically, side by side, and we think he will agree with us, and he will most certainly not be biassed against the Greek wine by the knowledge that it is not more than a third of the price of the pure Spaniard. But there are others who like the white Kefesia equally. The last-mentioned wine is the product of famous vineyards in the vicinity of Athens. It is wonderful what a little age does for these vintages; in a couple of years they deposit their tartaric acid, and then ripen rapidly. The red variety is very like a Burgundy, and forms an admirable dinner wine. But there are a score more, some very luscious in character, some like a natural dry port, such as Santorin, Como, &c. But they all possess qualities of clearness, vinous flavour, and natural strength that we certainly look for in vain in other wines, and their bouquet is enough to make an old man young again. Mr. Denman, of Piccadilly, who has introduced these wines, certainly may lay claim to having worthily seconded the Chancellor of the Exchequer in initiating a long-called-for reform in the wine-trade.

The Hungarian wines have already established themselves. Among these the noble Earlaure has already taken a high place in the estimation of the public. Carlovitz again is a wine that has found many admirers, as it possesses more body than the clarets, or even than the Burgundies. Perhaps there is a thought of bitterness in these wines to which some people will not object, but there is no denying their sterling qualities, and the good name Dr. Druitt has given these and the Greek wines every one who tastes them will indorse, and their absolute purity is undoubted. The Portuguese are now, we rejoice to hear, sending us an unsophisticated wine, which old port drinkers will scarcely recognise as their favourite wine in a condition of *purity*, as it is more like a Burgundy than anything else. Montilla, we have already noticed as having put in an appearance. Clearly the stream of opinion is setting in towards pure wines; and fifty years hence, our children, without doubt, when they taste curiously some bottle of "fortified" port, will wonder as much at our taste in the matter of wines as we wonder at the rage for the porcelain monstrosities from China which marked the taste of "the quality" in the last century.



"IN STATU QUO."

I.

Under the ash by the babbling brook,
Under the ash on the bank lay he;
Monarch was he of that fair, fair nook:
And the brook ran on to tell the sea.

II.

Bent the rushes beneath the wind,
Bent the rushes where down lay he;
Noble was he among mankind:
And the brook ran on to tell the sea.

III.

Carolled the lark in the paths of air,
Carolled the thrush in the green ash-tree;
Warbling sweet to the youth so fair:
And the brook ran on to tell the sea.

IV.

Came from the forest a maiden sweet,
Out from the forest and here came she;
And saw, and loved, the youth at her feet:
And the brook ran on to tell the sea.

V.

Rose from the rushes a fairy-sprite,
Over the two her wand waved she,
Over them breathed a halo bright:
And the brook ran on to tell the sea.

VI.

Under the ash by the babbling brook,
Motionless ever the two shall be;
None but the fairies may haunt that nook;
And the brook runs aye to tell the sea.

PENN VENN.

ADRIANA.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XI.

ADRIANA awoke the next morning with a vague feeling of weariness, a luxurious feeling nevertheless of disinclination for exertion,—a sort of half torpor, as though she were conscious and unconscious at the same moment. Her thoughts were in a state of inactivity also. She neither looked back nor looked forward; she was dwelling in an atmosphere of perfect repose. Nurse Alison had been in with Pearl and Charley to see her, and Pearl had begged to stay, but Adriana wished to be alone.

"I shall get up for dinner," said she; "so I must rest a little longer."

And they went away, and Adriana endeavoured to collect her thoughts, and to fix them on some plan of action. She was surprised at her own calmness; she felt no agitation; she was perfectly composed. She lay revolving the past and the present until it was time to rise and dress for dinner. With a steady hand she opened the drawer, and lifted out the soft gauzy black dress; with steady fingers she clasped the jet crescents in her ears, and wound the chain round her neck. With steady gaze she contemplated the figure in the glass. The effect was evidently satisfactory. The face might have been improved by a tinge of colour in the cheeks, it was so white; but the dark brown eyes perhaps seemed the more lustrous through the contrast. The lips were firmly closed, and there was rather too set a look about the features altogether; but that might be owing to the fatigue through which she had passed.

She descended to the drawing-room. Only Mrs. Cunningham was there; presently Mrs. Braddick came in.

Adriana's eye jealously scanned her unconsciously victorious rival. She looked unusually well this evening; a curiously-carved coral bandeau relieved the extreme lightness of her hair. Her coral bracelets showed to greater advantage the fairness of her arms, and her rich silk dress, hanging in massy folds, swept the ground as she moved majestically across the room. Adriana felt herself shrink into insignificance before that stately figure. No wonder he preferred—was that the word? no—admired her; for Adriana could own the claim to admiration, though it smote her. For a moment she shrank, crushed, self-abashed by the contrast, then up flashed the pride, the strength of will, the self-reliance of her nature, and she nerved herself for the part she intended to play out.

Revenge! She called it by no milder name

herself, she did not exculpate it, she sought not to palliate it; she looked at it firmly, and, despite its ugly nature, hugged it and gloated over it, as over some worthier impulse. Her eyes were lighted up by an unwonted fire, and Mrs. Cunningham wondered that she had never before considered Miss Linden a decidedly interesting-looking person. "Such an expressive face, so intellectual; she is not half so handsome as Margaret, but I should get to think her so in a very short time."

The gentlemen joined them. Mr. Etheredge watched curiously for Miss Linden's initiative.

"My husband, Miss Linden."

The rigid features did not move a muscle; the glittering eyes looked up coldly, almost haughtily, and Adriana bowed. Mr. Braddick might have been a stranger from the antipodes.

"Miss Linden," (the voice carried her back to other days,) "how can I thank you for your care of my child?"

Mr. Etheredge, still watching, saw the fingers close more tightly round the bracelet on her arm, but no other sign of emotion; the voice was quiet and measured that answered:—

"Any one must love Charley, and one would do much for those we love. I was glad to be of service to Mrs. Braddick."

"And Charley is very fond of Miss Linden," interposed Mrs. Cunningham.

"Quite a case of love at first sight," said Mrs. Braddick: "I never saw Charley take a fancy to any one so quickly before."

Mrs. Braddick had become more lively since her husband's return. Then she had some sort of love for him. Adriana had imagined her utterly impassive. It was well Miss Linden was so pale, or Mr. Etheredge, who was still intently observant, would have seen the blood leave the lips and cheeks, and rush back to the heart in a bitter tide of jealousy.

"Utter ignoring of the past," mused Mr. Etheredge, "and on the whole, perhaps, the best thing to be done. A woman's intuition is seldom incorrect. How blind people are till their eyes are opened! There are my mother and sister-in-law utterly ignorant of an episode in their drama, an aside, as it were, of the principal actors, only intelligible to the audience. I stand for audience in the present case; but I wonder*they don't notice the change in Charles. Miss Linden has the best of it, whatever the antecedents may have been."

Adriana certainly had the best of it to all outward appearance; she was perfectly at her ease, and conversed with Mrs. Cunningham and Mrs. Braddick without intermission, seemingly engrossed in all they were saying.

Mr. Braddick was silent. The lapse of time since he had met Miss Linden seemed to have contracted itself into a few hours. The image he saw before him was scarcely changed from the one he had carried in his mind for years,—the dress, the half-weary expression of the face, the clear sweet voice with a touch of sadness in it.

Once Miss Linden looked up, and met the fixed earnest gaze of Mr. Etheredge; again the resemblance to his brother that she had before noticed struck her. Some influence prompted her to look again. Mr. Etheredge's grave answering glance was almost a question. So Adriana felt it, and for a moment a faint tinge of colour overspread her face. She turned hastily away, pretending to examine some hothouse plants on a stand near her, and in doing so her eye fell upon Mr. Braddick.

He was not by any means so composed as she was; there was an evident constraint in his manner.

"You have not recovered from your voyage yet, Charles," said Mrs. Braddick, moving to his side. Adriana's heart felt a convulsive twinge. "Thou shalt not covet," said the inner voice; but Adriana's ears were dull.

A servant announced dinner. Mr. Braddick started. He offered his arm to his mother.

"No, no," said she; "you and Margaret must go in together to-day. My son and daughter—it is so pleasant to have them both together again," said she to Adriana.

Twinge the second. Why had she placed herself on the rack? Why had she not gone? Why torture herself with the sight of her rival's happiness?

Mrs. Braddick and Mrs. Cunningham were the only absorbed persons at the dinner-table. Mrs. Cunningham, delighted to have her favourite son once more with her, emerged from her wonted stateliness, and even Mrs. Braddick seemed inspired by an unusual liveliness.

"You must see all the beautiful presents that Charles has brought me, Miss Linden," and she proceeded to enumerate cashmeres, lama shawls, curious bracelets, and eastern ornaments; and Adriana listened and heard nothing, and Mr. Etheredge watched and found Miss Linden's face as calm and quiet as ever, and Mr. Braddick looked half-wearied and disinclined to talk.

It was a relief to Adriana to be in the drawing-room once more, but not one of long duration.

Music was proposed.

"Miss Linden sings all your favourite songs, Charles."

Mr. Braddick said nothing. Adriana continued turning over the leaves of a book.

"Do sing us something, Miss Linden," said Mrs. Braddick.

Adriana closed the book, and moved irresolutely to the piano. Mr. Braddick took up the volume she had been turning over. Mr. Etheredge quietly walked over to the piano and opened it.

"Would you rather not sing?" he asked, in an undertone.

"No."

"What does that mean—yes or no?"

"I can sing."

"But would rather not?"

"I have no objection."

"What are you going to sing?" asked Mrs. Cunningham.

"Is it not taxing Miss Linden's strength too much after her late fatigue?" said Mr. Braddick, still looking at the book.

The glittering brown eyes gave a flash.

"I am not tired." They were almost the first direct words she had spoken to Mr. Braddick, but she did not look at him, nor he at her.

"What shall I sing, Mrs. Braddick?"

"Let me think; something lively, for we all seem to be getting rather sleepy."

"I hate lively tunes," said Mr. Braddick, quickly.

"Well, then, let us have 'Per Pietà,' Miss Linden. Charles used to be very fond of it, but I never could sing it to please him," said Mrs. Braddick. Adriana struck a few chords. "'Per pietà non dir mi addio.'"

Her voice faltered as she began, but the rich clear tones gradually gained strength, and rose and died away in the pleading words. Her auditors listened breathlessly, lest a note should escape them. Mr. Etheredge had never heard her sing so well before; he was astonished. Mr. Braddick leaned back in his chair, and half closed his eyes.

Seven years had gone by; he was at Etheredge Court with his wife and children, and Miss Linden was singing! Could it be possible? Miss Linden singing as she used to do—no, far better. What an age those seven years had been! and now the interval seemed to be swept away, and it was but yesterday that he had heard that song. Supposing it were, and that he had it in his power to alter the current of his life!

"Pshaw!"

"My dear Charles!" said Mrs. Braddick, as the abrupt exclamation escaped him. "I thought you were so fond of 'Per pietà,' and Miss Linden does not appear to please you any more than I did."

Mr. Braddick looked vexed

"I beg Miss Linden's pardon. I had gone into a reverie. It was not the song or the singing that elicited my very malàpropos ejaculation."

"Now, how very tiresome of you not to listen, when I wanted you so much to hear it."

"I was listening. I do admire the song. I suppose I scarcely dare ask Miss Linden to sing another after my apparent rudeness?"

Adriana looked up from the piano.

"I shall be happy to sing again."

She turned again to the piano, and sang song after song; the colour stole into her cheeks with the excitement, her eyes shone brighter and brighter, and her voice sounded clear through the room as a silver bell. She could perceive without looking that Charles Cunningham, as he still was to her, was listening attentively, though to Mrs. Cunningham and Mrs. Braddick it appeared as though his thoughts were wandering far away from the present scene, to which he was paying no attention. His thoughts were wandering far away. Adriana knew that also: her triumph was coming, her power was returning. Revenge is sweet! Revenge is bitter! Who can reconcile the two? yet they make but one. Adriana in her own room that night felt the working of the two opposing elements, the sense of victory, the sense of shame, of self-reproach. Yet she would go on, the path was straight before her, easy to tread. Just one moment of undoubted triumph, and she would leave Etheredge Court. What of Mrs. Braddick? Adriana entirely set her aside; the chances were that she might never find out. So intensely absorbed in herself, argued Adriana, that she is never roused to look much beyond. How stupid some women are! And Adriana shrugged her shoulders, and mentally congratulated herself upon her own intellectual superiority.

Yet of what avail to her? Here she was on the brink of a precipice that the calm, passionless Mrs. Braddick would never endanger herself by approaching. Was she not rushing on like a fool where "wise men," or rather wise women, might "fear to tread?" "There are clever fools," mused Adriana; "perhaps I am one." Fools, fools—are not all mankind fools? Some one way, some another; all wise in their own conceit, all astray upon some point, all monomaniacs to a certain extent; perhaps the greatest of all monomaniacs being a comfortable belief in their own infallibility.

Adriana was one of those people whose consciences will not quite bring them to this last monomaniac state. She doubted her position, and she did not deny to herself that she doubted it. But she trusted to her strength

to carry her through the part she had undertaken.

"Lead us not into temptation!"

She started; it seemed as if the words were spoken to her. No, she was alone; the inner voice alone had made itself heard. Perhaps it was her guardian angel drawing her away from the dark angel who was struggling for the mastery. "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world." The warfare of the inner life, of the soul against temptations. Whence come those temptations? Some deny the corrupt nature of man, and the existence of a devil. Bad logicians: if they deny the one, they ought to admit the other; else whence come temptations and incitements to sin? Why should there be any impulse to do aught but right if we get rid of these two uncomfortable agents? If there be no evil nature within and no evil agent without, surely man should be perfect. But it is an indisputable fact that there is sin in the world; and that sin must have an origin, so that the question is, if we set aside the devil and original sin, where upon earth does sin come from?

"Lead us not into temptation!" But Adriana would not hear. She was no hypocrite; she opened not her Bible that night, nor many a succeeding one. She knew she should find no counsel there to strengthen her in her reckless path. The dark angel had laid his hand upon a willing shoulder, that wrenched itself not away from his grasp, but felt the stronger for the assistance. The mocking angel rose erect, triumphant, and the guardian spirit dropped a tear, yet followed meekly on, watching and waiting.

CHAPTER XII.

WATCHING and waiting! What a curious problem life is, if one sits down to solve it. Such a mixture of reality and unreality. Birth the starting-point and death the close; the beginning and ending of a middle space, that seems, in spite of every-day work, a sort of fever-dream, wherein the all-important "me" is the only actual person. A two-lived being, a worker and a dreamer, an outer life so dissimilar to the inner life that one would almost imagine the two to be incompatible. Yet how strangely they harmonise, the one a prosaic story, dragging wearily page after page; the other a wild poem, now rising almost to the sublime, now sinking to the depths of despair, now quieting down its mad aspirations beneath holy influences, now again tossed like an angry sea, and writhing in pent-up throes like some restless volcano.

Adriana's life was twofold at this present

time. Mrs. Braddick saw a quiet governess going through her duties with patient assiduity. She was all Mrs. Braddick could

wish; she took Pearl and Charley off her hands, and was really teaching them something, and Charley was actually becoming



See page 466.

amenable to behaving as he ought to do, and Mrs. Braddick did not totally despair of making a sensible woman of Pearl in the end. Mr. Braddick had certainly become more rational with regard to the children; he did not make so many foolish speeches in their presence; he did not combat her views so strongly as he used to do. In fact, on the whole, Mr. Braddick was much improved for his Indian journey. "We get on much better than we used to do," was Mrs. Braddick's satisfactory conclusion; and on the whole she felt that, taking one thing with another, she was as happy as most mortals, and a woman rather to be envied than otherwise. Which comfortable reflections caused Mrs. Braddick to look more placid than ever, and to emerge from her usual silence. Possibly this was no great change for the better, as Mrs. Braddick's mental endowments did not increase in proportion. She talked a great deal, but when she had finished talking no one remembered what she had been saying.

"I hope you are getting over your prejudice against Miss Linden, Richard. You see how well she manages Pearl and Charley," said Mrs. Braddick one day.

"I don't know that I ever had any prejudice against her," returned Mr. Etheridge.

"Now don't try to get out of a defeat when you are fairly beaten. Own that I have been most fortunate in meeting with Miss Linden."

"In what way?"

"In every way, of course. Such a very superior person—quite a lady. It is of the greatest advantage to Pearl to have such a person with her when she is young and susceptible of impressions. There is something I quite admire in Miss Linden's manner. By the bye, Charles," said Mrs. Braddick, turning to her husband, "I never have asked you how you like Miss Linden." Had a thunderbolt fallen at Mr. Braddick's feet, he could not have felt much more disconnected than at this

unexpected appeal. He looked annoyed and answered abruptly,—

"I don't know; I really can't tell you."

"Well, it is most singular," continued Mrs. Braddick. "I believe you and Richard are in league against Miss Linden. However, your mother and I are perfectly agreed upon the subject, and must fight her battles for her."

"I think Miss Linden can fight her own battles when there is any occasion," suggested Mr. Etheredge, quietly.

"You are most uncharitable. A quieter person I cannot imagine. Never dissatisfied with anything."

"Except with herself," said Mr. Etheredge, *sotto voce*.

"You never will do her justice, I know," pursued Mrs. Braddick. "At any rate, you were pleased with her singing the other night, though Charles was not. I quite thought, Charles, that you would have been charmed with 'Per pietà.' Miss Linden sings it with so much expression, one would almost fancy she was singing it to some one."

"Would you like to have a ride to-day, Margaret? I will go and see after the horses," and Mr. Braddick left the room.

"All your geese are swans, Margaret," said Mr. Etheredge, laughing.

"Now, if you intend to apply that——"

"Oh, I don't intend to apply anything. I merely made a sort of sweeping assertion."

Mrs. Braddick had determined two points in her own mind: firstly, that Mr. Etheredge and her husband did not fully appreciate Miss Linden, and, secondly, that it was her intention to combat this non-appreciation upon every occasion. Mrs. Braddick was not often roused to action, but she was in particularly good spirits at the present time: the great accession of fortune, the handsome presents from India, combined to convert her ordinary impassability into something like active good nature. She was very considerate to Adriana, even kind, and insisted upon her accepting one of the beautiful India shawls, which Adriana reluctantly took, seeing no way of escape without offending Mrs. Braddick. Adriana pursued her twofold life, restless, unsatisfied. She would go—no, her purpose was yet scarce accomplished. She would stay, yet was she not treacherous to Mrs. Braddick? No: Mrs. Braddick wished her to stay, was perfectly satisfied. Pearl and Charley could not do without her. Her duty was here. She might stay on, and heap coals of fire on Charles Cunningham's head by doing good to his children. And she need scarcely ever see him; she was in the school-room all the day, she need never leave it unless sent for.

Wrong, wrong, utterly wrong sophistry all of it, though she would not see it. She has more than an inkling of it, but she has chosen her path. Yet she was not of an ungenerous nature, though she was pursuing a selfish course. There was the god-like struggling within her. Was more sorrow, more despair wanting, ere she could give up self? Like Job, she strove. Right in her own eyes she resisted the prickings of conscience. Right! nay she was not so excusable as the old patriarch, inasmuch as she was not strong in her own self-confidence. He had no misgivings. She had; and Eliphaz, the Temanite, Zophar, the Naamathite, and Bildad, the Shuhite, could not have exasperated Job more with their reproaches, than did the unconscious persons by whom she was surrounded irritate Adriana.

Restless, she paced the school-room when the children had left it. She had been sitting in desperate calmness, forcing herself to make clear his simple lesson to Charley; explaining with infinite minuteness the difficulties of her task to Pearl. Everything seemed so actual, so perceptible, so clearly cut, so very distinct. She saw, as in a stereoscopic view, objects sharply defined with a perceptible amount of distance between them, each in its relative position, without any atmospheric effect to soften the harshness of the lines. No haze to cast a misty veil over the landscape, no sudden gleam of sunlight to exaggerate the shadows, or wake into prominence some peak or pinnacle; all was cold, regular, exact, immovable, life-like, yet un-living.

Adriana was in a singular position, the result partly of circumstances over which she had no control. She had involuntarily placed herself in connection with Charles Cunningham's wife and children; but she might, upon discovering it, have voluntarily withdrawn, and she could not help acknowledging to herself now that it would have been wiser, happier for herself, had she done so; she had but revived the old feelings that had laid waste her life seven years ago, and which the hand of time had been gradually smoothing away.

The day was cold and gloomy, a deep snow had fallen during the night, and a few straggling flakes began to show that another snow-storm was nigh at hand. It did not matter; Adriana was oppressed, restless; she must go out to breathe freely; she wanted air; she could not collect her thoughts under the roof of Etheredge Court. Something seemed to weigh her down. She was powerless to think, to act; the keen, cold air would revive her, and would allay the feverish excitement that was consuming her.

So she wandered out, despite the threatening snowflakes and the piercing cold. The girl who had watched her on the night of Charley's recovery thought that Miss Linden must be demented to take a walk on such a day as this, and wondered that people who could stay in the house in winter should ever think of going out. Mrs. Braddick caught a glimpse of her retreating figure through the leafless avenue, and was roused to wonder where Miss Linden could be going. Mr. Etheredge looked up quickly, and Mrs. Cunningham paused in her knitting, and said :

"There is going to be a heavy snow-storm. How dark it is getting."

"I should think Miss Linden will turn back," said Mrs. Braddick, actually getting up, and looking out of the window. But Miss Linden's figure grew smaller and smaller until it appeared almost a speck in the distance. "What an extraordinary day to choose for a walk, and Miss Linden has not recovered her strength yet." And Mrs. Braddick went on wondering and wondering and treating her companions to her various theories upon the subject.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE country round Etheredge Court was for the most part undulating and well wooded; though here and there a wild spot might be found. And it was to one of these that Adriana was making her way. It was a sort of ravine, whose steep banks, yellow in June with golden gorse blossoms, now rose like walls of purest white that almost touched the low-hanging clouds. A shallow brook that gurgled over the stones lazily in the summer time, was even quieter now, bound in its frosty fetters. There was an air of oppressive stillness about the place, no sound of life anywhere near; and as the clouds grew darker and darker, drawing ever nearer to the white walls, their whiteness grew ghastly, and Adriana felt as if she were entombed in a vast sepulchre. Yet on she went, the solitariness suited her; she was alone, she could think. She did not feel the cold, she heeded not the darkness. She would go to the end of the ravine, and return across the fields home.

A strange exhilaration possessed her; a sudden strength seemed imparted to her; her life seemed indestructible. She realised her being, she realised her two beings—the mortal and immortal; and the one seemed so predominant, so strong, that it bore the other up; it urged it on without a sense of weariness, without a sense of cold, of fear. Lighter and lighter grew her step over the slippery ground; firmly she trod and quickly. The threatening snowflakes came down at shorter intervals, but

she did not see them. The dim bars of faded crimson that had been struggling to become bright in the western sky had disappeared, the ghastly white walls were turning grey, and their summits melting into the grey of the descending clouds; faster and faster fell the snowflakes—thicker and thicker; the snow-storm had begun.

Two miles from Etheredge Court, and it was growing dark; the snow beat against her face. She could not see the path, but she knew the way so well that she had little uneasiness.

Yet she was going wrong; the turn she had taken did not lead to Etheredge Court, but to a common some miles distant. She did not immediately discover her mistake, and when she turned to retrace her steps, the blinding snow prevented her seeing where she was; she fancied she had come about half a mile since leaving the outlet of the ravine, but her thoughts had so occupied her, that she had not noticed the distance. She was utterly perplexed whether to advance or to remain where she was until the storm had a little subsided. She groped about, and, discovering the stump of an old tree, sat down, drew her cloak closely around her, and screened herself as well as she could from the snow.

Then she listened; the silence was intense, not a sound broke the stillness. The snow fell noiselessly, covering over all the land-marks by which she might hope to find her way home when the snow-clouds had exhausted themselves.

Alone, alone—she realised it now; she might have to succumb to the biting cold, and morning might find her lying there a frozen corpse. Had her destiny brought her hither to perish? Was it not a sign that Etheredge Court was no place for her? Her morbid fancy strung events together, and took it for an omen. It was well, she could lie down quietly and take her rest. It was an easy death. Sleep, sleep, eternal rest! No waking to a troubled to-morrow.

There is a sound, a rustling in the bushes behind her; a thousand fears rise in her mind—perhaps a struggle for life! Up leaps the strong pervading influence, the death-antagonistic spirit so strong in man. She can almost feel the assassin's grasp upon her throat, can almost see the flash of the sharp knife uplifted for the murderous stab; and yet she cowers spell-bound. She has no power to move a finger, her faculties seem lost in the absorbing terror. But a moment since and she could have laid down her head on the soft snow and wooed the Destroyer. And now—but it is so horrible to be murdered, to wrestle agonizingly for life, to clutch the knife, to feel its sharp edge cut through the fingers as

all relentlessly it is wrested from them to do its deadly work. To have life torn away bit by bit, each struggle becoming fainter than the last. And still she cannot move; she tries to utter a cry, but no articulate sound comes forth. A low choking sob rattles in her throat.

The noise grows louder and louder, the bushes crackle, the snow is scattered around her; but it is no human footstep she hears, only some animal breaking the dead twigs; her heart gives a bound of relief, and then a rough shaggy head is laid in her lap.

"Snap, Snap! good doggy!" and Adriana's tears fell upon Snap's rough coat.

But Snap did not stay long to comfort her; with a quick short bark he retraced his way through the bushes, and his bark sounded fainter and fainter and soon was lost in the distance. However, she did not feel so hopeless, for she had strong faith in Snap's sagacity, and he might bring help to her. An hour passed by; the snow was falling thickly; she strained her ears to listen, but the stillness was unbroken. From time to time she shook off the flakes that coated her. Surely the storm was nearly over. The clouds somewhat cleared, and the moon tried to shine out through the mist; Adriana looked on every side, but could not determine in what direction to move. So she decided to remain where she was until the moon should throw a clearer light upon the dreary white waste by which she was surrounded.

At length came a faint bark, nearer and nearer. Could it be Snap returning? Once more she was caressing the dog. There was help near; the figure of a man was gradually becoming visible, though indistinctly seen through the fog. Her heart beat quickly, it was Charles Cunningham's walk. She should meet him once more alone, away from the surroundings of Etheredge Court. Was she glad? was she sorry? she scarcely knew which; she was so near what had been her desire for years—to speak to him once more; and yet now that the opportunity seemed within her grasp, she shrank from it and wished herself away.

But it was not Mr. Braddick; the brotherly resemblance had once more deceived her, and there was a shade of disappointment in her tone as she exclaimed:—

"Mr. Etheredge!"

"You don't seem very glad to see me, Miss Linden. I should not have supposed you found your quarters so very delightful as to wish to remain in them."

"I am very much obliged to you, Mr. Etheredge."

"To Snap rather than to me, Miss Linden;

for I should not have known where to find you."

They walked on for some minutes in silence, then Adriana broke the pause.

"I think I should have found my way home when the moon came out, I know the country so well."

"So it seems," said Mr. Etheredge, drily.

"In the light, I mean," added Adriana. "It was quite dark when I lost my way."

"People are generally in the dark when they lose their way," said Mr. Etheredge, "bodily and mentally. Light is the only corrective, either as it affects the outer senses or the mind."

"Not always: people miss their way in the daytime."

"True."

"And do wrong with their eyes open."

"What is conscience?"

"A sort of sun illumining the inner life; but people can manage it as they please."

"I deny that, Miss Linden. The sun may be hidden by clouds, but it is still shining; and conscience may be stifled, but not extinguished."

"Is right right to every one?"

"Rather an obscure way of putting the question. What do you mean by right?"

"Some things may appear right to one person and wrong to another."

"Therefore are they right to each? Ask yourself. Given truth, can any opinion alter it, or does it still remain truth in spite of the various views that are taken of it?"

"To sum it up, truth is truth, right is right, and people are wrong," said Adriana.

"All?"

"Most, I suppose," answered Adriana, reflectively. She shivered as she spoke.

Mr. Etheredge turned abruptly:—

"I ought to beg your pardon," said he. "A cold December night is no time for metaphysical disquisitions. Are you very tired?"

"No."

"I mean physically, not mentally," added he.

"No, to both; yet I shall be very glad to have some rest."

"Miss Linden, I think you are a compound of opposites. There is a contradiction contained even in that sentence."

"I am not logical, you know," returned Adriana.

"I never said so."

"But implied it."

"That is not a straightforward accusation."

"I meant no accusation. I merely stated a fact."

"Nothing is a fact until it is proved, and your deduction is merely a surmise at present."

Adriana made no answer. Every step she now took was a greater effort to her; her hands and feet were benumbed with the cold, still she battled on. Mr. Etheredge strode along, seemingly unobservant; but he was watching her. At length he said:—

"Will not my arm be of service?"

"Thank you, I can manage better alone, the snow is so uneven," replied Adriana, almost stumbling into a snow-drift.

"Excuse me," said Mr. Etheredge, "but you can do no such thing," and gently taking her hand, he drew it within his arm.

Adriana's first impulse was to draw it away, the old feeling of antagonism was at work; but she was faint and weary, and her very weakness chafed her. She kept a determined silence the rest of the way, broken only by a cold, "Thank you for the trouble you have taken, Mr. Etheredge," when they reached the hall door.

(To be continued.)

AN HOUR WITH THE GOBELINS IN PARIS.

THE Imperial Manufactory of the Gobelin Tapestry, now standing in the Rue Mouffetard, was founded in 1450 by one Jean Gobelin, a dyer, on the stream of the Bievre, whose waters enjoyed a repute for a peculiar property, which assisted the production of certain rich tints, such as scarlet and purple, which were in so much request for the dyeing of the silk thread or wools used in the manufacture of Tapestry.

The family of the Gobelins emigrated from Holland into France, and some of their descendants and connections have for centuries been workers of the Royal tapestry in Paris. The art of tapestry, which was practised as early as the Merovingian period in Europe, as some passages relating to the baptism of Clovis in the manuscripts of Gregory of Tours clearly indicate, became almost a passion among mankind in the middle ages.

The nuns worked vestments for the priests, in their peaceful convents, and even the monks lent a hand at needlework occasionally, as is confirmed by a passage in the French of Michel, which I translate thus:—"On one robe there were to be a few elephants worked in silk, on a red ground of wool, also a mantle of fine wool ornamented with a lion or two, on a red ground;" but somehow or other, in the absence of the abbot, the careless monk who was at work on these vestments forgot his pattern or directions, and "worked his elephants upon a white ground, instead of a red one, and his red lions (with the addition of some birds of the same colour) disporting on

a white ground," . . . "which, though rather incongruous to the original nature of the subject gave such satisfaction to the Holy Brethren that these vestments were carefully preserved, and used only on grand festivals of the Church, when the abbot wore the elephants, and the prior the red lions and birds."

Monsieur Achille Jubinal, a writer on the Art of Tapestry, together with several others who have treated of this subject, in the 15th century, inveighs against the then prevalent custom of classifying all embroidered stuffs under the head of tapestry. "There ought," says one writer, "to be a distinction drawn between embroidery and tapestry, and the piece of needlework illustrating the 'Legend of St. Martin,' now preserved and exhibited in the Museum of the Louvre, and said to be as old as the 12th century, and worked by Queen Matilda, the daughter of Stephen, is most improperly called tapestry, and should be recognised as a simple piece of embroidery, and having no merit as a picture."

There is very little doubt, if any at all, as to the process of needlework by which the women of the East (the women of Israel and Tyre) produced the hangings, and coverings, and carpets for the tents and walls of houses, being exactly similar to that made use of by the principal professed tapestriers of the middle ages and the present day. Nevertheless, tapestry was once a conventional term for any sort of curtains or carpeting illustrating subjects and scenes from history and allegorical sources, whether merely a large field of canvass, backed with silk or cloth and worked over with tambour or tent-stitch, or woven on the looms *à haute* or *basse lice* with the wooden needle. Therefore the shades of those worthies who have argued this point at issue so jealously on the behalf of the art, may rest in peace, now that the Gobelins are maintaining its purity and transmitting to future ages this particular branch of barbarian elegance and industry. Francis I. and Henry IV. of Navarre founded, each of them in his own time, manufactories of tapestry, the trade of which they endeavoured to monopolise, like their successors on the throne of France. One of these was at Fontainebleau, the other a celebrated one at Tournelles, one of the king's palaces. In 1601 some Flemish tapestriers were imported to this last establishment, where, under the superintendence of two members of the Gobelin family, "Marc de Comans," and "François de la Planche," they worked exclusively with one common interest for the Crown, but a few years after that Louis XIII. had passed his minority. The two partners separated, François de la Planche set up a counter trade in

* "Recherches sur les Etoffes." Notice Historique sur les Manufactures Impériales de Tapisseries des Gobelins.

the Faubourg St. Germain, leaving Comans alone at the Tournelles, who not long after entered into partnership with another Gobelin of the name of Jans. Several beautiful pieces of tapestry, now to be seen among the treasures and properties of the different cathedrals and churches in France and Germany, were worked under the eye of Catherine de Medicis, during the minority of the young king—Poussin, the favourite painter of the Queen Regent, supplying most of the models. The Luxembourg Palace boasts of some of her own needlework in tapestried pictures, for *window blinds*! The manufactory for making the Saracen, or Turkey carpets, now incorporated with the Gobelin tapestries, was founded by Henry IV. of France and Navarre, and received the name of La Savonnerie, from the fact of the building where the manufactures were carried on having once been a soap-boiling establishment. "Pierre du Pont" and Simon Lourdet were appointed the directors of this department of tapestry, and Marie de Medicis undertook at her own expense the support and education of a hundred poor orphan children, who were lodged and educated, and apprenticed to the trade of Savonnerie Tapestry in this building.

Of the two departments of tapestry, that of the Savonnerie has always been the more lucrative and flourishing. Very early writers make mention of the costly Saracen and Arras carpets; and the town of Arras, in Flanders, held such a reputation for the manufacture of this tapestry, that it even gave its own name to the products sent to Italy, with which country it traded at a very early period, and "*arrazzi*" was the common name for the carpets used in Italian palaces.

As far back as 1025 a carpet manufactory existed at Poitiers; and, says Estienne Boilaue (or Stephen Boileau), in his "*Book of Trades*," the products are reserved solely for the churches, kings' courts, and men of distinction;—he is speaking of the Saracen, or velvet-pile carpet tapestriers;—and he goes on to tell us how the carpets for exportation and those in common use among the rich citizens at home, who were not "high and noble men," are and *must* by law be made of good *honest* wool, without a mixture of silk or gold thread, as other beautiful tapestries are allowed to be worked, which are the exclusive rights of the rich. In 1342 cow-hair was forbidden to be used in the manufacture of the tapestried carpets. It had hitherto been used as a bordering or sort of ornamentation, and I suppose was not considered a legitimate material for use on the loom.

In the reign of Philip the Fair eighty tapestriers of Turkey carpets, imported from the

Levant and other places in the east, were billeted, or we may say quartered, on the inhabitants of Paris for their support. In an inventory also, belonging to Charles V., if we may believe the "*Notice Historique sur les Manufactures Impériales de Tapisseries des Gobelins*," there is an item like the following—"One large sheet of Arras tapestry, covered with the deeds and battles of Judas Maccabeus and Antigonus." And Froissart records that when the Emir was despatched to arrange the ransom of Count de Nevers and his knights who had been taken prisoners by Bajazet, at the battle of Nicopolis, he told the French Court, "he should have much pleasure in looking over a few historical sheets of good tapestry, such as was worked at Arras, in Picardie, and the histories contained in them must be very good and ancient!"

As I only make use of a quotation in French from this quaint old chronicler, and have no opportunity of pursuing the history of this ransom, I regret much I am unable to satisfy my readers and myself as to whether these particular sheets in Arras tapestry with the fine old histories were forthcoming and effected the liberty and return of the poor Count and his friends. To the age of the Renaissance, the dazzling reign of Louis XIV., the manufactory of the Gobelin tapestries no doubt owe their unblemished reputation through many long years down to the present day. In 1662, with the assistance of Colbert, he collected under one roof the different tapestry weavers dispersed here, there, and everywhere in Paris. At the same time he invited over from Italy and other countries skilful carvers and cabinet-makers, turners, sculptors, gilders, lacquerers, workers in silver filagree, gold-beaters, decorators, workers of mosaic, and marquetric, and, incorporating this company of foreign artisans with his Gobelin tapestry workers, appointed them all one great company of upholsterers to the Crown; and their establishment in Paris, in the neighbourhood of the Tuileries, was called the "*Garde Meuble de la Couronne*."

The French "*Landseer*," Oudry, was one of the directors of the manufactory; but Le Brun, the eminent painter of the Versailles Gallery, and the favourite of the King in the Fine Arts, was nominated the Superintending Minister of the manufactory; and from Le Brun's day down to the present time the inspectors and directors of the Gobelins have been celebrated artists of the times. Many of the curiously wrought ebony caskets and cabinets, inlaid with pearl and precious stones, and gold and ivory, and which are now exhibited at the museum of the Palais de l'Industrie, and are the property of some of the

Rothschilds, were executed by these Gobelin workmen.

In 1690 a great deal of the King's plate was melted down into money, and the gold and silver filagree caskets, and ornamentation of the same ebony fancy tables we have spoken of before, which the Gobelin cabinet-makers worked with gold and silver and pearl for the Court, were thrown into the crucible to produce satisfaction for the King's debts.

This mode of payment was suggested by his minister, and a remark has been made by him on the "small returns which were reaped from this process of money-making, and the enormous expenditure incurred for years past by the support and manufactures of the Gobelin and Savonnerie upholsteries in France."

In the age of the Renaissance and the glories of France, the Gobelins and this "Garde Meuble of the Crown," had such an important status in Paris, that the King drew up certain wordy documents for the insurance of the well-being and discipline of his workmen and prosperity of the trade. There were no less than eighteen special regulations to be observed,* and many bye-laws were granted to them in order to render the "Garde Meuble de la Couronne" a royal upholstery, and honourable company of weavers, cabinet-makers, turners, &c., to the King. He even extended privileges to those generations of the Gobelin family whom he could never hope to see, but I have no doubt his intentions were sincere. He also forbade his people at any time to billet soldiers upon the homes of the Gobelins; he erected good breweries for them close to their hotel, and gave them their beer at the expense of his own royal private purse, "for," said he, "they shall not be subjected to the extortions of publicans," and finished his munificence by signing the documents which contained the laws and regulations, sealing the same with his grand seal, which performance was duly witnessed by several distinguished men and all the ministry, and paid several thousand pounds, in English money, for the Gobelins Hotel.

When out of sorts, his poet, Loret, informs us, "he would go out and visit his Gobelins, at work on the tapestries, and tables, and carpets, of his palaces, as a diversion of his megrims, and for a pretty amusement."

The grateful Gobelins, who were certainly in clover under Louis XIV., commemorated his first visit to the manufactory, in a very large piece of tapestry which was, years afterwards, consigned to a melancholy fate for the cause of liberty. But hard times came in

with the revolution of 1792, and several pieces of tapestry, variegated with the lilies of France, and worked with the emblems and insignia of royalty, were burnt, including this memorial of King Louis' visit, at the foot of the Tree of Liberty. In the following year, the National Convention decided that new models should be introduced into the manufactories of the Gobelins, along with new morals into the nation. They sent the likenesses of Marat and Lepelletier, to be worked in tapestry, which were destined to cover the walls of the halls of public assemblies, and courts of justice, now "defaced and left vacant by the removal of the portraits of the kings they had beheaded, and the crucifixes they had destroyed."

At the same time they instituted a commission to inquire into the subjects of the tapestry working on the looms, and to condemn the completion of such as might be likely to offend the taste of the Republic, and affect the morals of the people. The members of this commission were "those painters, sculptors, and architects, whom they considered worthy of the respect and admiration of the nation," such as Prudhon, Ducreux, Vincent, and Pery Moëtte, the sculptor. Bitaubé and Legouvé, both men of letters, and besides these, Belle and Duvivier, the Governors and Directors of the Gobelin and Savonnerie Establishments, were enrolled in the list.

With respect to the offending tapestries, "that of 'Cleopatra at the Tomb of Antony' was at once condemned as an immoral subject." "Polyxena snatched from her Mother's arms" proved most objectionable on account of its anti-republican tendencies, and this work was suspended. On condition that Cæsus and his son should doff their crowns, the "Poisoned Robe," after F. de Troye, they allowed to be finished; and one other found equal favour at their hands: "Jason and the Bulls" were permitted to go on and prosper provided the figures of Medea and the King, her father, were suppressed, for, said they, "These personages would naturally be eyesores to a Republican." Altogether, upwards of a hundred models and pieces of tapestry already begun, or nearly completed, on the looms, were sacrificed to the besotted vengeance of this Republican Ministry.

Among the new models sent to the Gobelins were "Zeuxis choosing a Model from among the beautiful Maidens of Greece," by Vincent, "Brutus and the Oath of the Horatii," by David, and the "Republican's Oath," "Liberty or Death," by the future Baron Regnault. All these I have lately seen, and the one of "Zeuxis choosing his Model" is considered a *chef d'œuvre* of colouring in the art of tapestry.

* All these eighteen regulations are to be read at some length in "Notice Historique sur les Manufactures Impériales de Tapisseries des Gobelins."

With respect to the carpet patterns, stringent orders were issued, that no figures of men or women were to be worked upon carpets and matting of Turkey manufacture, or in velvet pile. "Man must now be recalled to his dignity in the world, and not be trampled under foot any more!" Centaurs, tritons, beasts, and monsters of all sorts were not objectionable as designs. No fleur de lis, or the soft landscapes and groups of flowers after Poussin's brush, were to be found henceforth in the workshops of the Savonnerie; and at last things went on so sadly with the Gobelins that for a while work became slack till the new régime was established, and Louis Philippe cheered up the poor little Gobelins, and set them going again. Another revolution came about, and suppressed them altogether for a while, and the pretty tapestries, the tables of ebony and gold, and all the rest of Louis Philippe's drawing-room furniture were one fine morning thrown out of the grand windows of the palace of the Tuileries into the court below, and not only broken up, but burnt; his throne at the same time being carried to the Faubourg of St. Antoine, and there burnt amid a concourse of ruffians who cared not a jot for thrones, or Gobelins and the "Garde Meuble de la Couronne."

The Imperial Manufactory of the Gobelin Tapestry and the carpets of the Savonnerie, together with the dyeing establishment, are now under one roof of a building, in the Rue Mouffetard, S.E. of Paris. The Emperor enjoys a monopoly of this trade in tapestry. In common with Louis XIV., he takes great care of and interest in his Gobelins, who are workmen of the middle class of life in France, and most intelligent individuals. They are men of refined taste and intellect. Indeed, much of the beauty of the execution of their work is, as it were, dependent on their appreciation of the beautiful designs they copy, and the attuning of their own ideas to the spirit of their Raphael, Correggio and Rubens models. It is their aim to reproduce in their looms the ideas and successes of their masters. Admittance to an inspection of this establishment is very jealously guarded. A foreigner must produce his passport, and each visitor an order from the Government, before he is permitted to enter its sacred precincts.

There are nearly fifty workmen employed, besides pupils who are learning and assisting in these workshops. The Savonnerie department joins that of the tapestried pictures and draperies department. The visitor, after surveying the specimens of old and modern tapestry hanging on the walls in a few rooms up-stairs, descends one floor to inspect the workshops. The heat in these is excessive,

and I should presume that the atmosphere is heated to a fixed degree of temperature, for some reason connected with the tension of the warp, or chaîne of the looms. There is a notice placed over each door, requesting visitors to be "careful of shutting the same every time they come in or go out of the rooms." I should add that there is no machinery or mechanical contrivance of any sort to be seen anywhere. The workmen are very silent, and seem absorbed in their noiseless work.

In the tapestry of haute-lice and basse-lice, the workman does all his work on the wrong side of the stuff and the back of his frame; he sits behind his frame, hidden from view, while we see his execution on the right side. The terms haute-lice and basse-lice have relation to the direction of the chaînes, or warp on the loom, and that of the working of the design. In frames or looms for haute-lice tapestry, the warp is vertical, and the work is done from the bottom to the top vertically: the lices are pieces of wood, placed at the top and the bottom of the frame, having rollers attached to them, which, one way, at the top, unroll the warp or chaîne for the progress of the work, and the other way, at the bottom of the frame, roll up what is finished. In the frames for basse-lice, the lices, or wood rollers, are placed horizontally, and perform the same service exactly, but the warp is horizontal, and the design is worked laterally from one side to the other, instead of straight upwards or vertically, as is done in haute-lice tapestry. Pieces of tapestry which demand solidity, strength, and width, rather than height, are worked in basse-lice.

The ancients seemed to give a preference to this execution on the crosswise of the loom, or in basse-lice. Most of the work which I saw lately in hand at this manufactory was being done in haute-lice, in both departments. The workman uses a large wooden needle or peg; the silk is wound round and round it; he may now and then have fifty needles in use by his side (each laden with its shade) according to the colours he is working into his loom. The model he works from is a faithful copy of some good picture, and is placed behind him over his head. He has to turn round and glance up at it continually. Two men when I was present were working side by side behind some of the frames from the same pattern, so they perhaps divided the model between them, and worked from different points of view in the picture. If this were not the case, I think the arrangement of this part of their work awkward and ridiculous in the extreme, and likely to induce a stiff neck. In the Savonnerie department, farther on, there

were several beautiful Turkey and velvet-pile carpets and rugs in execution, all of them for St. Cloud, and one carpet was being repaired for the same palace. In this room the workman sits in front of his loom on a high stool, and works on the right side of the warp. He has frames for *haute-lice* and *basse-lice* also. He works with a little larger needle, of the same sort as his neighbour's in the next room: his warp is much coarser: when he has worked in his designs in wool or worsted and different materials, he cuts the stitches (each of which he has first of all to fasten and knot securely) across with a pen-knife, just as ladies do when they wish to produce the effect of velvet-raised foliage in Berlin worsted work; his pattern is placed by the side of the loom.

In both departments the outline of the workman's model is traced out on the warp, or *chaîne*, in black ink. Some of the carpets which were being made, were (if completed) to be exhibited at the coming Exhibition in Paris. At our own Exhibition in 1851 "the Gobelins obtained the medal, for the invention of a chromatic wheel used in the dyeing of tapestries; also for the beauty and originality of design, and extraordinary perfection of the workmanship of the greater part of the materials exhibited." They now continue to receive magnificent orders from the Emperor for the imperial residences and gifts to royal personages; but no more furniture in the way of ebony tables, and chairs, and cabinets, &c., are manufactured in the house of the Gobelins. The value of the articles manufactured is frequently computed at some thousand pounds, and a piece of this work will often take six and seven years, and sometimes even longer, to complete. The Emperor's full length portrait, after Winterhalter, now adorning the walls of the show-rooms of the Rue Mouffetard, took three years' labour to complete, that of the Empress, after the same artist, four. I cannot deny that there is a mysterious beauty and charm in these modern pictures of tapestry. When you enter the room and look on the walls, the eye is deceived entirely. Faithful to the designs after the old masters, or the celebrated artists of modern times, these pictures in needlework look like real Raphaels, Guidos, Correggios, and Le Sueurs.

As pictures they are great improvements on the old tapestry of 150 years ago, and later. I have seen some old specimens of this art in different churches and cathedrals and museums on the continent, also in Hampton Court Palace in England, and one very large banner, or drapery, or flag, of extremely gorgeous tapestry work said to be the work

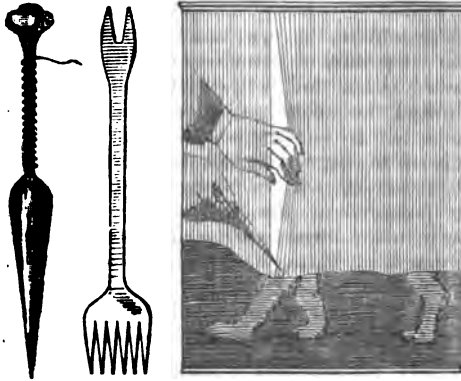
of a Saracen princess, and to have been given to him, or stolen as a spoil of war, by St. Louis, on his return from the Crusades; but the only lasting impression this identical piece, with all the rest of the tapestry I have inspected at odd times, and in different places, made on my mind, is that the whole performance is a work of useless vanity and extravagant skill. The puckered-up, blistered, wretched appearance of some pieces 200 years old, is distasteful to the eye; and when we think of the thousands of pounds so much better laid out on richer and better materials, costing a third of the labour and strength of the workman which sometimes one large historical piece of tapestry costs, and the years of labour it consumes, and the dirty appearance that it presents at the end of two centuries, even to the lovers of the art, one (at least a practical Briton) is inclined to exclaim, "*cui bono?*"

When men were continually under arms on the aggressive and defensive in olden times, among the nations of antiquity, and when women were necessarily uneducated, I think they were well employed by making carpets and rugs and draperies for the ground, and the couches they were eternally sitting on. A great deal of carpeting was required; and education being at a discount, reading and writing were rarer arts than those of love and music, and needlework in tapestry. Therefore, the female portion of the community killed two birds with one stone, by their production of the quaint tapestries which have disfigured for some centuries the walls of eastern mausoleums and holes and corners of European churches, inasmuch as they provided the upholstery and chronicled the events of the age they lived in. The compiling and custody of MSS. in bye-gone ages of the world were difficult and precarious, so I can admire the respect and rage of the ancients for tapestries of all sorts; but at the present day, and after a visit to the Gobelins manufactory in the Rue Mouffetard, S.E. of Paris, much as I admire Parisian work indoors and outdoors (particularly the sweeping, and cleaning, and mending of the streets,) I nevertheless decline for a practical conscience-sake to cry with a grateful Gobelin "*Vive les Tapisseries!*" Such specimens as I have seen have been, and will be, admired by all visitors. But should there ever be a rage for the revival of this barbarian manufacture in England, when called upon for my vote, "*Amen* will stick in my throat."

The work of the Gobelins will, perhaps, be better understood by the addition of a few words on the instruments employed by them.

The worsted thread is wound upon the

neck of the pointed wooden tool (made of sycamore or lime-tree), the neck being about three-and-a-half inches long; this end of it introduces the worsted thread between the perpendicular threads and the warp, the fine-pointed end serving to press the worsted down into a horizontal position, where it is



made more firm and tight in the web by the use of the other toothed instrument here shown. The picture which the workman copies into tapestry is hung upon a wall behind him (as I have already stated), and his head is continually turning to it as his hand executes the design.

Perfect proficiency in this art is not attained within a lesser period than forty years, and many a man has died previous to the completion of the hangings of a single bed in a palace. Boys enter on the occupation at the age of twelve years, and whole families live and die in the establishment. Many a piece of Gobelin tapestry has occupied five men through six years at the rate of fifty hours weekly on one frame. The Cartoons of Raphael have been exquisitely wrought at the Gobelins, and were sent as royal presents within the last twenty years to various large churches and cathedrals in France.

They are very busy over the royal carpets at present, but the next pleasant morning I may be able to spend with the Gobelins in Rue Mouffetard, I shall not be surprised to see an elaborate design, "after" a faultless artist, hanging over the heads of the tapestriers in haute-lice, and a capacious banner-screen in tapestry, commemorating in imperial tapestry the late imperial visits to the Hotel Dieu, the hospital opposite Notre Dame, where alas! (for my sake, at least) in the last-mentioned building, I was in its inmost recesses inspecting faded tapestry and poor Archbishop Affre's sainted fragments of vertebrae, and

other peculiar relics, while the Emperor and Empress were cheering up the cholera patients just opposite. They were in Paris but this one morning for the fortnight I spent in this fair capital, and I lost a sight of the illustrious couple in consequence. G. F.

SWALLOW SONG.

I.

WELCOME, wanderer, to the valley!
Welcome to my garden's bound!
Gaily sweep adown each alley,
Gaily flit the walks around!
All things brighten as thy wing
Lends its final charm to Spring;
Brooks flow clearer, linnets sing,
April's bird has come!

II.

Leavest thou far-stretching sandstrips
Where the Nile reigns, lord of all?
Or art thou from fertile landscapes,
Isles of palm and cocoas tall?
Little care I, so thou be
Summer guest of mine and me,
Twittering from my old roof-tree,
Cheering, blessing home!

III.

Yester morn the martins glistened
Sun-flecked darting down the stream;
Yester eve at dusk I listened,
Sudden heard thy gentle scream,—
Heard o'erhead a rush: 'twas gone!
Then I spake in happy tone,
"Welcome, Spring, now Winter's flown!
Spring comes with the swallow!"

IV.

Years ago thy first dash fluttered
Two beside their trysting tree;
Thou might'st hear the words one uttered,
Loving words that gladdened me,
So I took thee for a sign,
Bird of Hope, that long sunshine,
Wedded peace, bliss half divine
Should our union hallow.

V.

Welcome for thy mad careering
Round the spire when we were wed
Welcome for thy gay flights, veering
Hither, thither, arrow-speed!
Most I love thee though for day,
Long since dead, when old-world lays
Sang we, children, to thy praise,
"Welcome, birdie dear!"

VI.

Spring by Spring I'll gladly proffer
Welcome to thy dancing flight!
Here no harmful hands shall offer
To thy "pendent bed" despite!
Softer breathes the air with thee;
Trust, sweet bird, thy life to me,
Trust thy callow cares, and be
Doubly dear next year! M. G. W.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER XXX. REJECTED.

HE morning after a large party does not usually seem especially cheerful to those who have been making

merry over-night.

Mr. Thomas Moore, in some luxuriously sentimental lines, has been obliging enough to state this fact before me; but his verses convey the idea of a melancholy which is at once romantic, dreamy, poetical, and not wholly displeasing, while the melancholy to which I am alluding is decidedly prosaic, matter-of-fact, and totally unendurable.

ing is decidedly prosaic, matter-of-fact, and totally unendurable.

Treading a deserted banquet-hall by the light of the moon or a solitary wax candle is one thing, and seeing an ordinary house in disorder quite another; traversing rooms after the guests have departed, and, in the loneliness, harmoniously rhyming out thoughts full of a delicious sadness, has not exactly the same effect as opening the shutters in the morning, and letting daylight in on the litter and confusion a parcel of people always leave behind them.

If the lady who presided over the evening's entertainment, or the housemaid who admits the sunshine into the room, were to write verses on such an occasion, the poem produced would be rather dissimilar to that of which mention has already been made.

A general feeling of upside-downness is the effect produced in the morning by a merry-making over-night; the hostess is weary, the host has exhausted his energies; the servants are in a perfect "Inferno" of plates and tumblers, of dishes and wine-glasses; the rooms look as though a troop of cavalry had camped on the carpets and slept anyhow on the chairs; the gravel in front of the house is torn up by the pawing of horses, by the scraping of impatient hoofs; there are scores of empty bottles: the flowers so bright the

previous day look flabby and faded; the guests are a little jaded, and no one really has time to fight the battle o'er again and enjoy the evening in retrospect, except a few young ladies who, rising at mid-day, repair to each other's dressing-rooms, where they mutually flatter—Blanche Agatha, and Agatha Diana—and wish they were going to just such another party every night throughout the year.

There are many things in nature and art to which the "morning after" bears a singular likeness.

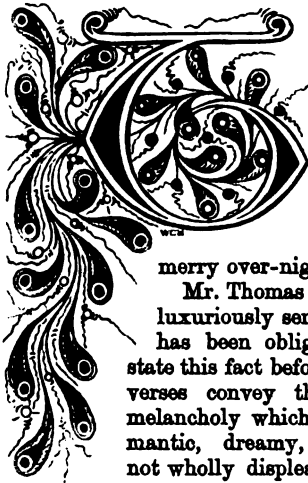
Two of these present themselves to me; one a muslin dress, with the starch out; the other, that strange plant, the acanthus.

Floating in clouds of drapery, Hebe proceeds to conquest; but suppose a shower of rain extract the stiffening from her gown—how does Hebe look then. The drapery floats no longer, but hangs limp, and the be-flowered and be-frilled trifle is sent off incontinently to the laundress.

Then as for the acanthus: what so darkly green, so grandly stately in its luxuriant foliage, while in the heat? In all directions the leaves magnificently group themselves into position, and from the centre of the leaves, as from the centre of a graceful basket, spring the flowers, tall and erect.

It is a splendid plant seen thus in the drawing-room to-night; but put it out to-morrow morning in the spring breeze, and you shall see the green leaves become yellow, and fall down over the side of the pot as though dead; you shall have to search for the flowers, fallen also; after a time you will have to search also for the acanthus itself, for, behold! in place of beauty—ugliness, in lieu of graceful foliage something that looks like a rotting vegetable—like turnips or carrots long out of the ground, limp, dead, faded, unbeautiful!

Back from the laundress comes the dress, killing as ever. Lift your acanthus and bring it to the heat, and the sap rises again and fills the leaves, and causes the flowers to stand erect as formerly. Give the servants time, and they will clear all the *débris* out of the banquet-hall, and sweep it, and tidy it, and render it fit for the reception of more visitors. Allow the guests leisure to rest, and they will



recall your party—if you have done your best in the matter—as a most agreeable incident in their lives.

All of which brings me to what I wanted to say about Percy Forbes' experiment, which was so far successful that for months afterwards many a person talked about that "night at Reach House" as a night they desired to pass over again; although the next morning few people felt it had quite answered their expectations.

The matrons, when they reluctantly opened their eyes, decided "no way had been made"—that it was a long distance to Limehouse—that the mixture of classes was undesirable in the extreme; fathers felt that the affair would have been more jolly without the presence of their handsomely-dressed and magnificently-got-up better halves; young men were furious as a rule with jealousy, and deprecated free and easy parties with the intensest acrimony; while young ladies declared it had been "great fun," but were unable to conceal from themselves that social gatherings of such a description offered more scope for fun than for flirting.

As to the personages whom this story more immediately concerns, the evening's amusement certainly did not bear the morning's reflection.

For Ada and Mrs. Hills and Mrs. Jackson there were headaches unutterable; for Mrs. Perkins "that nasty sneer of Mr. Sondes," when he asked if he could take her to her carriage, was a thorn in her flesh; for Percy Forbes there was the thought that he had cut himself off from a life of pleasure, and that such gatherings, which were to him once as the breath of life, could be enjoyed by him in the happy careless spirit of old no more; for Henrietta Alwyn there was the dreary hope that the man she loved, whom she had led so far on the road to matrimony, might turn at the eleventh hour and devote himself to Olivine Sondes; for Lawrence there was the conviction that Mr. Gainswoode was going to carry off Henrietta; whilst for Olivine there came a dim glimmering that outside the life she had known and loved there lay another life which she should yet have to live, grander in its beauty, more terrible in its wretchedness, than any existence of which she had hitherto dreamed.

The aims and objects, the hopes and wishes, the joys and sorrows, of the men and women she had seen at Mr. Forbes', were the aims, objects, hopes, wishes, joys, and sorrows, of a different set of people to any with whom she had as yet been thrown in contact. Beyond her world was a different world, where passions and prejudices, where griefs and pleasures,

that had hitherto been beyond her ken, reigned supreme.

Love, jealousy, envy, emulation, came and looked at her across the threshold; in that land some were princes and others beggars; some were queens of beauty, some were paupers in every social talent; some were rich and others poor; some had more affection than they knew what to do with cast at their feet, and more were going about searching for even tiny crumbs to satisfy their hunger.

Out and beyond the secure paddock in which she had hitherto browsed contentedly, Olivine looked over the broad fields of life, vaguely feeling as she did so, that those fields would have to be trodden in the future by her with willing or unwilling feet.

There comes a point, as I have said, where of necessity the streamlet meets the stream, where the brook merges itself in the river, where the tiny rill that has come down from the mountains, brawling over stones, dancing over the pebbles, leaps into the swelling flood and is lost to sight, and that point, which is reached sooner or later by all who are born of woman, had been touched by Olivine. Thenceforth, adieu to the moss and the grass, to the flowers and the pebbles, to the ferns and the weeds that grew beside the streamlet of childhood, and dipped their leaves in its waters. Adieu to the unequal pace, to the leisurely curve round a favourite corner, to a dreamy sleep among the brambles, to a hurrying run down a steep descent, to the quiet of the small still pool lying behind the rock, to the musical dripping of the clear drops as they fell over the stones, and then wandered away singing sweetly as they glided on.

Adieu to the streamlet and welcome to the river; to the broad mysterious river, which hides in its depths all manner of ghastly corpses, and bears on its surface all sorts of goodly vessels, that spread their sails, and look bright and gay and brilliant in the sunshine. Adieu! She had come to the point where the two merge, and she could no more go back and return to the Olivine of old, than the streamlet can dance back to its fountain, or than the river can flow from the sea to its source.

It was all true, and yet it was all shadowy; it was as when we see in the gathering twilight a great town lying at the end of a road which we have set ourselves to travel. The town is then vague, indefinite, confused. We can distinguish no house; we can discern no spire; we can trace the outline of no dome, or tower, or palace. It lies there, shrouded by the mists of evening; lies there with its houses, its churches, its hospitals, its graveyards, its shops, its markets, its business, and

its pleasures mixed up together, and confused into an undistinguishable mass.

And yet, because we know it is before us, our hearts throb with a quicker pulse, and the blood pours through our veins at a more rapid rate, as we near that great, dim, shadowy something.

We could not tell what we think about that something as our feet bear us onwards towards its walls: there is not, I think, a man or a woman living, who would be able, for instance, to put into words his or her first impression of a great town—say London.

It is peopled by inhabitants that, as yet, know nothing of the new-comer who is drawing nigh to the modern Babylon; it has its houses, its dens, its failures, its prizes, its opportunities, its friends, its troubles and its pleasures, and yet no stranger could separate these items and think of these singly. It is all vague, like the future in which it is still lying—let the first view break upon a man either in the early morning, or when the whole scene is bathed and steeped in sunshine, or in the chill gloom of a winter's afternoon, or in the coming darkness of the night, it is all the same, the great city is but an indistinct mass in the distance; what it holds for any created being the wayfarer knows no more than he knows what the morrow may have in store for him.

The only one clear conviction he has alike about city and future is this, that both town and hereafter hold something for him which he is journeying forward to grasp. What he shall receive who can tell? Whether money or ashes, whether happiness or misery, whether favour or disappointment, he has no clearer idea than he has of the aspect of the town—the number of houses in each street; but neither from town nor from future shall he pass away empty. He shall, as the years go by, be filled with herbs of bitterness; or regaled with honey from the rock, with bread kneaded out of the finest flour.

For years, over the pathways of childhood, across its pleasant fields, beside its leafy hedges, Olivine had sauntered dreamily on, till, behold! all at once she lifted her eyes, and there lay the city—there was that other world wherein men and women were living and loving, suffering and rejoicing, all the day long. What were the olden pathways to the child thenceforth? If she plucked flowers of promise and wreathed them together, were those garlands for her own eyes alone, think you? If she turned to her lessons and worked in the future, as Mrs. Gregory had never seen her work in the past, was it to acquire knowledge for her own amusement?—to wile away the hours of loneliness? Ah! no; she had crossed

from girlhood into the frontier land of woman's estate; and a portion of woman's dowry had already been given to her—the desire to please, the wish to attract, the longing for admiration, the hope of securing affection.

Prematurely, perhaps, she reached the river, and yet with such a training, out of such a past, precocity was an evil almost to be anticipated.

Further, the majority of people at first note down the experiences of life as they learn handwriting from copies; and the copy which seems good and beautiful to the school-girl is rarely that which the woman would choose for her guide.

The copy Olivine, as a child, had rejected, she accepted in her girlish inexperience; the beauty she had failed to see formerly she acknowledged with a great sinking at her heart. Between child and girl there could be no comparison, and the child was free to judge accordingly; between girl and woman the comparison instituted could not, Olivine felt, be satisfactory to herself, and it came upon her like a revelation that beauty was power, that grace was a kingdom, that the authority which belles exercise is a lawful authority, conceded in virtue of some special loveliness of body, or ease of manner, or talent of mind, possessed by them in no ordinary degree.

And if she could only be a belle! Poor deluded Olivine!

Well, if the child grew a little conceited and unlike her former self, who shall say the transformation was unnatural?

Miss Alwyn came to Stepney Causeway, and, right or wrong, would carry off her new acquaintance to Hereford Street, where Olivine was literally stricken dumb with the luxury and the beauty that prevailed.

Did she wonder then, think you, at Lawrence being captivated? A princess wandering about the streets may be a very worthy and respectable young woman; but still, somehow, she proves unable to command the admiring veneration which a princess, surrounded by every adjunct of her station, rarely fails to inspire; and for this reason, when Olivine beheld Lawrence's ladye love enthroned in Hereford Street, she ventured one evening to hint to that young aspirant for matrimony her approval of his choice, and her own conviction that had she been a man she would have loved Miss Alwyn herself.

"Ah! you do not know Miss Alwyn," answered Lawrence, vaguely. Then he went on, more hurriedly, "What makes you all think I am engaged to her? Why do you all speak as if she were anything to me?"

"Why, is she not?" asked Olivine.

"Miss Alwyn flies at higher game than a poor clerk," answered Lawrence, a little bitterly; and then Olivine laughed at him, and spoke words which were very grateful to his vanity—words that implied a conviction on her part of there being nobody on earth like him—nobody so good, so clever, so patient, so perfect.

"And as for that Mr. Gainswoode," finished the girl, "I perfectly detest him. I cannot bear to hear him speak."

All of which was of course "nuts" to Mr. Lawrence Barbour, who would not have objected had Olivine held on in the same strain for an hour.

Good truth, had the girl been trying to catch his heart at the rebound, she could not have played her cards better. The woman who appreciates the virtues of an individual whose good qualities are scarcely understood by the lady of his choice, stands in a very good position for catching the ball as it is tossed back to him by its late possessor.

Given—that Henrietta Alwyn married Mr. Gainswoode, Lawrence Barbour was pretty nearly certain to marry Olivine Sondes, to give her what it might be she would soon stand in need of—protection, more especially, also, since Percy Forbes about the same time began endeavouring to gain an intimate footing in Stepney Causeway, and came oftener to Hereford Street when Olivine was visiting there than either Miss Alwyn or Lawrence Barbour altogether approved.

"You will have to take great care of little Sondes," Henrietta remarked one day to Lawrence, as they sat alone together in the drawing-room at Hereford Street. "I am greatly mistaken if Percy Forbes be not smitten there, and with those girls, you know, it is generally the first in the field."

"And how am I to take care of her?" inquired Lawrence. "Am I to ask Mr. Forbes his intentions, or arouse the vigilance of the young lady's uncle?"

"Neither," answered Miss Alwyn. "If you desire to secure the prize, you ought to endeavour to gain it. If you want to wear the girl, it is high time you set about winning her."

"And suppose I do not want either to wear or win her?" demanded Lawrence.

"Then my advice goes for nothing," was the reply; and Miss Alwyn stooped over her embroidery, while her face flushed painfully.

"Etta," he asked, "is it not time this farce between us was ended? You know I cannot love anybody besides you, whether girl or woman. You know you are to me sun, moon, stars, earth, and heaven. You

know I am poor, and I know that you are rich; but still I love you. Always and ever lately you have been talking about my loving and marrying some one else, as though I could love or marry any one after seeing and knowing you."

He paused, but she never answered him. She only kept toying with her wools, twisting her needle round and round.

"You cannot but have known all this," he went on; "you cannot have been blind; you cannot but have seen why I came here constantly; how, through the years, I have worked with one single object, that of asking you to be my wife. I do not wish you to be my wife yet," he hurriedly proceeded; "I only pray you to say you love me; to give me one word of hope and encouragement, and I will labour as I have never laboured before to achieve a position for your sake."

Still she never answered him; she never turned her head; never spoke nor made a sign till he stooped and kissed her. Then she let her face fall forward on her embroidery frame, and wept as though she had never wept before, while he vainly implored her to be calm—prayed her for the love of Heaven not to kill him with her silence and her grief.

"Only speak one word, Etta," he whispered, and she felt his breath hot on her cheek at the moment; "only say that in the future——"

"Lawrence Barbour," she interrupted; and she rose up, and put her hair back from her face, and looked at him with tear-dimmed eyes, as she answered him, "Lawrence Barbour, why have you not spared me this? Have I not told you, as plainly as a woman could tell you, not to mention your love to me, but rather to take it elsewhere, to a girl who can love you in return and make you happy?"

"And if you have latterly given such a hint, and that I have declined to take it," he retorted, standing back from her a little, and looking at the prize which was bent on eluding him with a strange mixture of affection and anger, "what then?"

"Why, then you might have saved me pain and yourself mortification," she retorted. "I cannot marry you, because I am engaged to be married to Mr. Gainswoode."

"Since when?" he demanded.

"What can that concern you?" she returned. "Accept the fact and forget me, or else remember only that we have been good friends, and that I hope we shall continue to be good friends for ever."

She put out her hand and touched his, but he shook it off; then he seized it and covered it with kisses; then he prayed her, for God's sake, not to desert him, not to cast him off,

not to make his life barren, his future objectless; "for I love you—yes, I love you," he said, in his passionate despair, "and you love me, Etta, I know you do."

She could not deny it; she tried to do so, but he beat the falsehood back from her lips with kisses; she could not blind herself to the truth that as she never had loved before, as she never might love again, she had cared for this vehement suitor, who would take no refusal, who would not be said nay, whose life was bound up in her life, who loved her, as such men do love women, with a devouring passion, with an enduring attachment.

"It cannot be," she said at last, growing in her extremity angry, in her resolution fixed. "It cannot be, and you have been mad ever to think it would be; to misconstrue our kindness, to think that I should ever obtain permission to marry you. Let go my hand, Mr. Barbour; I insist that you shall not detain me. It is not we who have led you astray; you have wilfully deceived yourself. In another month I shall be Mr. Gainswoode's wife, and it is not fitting I should listen to such words as you are now speaking to me. No, I do not love you; I never did love you; I never gave you any encouragement; I have endeavoured to show you by every means in my power that your hopes were vain. Let me pass, if you please, sir; I wish to ring the bell."

"Allow me," Lawrence answered, and he laid his hand on the bell-rope, but without pulling it. "Am I to take No for your final answer?—am I to understand that after all these years you mean to turn me adrift?"

"I do not wish to turn you adrift," she answered; "there is Olivine Sondes."

"It is you I am talking to," he said; "not Olivine; it is of you I am speaking, not of that child. Once for all, Yes or No,—for I will never importune a woman, I will never persecute her, as you call it, with my love. It is the last time of asking. Will you take my love, or will you reject it—Yes or No?"

For an instant she hesitated; the toy, if valueless, was still pretty, and she did not care to give it up; perhaps, too, she had never loved Lawrence so well as when he stood before her, angry and despairing, showing all the strength of his nature, all his love, his constancy, his suffering. She knew he would not ask her again, and the mere conviction of this fact made her pause.

Then "I am very sorry for you," she began.

"Never mind the sorrow," he interrupted; "Yes or No!"

"No!" and she put up her hands as if to avert the storm which she saw coming.—but in

vain. He stood there and cursed the day when he first beheld her, stood there and mocked her, laughed at himself for having been fooled by one like her, scoffed at the hair which had entangled him against his will, at the fair body which held so false a heart, at the wiles by which he had been captivated.

"It is all over," he said, "it is all done with. I take back the heart that you have left empty and worthless, and I bid you farewell."

Having finished which sentence he made her a mocking bow and left the room, closing the door behind him.

"Lawrence!" she cried, faintly, but Lawrence was gone.

(To be continued.)

SHERWOOD FOREST AND THE BIRKLANDS.



THE ancient glory of Sherwood has departed. You may ride through it from end to end—from Nottingham Castle to Mansfield market-place—along the "ramper," as the country folk call the high road; but no sound of the yeoman's horn gladdens you with the prospect of adventure, or, if your

purse be heavy, makes your heart so too. Neither Robin Hood nor Little John will bid you stop and give account of your possession; Tuck,

the merry friar, which many a sermon made In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws and their trade, has preached his last sermon upon earth; Maid Marian,

with clothes tuck'd to the knee and dainty braided hair,
With bow and quiver armed—
no longer wanders

here and there

Amongst the forests wild.

Her only counterpart, if one exist, does not range through the woods, but works in the dairy, or perchance spreads the cloth for your luncheon as you stop to bait on your journey at The Hut,* while you pay a visit to Newstead Abbey.

* The present proprietor of Newstead has recently closed this inn, and converted it into a parsonage for his chaplain. But you may sit and rest on the greensward beneath the Pilgrim Oak, at the park-gate, as the pilgrims to the abbey did in times gone by.

You pass, it is true, through Thieves' Wood, but the only indication of thieves is to be found in a wayside monument. Welcomed at first as a milestone, this is found, instead, to record the murder of a woman, grim and horrible; more appropriate in its character to the modern days of wife-beating than to the olden time of Robin Hood. For of him Drayton tells us that

From wealthy abbots' chests, and churls' abundant store,

What oftentimes he took, he shared amongst the poor;
No lordly bishop came in lusty Robin's way,
To him, before he went, but for his pass must pay;
The widow in distress he graciously relieved,
And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin grieved.

The wild and sweeping woods of oak and birch, with their luxuriant and bright undergrowth of golden gorse, and purple heather, and tall branching fern called bracken, have here been supplanted by trimly enclosed copses, and smiling fields girt round with well-kept hedgerows. Where the deer were wont to range free for miles, they are now herded within the park boundary. Partridge and pheasant and woodcock, hare and rabbit, are guarded with a jealousy that grumbles constantly at its inability to keep the poachers of Sutton-in-Ashfield (a fine old forest name!) from sharing in the sport.

Arrived at Mansfield, and domiciled at the ancient Swan hotel, memory brings to mind the quaint ballad of the king and its miller, and we ask for traces of the legend. An antiquary of fifty years ago tells us that "the mill and house now inhabited by Widow Massey, situated on the left hand of the road, as you pass from Mansfield to Sutton, were built on the site of the mill and house where the king was entertained." Here Dodsley lived before he went up to London, made his fortune as a publisher, and tried his hand at authorship. But alas! the true "King's Mill" no longer stands. A large reservoir covers its ruins, which, it is said, may still be seen when the water is clear. Mine host of the Swan, after telling you of these things, can also show a quaint picture of this drowned King's Mill, whose name is still retained by a more modern building on the margin of the reservoir.

Nor can you now see, as you might have done in the earlier part of the present century, frequent ranges of open forest land. An enclosure Act has divided amongst farmers the land which, till recently, gave some idea of the old forest; and here and there a scanty patch of a few acres alone remains to call to the memory of older inhabitants its former condition. But if you would know what the forest may have been, you may still find a

beautifully undulating range of land, rich in furze and heather, stretching away from the first milestone on the Southwell road towards Rufford Abbey. Captain Saville, who has succeeded Lord Scarborough at that fine old house, keeps this portion of the forest open as a preserve for game. On that ground the partridge has been hunted with the hawk within the memory of man. Even now, as you roam across it, you may chance to see the hounds find a fox, and the whole chase sweep up and down the hills in its pursuit. Yet it is still true, as Keats sings, that—

On the fairest time of June
You may go, with sun or moon,
Or the seven stars to light you,
Or the polar ray to right you;
But you never may behold
Little John, or Robin bold;
Never one of all the clan,
Thrumming on an empty can
Some old hunting ditty.

I said that the *ancient* glory of Sherwood had departed. But it has a modern glory too. Its rich and beautiful country, which the monks possessed of old, passed at the Reformation into noble hands. The abbots of Welbeck, Rufford, and Newstead have been succeeded by well-known names—the Dukes of Newcastle and Portland, Earl Manvers, and Lord Byron.*

One of the most celebrated and interesting portions of their parks is that which bears the name of Birklands; it is noted as a delightful spot for pic-nics; and interesting by its forest scenery and historic memorials.

From Mansfield a good pedestrian can, in a long summer's day, make acquaintance with its principal features. Let us spend a brief hour together, reader, in tracking out its beauties. We leave the town by Leeming Lane, so called, our friend the antiquary tells us (with but doubtful authority, I fear), from the British words *lha*, a way, and *mean*, a stone. Turning to the right, we pass along Bath Lane, with the picturesque Rock Valley on our right. There high up at the top of a perpendicular rock, cut away by greedy quarrymen, you see the stone walls of an adjoining field laid bare to their lowest foundations, seeming ready to fall before the first blast of wind that tries their strength. Beneath them nestles a humble mill, busied in the production of staves for besoms, which when furnished with the strong supple heather still to be got from the forest, form admirable

* The name of Byron is no longer to be found in this neighbourhood. Newstead passed from the poet to his friend Colonel Wildman, at whose death it was purchased by Mr. W. F. Webb. A son of the present Lord Byron, said to be one of the handsomest men in the country, resided at Edwinstowe, where he died about three years ago.

instruments for sweeping every eyesore from the well-mown lawn, without disturbing a single root of grass. The water power is also useful to mills for cotton and mustard. The lane takes its name from a bath, no longer standing; but a draught of that clear, cold water from its spring will refresh us for our journey. Here casting a glance at the stream, which we shall presently meet again, we strike into the fields, and before long are in the Flood Meadows. These were formed by the late Duke of Portland, who, with a scientific farmer's keenness anticipated by a quarter of a century the solution of the great question of applying town sewage to agricultural purposes, and converted waste land worth but a few pounds an acre into luxuriant meadows, whose annual produce is nearly as great as their original value.

Just opposite the vicarage in Mansfield may be seen—almost a solitary remaining instance in our country—a house whose foundations are arched over the river Maun, from which the town derives its name, and fitted up with antique carved oak by the registrar, who occupies it. Charged with the refuse of the town, the stream is led for miles, by an artificial channel, along the head of a valley, which leads to the village of Clipstone, rendered famous by its palace, whither King John delighted to resort. The water, thus charged with its rich freight, is allowed to flow gradually down the sides of the valley, filling first one little horizontal channel, till it overflows its barriers, and so oozing gradually over the soil till it gathers in the next, and thus, successively, till it reaches the river, purified of its refuse matter, which is left upon the fields to increase their crops. Though in its upper channel it was too foul to maintain any animal life, except here and there a tadpole, or a jack sharp, it is pure enough when it reaches the lower stream to give sustenance to trout. These, startled by your shadow or your tread as you walk along the banks, dart from their covert of weeds up the stream, now singly, now trooping one after another. If, reader, you are fond of indulging in the *dolce far niente*, rest yourself on the parapet of this bridge; for the sun is burning hot, the walk has earned you the right to rest, and here beneath the shade of overhanging trees, and with the gliding water beneath your feet, you may dream away half an hour in silent bliss. It is useless to bring a rod. Report says that the present Duke allows but one angler (of whom anon) to cast his bait into the stream, and that too not here. But throw a small pebble into that mass of tangled, floating, flowering weed, or under that overhanging moss-grown stone. See what a fine

fellow shoots up the stream for a few yards; he must weigh a pound and a-half. But cunning as he is, he might know that angling is forbidden in his waters, and he pauses, in your very sight, lazily moving his fins from time to time to balance himself against the current, till some sudden whim comes over him again, and he darts off beneath the bridge, followed by half-a-dozen smaller fry, and is lost to sight.

There to the left, lie the large and numerous farm buildings,—but the coldness of the grey stone with which they are built, and the silent bareness of the farm-yard, do not invite our steps. Let us rather turn up to the right through Cavendish Wood,—where we meet the angler, regretting that from the stream where his permission extends the trout have been netted and carried to the lake, spoiling his day's sport—and so gain our first idea of the forest. Beneath the shade of overhanging trees, with the fern and heather round us, half a mile's pleasant walk brings us to another of the Duke's farms, well stocked with corn and hay stacks, among which pheasants may sometimes be seen. Close by, a large rectangular reservoir is girdled by a gravelled walk and luxuriant flower border. Here we stop and gaze at the bright colours and their reflections, and are told by which lady of the dufal family the place was planned.

On again, past three or four blocks of pretty cottages with trellis-work and climbing roses, till we see the ruins of King John's Palace, as the Ordnance map designates them in old English type. But, alas! they are ruins indeed; no Gothic archway, no mullioned window, no wreathing ivy greets the eye, but only some few bare stone walls, round which you walk, in hopeless expectation of finding anything of interest on the other side, and encounter only an old cow, rubbing against the walls of the court-yard. There is nothing to detain us; so let us turn into the cool room of the village inn and get a snack of bread and cheese, and a glass of beer to refresh ourselves after the journey.

On again, along the dusty road that leads through the village, till, turning across the brook into a pretty lane, we come suddenly upon a curious but handsome stone building, which bears the name of the Duke's Folly. It looks like a massive gateway, with rooms at each side and over the arch, and forms a large but compact stone building, upon which the late Duke of Portland is said to have spent many thousand pounds. It stands at the end of a long straight broad drive, carpeted with greensward, half way along which you see a solitary oak in the centre, from which this building forms an excellent termination to the

view. Built for no useful purpose, Lady Mary took possession of it for a school; and, accordingly, to this quaint but picturesque



Bit of Old Forest.

schoolroom, in the midst of woodland and meadow, with scarcely another building in sight, the youth of the neighbouring villages of Clipstone and Edwinstowe come to learn their alphabet, and be indoctrinated in other mysteries of school-lore. And of those mysteries, I ween, the tale of Robin Hood forms not the least, for in recesses on the two fronts of the building, amid sculptured hares, are fine full length figures of Robin Hood with his bow and arrows, of Richard Cœur de Lion in full panoply, of Allan-a-Dale with his harp, of Friar Tuck and Maid Marian. Half laughing at his own folly in the work, its builder has inscribed on it the following motto,—

*Tu secunda marmora
Locas sub ipsum funus; et sepulcri
Immemor struis domos.*

Horace, Odes, II. xviii. 17—19.

We must not follow that inviting vista among the trees, carpeted though it be with velvet-green, but turn aside along this open drive, to the left, and so crossing the high-road, strike into what are called *par excellence* the Birklands.

"Here," says our artist, "about and beyond the broad drive is one of the only bits of Old Forest left. A few acres of land have not yet been planted, and one can see what the Old Forest was like. The few trees left are of great size and age, and very picturesque. Pass into the plantations and you

find oaks of giant size, grand in form; yet smothered, so to speak, by the young chestnut, which is one of the trees principally planted in the Duke of Portland's Birklands. This part of the forest would be attractive to a landscape gardener. The drives are broad and imposing, covered with smooth turf, with gravelled channels for carriage wheels. Some drives are planted with evergreen shrubs; but the Forest is gone: it is more like a park. The majority of the oaks, it is said, were cut down in the Great War."

The duke, anxious to keep up the forest, replaced the wastes which had been bereaved of their ancestral trees, by planting and sowing oaks and Spanish chestnuts. These are not yet fully grown, but are interspersed with ancient oaks and full-grown birches, from which last tree this district takes its name. They are



Robin Hood's Larder.

called the lords and ladies of the forest, and deserve the name; for the oaks stand upright in stalwart strength, while the birches gracefully bend and wave like courtseying maidens. Everywhere on the estate you see wooden or iron plates in each thicket, marked S(own), or P(lanted), with the date of each event annexed. Here we meet with two naturalists from Nottingham spending a day in search of butterflies, for this district is wealthy in its butterflies, as also in its floral beauties. They have not yet been very successful; a small light-blue butterfly is the principal one they have netted, and that is very plentiful. In among the silver-barked waving birches, through the bracken across to the broad drive; then on to the right for some little distance, and before long the most noted oak in the forest catches your eye at your left hand. Measure the bole at four

feet from the ground, and it is more than twenty feet in circumference, while in the hollow trunk a dozen persons (not, indeed,



"Major" Oak.

ladies with crinolines) might squeeze together to escape a shower. This is Robin Hood's Larder; here he hid his venison from the keeper's search; beneath the shade of that old oak, doubtless, he with Little John and "Scarlock, George-a-Green, and Much the Miller's son," and many another clad in Lincoln green, have spread their repast upon the ground, with "Tuck, the merry friar," to say grace for them.

In later times a butcher, named Hooton, noted as a sheep-stealer, used to hang up his stolen carcasses in the hollow of this tree, and his meat-hooks have been seen by "the oldest living inhabitant." The tree is on the edge of the drive, and is closely surrounded on the three other sides by the young plantations. Push your way through the underwood, and you will get the best view of the Larder Oak, or Slaughter House Tree, as it is sometimes called. From this side our artist has taken his view, omitting, of course, the younger trees that obstruct the sight. But for the great care taken in sustaining the branches by chains, this fine old tree would long since have been a wreck.

On again, along this broad drive, till the open view rewards your perseverance, and then plunge deep into the heart of the forest, among the tall fern and the prickly gorse, and the swelling pillowy moss, forming a natural bed which invites you to lie down and rest; skirting a long line of magnificent beeches, which fringe the border of Thoresby Park, till, if you have not missed the way, you reach

the Major Oak. The other was interesting for its traditional character; this for its grandeur. You might gather a troop of horse beneath its spreading branches; and the forest, till now so close about you, sweeps back around it, as though enamoured of its beauty, and bowing down before it. Firm and sound it is to sight; but march round it, and you shall find a hollow place within it, where you might lie hid the livelong day.

The bole is said to have a circumference of ninety feet; you could scarcely compass it in twenty-five long steps. Six feet from the ground the girth is thirty feet; one of the arms alone is twelve feet in circumference. Into its hollow trunk twelve persons have often clambered.

It's head is green, though it's heart is dead.

Its principal arm is now chained up, as hardly able to bear the wintry storms which often mutilate these trees.

This tree is in Earl Manvers' Birklands, which have not been planted with young trees, like those belonging to the Duke of Portland. Their character is much more wild and natural than those trim drives we passed through at the beginning of our ramble.

Here, if you arrive about mid-day in the summer, you are almost sure to find some pic-nic party enjoying themselves beneath its shade: or, while you sit on one of its wide-spread roots, you may see the Speaker, who lives not far from here, drive past the tree; or may hear the tinkling bells, with which some ladies, who frequently drive through the forest, adorn their horses' necks, making faint melody as they pass among the winding avenues of the wood.

At some little distance from the Major Oak, proceeding along what is called Church Walk, you reach the Budby portion of the forest. Part of this, which used to be a broad heath, has been cultivated, and the corn waves close to this outskirts of the forest.

And now, for time is on the wing, and we are far from our starting-point, we must turn our steps homewards. Yet first swerve a little to the right, and you will come upon another fine old oak, beneath which an old man, Simon Forster, buried in Edwinstowe churchyard, used to herd his flocks. It forms a fine subject for the painter. Under the name of Simon the Forester, it appeared on the walls of the Royal Academy not long ago. Last summer, you might have found the artist MacCallum painting another large picture near this spot. Six weeks long he toiled upon it in his tent, which was quite a centre of attraction to those who resided in the neighbourhood.

One feature of Sherwood Forest sure to strike a stranger is the number of trees with branches killed and whitened by the stroke of



Outskirts of Forest, with corn-lands.

lightning, towering leafless to the sky. These are called stag-headed by those who frequent the forest. The artist, Mr. Harper, who has illustrated this account of Sherwood, and has helped us with some valuable information, has written the following spirited account of a storm in which he saw an old oak struck by lightning. "I was going," he says, "about ten o'clock one day in September, 1864, to a sketch near Simon Foster, when sudden darkness came on, and immediately heavy rain. Simon Foster stands somewhat in a glade, with two other oaks. I paused under one for an instant, and then quitted it for 'Simon.' I had no sooner done so when, looking up, I saw the sky open, and a ball of fire issued. Then the whole glade became a *sea of fire*; at the same instant a dull crunch, a sharp crack, and peal upon peal of awful thunder. I ran out of the forest—lightning flashing at every step—the ridings ankle deep in water—the rain pouring down. On reaching the common the storm cleared off: a blue sky and calmness seemed all around.

"Half an hour after I was alarmed by hearing that a mounted messenger had roused the village by the news that the forest was on fire. I asked where, and rushed up. The tree under which I had at first stood was on fire, and burning branches were falling around. Means were taken to prevent it from spreading; but not till six in the evening was the fire put out, and then by the fire engine from

Thoresby Park. No trace of the lightning can be discovered on the trunk near the ground; the rest of the tree is a ruin, as seen in the vignette at the beginning of this article. It was the general remark that, had it not been for the heavy rain, part of Sherwood Forest must have been burnt: for it was a dry season, and there had been no rain for nearly six weeks. The only wonder is that the bolt did not strike Simon, as that is the largest tree. Speaking for myself, it was a day to be remembered."

Half-a-mile farther on, we emerge from the forest, and come to the quiet but picturesque village of Edwinstowe, whose grey church lifts its quaint but handsome turrets silently towards the sky. Here dwells a wood-carver, whose works are growing in celebrity. If you ask to see his workshop he will show you some fine carvings—of a dead pheasant perhaps, hanging from a nail, or a bracket quaintly supported by a partridge or a crane.

On the way back to Mansfield, we pass a noted relic, where King John, a regular visitor to Clipstone Palace, or King Edward, is reputed to have held a parliament. Hunting here one day—so the story runs—news was brought him that the Welsh had risen in revolt. Calling his nobles in council under this tree, they decided to ride off to Nottingham, some fifteen miles or so, hang up the Welsh hostages immured in its castle, and return to Clipstone to enjoy their dinner as they might after such a feat. One leafy spray shows this "Parliament Oak"—otherwise shored up to save it from falling altogether to pieces—to be still a living memorial of the past.

Still on; there away to the right lies Warsop, the property of the Fitzherberts. When the late Mr. Gally Knight died, Sir Henry Fitzherbert attended his funeral; and, at the close, the lawyer, on the plea that he might be interested in the will, induced him to attend its reading. He found that—for his great affection to his dear old friend—the dead man had bequeathed to him that fair manor of Warsop. Reader, may you be as staunch to your friends, and find them as able and as willing to remember your services!

Leaving Woodhouse, with its quaint church tower, on our right; weary and with an appetite as great as, but more innocent than King John's, after his ride to Nottingham, we arrive again at Mansfield and take up our quarters at the Swan. A hearty supper, and a comfortable bed, are the well-earned reward of a long day's ramble.

A. W. WORTHINGTON.

DAY-DREAMS.

CALL them not vain and false day-dreams we see
With spirit-vision of our quicker youth;
Thoughts wiser in the world's esteem may be
Less near the truth.

When against some hard creed of life we raise
Our single cry for what more pure we deem,
'Tis oft the working out in later days
Of some old dream!

Dream of a world more pure than that we find!
Sad is the wak'ning, but not dull despair,
While we can feel that *we* may leave behind
One bright ray there.

Let us work up then to our young ideal,
Nor weep the present nor regret the past,
Till the soul, struggling 'twixt earth's false and real,
Reach Heaven at last. J. F. J.

THE BALL OF FIRE.

ONE evening towards the close of the last century, two persons were walking arm-in-arm in a shady walk in Hyde Park. One was a soldier, young, good-looking, and apparently in the strongest health; and his companion, a neatly-dressed woman younger than himself, with a gentle, pleasing expression of countenance, fair hair, and a good, though somewhat pale complexion. They were walking quickly, and it was evident from the snatches of their conversation which a passer-by might have caught that she was anxious to be home by a certain hour, while he endeavoured to prolong the walk, and the pleasure which it gave him. Their conversation turned chiefly on the future—the future which they hoped to spend together—for they were engaged—and though the period of their marriage was uncertain, neither of them entertained doubt or fear on the subject, so constant, deep, and sincere was the affection which subsisted between them. Their walk was not so hurried but what they had time to appoint an hour on the morrow, on which to resume their walk and conversation on the subject of their arrangements and plans for the future; so when they parted, it was with that feeling of temporary sorrow which is called up by a separation of a few hours only, with a certainty, humanly speaking, of a speedy meeting again.

Truly they but little knew how uncertain that meeting was! The young man was a private in the —th Regiment, where he bore the highest character for steadiness and regular conduct, and in a short time he was to obtain a step in rank, which he trusted would enable him to maintain as his wife, this girl, to whom he had long been attached. They were natives of the same country village, and chance had brought them into close contact in London, for she lived as maid to

an excellent mistress in Bryanstone Square, and his barracks were but a five minutes' walk distant. The acquaintance was gladly renewed, and soon ripened into the warmest love, and with the full consent of her mistress and her relations, she engaged herself to him.

She hurried home now to attend her mistress's dressing, and to be ready to resume her accustomed occupation of reading aloud to her of an evening; for Mrs. Howard was an invalid, and the careful attention of her maid, Jane Irvine, had induced her for many months to treat her more as a companion than as a servant—a distinction which her good education fully warranted.

"Well, Jane," said Mrs. Howard to her, soon after she came in, "I hope you had a pleasant walk with James; and have you settled anything definitely with him?"

"No, ma'am, we can arrange nothing with certainty till he knows when he shall get his promotion; and he has advised me to ask you to be good enough to let me remain with you for some little time yet, as we can hardly marry, so as to be comfortable, for some weeks after that."

"By all means," was Mrs. Howard's ready answer, "I shall be very glad for you to stay as long as it suits you. Now, give me my handkerchief, and after dinner, towards ten o'clock, come to the drawing-room and read to me."

Mrs. Howard went to dinner; Jane, no doubt, to supper.

Meantime, the sun had set with brilliancy, and to-night there were no apparent signs of the thunderstorms which had been so frequent of late. The sky was clear and cloudless, and the rich golden light which gleamed over it, tempted one to quarrel with Byron's depreciation of English sunsets as compared with those of more southern lands:

Slow sinks, more lovely ere his race be run
Along Morea's hills the setting sun—
Not, as in northern climes obscurely bright,
But one unclouded blaze of living light.

But it sank down and was gone, and with it went, though as yet they knew it not, the happiness of those two loving hearts.

The hour came at which Jane was to bring her book, and continue the history which so much interested Mrs. Howard. When she came down, she found, as was often the case, that the party was joined by a young man, her mistress's son, who, having his home in another part of London, often came to dine and spend the evening with his mother. However, the reading was not on that account abandoned, but the young man, William

Howard, sitting down in an arm-chair on one side of the fire-place, proposed to listen to it with as much attention as his mother, who sat opposite to him: while Jane Irvine took her place at the table, having the door of the room on her right hand, and her mistress on her left, between herself and the fire-place; where, of course, being summer time, there was no fire, but the two arm-chairs retained their position all the year round, and from force of habit, Mrs. Howard and her son sat in them summer and winter alike. In front of Jane and shedding their light on her book were two candles, and there was no other light in the room, as Mrs. Howard had weak eyes, and did not generally occupy herself with any work while the reading was going on.

Suddenly, as Jane Irvine was raising her hand to snuff one of the candles a scream from her mistress caused her accidentally to put it out, and she echoed herself a piercing scream, as a flaming globe of fire rolled along the floor, touching the edge of her dress as it passed! A perfect ball of fire, larger than a cricket-ball, lighting up the room with a flash for an instant, which then seemed to relapse into utter darkness, so dazzling was its effect!

What was it? Whence could it have come! It had come from the fire-place side, but as we know there was no fire there, and had gone—whither? The door was shut, and the window also. The three people were almost paralysed for the moment, but William Howard was the first to recover himself, and to perceive that his mother was fainting.

"Quick, Jane!" he cried; "bring some water! she is fainting; she is dying! Oh! mother——"

Jane Irvine controlled her own feelings in anxiety for her mistress, for she knew that her constitution could little bear such a shock, and it was not for some time that she was sufficiently recovered to be able to speak. Her first words were,—

"I shall die, I shall die within the month."

"No, no, my dear mother; why should you think so? Do not talk like that, I beg of you."

"Yes, William, I shall die. It touched me, and I know that was my summons."

"That is mere superstition," he said; "don't let that weigh with you."

"But it does, William. I cannot help it. I cannot disbelieve it. All whom that fearful messenger touches will leave this world within a month."

Jane shuddered. Had not the messenger touched her, too? William did not leave the house that night, nor did Jane Irvine quit her mistress's side. She spoke very little,

and when she did it was with the words of one whose hours are numbered. She told her son where her will would be found; mentioned that she had made in it a provision for her faithful attendant, amongst other small legacies, which she begged her son to see duly paid. This he promised, but added,—

"But, my dear mother, don't talk like this. I do trust you will shake off the impression which this has made on your mind. Take a simple explanation of what you saw, and believe that it was one of the curious effects of electricity or some other natural phenomenon. Don't let superstition have such a strong hold upon you."

"You saw it, William, though?" she asked. "You saw it yourself, and it did not touch you?" she added, eagerly.

"No, it did not touch me; but I saw it plainly, and Jane saw it, too."

"Yes, and it touched me," said Jane, in a low tone, not too low, though, for it to reach Mrs. Howard's ear, who, raising herself in bed with a look of horror, almost sternly asked, "Did you say it touched you, too? Then you will die."

Jane Irvine shuddered again, and turned away, but was recalled by an exclamation from William. His mother, after uttering those words with an air of prophetic conviction, fell back in a fit. The doctors came, but their skill was of little avail. She never rallied. Jane Irvine was most unremitting in her care, and for days never left her mistress's side; attending to all her wants, and watching most anxiously for a gleam of consciousness, a glance of recognition. All in vain. At night she slept in the same room, and by day she could not be persuaded to leave her, for however short a time. So firmly did she cling to the idea that her beloved mistress would wake once more, and revoke the fatal words, which she felt had cast a sort of spell over her. Why should she die? Life was strong within her—happiness before her. She was not superstitious; she would shake off these gloomy ideas. Mrs. Howard, she could not but believe, would die, but what had that to do with the ball of fire? She had long been an invalid, and her health for the last year had been daily growing more and more feeble, and she was not likely to be able to stand any shock, however slight. Very naturally, with her temperament, the ball of fire had shattered her nerves, already so weak; and had accelerated, though not absolutely caused, the paralysis, which so often strikes down the aged—those who have fought the battle of life, and have no strength left to struggle. But with herself the case was widely different. Young, strong, with sound

nerve, and not easily frightened, she still admitted that what she had seen on that particular evening had certainly, for the time, alarmed her beyond anything she had ever felt before; but now that was over. These things could be explained by science. Electricity, a power she could not understand, but others did—was that more wonderful than the shooting stars she had so often watched streaming over the sky on a clear November's night? But those words, "Then you will die!"—clear and distinct as her mistress had spoken them, they rang in her ears. "But I will not believe it," she resolutely said, "let me think of other things. Poor James, I have not been able to see or hear of him for some days, but he will have called and have heard of our misfortune. I will write and tell him how ill Mrs. Howard is. I wonder they have not told me of his coming, for he is sure to have asked to see me. I will tell him to call again to-morrow, and I could just see him for five minutes in the hall."

So she wrote, and sent her note, and returned to mount guard by Mrs. Howard. That night there was a change, and before morning Mrs. Howard was a corpse!

So she was dead before the month was out!

Jane Irvine got no answer to her note. To explain why, we must go back to that hot summer's evening, when she and he had, as it proved, taken their last walk together. Near Mrs. Howard's house, on the same side of the square, there was, at that time, a public institution, guarded by a sentry day and night. On the night in question it was the turn of James Radstock, who marched cheerfully to the spot where his watch was to be kept, thinking in his heart that he should in a manner stand sentry over his beloved also. The temptation to look up at the window, and if possible, discover, from the flickering shadows on the blinds, what Jane Irvine was doing—also, perhaps, with a latent hope that he might see a window open, and a smile from her come down to him through the summer night, induced him to extend his walk beyond the regular beat which the national service for the safety of the institution demanded, and more than once he had advanced as far as Mrs. Howard's door, and had then retraced his steps to advance again and again with the same hope. But no Jane was to be seen; only a shadow on the blind, which might or might not, be hers. Backwards and forwards he walked, till the night grew dark, and on a sudden he stopped and fell, lifeless apparently, on the pavement—past him, touching his boot, had rolled that ball of fire!

There he lay, and by-and-by there he was

seen, senseless and motionless on the pavement. "Drunk," said a passer-by, and moved carelessly on. "Drunk on duty," said the corporal of his regiment, as he found him there; "I should not have thought it of James, though. I don't know a steadier fellow. But that's no good now. Drunk on duty, and so drunk, too," he added, as the men with him tried to raise their comrade, who lay in their arms like a sack; "this won't be passed over in a hurry. Take him home, men," he continued; "we must report him in the morning."

Next morning James recovered so far as to be able to speak, but he seemed to have lost his senses, for all he could say was, "I've seen it,—it touched me."

"Seen what, lad," asked the soldier, who was bringing him some breakfast; "your own ghost?"

"That ball of fire; it touched me!"

"Fire-water, I expect it was. And it certainly touched you, or you touched it; for you were as drunk as you could be, last night."

"No, no," James answered, "I wasn't drunk. I tell you, I saw it as plain as I see you now."

"No doubt you did, my good fellow, lots of it."

"I shall die; it touched me here," he went on, pointing to his foot.

"You've got into a scrape, anyhow," his sympathising friend answered; "but I don't know about dying."

"I must die within the month! Oh, poor Jane, poor Jane!"

"I can't make you out, unless you're drunk still; but why you should be so bent on dying, I don't see."

"I saw it," James went on. "It came straight towards me, and touched my foot, and then vanished. Oh! it was horrible. I must die, I know it."

"Never fear, man," said the other; "you're a little cracked, I do believe; but here's your breakfast, and you had better eat it: it may do you good."

Poor James! his trial came on, and the evidence went to prove that he was drunk on duty. He persisted in every word of his story, that he had seen a great ball of fire, that it had rolled along the pavement towards him, had passed over his boot, and then vanished. Never in all the cross-questioning did he vary a hair's-breadth from this statement, adding that after that he was totally unconscious of anything till he found himself next morning in the lock-up of his barracks, on, as he was told, a charge of drunkenness. All this he maintained, but who would believe such an

unnatural story on the strength of his unsupported word? On a sudden there was a mention of a new witness in the prisoner's favour, and Mr. William Howard appeared, and gave such clear evidence of the appearance of the ball of fire, further explaining that it might well have passed out of his door to the feet of the sentry who had extended his beat to that distance for the reason we have described, that the whole face of the charge against him changed, and by comparing notes as to the time at which these appearances had been made to both parties, it was evident that the statement of the soldier was wholly true, and he was fully acquitted.

After the trial, Mr. Howard joined James to congratulate him on his escape, which was unquestionably a very narrow one. James expressed his gratitude to him for having stepped in in time to save his character—beyond that he had neither care nor hope.

"Why?" asked Mr. Howard, surprised at the continued gloom which oppressed the man, instead of the cheerfulness which he expected him to feel at the result of the trial.

"It's of no use, sir," was the only answer.

"How do you mean, of no use?" said Mr. Howard. "It's all right enough now."

"I am a dead man, sir. No man can live a month who has been touched by that ball of fire."

Mr. Howard was struck. Those were the very words used by his mother, who was now hovering between life and death. He had not the heart to argue about it then; but merely telling the man that his mother was ill, which was the reason Jane Irvine could not see him at present, he went to his own house, where business called him. When he came back to his mother's house next morning, it was to hear that she had breathed her last. In a few minutes a messenger came running in to say that James Radstock had just been found dead in his bed. On looking round at Jane Irvine, he saw her grow deadly pale, and in an instant she fell back—fainting.

He thought she was dead, and for a moment his strong mind yielded to the influence of superstition; he thought that she, too, had in reality been called away by the fiery messenger! But it was not so; by degrees the colour returned to her cheek, and life re-animated her pulses; but the shock had been so great that even her strong nerves gave way in some degree, and a long and serious illness followed. When she recovered, it was to contemplate an altered and lonely future. Her mistress was dead, and her tryst with James would be held in heaven, never on the earth. To that she must look forward, and faithful to the one idea of happiness at

last, she pursued a useful and contented life on earth, cheering those around with kindness and sympathy, doing good to the small circle in which she lived, but never giving up her heart to another (though many a one beat warmly when her name was spoken): for it was wholly wrapped up in the great love she had borne for James on earth, and as fully belonged to him in Heaven.

Never to her latest day did she forget that fatal evening, though as years passed on she learned to look back upon it with calmness, and at length regarded it, as indeed it was, as a coincidence, rather than a cause.

ANCIENT CLAN DIRGE.

"THE baronies of Bargie and Forth lie at the southern extremity of the county of Wexford, and together contain about sixty square miles. They are due east from Cardiganshire in Wales; and the shortness of the passage caused a frequent intercourse between the Irish and Britons, from the earliest accounts of their history. These baronies retain their ancient customs and language. Many of their words are more Scotch than English: *Lark*, English; *Lerrock*, Bargie and Forth; *Lavrock*, or *Laverock*, Scotch. In 1169 they were peopled by an English colony. The English having aided Dermot, King of Leinster, to overcome his rebellious subjects whom his tyranny had raised against him, he gave them these lands in gratitude. Hence the confusion of tongues, in which the Somersetshire dialect is very prominent.

"Fuel is scarce there. The chief firing is furze, planted at the tops of all the dykes. Along the coast there was formerly a bog or turbary, which has been so much encroached on by the sea that it is now covered with sand, and that at high tide with many feet of water. In this turbary, thus deep under the sea at high tide, trees are daily found, some of which have been dug up. They are chiefly oak, fir, and hazel. The old Irish names, Bargie and Forth, mean a fertile spot. *Bar*: 'fruitful,' *Go*: 'the sea,' *Fortha*: 'plenty.'" —See Walker's "Irish Bards."

The Irish bagpipe is similar to the Scotch. But it is played with the fingers only, not with the mouth. The Walpipe (Gaul pipe?) was a cow's horn with apertures for musical notes.

MURTOCH is dead, man! Clan-brothers, come:
Lend each a hand, man, to bear the dead home.
Strike up the coronach, last of his needs;
Honour him, cry to him, tell of his deeds:
Murtoch of Bargie, man, Murtoch of Forth,
Murtoch the Southlander, Star of the North!

Go ye by East, man, or go ye by West,
Murtoch, brown Murtoch, is counted the best.
Tallest of head, man, and foremost of foot;
Sound to his innermost—leaf, branch, and root.
Straight to his mark like a spear would he go;
Slow in his wrath, man, but quick on the foe.

Tell to his widow, her hearth-light is cold;
Take her this shaggy lock, redder than gold.
Cover his face-wound, and turn his blurred shield;
Whisper his children, their "father's a-field."
Murtoch of Bargie, man, cease to deplore;
Strike up a lilt as ye near to the door!

"Ghurloch is dead, man! Clan-brothers, come:
Bend each a hand, man, to bear the dead home."

"Strike up the carnach, last of his race;
Honour him, cry to him, tell of his death."



Mellow of voice was he : hark to his cry—
 "Faithful to live, man, and faithful to die!"
 Gone, gone for aye, man, by sea and by shore—
 Strike up the coronach; speak him once more.
 Leal to his friend, man, and fair to his foe;
 True to his clan, man, in weal and woe!

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.

ADRIANA.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XIV.

"IN thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth upon man," Adriana pondered. Her musings were unsatisfactory, her convictions by no means flattering. "I am a fool," was the summing up; "and Etheredge Court is no place for me."

Then came a curious chaos of feeling, mortification, self-upbraiding, and wounded self-respect, which, to a person possessed of a tolerable amount of self-esteem, is far more galling than any amount of blame from others, and so Adriana felt it; yet, strange to say, a gleam of triumph mingled with the chaotic elements and counter-balanced them oddly. Still, when the voice that had once before spoken within her said, "Go!" the yielding spirit answered, "I will go."

True, the dark angel thrust himself forward, and muttered, "Whither, whither? the world is wide and lonely;" but the guardian-angel bent over and waved his wings, and Adriana fell asleep.

Morning came,—usually the dispeller of so many harassing night-thoughts. The mind of man, renewed, refreshed, rises with fresh vigour to meet the difficulties that in the solemn watches of the night overcome him in anticipation. The nerves are braced by the living power that seems to forsake us in our nocturnal struggles, and to return with the dawn of day. And yet at night alone do we seem fully to realize the life of the soul. Then, with the sense of calm, of loneliness, comes also the realization of the immortal, and man wrestles alone with his Maker. No factitious props are near wherewith to stay his arm; the silence and blackness around him are too oppressive; death, as it were, creeps nearer and nearer to him, and amidst the deep-felt quiet he seems to himself the only sentient being in creation. Then he knows himself more intimately than when surrounded by the interests and activity of life. There is nothing to distract his attention from the fact that he, the unit of an unnumbered total is something more than a component part; he is distinct, individual, isolated,—a soul among

many souls unassistable by any human agency.

Adriana collected her straggling ideas. Waking thoughts did not dispel her night determinations.

"I shall leave Etheredge Court."

On the stairs she met Mr. Etheredge. Her reassured step, the flush of confidence in herself that lighted up her face caused Mr. Etheredge to wonder at the change that had come to Miss Linden since the last night. Unconsciously he spent a good deal of time in speculating upon Adriana: she had become a sort of story to him, which he was interested in unravelling.

"You seem none the worse for the snow-storm, Miss Linden."

"On the contrary, it has been of benefit to me."

"So it appears. Therefore I suppose you will venture forth again, as the snow shows no signs of disappearing. We may have it for some weeks yet."

"I shall not be here so long."

Mr. Etheredge was surprised. He was not prepared for this sudden turn in the drama, and yet what else could have been expected? As Mr. Etheredge turned into his library, a conviction darted into his mind. He tried to reason himself out of it as a very absurd one; but nevertheless it remained.

Mrs. Braddick's perplexity at Adriana's sudden resolve, which would have been amusing under ordinary circumstances, was now embarrassing in the extreme.

"What had caused Miss Linden to decide so suddenly? What necessity was there for her to go? Anything, everything, should be done in accordance to her wishes, if she would but remain. What would the children do?"

To all which questions Adriana answered as best she might, but was firm in her determination not to remain at Etheredge Court. So Mrs. Braddick turned for help and sympathy to the different members of her family.

"Charles!"

"Yes, my dear," returned Mr. Braddick, looking up from a heap of papers that apparently deeply engrossed his attention.

"Could anything be more unfortunate?"

"Than what?"

"Than Miss Linden's going away just now?"

"Why just now, my dear?"

"I don't mean particularly just now," said Mrs. Braddick; "I mean that she is going at all."

"I suppose you can find some one else," returned Mr. Braddick, diving deep into a fresh bundle of papers. "It is easy enough to advertise; and you give a good salary."

"It is easy to advertise, but then there is all the trouble of seeing people and arranging, and finding out who will suit and who will not. I don't believe anyone will after Miss Linden, and why she is going is more than I can tell."

"I suppose Miss Linden has good reasons of her own."

"I can't think what they can be, then; for it seems to me that no one in her circumstances could be more pleasantly situated than she is with us—more like one of the family. But," said Mrs. Braddick, suddenly, "I believe that, after all, the reason she is going is because you have come home, Charles."

Mr. Braddick looked up—a sharp, quick glance, but the impassiveness of Mrs. Braddick's face convinced him that no suspicion of the true cause had entered her mind, so he replied quietly:—

"Perhaps I had better return to India, my love. Shall we suggest it to Miss Linden?"

"Nonsense, Charles. I wish you would be serious when I want your advice and your opinion."

"Well, and have I not given it to you? You tell me that you do not know what you shall do without Miss Linden, and that Miss Linden is going because I have come home; so the only suggestion that offers itself to me is that I should go away again."

"Now you are quite aware, Charles, that you *will* not understand what I mean. I mean that I think Miss Linden must imagine that you have some unaccountable dislike to her. I am sure I should, were I in her place. You are quite unlike yourself with respect to her. Richard, too, took the same prejudice; but I think Miss Linden was beginning not to care for it, though of course it annoyed her at first; and now you, who generally differ in opinion from Richard, seem to have entirely entered into his feelings."

Mr. Braddick rose,—he came towards his wife,—he took her hand in his. Should he tell her the story of the past? For one moment he was even tempted to do so. For one moment there came into his mind that it might be the beginning of a fresh life to them both if he could pour out his heart freely to the wife whom he had taken. But would it do any good? He began to look with a man's eyes upon the subject, and arguments came fast to turn him from his momentary impulse. There was the effect it might take upon Mrs. Braddick to be considered. Women can never be answered for: they may see a matter in an entirely different light from what you wish; they may take just the opposite line of argument to the one you think most clear and logical. Then there was the possible injury

it might be to Adriana; and, lastly, he was not quite sure whether confessions were altogether pleasant.

Mrs. Braddick remained in some perplexity. She saw that something had made Mr. Braddick feel as serious as she could wish; but as she never leaped to conclusions, she waited patiently until her husband should speak.

After a slight pause, still holding her hand, he spoke:—

"I am quite serious now, Margaret. I have no dislike to Miss Linden; but I discovered, even sooner than you did, that her position here is one that for reasons of her own is distasteful to her. Do not distress her by endeavouring to alter her determination. I have seen enough of Miss Linden to know that nothing will deter her from carrying out a purpose when she has once resolved upon it."

Mr. Braddick had made the best speech possible on the occasion, still he could not help feeling that it was slightly jesuitical.

Mrs. Braddick still wondered.

"I do not understand you in the least, Charles. Has Richard been saying anything to you against Miss Linden?"

"Nothing."

"You think she has some reason? You think nothing will induce her to stay?"

"I am sure that nothing will."

"It seems strange that you should understand Miss Linden so much better than I do, when I like her so much better than you do. I think I have the same sort of feeling I should have had towards a sister if I had ever had one. Yet I did not like her at first, but she gains upon one; she is a person I could trust in, and I do not often feel great faith in anyone."

Certainly Mrs. Braddick did not. It was curious to see the influence that the woman to whom (had she known it) she should have been most alien had exerted over her. Scarcely exerted either, for Adriana had used no effort to gain her rival's good opinion. She had pursued straightforwardly and conscientiously the duties she had undertaken. She had devoted herself lovingly to the children, and yet had not weaned their affections from their mother; indeed, that mother felt that they were nearer and dearer to her now than when she had given them into Adriana's care. And her increased love for her children had opened other sources in her heart, and a warmth seemed to be infused into all her life. Mr. Braddick saw it, and wondered. Adriana knew that there was some change in Mrs. Braddick, but did not trace it to herself. She felt no love towards her; but the increased kindness of Mrs. Braddick's manner, and her

utter ignorance of Adriana's previous acquaintance with Mr. Braddick, made her feel a sort of instinctive respect and admiration for her, whilst she fell proportionately in her own estimation. Had she not acted dishonourably after all? And what had she gained? Confident in her own strength, she had undertaken a part beyond her power to carry out, which she must now give up, and retreat as best she might.

Pondering over the events of the last few months, Adriana commenced her packing. The black dress of gauzy material lay upon the bed, ready to be folded. That dress, how much of sweet and of bitter it brought back to her, and how much of condemnation! It was, as a silent witness, becoming evidence against her. She took it up, as she had once taken it up before, and gently smoothed its folds. As she did so, something dropped on the floor: she stooped to see what it was. It was the locket her cousin Katy had given her at parting. As she picked it up, the words of her cousin came to her mind,—“You must not open it until some great stumbling-block has come in your way, over which you have fallen.”

Had she not fallen now? Had there not been a stumbling-block? Had her own pride of will been sufficient to bear her triumphantly through the ordeal to which she had subjected herself? No; she was miserably weak: she felt it, she owned it; her strength had utterly failed her, and she had fallen. She touched the spring, a tiny scroll of paper, with still tinier characters clearly traced on it, was in her hand, and she read these words:—

Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of Hosts.

“Poor little Katy! She had no trust in her own strength,” mused Adriana, “and why should I have? Has it not left me at the time I needed it most? Have I conquered?—nay, am I not rather conquered?” “Thou shalt not covet,” sounded once again in her ears. She started up; a sudden gleam of light shot up from the fire that was burning brightly in the grate; it fell upon the soft gauzy dress. Away with all the memories of the past! blot them from your mind! The care of the present is for the future, not the past.

She grasped the dress that brought back so many memories, that raised such painful emotions. How small a thing can have an influence! She dashed it down, as though it had some power of injuring her.

“Oh, if I could forget, forget!”

Another blaze of light sprang up, still illuminating the gauzy dress; it seemed like a living, haunting thing to Adriana's excited

imagination. She gathered it up again, and, crushing its soft folds, deliberately rolled it into a small bundle, which she placed on the fire. It did not blaze,—it singed and smouldered into a heap of grey ashes. Then she laughed.

“How absurd!”

The sense of mock-heroism struck upon her senses so keenly. She had sacrificed a good dress for the sake of an idea! The act was a ridiculous one. She knew it, but nevertheless she did not wish it undone. It had destroyed one link with the past, and the more links that were broken the better. She was almost beginning to hate Charles Cunningham. Very prosaic was the domestic life at Etheredge Court. She was glad it had not been her lot. Why had she endured it so long? Was the remembrance of the past really so powerful?

“May I come in?” said Mrs. Braddick at the door. Adriana opened it. “What a smell of something burning. I hope there is nothing on fire.”

“I have been burning a dress,” said Adriana, rather bluntly, some inward feeling prompting her to state the exact fact.

“A dress!”

“Only my old black gauze.”

“That gauze dress!—my dear Miss Linden, what were you thinking of? I never saw you look better in any dress than you did in that. I remarked both to Mr. Braddick and Mr. Etheredge that it was perfection; and Richard, who never knows what anyone has on, actually admitted that he had noticed it.”

“I did not like it. There were painful associations with it,” said Adriana, shortly.

“That is a pity, for it was a very pretty dress. I was going to ask for the pattern of the sleeve. You are a strange person, Miss Linden, but do you know I like you excessively, and I regret that you are going to leave us. No,” continued she, seeing that Adriana was about to speak, “do not be afraid, I am not going to try to persuade you to remain with us, but you must let me talk to you a little to-night, for I am afraid after your good influence is removed, that we shall all relapse and fall into our old ways again.” She seated herself by the fire. “Do not let me interrupt your packing, but I cannot let you go without telling you that I know I owe you much. I can never look back on Charley's illness without feeling that to you we owe his life.” Triumph again reigned in Adriana's heart. Mrs. Braddick went on. “I scarcely knew till then how dear my children were to me. I think I looked upon them as playthings, and had no idea what the loss of them would be, having no fear of losing them. And you have made them better children, and have acted a

mother's part towards them without taking their love from me. I think I am a better woman too myself, Miss Linden; I do not know why, but I somehow attribute it to you. I have not offended you, have I?" asked Mrs. Braddick, in some surprise, for Adriana was sobbing audibly. "Charles always said I never did understand people."

"Oh no, oh no, but I cannot bear to hear you speak in that way. Oh, Mrs. Braddick, please, please forget me—forget that I have ever been at Etheredge Court."

"I am sure, my dear Miss Linden, that I shall do nothing of the kind. I shall never cease to regret your absence."

Adriana sat humbled before her rival, the grateful words were heaping coals of fire upon her head, for she felt that whatever excuse she might have for wishing to avenge herself upon Mr. Braddick, to his wife she had acted dishonourably. Presently she said:—

"Mrs. Braddick, I am very miserable, very unhappy; I do not deserve the praises you bestow upon me. I am grateful to you for all the kindness you have shown me. I wish I had had a better right to it." Then, rising, she opened a drawer in which lay the splendid Indian shawl with which Mrs. Braddick had presented her. "I am going to ask you to do me one favour," said she, "and to ask you not to feel hurt at the request. Will you let me return this shawl to you? indeed, indeed I cannot take it." Mrs. Braddick looked annoyed. "I know you will not understand; you cannot; but I ask you, as a parting act of kindness, to do as I wish."

Adriana held out the shawl. Mrs. Braddick looked at the pale worn face that was turned towards her, and gazed steadfastly into the eyes that met hers with such wistful entreaty. Something in the eyes seemed to touch Mrs. Braddick. Her look of annoyance faded away; she took the offered shawl.

"You are a strange person, Miss Linden, but I could make a friend of you if you would let me." She moved towards the door, then turning back, "good-night," she said, and kissed Adriana.

"I have fallen over my stumbling-block," said Adriana to herself as the door closed. "What is the power of man, and what is his might?"

CHAPTER XV.

ADRIANA had determined not to see Mr. Braddick again, and found it easy to carry out this determination. Mrs. Braddick, willing to do anything for a person who had so strangely drawn her out of her own impassiveness, made no objection to Miss Linden's desire to be allowed to remain in the schoolroom.

Pearl and Charley were her constant companions; Charley had declared that Linna should not go, he would not let her go out of the house; he and Pearl would lock the door and hide the key where it could not be found. So the two children set themselves to watch Adriana's movements.

"Why do you want to go?" asked he. "Pearl and I love you, and want to keep you. Don't go, don't go,—you shan't, you shan't!" and he threw his little arms round her. "See how tight I can hold you, you could not get away."

There was but one night more for her at Etheredge Court; she was to leave early the following morning in order to catch the early train; but this had been kept a profound secret from the children. When they said "good-night," they little knew it was for the last time, so they went cheerfully to rest; and a few hours afterwards, when Adriana went to look at them in their little cots, she found them slumbering peacefully. There was no fear of awakening the little sleepers, so she stayed watching by them for a long time. "Happy little sleepers, to whom the sorrowful knowledge of life has not yet come. May they be kept from my experience of it," sighed Adriana. And the remembrance of her childhood, when she, too, had no regret for the yesterday that was past recalling, no fear for the morrow's dawning, filled her with a wild yearning that the years that filled up the space between then and now might be for ever effaced from her memory. Would that the waters of Lethe might roll over the past. Yet wherefore? Is not the past the introductory lesson that helps us to master the present, and prepare for the deeper study of the future? No past, and the world would be in its youth again, and man a child spelling out his lesson of life with sobs and tears, divested of the kindly hand of ripe old Time to point to explanations.

The tears stole down Adriana's cheeks as she looked at the children. She did not care for children, generally, but these had found their way to her heart; perhaps, too, their open-hearted innocence, their freedom from concealment of any kind, had been a tacit reproach to her own somewhat treacherous line of conduct, and had made her feel as if she were a deceiver. At last she turned away.

It was getting late, people were moving about as if retiring. Adriana listened; door after door shut, then all was quiet. Still she waited, she must be quite sure. The hall lamp was out, and the only light burning was a night-lamp on the first landing. She might venture now; she must take one more look at that picture taken of Charles Cunningham years ago.

So she took up her candle, and went noiselessly down-stairs. The swing-door creaked slightly as she pushed against it, but the noise it made was heard apparently only by herself, for she paused to see if anyone had been disturbed. There was no sign that anyone had, so she went on cautiously, and reached the library. Her candle gave but little light in the spacious room; too little to allow her a good view of the picture she had come to look at. She glanced round, and her eye fell on a lamp, which she lighted, and placed so that its rays fell full upon the face in the painting. She threw herself into a chair opposite, and, resting her face on her hands, gazed fixedly at the portrait.

Etheredge Court faded away from her mind; the years that had intervened since her parting with Charles Cunningham vanished, and she seemed to stand face to face with him as she had done long ago.

"And yet I am beginning to hate you, Charles Cunningham," she murmured. "Why, why did you destroy my life? why did you make these seven weary years so heavy a burden to me? It was not generous, when you knew your power, to use it as you did. Yet perhaps I ought to hold you blameless, since you spoke no actual word whereby I could account you guilty. But this night I forgive, forgive you for all the sorrow you have caused me. In my condemnation of myself has light sprung up, and I have seen how easy it is to be led on to act against one's own convictions. I have sinned against others even though I am sinned against myself. We all need forgiveness."

She had risen from the chair during her soliloquy, and was standing with clasped hands before the picture.

As she finished her last sentence, a subdued voice said:—

"Amen."

Did the voice come from the picture? She could almost believe that it did, for the eyes seemed to return her gaze with a life-like expression. She gazed as if fascinated, afraid to look and yet unable to turn away her eyes.

She tried to say, "How foolish I am," but though her lips moved no sound came forth. She would make an effort, she would not look, and she covered her face with her hands. The spell was broken, she would not look again in that direction, she moved towards the table to turn down the lamp, when, to her extreme terror, she saw a figure, the counterpart of the one in the picture, with mournful eyes gazing upon her.

Adriana was not naturally superstitious, but her nerves were unstrung, and her agitation was uncontrollable. She uttered a faint cry,

and sank on a sofa, covering her face so as to hide the apparition from her. She dared not move, she dared not look up.

But it was no apparition. Mr. Braddick had been reading late by the dining-room fire, and hearing a door open, had closed his book, and determined upon looking through the rooms and passages to see that all was safe.

He was, as it were, spell-bound on entering the library. He would have retired, but the attitude of the figure so intently looking at his portrait fascinated him to stay yet a moment, and the half-unconsciously spoken words were heard by him even before he felt aware that he should not have listened to them, and the "Amen," escaped his lips without his knowing that it had been audible.

The look of fear that Adriana cast towards him showed him that he had placed himself in an awkward position. To retreat now seemed impossible. He could not leave her in her present state of alarm. Yet what to do was perplexing.

He advanced.

"Miss Linden!"

Adriana shuddered and clasped her hands more tightly over her face.

"I am afraid I have greatly alarmed you, Miss Linden. I was reading in the dining-room, and hearing a door creak, I made a voyage of discovery, thinking that possibly I might capture a thief upon the premises."

Adriana sprang up, all her chimerical fears were quieted; the wild absurdities that she had been willing to believe in vanished, and she stood face to face alone, for the first time since she had been at Etheredge Court, with Charles Cunningham.

It was difficult to say which experienced the greater embarrassment, for the memory of the past came clearly and keenly to both of them. To both the secret of their lives, though unspoken, was fully known.

They had loved.

They had been parted.

For it was passive. Not a voluntary act, but the result of circumstances. Each understood, each read the past aright.

Adriana was the first to speak, she turned towards the door.

"Good night, Mr. Braddick."

She did not hold out her hand, but merely bowed.

"One moment, stay, Miss Linden, Adriana!"

She was still moving away, but at the last word she turned, it was so long since she had heard it.

"Adriana, there is much I should like to say, but I know not where to begin."

The colour came into Adriana's face as she replied almost haughtily:

"Leave it unsaid, Mr. Braddick; every word now would be an insult to your wife and to myself."

Mr. Braddick was surprised at the sudden change, yet it was just like old times, the quick transition from one mood to another that had had so great a charm for him. The haughtiness of her reply did not annoy him.

"You are right," he returned; "but I did not so mean it. May we not at least part as friends, Miss Linden?"

"Why not?"

The question was not easy to answer, so Mr. Braddick did not attempt to answer it. He might have reminded Adriana of her soliloquy, but he forebore.

"May I thank you for all that you have done for my children, and——" he continued, half hesitating, "and for my wife?"

"I have done my duty where it was not my duty to do it," replied she, somewhat bitterly.

"You have done more," answered Mr. Braddick; "you——"

"Say no more, Mr. Braddick," interrupted Adriana; "good-night, good-by." This time she held out her hand.

"As friends?" inquired Mr. Braddick.

"Of course,—why not?"

The sentence came half sarcastically. Mr. Braddick did not like the tone of it; but then, even in the days of his fervent adoration, he had not always understood Adriana. He felt deeply the injury he had inflicted, and would have given anything to repair it. But it was a case in which silence was the only course to pursue, and time the only healer.

"Fancy little Katy having such an interview," thought Adriana, when she regained her own room. "My good Cousin Davis would be aghast. I am not sorry, and I am not glad. I am glad I am going away, and yet in spite of everything I do not wish that I had never come. I have been wrong, and I know it. I am unhappy, miserable, yet I feel a sort of peace. I cannot understand myself, I do not understand myself," said she aloud: "I'm still drifting with the stream; the waters have raged and swelled, but they're calming down again, and I must go back to the quiet fold."

As Mr. Braddick was leaving the library, he was joined by a figure from the far end of the room.

"Forgive me, Charles, for having been an unintentional eaves-dropper. I fell asleep over the smouldering fire, and woke up at the sound of your voices."

"Not before?"

"No."

"Then Miss Linden's soliloquy did not reach your ears?"

"Not a word of it. Charles, I half wonder that——"

"What?"

"There's something very honest about Miss Linden; she's impulsively wrong sometimes in the letter, but there is the truthful element so strong in the spirit that I would trust her through anything."

"Hem! you seem to have been studying Miss Linden very closely, Richard."

"I have. It's very hard to find a woman who won't deceive you, but I think she wouldn't."

"Are you quite sure that you're not in love, Dick?"

"No, I'm not sure of anything of the kind. A flash of light burst upon me the morning she told me she was going away, and I've been getting accustomed to it ever since. I have hitherto roughly classed women under two heads, clever and fools; the former annoy, the latter weary me. The latter, of course, predominate, and I am not sure but that they are the less objectionable, as one cannot expect women to be always sensible. I don't say that the others attain the wisdom they profess, for in their efforts at superiority they are continually swallowing camels, and reducing themselves to a level with their weaker sisters. But here is a woman who belongs to neither class, with a fair share of intellect, that she is content not to bring too forward; sensible and not sensible; in fact, a mixture of opposites, that makes her just what I think a woman ought to be. Sense enough to know her superiority, and yet to feel her inferiority."

"Rather an enigmatical sentence, that last, Richard."

"Well, you must make the best of it; I don't deny women full justice, but as to the equality of the masculine and feminine mind, I don't believe in it."

"Miss Linden might differ."

"If she belonged to my first class she would, if to my second she might; but as she is an exception to both, I think she would be inclined to take a sensible view of the case." He paused. "It is strange," he resumed, "that having been for some months in the house with Miss Linden, that——"

"That you never found out what you have half confessed to-night?" asked Mr. Braddick, interrupting him.

"Partly. The only woman I ever thought worth caring about is slipping through my fingers."

"Do you think that her 'fair share of intellect' has enabled her to grasp the fact?"

"Certainly not. Pooh! what absurdities I am talking about.

It is the witching hour of night,
When churchyards yawn and graves give up their dead.
And from the dungeons of my mind wild
fancies are escaping that will fade away in
the daylight. Good-night!"

"Good-night!"

(To be continued.)

BRITAIN'S DEPRESSION.

IN a former paper * I endeavoured to show how the configuration of our beautiful country arose from and depended upon certain geological causes which operated in times far distant, and how the mountain chains had been alternately elevated and depressed ere they reached their present height and outline. I propose to follow up the subject by saying a little about the valleys, how they have been formed and deepened, and what changes they have undergone during the process.

Where would be the picturesque scenery of Great Britain, were it not for its valleys, from the great wooded strath, with the broad river flowing stately adown it, to the narrow and precipitous glen, through which the burn can only escape by successive waterfalls? Where would the British tourist be, if he had only a constant succession of high table-lands and lofty plateaus? and with what delight does the pedestrian, who has been tramping over the hills all day, at last see the vale opening peacefully at his feet, giving a sense of relief to the tension that more or less accompanies mountain travelling.

As to the mode of valley formation, geologists differ greatly, and the scientific world is still in the middle of a civil war on the point. One party, headed by Sir Roderick Murchison, considers that it is due to some convulsive action, in which upheavals of the surface have occurred, together with fractures, and that once these latter have taken place, the action of streams and atmospheric forces have been at liberty to bring their artillery to bear, to deepen the chasm already made. Certainly the fracture theory seems easy to be understood, and as if it required little explanation. But there is a strong force on the opposite side, of which Professor Ramsay and Mr. Geikie are the leaders, and these not only ignore the convulsive action, but positively deny the necessity for it, accounting for the valleys by that most wonderful of all agents—denudation, by which material has been carried away in enormous masses. And so the battle rages between the two parties, with Fracture and Erosion for their war-cry;

* See "Britain's Elevation," *ONCE A WEEK*, Vol. xii. p. 13.

and already hearts have been divided and (geological) affections been ruptured by the important contest; although, as Mr. Ruskin quaintly observes, it is like dividing on the question whether a cracked walnut owes its present state to nature or the nutcrackers.

Time is all that we require, says Mr. Geikie; give us time enough, and the deepest valley shall be scooped out and the hardest river-bed eaten away. Even if the decay of a single inch is all that is visible to one generation of man, what is that to the countless ages during which the ceaseless waste has been going on? Mr. Geikie, being a Scotchman, writes (and very charmingly) of Scotland principally, arguing in favour of his point that, of all the great valleys in the north, he only knows one which is coincident with a fault, or that, in other words, shows that there has been a fracture along it, which might have tended to its form and direction. If this be so, the denudation theory seems the true one; and if true, it is the most wonderful of all geological processes; in fact, almost too wonderful for us to realise it. One might as well try and count the ova of all the herrings in the sea, as the number of years that must have been required. And yet this theory is not one of guesswork; indeed, in a sort of widely approximate manner, it may be made an actual calculation; for there are cases, such as the Falls of Niagara, in which the rate of destruction of the rocky bed has actually been measured, and thus formed a sort of data for a vaster application.

The theory of denudation, then, requires, first of all, an elevation of the land to a certain height above the sea; when the surface would present to the eye a succession of vast rolling plateaus, with a general uniformity of outline and a gradual angle of inclination towards the sea-level. When thus lifted up, the land becomes at once exposed to the attacks of atmospheric agencies, such as rain, frost, and storm, while, on the other hand, the tides and currents of the sea are doing their best to cause abrasion of the coast. Drainage must ensue, and the rain would speedily channel a course for itself to the sea, forming the germ and nucleus of the future valley. Frost would supervene, and loosen the banks, already weakened by the action of springs, finding their way to the river bed; the storm would come and complete the ruin, leaving at the bottom of the stream the *débris* of the shattered rock for the torrent to charge against and carry away, while a fresh surface of cliff is exposed to a fresh attack of the elements. By the very grinding of the rock fragments, the river bed is deepened and hollowed, while the stream itself, fed by innu-

merable rivulets, gradually waxes stronger and more important, daily acquiring more power, and carving its way to the sea with resistless force. Such has been the course of events for countless eras of time, and such is going on still with unabated energy—indeed, we may say with redoubled energy—for, as the power of the destructive agency, so is the effect produced, and this before our very eyes. The land is being constantly remodelled, the hills destroyed, valleys deepened, lakes drained, and estuaries filled up. Such, in a few words, would appear with great probability to be the history of the valleys of Great Britain, although there are doubtless many cases in which the presence of a fault may have contributed to its direction, such as happens in the parallel valleys of the South Wales coal-field, which are nearly all faulted in this way, and which I have no doubt was a leading cause of their primary arrangement, leaving denudation to act upon them afterwards. The amazing effect with which it did so, is shown by Professor Ramsay's calculation, that upwards of 9000 feet of coal measures were swept away.

The erosive and deepening powers of rivers are often so palpable, that even the uneducated eye cannot but be struck by their effects. There are few rivers, flowing through a tolerably narrow valley, which do not in some portion of their career show how they have deepened their channel, by the presence of terraces running along the side, though at higher levels, these being particularly noticeable when the stream is carving its way through a valley filled with drift or gravel.

In cases where a river has emerged from a lake at a higher level than itself, we may almost always find these terraces more or less perfectly displayed; indeed, during a recent pedestrian tour in Ross-shire during this last summer, I came upon one of them at Auchnasheen, where the river Sheen was flowing out of Loch Roskell.

It was as straight and regular as a railway embankment, and knowing that a new line from Dingwall to Skye was projected through this Highland region, I had some difficulty in convincing myself that this was not a portion of the works, particularly as I first saw it only by twilight. A nearer inspection, however, next day, showed me the remains of its fellow on the opposite side of the valley, plainly telling the history of the river-bed from the time when it flowed over the terraces till the present, when it was flowing at the foot of them.

But, it may be asked, since the time when the valleys obtained their original formation, have nothing but the rivers, the frosts, the storms contributed to widen or deepen them?

Indeed there has; denudation having been largely produced (although at a comparatively recent date) by that most formidable of agents, land-ice, the powers of which in moulding the outlines of a country seemed fabulous, until the experiments of our Alpine observers showed what ice was even now doing. In the days of the great glacier epoch, when a thick icefield swathed Britain with its continuous mantle, even as Greenland is now covered, the glens and valleys were particularly liable to attack—and more especially during the latter part of the glacial era, when the rigours of the Arctic climate began to yield, and the temperature sensibly to increase. Then great glaciers slid from the highest summits down the glens with a slow but resistless force, grinding away the irregularities of surface, and leaving it planed, smoothed, and polished. Such was the force of these monstrous ice-masses, estimated as having been sometimes more than 2000 feet thick, that even hills were unable to stop them, as we have plenty of proof from the striations or groovings of the rock faces, that the glaciers mounted over hills of 600 or 700 feet which happened to stand in their way. With such forces as these, it is easy to imagine how the material of the valleys must have been carried away both from the sides and bottoms; and as the temperature became still higher, and the glaciers small in size, and retreated backwards, the traces of it were left in enormous mounds of rubbish, known as moraine heaps, at the entrance of the glens and vales, which were caused by the deposit of the abraded material, as the ice melted and could no longer sustain the weight of it. Great boulders, as big as a house, were by the same process left on the hill slopes, poised as though arrested in the act of rolling down, and as if a touch would break the spell; and these "perched blocks," as they are called, are amongst the most striking and picturesque remains of the glacier history. Where the valley became wider and more open towards the lowlands, we find that enormous quantities of drift or boulder clay, known in some localities as "till," the results of the ice-denuded highlands, were deposited all over the country: and there are few vales in Great Britain which cannot show considerable thicknesses of drift arising from this cause. The lake system, too, was more or less connected with this ice era; for either the glens were dammed up by the moraine heaps, so as to form a reservoir with supporting walls stronger than ever were built by man, or else the glacier scooped out of the rock surface a hollow which became afterwards filled with water. These rock basins, I may add are the acrost point in the battle

that is raging between the fracture and erosion party, each of whom would give up anything but that; and I am quite sure that when our great geologist retires from this life, which I trust may be far-off, the word "rock-basin" will be found engraved on his heart, like Calais on that of Queen Mary.

In addition to the groovings, perched blocks, moraine heaps, and other well-known glacier traces, results of a more singular and exceptional character are to be found in the shape of terraces or "roads." Of these the most wonderful are the parallel roads of Glenroy, regarded, since the earliest ages, by the natives of the Highlands with a superstitious veneration, which in these days of enlightenment has been exchanged for an equally profound amazement, now that science appears to have solved the origin of the mysterious appearances. Glenroy, the object of many a pilgrimage by our most celebrated geologists, is a remote Highland valley, about 12 miles from Fort William, running nearly parallel with Loch Lochy, down which the tide of tourists annually flows on its way to and from Inverness, by the Caledonian Canal. The best way to get to it, however, is to go by canal from Fort William, and be dropped at the Bridge of Roy Inn, the old landlady of which boasts of her acquaintance with most of the geological heroes of the day. Crossing the mouth of Glenroy at right angles is the valley of the Spean, into which the former opens, and in which traces of the same "roads" are to be seen, though not in such perfection as in Glenroy. As the visitor progresses up Glenroy—and a beautiful glen it is, with its deep heather-covered hills, and its river brawling at the bottom—he perceives above him, on the opposite hill, what appears to be an extremely level turnpike road, carried without a hindrance up the glen. As he advances, he sees another, at yet a higher level, and, when he gets sufficiently far, the whole of the parallel roads burst upon his view in a strange and sublime perspective, three terraces on each side the glen being carried with such regularity, that where a turn eventually shuts out the view at a distance of some miles, each terrace appears to converge to and join its fellow of the opposite side. The heights of these terraces are respectively 1262, 1059, and 976 feet above the sea. Apart from the intense stillness and solitariness of the glen, considerably heightened if the clouds are hovering over the mountain tops, as they generally do, I know nothing that gives such an extraordinary impression as the sight of these gigantic earthworks of nature; and although one comes prepared to reason about them, and to point out all the

various processes which formed them, it really is difficult at first to suppress a feeling of awe;—it is almost as if one had been transplanted into the glacial era, and was expecting to see the great glacier history acted over again in one's presence. For it was through glaciers that these parallel roads were formed, and it is the most perfect example of such occurrences in Britain, and, for aught we know, in the world. The Highlanders regarded them as the works of their ancestors—the mighty Fingal and his race of giants, and it cannot be wondered at if they viewed Glenroy with a sensation of pride mixed with a terrible feeling of uncanniness. But geologists had no regard for Fingal or his giants, and with matter-of-fact observation sent them to the right-about, melting them and their traditions like the glaciers had melted before. Even old Macculloch, who wrote a great many years ago about Western Scotland, in—I am afraid to say how many volumes, pointed out that ice had been the agent in these appearances, although the study of the glacial era had barely been thought of in his time. Since then, however, Agassiz, Lyell, Jameson, Murchison, and a host of leviathans have speculated on Glenroy, and have disenchanted it of its misty traditions, only to make the bare facts more wonderful still. I will endeavour to point out, in a few words, and without unnecessary geology, how the roads were formed as we see them now. If my reader will look at the map of Scotland, he will see that Glenroy opens out into Glenspean on the south-west, and is separated from Glenspey on the north-east by a watershed. In the days of the glacial era, then, Glenroy was a deep lake, and Glenspean, together with the great valley now occupied by the lakes of the Caledonian Canal, were occupied by enormous glaciers, which served as a permanent flood-gate to the lake waters of Glenroy—the shores of which are now marked by the highest of the three parallel roads. The waters of the Glenroy lake did not find their vent through Glenspean, as we might imagine, because they were prevented by the glacier barriers, so they were obliged to find their way into the sea by way of the Spey valley, and we know this from the fact that the highest parallel road is on a higher level than the watershed that separates Glenroy from Glenspey. However, in course of ages, a portion of the Glenspean glacier melted, and the waters of Glenroy lake then made a sudden escape, finding their way into the Spey valley by another route, causing the level of the lake to be suddenly lowered to the middle terrace. A further melting of the ice caused a third sinking of the lake to the lowest terrace.

The subsequent disappearance of the Glen-spear glaciers was probably a gradual process, for we observe that there are no further terraces formed, intimating that, as the ice melted, the valley became simultaneously drained. And so we are able to read the great stone-book of Glenroy, and recall its past history with tolerable exactness. But before I quite finish the subject, a question may very naturally occur to the reader, and that is—Where did all the material go to that the rivers, the storms, and the ice have eaten away and carried off, so as to form the valleys? We must remember that these changes have been going on during successive geological formations, and that each new world, or each new formation, has been made out of the ruins of the preceding one. The ceaseless powdering, grinding, and attrition of the surface of the earth, both coast and inland, has in its time given place to the process of reconstruction, by which a new land arose, with a new system of inhabitants specially adapted for it. Nothing is wasted in nature, and what man calls rubbish is the material from which worlds are made. The same process is going on to-day, as it did millions of ages ago, and denudation, not less rapid, though unseen, is silently destroying this earth of ours, as far as we can tell, to lay the foundations of a new one. What that future one is to be like, is not for us to speculate upon, and the very mysteries of the old world that we are allowed to inspect, should only make us more cautious lest we rush in “as fools, where angels fear to tread.”

G. PHILLIPS BEVAN.

VISIT TO A QUEENSLAND COTTON-PLANTATION.

SITTING, as I now do, in a comfortably furnished English drawing-room, with a fire blazing cheerfully before me, it seems difficult to realise the fact that but one short year ago I was dwelling in the Australian wilds, exposed to the heat of a nearly tropical sun, debarred from the delights of society, and undergoing the various privations of bush-life. And yet I can now look back with pleasure on many a day that was then joyless and wearisome! Some days I remember with delight, especially those spent on the Logan Cotton Plantation.

On March 7, 1865, in company with my brother, I rode to a little Store about three miles distant from our home; it was one of those fiery autumnal days common to Australia; the air was still, but seemed to quiver, the busy ants had sought the shelter of their hills, and only the lithe lizard, the locust, and grasshopper braved the burning ray. As we descended the sandy slope leading to a

bridge that crossed the Logan river, we agreed that we had seldom felt the heat more intolerable, even when shooting over the plains of South Africa. On our arrival at the Store, we found two travellers *nooning* there; and, entering into conversation, discovered that one was Mr. Lewin, the agent who had brought over the South Sea Islanders to labour on Captain Towns' cotton plantation. He was a thorough sailor, bronzed by long exposure to the sun, kind-hearted, and full of information. We soon fraternised, and, before we parted, he made us promise that we would ride over next day and see the plantation.

Wednesday broke gloriously, a thin mist hung over the river, a few morning clouds lingered round the horizon, a heavy dew besprinkled the ground: all augured a fine hot day. By the time our horses were caught and saddled, and breakfast was over, the sun had mounted high, and it behoved us to make haste, unless we wished to lose the cool of the day. A friend having joined us, we set off in high spirits; all dressed alike in broad-brimmed hats, Crimean shirts, tights, and long riding-boots. For some miles we cantered along a timber-track, surrounded on every side by the same monotonous gum-forest. Each weather-beaten iron-bark, stringy-bark, and gum-tree, has a provoking likeness, and you could swear you had seen the same tree a dozen times in a day's march! The bark, instead of the leaf, is cast yearly; the foliage as well as the branches of the gum-tree is a greyish blue, which has caused the *eucalypti* to be aptly termed *nevergreens*. The trees never possess that freshness so charming to an English eye in our woods during the spring and early summer, nor is shade to be found beneath an Australian forest, from the peculiarity of the leaf growing edgewise. It is only in the tangled scrub that this oft-coveted blessing is to be met with, and the mosquitoes and sand-flies take good care that you shall not long enjoy it. On our way we startled many denizens of the bush; either a herd of kangaroos crossed our track with long bounds, or a huge iguana shuffled out of some swamp, and scrambled up the nearest tree, or a black-snake slid away into the long withered grass. Flocks of parrots flew screaming overhead, cockatoos flapped along, uttering their hoarse cry; now the din of the laughing-jackass amused us; and now we were almost startled by the clear metallic note of the bell-bird, which has so often misled the traveller in the bush. The ground swarmed with insect-life: ants of all sizes and colours, from the bulldog, nearly an inch long, to the minute tree-ant, as small as its English cousin, hurried past, each with its booty. Strange it was to

see what burdens they would bear! often when a parrot's feather, a butterfly's wing, a locust's leg, seemed trailing along of its own accord, on minuter scrutiny, some tiny ant beneath explained the phenomenon. Locusts and grasshoppers streamed away to right and left; and, poising over the flowery scrub, might be seen in all directions numerous splendid specimens of butterfly life, while over every pool ganzy dragon-flies darted hither and thither.

By this time our destination is nigh reached, a large clearing opens to view, we hear the welcome sound of the cattle-bells, and see a long split-timber fence stretching before us: signs that we are approaching the inhabited parts of the bush. Five minutes more, and our eyes are refreshed by the green maize-fields, and a view of the open sky over head, no longer obscured by the half-withered-looking branches of the tedious gum-forest.

Our friend Mr. Lewin welcomed us to the plantation, and, after we had rested a short time, accompanied us on horseback over the place. The first object that met our eyes was indeed a strange one to be found in the bush: a steam plough at work turning up ground that had lain fallow from the Creation!

The Indian-corn, or maize, that was growing luxuriantly in a field now stretching in our front, attains a height of twelve and even fifteen feet on good soil. Its long green leaves, white flowers, and lake-coloured feathers drooping from the top of the pod (placed there by nature to catch the pollen) combine in rendering this cereal as beautiful as it is useful. And now the first cotton-field lay before us; it was in full blossom, and presented an appearance at once novel and striking. Cotton is cultivated in rows six feet apart, and the same distance is allowed between each plant, thus giving plenty of room for the labourers to hoe and weed the ground between, and gather the ripened pods. The plant itself is about six feet high, exceedingly elegant in form, growing quite upright, with branches tapering gradually to the top. The leaves are bright green, the blossom red, white, and yellow, something like a dog-rose in appearance, and these three varieties of colour are often found in the same plant. Here and there we saw ripe pods from which the cotton had burst forth, and we were told that in a few weeks the plantation would resemble an English shrubbery weighed down with snow. Cotton takes three to four months to arrive at maturity, and thrives only on a dry soil, becoming dwarfed wherever the land is liable to be at all flooded. Of the two kinds, Sea Island and New Orleans, the former seemed to flourish best. Here we saw the yam, with its convolvulus-like festoons,

the pumpkin, water and sugar melons, wandering over the ground, and beds of cucumbers which reminded us of the gardens of Egypt, and led us to understand how the Israelites sighed in the desert for the delicious fruits of the Valley of the Nile. As we rode along beneath the sultry sun, we were often wont to dismount and refresh our parched mouths with a slice cut from some melon, leaving the rejected portion to resow itself, which in due time it does, converting all the spare land into one vast melonry. Sugar-cane and the tobacco-plant thrive here also luxuriantly; but the method of *sweating* the tobacco-leaf is not properly understood, and at present colonial tobacco cannot bear any sort of comparison with the American and Indian weed. Working amongst the cotton we saw the first gang of the South-Sea Islanders; they seemed strong and well-made men, being in height about five feet six inches, intelligent in countenance, and thus presenting a great contrast to the Australian Aborigines. Some of the Islanders are coal black, others copper-coloured, others again scarcely darker than a Spaniard. There were representatives of the Sandwich, Society, Fidjee, Friendly, and other groups, all differing slightly in complexion, manners, and character; curiously enough, the nearer the island lies to the line, the fairer is the skin of its inhabitants. Captain Towns has supplied them all with clothes, to the wearing of which, however, they show the utmost repugnance. Of the hundred and fifty on the plantation, ninety are Tanna men, by repute still cannibals. They are formed into gangs consisting of from a dozen to twenty men, and over each is placed a *boss*, or overseer, usually chosen from a different tribe; he is responsible for their diligence, and any gang convicted of laziness is punished by loss of their weekly allowance of tobacco. As a rule they all work steadily and well, especially these Tanna men, the agriculturists of the South Seas; and however unexpectedly we came upon them, we never surprised them idling away their time. Wherever Mr. Lewin saw marked evidence of industry, he ordered the boss to gather a few melons as an encouragement; and it might put many Christians to the blush to hear that these poor ignorant heathen possess such innate honesty as never to have been known to appropriate to themselves any of these melons without permission, though the intensity of the heat

* It may be mentioned as a singularly interesting fact that the natives of Owhyhee annually hold a day of mourning to the memory of the great navigator, Cook, who was murdered on that island. They speak of him as "a great and good man," and regularly as the day comes round, the inhabitants thus lament his death—a circumstance all the more remarkable from their possessing no sort of calendar to guide them.

renders it a vegetable so peculiarly grateful to the palate, and its abundance places the temptation so constantly before them. The men bargain to work for three years, at the end of which period they are permitted to return home. For their labour they receive an allowance of beef, rice, vegetables, and tobacco. Their women, by native laws, are debarred from crossing the sea, but Captain Towns hopes that this prejudice may be ultimately overcome, judging that the men would be happier if accompanied by their wives.

The Australian Aborigine is held by them in sovereign contempt, and nothing affords these Islanders greater satisfaction than an order to chase away any natives found "loafing" about the place for purposes of plunder, nor does anything offend them more than to be told to go to the bush, and take a black *gin* (wife). Their dialects are various, but the men are all encouraged to speak English; indeed, they are, in a sense, forced to do so, because Mr. Lewin will never address them in any other language. Some expressions are very forcible: indolence is termed *plenty sleep*, and similarly any injury is *plenty fight*. It is to be hoped that in time they will become Christians, and, as a first step in that direction, several of the gospels and epistles have been expressly translated for them. On Sunday evenings they often sing hymns in their own tongue, which is soft and musical.

The sun was setting when we returned to our dinner; after a suitable rest, Mr. Lewin proposed a bathe, as the evening was very sultry, to which we joyfully acceded, knowing that we should thus have an opportunity of witnessing the aquatic feats of the Islanders. A quarter of a mile's walk brought us to a small lagoon, about two hundred yards long by fifty wide, and, we were told, at least nine fathoms in depth, sinking quite abruptly from a shelving bank. No sooner had we appeared, than overseers, carpenters, boys, and several Islanders all gathered on the margin of the lake, eager for a refreshing bath after the heat and burden of the day. A strange scene followed: figure to yourself a clear sheet of water, reflecting the gay sunset, a green bank on which are grouped more than twenty persons, varying in complexion from negro blackness to Saxon fairness, a race to the water, hop, step, and jump into the cooling element! Some took a "header;" others leaped in, feet foremost; others, again, turned a somersault in the air; whilst a few dived literally all of a heap. Most there were good, many expert swimmers, but when the Islanders took to the water, they eclipsed every other bather. One dived headlong from the bank, nor did he reappear till we perceived him clambering

up the opposite side; another showed us the *double-thrust*, the fastest method of progress in water. The position of the body is grotesque in the extreme: fancy swimming with the head below water! the curve of a black back, legs and arms going like flails, in a perfect storm of foam, a shining face turned up occasionally for air—this was all that could be seen, but the rapid progress of the swimmer was truly marvellous. When requested, this man dived to the bottom, bringing up a handful of mud as a trophy, and he also showed how they frighten away sharks in their native seas by splashing the feet alternately: no shark will approach while the water is thus disturbed. These Islanders swim many miles at a time, and some (such as the inhabitants of the Bampton Shoal) have to depend for their sustenance upon the fish they catch; they thus become expert divers, and can remain submerged for two and even three minutes at a time. Mr. Lewin said he had never seen three minutes exceeded, so it would appear that the time a diver can keep below water has been considerably exaggerated. After our bathe, we were introduced to Mr. Evans, the superintendent of the station, who kindly volunteered to billet us for the night, and soon after eleven we retired to our chambers. But it was not to sleep, not even to rest: those pests of existence, those insect-Shylocks, the mosquitoes, would not be content with less than their bond of flesh and blood, and seemed literally to devour one. Unable to sleep, I rose, and, lighting my pipe, sauntered forth for a stroll. The moon, which in these climes appears quite globular, shone with dazzling brilliancy; the Southern Cross and its splendid pointers, Sirius, Canopus, Orion, and a few other stars, paled not before the lady of the night. Strange sounds from time to time rose upon the air: the opossum's snarl, the dingo's doleful howl, the bull-frog's croak, the tree-frog's trill, the swamp-pheasant's cry—"more pork, more pork,"—the screech of the night-owl, or the splash of a turtle, or platypus, in the river, reminded me I was in a far land. Some were melancholy, others startling tones, and they created in the mind very mixed sensations.

A kangaroo-hunt had been arranged for the morning, but as the dogs had gone hunting by themselves, (a species of canine independence common in the bush,) we had to content ourselves with a ride round the place and a thorough inspection of the clearings, fencings, and buildings in progress. In the cool of the evening, we regretfully bade adieu to our hospitable friends, and returned once more to our tents on the bank of the Logan.

CHETWODE D. PRINGLE.



THE merry, merry month of May,
A joyous, blue-eyed maiden,
Comes, deck'd with wreaths of hawthorn
spray,
With Summer blossoms laden.

And now appear in wood and dell,
In dingles lone and lowly,
The primrose pale, the bright blue-bell,
The lily, pure and holy.

The nightingale is in the grove,
Trilling her plaintive cries;
The wild bees o'er the garden rove,
And sportive butterflies.

How busy now are young and old,
In farm, and field, and village;
Some are with shepherds at the fold,
And busied, some, with tillage.

The farm-yard owns no idle hand,
All there with life doth teem;
The barn-doors now wide open stand,
To catch the cheering beam.

There, where the busy little brook
Its wilful way is wending,
The shepherd, with his dog and crook,
His fleecy charge is tending.

With anxious care, and patient skill,
He shears them one by one,
Then washes in the limpid rill,
And dries them in the sun.

From yonder homestead, shelter'd spot,
The thin blue smoke is curling;
And round and round their lofty cot
The idle birds are whirling.

The deep blue sky smiles bright above,
All things around are gay;
Why should our hearts not fill with love
For the fair young month of May?

She is the darling of the year,—
A blushing, blue-eyed maiden,—
Bewitching heart, and eye, and ear,
With Hope's sweet blossoms laden.

B. T. ELLIS.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER XXXI. DOWN BY THE RIVER.

It was summer again! just such another summer as that, during the course of which Lawrence Barbour had lain in hospital, and London looked its best and gayest; and in the country the fields stretched away, calm and green, and cool and pleasant, to woods standing still and stately, with a mellow light upon them under the noontide sun.

Down by the river it was pleasanter still, and Lawrence never felt weary of hurrying off by the train to Grays after the day's work was over, to breathe the fresh air, to catch the last rays of the setting sun shining on the Kentish hills, to watch the moon reflected in the waters, to shake the dust and dirt of London off his feet, and forget for a time business in pleasure.

"You have got wonderfully fond of the country all of a sudden," Mrs. Perkins remarked to him on one occasion, when he met her and Ada at the Stepney station. "Though you could never find time to run down and eat a chop with us when we were at Margate, nor take a cut out of our Sunday's joint (often as we invited you), there is no want of leisure when it is to Mr. Sondes' you're asked. If Josiah was head-partner—which Lord knows he has worked hard enough to be over and over again—perhaps then Mr. Barbour might remember as how he had relations in the firm!"

At which juncture Ada came to the rescue. "Lor', ma!" she exclaimed, "it is not the firm Cousin Lawrence wants to see, but his young lady; and I am sure nobody could have the heart to keep him back from that." And Miss Ada, who had on the smallest bonnet, and the largest cane-crinoline which it had as yet fallen to Lawrence's lot to behold on a woman, even in Limehouse, lifted her head aloft and tossed it and her curls together, while she laughed a little idiotic laugh, and looked coquettishly at her cousin, who anathematised her in his heart.

"As for Miss Sondes—" commenced Lawrence.

"Oh! yes, indeed—as for Miss Sondes," interrupted Mrs. Perkins; "we all know what's in the wind there. Some people perhaps know too much, and it might be well for other people if they could believe their

nieces were being looked after for their money;" and having completed this explicit and agreeable sentence, Mrs. Perkins, declaring she would be late for her train, bustled off up the London flight of steps with most undignified haste, followed by Ada, who nodded to Lawrence over the iron railing, and otherwise, as the young man considered, misconducted herself.

Circumstances alter cases: had Miss Alwyn, in the days when she was Miss Alwyn—before Mr. Gainswoode came, saw, and conquered, elected to kiss her hand to him from any staircase in Europe, Lawrence would have gone away enchanted with her condescension; but then Ada Perkins and Henrietta Alwyn were two very different personages—very different and very distinct indeed.

As for Mrs. Perkins' sneer—what did it signify to him? He knew as well as she did he was travelling down to Grays in order to make love to Olivine Sondes, meaning eventually to marry her, and the words of no "old woman" (as such, I regret to say, he stigmatised Mrs. Perkins) could affect his purpose much.

But for all that, as the train sped on to Grays, he could not help running back over the years of his life and wondering—as we have all wondered at ourselves.

Was the old love dead, think you? Had the two years sufficed to kill that body? to dig a grave for it? to coffin the fair form from sight? to make Etta Alwyn a memory? No! Over and over and over again, no!—though since her marriage she had never seen him, and he had never seen her; though they had never exchanged greeting by word of mouth, or letter, or message, yet the old love was living, and breathing, and suffering still.

It was the mere name of a heart he was offering to the girl down by the river; and it may be—yes, it may—that, as he journeyed on, Lawrence felt some prickings of conscience about the lovely eyes which were lifted so often to his, appealingly, trustingly.

"But she is so fond of me, poor little simpton," he thought, as he put up his feet on the opposite cushion and unfolded his Times, and drew down the blue blind to the exact number of inches that suited his convenience,

"she is so fond of me,"—and the man, who felt he had suffered a very much more grievous loss than Olivine was a gain, comforted himself with the idea of conferring happiness on her, and securing at the same time a very good position indeed for Lawrence Barbour.

Not but that he had a kind of sentiment for Olivine which was rather like love than otherwise. He felt very fond of her, more particularly when Percy Forbes was by. He entertained an impression that he held a kind of property in her, and was inclined to resent as a personal affront the idea of any other person wishing to gain her affections also.

Though it was his worst he was giving her; though it was the very ashes of the love he had felt for another woman that he was laying at her feet, still he required the whole of her love in exchange, and thought then, perhaps, the bargain was all in her favour.

Without a fortune, he would most probably not have thought her worth the exchange at all; but he did not say this even to himself, and Olivine, wandering with him over the green fields, and along the pleasant paths, and across the low chalk hills down by the river, was happy as a queen; while Mr. Sondes, contented and satisfied at last, looked on approvingly, and allowed matters to take their course.

He had his ideal of what a husband should be, and Lawrence to a great extent fulfilled that ideal. He wanted to see Olivine married to a man who would not sit down content with the fortune she brought him, but who would merely use it as a stepping-stone to greater worldly successes. He wanted a man, steady, resolute, of gentle blood, yet a worker, free from fashionable follies, aping no fashionable vices, who would see to his "little niece," and keep her safe from trouble and from temptation when the days came, that might come any moment, in which he could be with her no more.

It was no detriment to Lawrence in his eyes that he had loved Miss Alwyn; rather, perhaps, Mr. Sondes considered it an advantage for him to have passed through such an experience before marriage. If he gave Olivine to this young man, he would save her from the same misery as her mother had endured.

Supposing that poor lady had chosen differently; married Mr. Sondes instead of his brother; how pleasant and happy her life would have been; and how much better it was for him to choose a husband like Lawrence Barbour for his niece, rather than any individual the world might consider more taking, such as Percy Forbes, for instance.

"A man without half Barbour's abilities,"

reflected Mr. Sondes; "who is a flirt—a mere butterfly, and who would spend Olivine's money as he once spent his own; who has not a thing to recommend him, even to women, except a handsome face! No, thank you, Mr. Forbes," thought Mr. Sondes; "my niece must decline the distinguished honour you are evidently desirous of conferring on her—and I only wish you would propose, that I might have an opportunity of telling you so."

But Percy Forbes did not propose; he saw where Olivine's heart had gone playing truant; and, feeling the game hopeless, he never tried to win it.

"Perhaps some day she may find him out," he decided; "find out he does not love her, but that I do," and so he set himself to wait patiently, and catch this heart at its rebound.

That which Olivine had done unconsciously, he did with deliberate intention. So the world goes! the dainty, one man leaves untouched, another is greedy after; the bliss which rather bores the favourite of fortune, is hungered for by his unlucky fellow.

Dives, it may be, had never so keen and appreciative a relish of the meal whereat he fared sumptuously every day, as Lazarus of the crumbs which fell to his lot.

Happiness, we may fairly conclude, is like food. If a person cannot digest them, where is the good of the choicest viands? and probably it is because abstinence leaves the mental digestion in a healthy state, that those who enjoy few pleasures are better able to assimilate them, than their apparently more fortunate fellows, who have sat at the world's feast so long, that their appetites are cloyed and their souls weary.

Besides, let a thing be ever so rich, or ever so rare, if you do not care for it, where is the profit?

If a woman be beautiful as Venus, and yet not the woman you love, what to you is the advantage? Inverting the sense of the old ballad a little, supposing she be not the fair that you admire, what does it signify to you how fair she be?

Let the wine be of the rarest vintage, and you desire water, shall the juice of the grape seem good to you? Let the thing proffered be more valuable, more beautiful, more perfect than the toy on which you have set your heart, what then? why, then, if you are a child, you fling the jewel from you, and cry for the toy; and if you are a man, you but keep the gold, and sorrow after the tinsel.

'Tis the same rue worn with a difference.

Two years had not, however, passed away for nothing. Lawrence's pain was dulled; his anguish less bitter; his disappointment a

thing of the past; but, for all that, many a time he found himself recalling the misery he had endured, and thinking of Henrietta Alwyn as he never thought of Olivine Sondes.

He knew Olivine was Etta's superior in every womanly virtue; he saw she was pretty, unselfish, devoted, sweet; spring-flowers were not purer than she; all that a man could desire his wife and the mother of his children to be, Olivine was; but still he did not love her as she loved him, as he had loved Henrietta Alwyn.

Often when he was walking with Olivine along the field-paths and beside the river, when he, and she, and Mr. Sondes, and occasionally Percy Forbes, wended their way towards West Thurrocks, and stood loitering here and there, looking at the vessels going up to London, or starting off for distant ports, his thoughts were with the past rather than the present, in Hereford Street, and at Mallingford End, instead of in Stepney Causeway, or the pleasant house at Grays.

Since the day when she refused him, he and Etta had never met. "No," was his last memory of her voice: the last picture of her photographed on his recollection was taken while she stood with her hands uplifted deprecating his anger.

How beautiful! ah, Heaven! what was this poor slight girl in comparison to that grand stately treacherous woman, but—well, "No one can have everything," as Percy Forbes took occasion to remark, a little bitterly; "if you cannot get cake, you must content yourself with bread," he added, thinking at the same time how he would have valued the bread that Lawrence deemed almost beneath his acceptance.

"It was that reflection made you come due East, I suppose, when you got your eight thousand pounds," retorted Lawrence; "not that you have bought so particularly much bread, it seems to me, for your money. Considering I started with nothing, I consider I have done a vast deal better than you; though you have got a precious comfortable berth, still you are shelved, and no mistake about the matter."

"A hare and a tortoise once ran a race," replied Percy: "perhaps you can remember which won, and, despite your polite remarks about my slow rate of progress, and deficiency in those gifts which have been showered pretty liberally on you, it may happen hereafter that I shall reach the winning-post before you still."

"I advise you not to try a race with me," retorted Lawrence, with a sudden anger.

"Then either go on or leave the course clear," answered Percy Forbes. "It is not

fair to block up the road another man wants to travel."

"I shall travel my own road at my own pace," retorted Lawrence; "and should recommend you not to attempt to dictate either."

"'It is a free country;' for which original remark I am indebted to Mrs. Perkins," was the reply.

Whereupon Lawrence grew pale with rage, and asked Percy, "why the devil," if he was so fond of Mrs. Perkins as to be continually talking about her, he did not marry Ada, and then they could all live together at Reach House.

"Ah! my dear fellow, your charming cousin would not care for so obscure a destiny. Like you, she believes in progress, not in a mere competency, which, being all I have to offer to any woman, compels me to celibacy."

And Percy looked for a moment actually grave. He thought of the sweet face that never brightened for him, of the eyes that never lighted up when he came in sight, of the cheeks that never flushed at his approach, of the girl who had no love to give him, but who loved this other man with all the strength of her nature.

From that day Lawrence began seriously to think of marrying Olivine—thought of doing so without any reluctance, but rather with some degree of pleasure. He was weary of lodgings; he wanted to have a home, a house of his own; he could not blind himself to the fact that Olivine would be a capital match; and he began to think it was time for him to commence making more rapid steps towards fortune than had hitherto been the case. He could not go on being a clerk for ever; he knew he should not be able to keep up the pace at which he had hitherto travelled much longer. His health was never likely to be good; he had those attacks occasionally which promised some day completely to prostrate him. After Miss Alwyn's rejection, he had fought with his troubles, and stuck to his work, and turned a defiant face on a world which would have sympathised with him; and the effort had done him no good. He had spent his strength in trying to meet his sorrow like a man; and no one—none save Olivine Sondes—ever knew how heavily the blow had fallen, how deep the wound had been.

He had let her pity him, and her pity and sympathy were grateful; he had told her of Miss Alwyn's perfidy, because he knew Miss Alwyn would not hesitate to give her version of his presumption. He allowed the girl to talk to him about Mr. Gainswoode and Mallingford End, and he found the talk mourn-

fully comforting. Olivine went down to stay at Mallingsford, and had a whole budget of news to unfold on her return.

"And she is so sorry you will not visit them," Olivine finished. "She told me to say, with her kindest remembrances, that she and Mr. Gainswoode would be delighted if you would go down there, if it were but for a couple of days. And do not you think you could, since she wishes it, and seems so vexed about never seeing you, now?"

"Ah! Olivine," he answered, "it would have been well for me if I had never seen her at all."

"But you know you cannot undo that; and being friends with her could not do you any harm, now could it?"

"It could not do me any good," he replied; "not half the good that talking to you effects, at all events."

"Do you really like talking to me?" she asked.

"To be sure I do," he replied.

"I cannot imagine why," she said, simply. "I must seem so dull and stupid to you, who are so quick and clever."

Lawrence laughed. "I am not going to spoil you with flattery, sweet," he replied; and then the pretty face was unconsciously bent down a little to hide her pleasure, and Olivine ran about the house with a lighter step, with a more elastic tread, after his departure.

And so, finally, as I have said, when two years had passed by, Lawrence found himself going constantly down to Grays, hurrying away from London and business, from Stepney and Limehouse, and money and office and ledger, to spend his evenings with Mr. Sondes and Olivine, and to find a pleasure undreamed of before in the rest and quiet of the country.

For the man was weary—there could be no question about that—weary of the eternal work, of the everlasting grind, of the whirl of London life, of the din and the noise, of the mental wear and tear, of the continual turmoil; and he was wont, when the train had once fairly reached the outskirts of the town, to settle himself down to the enjoyment of rural sights and sounds with a keen physical relish, which is only perhaps to be earned by long sojourn and incessant labour of head or hand in a great city.

The very smell of the earth was grateful to him: the sight of the grass, of the shining river, of the green knolls, of the white chalk cliffs about Purfleet, of the little plantation on the top of the hill lying between the station and the river, affected his heart in those days as the sight of very much more lovely scenery failed to touch it in after days.

Many and many a time, when grievous sickness fell upon him in the years which were then to come, Lawrence Barbour felt the peace of that sinless summer come back and brood over his soul, come back and bring a blessing with it.

Up to that point his life, since he fairly settled to business, had been rushed through at express pace. He had worked hard all day; he had danced attendance in Hereford Street in the evenings; and when once Hereford Street began to know him no more, office and laboratory beheld him labouring away continually.

"I will get rich," he thought, "for my own sake. I used to work for *her*, but now I will work for myself." And he did work, till Mr. Sondes, saying he would have to lie up to a certainty if he refused to have mercy on either mind or body, bade him leave the office every evening in time to catch the last down-train and come to them at Grays.

"What good is money without health?" he finished; "and your health is none so strong, that you need be playing tricks with it. Do as I tell you. The end of the year will not find you the poorer for it."

So Lawrence travelled every night to Grays, where he and Olivine sang together in the cheerful pretty sitting-room that commanded a view of the river, while Mr. Sondes looked out upon the garden, and thought about the lovers, hoping all the time he had made no mistake—that Lawrence would be able and willing to keep his darling from the evil to come.

But still the young man dallied with his happiness, and Mr. Sondes became impatient, and growing restless and irritable, began to encourage Percy Forbes' visits, and to talk more with him as they walked across the fields than he had ever done to Lawrence.

There was some knowledge lying between the pair in which he did not participate: Lawrence grew anxious and uneasy, and his dislike of Percy Forbes increased daily, and he decided that he must know for certain whether Olivine was to be his or not; he must take the final leap, and bind himself. Well, the fate was not so hard an one. With Etta Alwyn a memory, the reality of Olivine was not completely disagreeable. He should have a pleasant home, a sweet, gentle wife; something once again to work for; he would speak to Mr. Sondes that very evening: and he carried out this intention; he took opportunity under the moonlight to talk to his employer in the garden and prefer his petition.

"What I am saying may seem presumptuous," he proceeded, rather disconcerted

by Mr. Sondes' continued silence. "I know I am poor; that it must appear to you a wretched match for your niece; but still, if you give her to me, I will try to make her happy; to be to her all you have been."

"You could not," answered Mr. Sondes; "no man could be to her what I have been; no man, whether father or husband, or brother or son, could ever love that child as I have loved her. She has been the one thought of my life; what woman is the one thought of her husband?"

"She shall be my one thought," said Lawrence; "whom have I beside her on earth? If you think, because I once was fond of Miss Alwyn, that I cannot give your niece a better love, you are mistaken. Let me only show you how faithfully I will discharge my trust. Let me only prove I have outlived my folly; let me only work for her; give me some great thing to do, and I will do it. Surely, sir, you must have seen what the result would be; surely you cannot have meant to raise my hopes only to dash them down again."

"No," answered Mr. Sondes; "but yet I fear. Let us walk down towards the river," he added, abruptly; and in the bright moonlight Olivine saw them loiter slowly to the water's edge, talking as they went.

When they came back an hour afterwards Mr. Sondes looked relieved and Lawrence happy. It was all settled; if Olivine were willing to have him, Lawrence Barbour had permission to marry her. Mr. Sondes had told him what he would do for them. He would not have any one marry his child for her money, and he told Lawrence as much; neither should she go to any man penniless, nor should any penniless man wed her;—but—said Mr. Sondes,

"Consider yourself from to night a partner to the extent of one-third in my business, whether you marry Olivine or whether you do not. She will bring you but a small dowry, and what I have to leave behind me I shall in all human probability not bequeath to her. Think the matter well over. Remember, I mean precisely what I say—so much and no more—and make up your mind accordingly. If you love my niece for her own self, marry her; if you do not, for God's sake leave her the chance of becoming hereafter the wife of some one who will love her disinterestedly. Did I not believe you will strive to make her happy, that you will be faithful to, and tender with her, I would rather cut out my tongue than give my consent to your marrying her. She has never heard a harsh or an unkind word, remember. Perhaps I have reared her too tenderly for her future peace, but I did it for the best; and it is

too late to repair the error, if it really were one."

"She shall be to me as she has been to you," answered Lawrence; and he meant what he said—meant it then, every sentence: and the more he thought about the matter the more steadily resolved he felt to cherish Olivine very tenderly. He had no doubt about her acceptance of him, and no doubt on that point had seemed to have ever occurred to Mr. Sondes.

It is not a particularly dignified attitude for a heroine, that of waiting to be asked; and yet that there was anything singular in it, or that he ever should come to think less of her in consequence, were ideas which never crossed Lawrence's mind.

She had loved him from a child, and he would take her now she was a girl and try to give her a better affection than he had ever felt for Henrietta Alwyn.

If he searched England through for a wife, where could he find anything softer, sweeter, more amiable than Olivine? In a dream he walked about London. With his thoughts at Grays, he attended to business, and answered letters, and tried experiments, and spoke to customers, till at last the time came for leaving off work for the week, and going down to the river's side for Saturday evening, for the whole of Sunday, and Sunday night.

He was rather late in arriving at the station; he had but time to show his ticket and jump into a carriage before the train started.

Quite by accident he had chosen his carriage, and yet the moment he dropped into his place he beheld Percy Forbes seated opposite to him.

"Where are you off to?" he inquired.

"I am going to Grays; where are you off to?" retorted Mr. Forbes.

"Grays also," answered Lawrence, sulkily; and he took refuge behind his newspaper. The little town had already in his opinion seen enough and too much of Mr. Percy Forbes, and had he dared, he would have ventured to hint this impression to Mr. Sondes.

Not daring, however, to intimate anything of the kind, he vented his displeasure on his companion, and treated him during the journey with such marked coldness that Percy was forced to take refuge in the pages of a time-table, and devote himself to the study of express trains and parliamentaries, of rates of carriage, and the charge for horse-boxes.

"Are you going to stay with the Sondes?" asked Lawrence, laying down his newspaper when they were within a few miles of Grays.

"No," answered Percy, without lifting his eyes from his time-table; and not another

word was exchanged between them till they said "Good evening" on the platform.

"My way lies in this direction," remarked Mr. Forbes, and he crossed the line and walked slowly down past the church, into the principal street of the town.

"I am delighted to hear it," thought Lawrence; and he took the upper road, which led him to Mr. Sondes' house.

Before the evening was ended, however, Percy Forbes called to see his friends; and whilst Lawrence and Olivine loitered together in the garden, the two men sat in the pleasant drawing-room talking earnestly.

"I have given my consent," Mr. Sondes remarked at length, "and if she likes to have him she shall. I am sorry for you, Mr. Forbes, but——"

"Do not be sorry," Percy answered gently, but he rose and walked towards the window, and remained looking out over the fields and the river without seeing anything very distinctly for a minute or two, before he added another word. "I would have tried to make her happy," he said, at length, and then he sat down, and covered his face with his hand, like one who, having received a heavy blow, tries to bear the pain patiently and in silence.

"Never mention it to her," he entreated, at last. "I should not wish her to know what suffering her sweet face has caused," and he looked up at Mr. Sondes with such an expression of anguish on his usually gay countenance, that the elder man's heart was touched.

"Mr. Forbes," he said, "I think I have never done you justice," and a terrible doubt swept across his mind as to whether he had not after all made a great mistake.

"I am afraid you have," answered Percy, dolefully; "but yet I think, had I married a wife like her," and he turned his eyes towards the garden as he spoke, "I might have made something of my future still. Well, it was not to be—it was not to be."

Who that night was gayer than Percy Forbes? who talked so fast and talked so well; who told so many stories, or seemed so utterly careless and light-hearted? who could have promised more readily to go to church with them the next day and return to dinner? and yet there came a moment just before his departure, when he stood at the gate with Mr. Sondes, and said, with his face looking pale and troubled in the moonlight,—

"It is all settled, I see; and my chance, poor as it was, is lost."

"There are others in the world."

"No doubt," was the reply; "for others, but not for me."

"I am sorry," Mr. Sondes repeated.

"I wish you would not be sorry," answered

Percy; "so long as she is happy, what does it signify?" and he wrung Mr. Sondes' hand, and turned to go away.

"One second, Forbes; you will remember the promise——"

"Before God," was the reply, and with that sentence still trembling on his lips, he left the house which held her, and went down the hill, and along the lower road, and up the main street, and so back to his inn.

And Mr. Sondes remained at the gate, watching his retreating figure till it disappeared from sight. Under the moonlight he stood thinking his own thoughts, which were not pleasant thoughts, till Olivine came softly behind him, and said, "Uncle!"

"Yes, love," he answered, absently.

"Won't you kiss me?" she asked, and she took his hand, and crept close up to his side. "Lawrence says you know—that is, you told him——"

"In plain words, I am to lose you, darling," and he clasped her to his heart, and kissed her over and over and over again, while the big tears, rolling down his cheeks, fell on her face.

"What a simpleton I am," he said at last; "what a stupid, foolish, weak old man," and he kissed her again, and led her back into the house.

"Uncle," she sobbed, "you will never lose me; no one could ever separate me from you."

"Hush, hush, love—I know that; it was but my folly. Kiss me once more, Olivine. And now we will be wise people, wise and sensible like our neighbours."

Re-entering the drawing-room, he held out his hand in silence to Lawrence, and so the thing was settled; and the trio sat together for a little time looking out at the moon shining on the river—on the river which was gliding away so gently towards the sea!

(To be continued.)

PRINCESS DASCHKAW.

ON a certain summer's evening, more than sixty years ago, a carriage was driving through the shrubberies and pleasure-grounds, laid out in English taste, of an estate at no great distance from Moscow. Far from enviable were the feelings of its occupant, a trembling young girl, who had bravely left her kindred and friends in far-away Ireland, to pay a visit of some years to a lady whom she had never seen. The visitor's name was Miss Wilmot, and well might she look forward with dread to the prospect before her. For, on her arrival at St. Petersburg after a prosperous voyage, she had found herself, to her dismay, the object of a general interest that was any-

thing but gratifying, since it arose from the terror and abhorrence with which her future protectress was regarded by Russians and English alike. "I was told," says Miss Wilmot—we omit her married name for the moment—"that she lived in a castle situated in a dreary solitude, far removed from the society of any civilised beings, where she was all-powerful, and so devoid of principle that she would invariably break open and read the letters which came to me, and those I sent to my friends, taking care to suppress any that might be displeasing to her." She was also represented as "a most cruel and vindictive person, violent in her temper, and destructive of the happiness of every creature who was unfortunate enough to approach her; and," adds Miss Wilmot, "I was repeatedly warned against putting myself into the power of a tyrant, from which it would be a species of miracle if I escaped." Here was a pretty prospect for a little Irish girl, some two thousand miles from her home! For a moment she resolved to return at once to England, before she could be seized in the clutches of the ogress she had come to visit, but some dim idea of possible injustice, together with a strong spice of the pride that scorns to give in, at last prevailed, and Miss Wilmot determined to proceed on her journey, taking the precaution, however, to obtain a promise from the English ambassador, to watch over her, and ensure her safe return should she wish it. Nevertheless, it was with an aching heart she approached "the scene of her threatened imprisonment." Gates and doors were thrown open, and she proceeded through suites of apartments to encounter the dreaded mistress of the house. At length she appeared: the queerest figure imaginable. A ragged silk handkerchief was round her neck, and a man's night-cap on her head. She wore also a long cloth greatcoat, with a large silver star on the left side. This strange-looking personage was no other than the celebrated Princess Daschkaw, and in spite of all prognostications, no sooner did Miss Wilmot set eyes upon her face, "where the noblest qualities of mind, blended with an expression of the softest sensibility, awed and attracted at once," than her prejudices forthwith gave way, and she accepted her as a friend, handkerchief, nightcap, and all. "There was something," says Miss Wilmot, "in her reception of me at once so dignified, so affectionate, so true, so warm, and so graceful, that it went to my heart; and before she had uttered a word, except 'Welcome,' I felt that I loved her more than anyone I had seen since I quitted my own family." It is to the credit of both parties that this sudden

friendship remained undiminished to the last day of the princess's life, and that Mrs. Bradford (*née* Miss Wilmot) thirty years after the death of her friend, speaks with quite girlish enthusiasm of her "Russian mother." Only after the expiration of that time was published an autobiography of Princess Daschkaw, written at Miss Wilmot's request during her stay in Russia. The objections of a relative of the princess, resident in England, prevented its being given earlier to the world, and the long delay in its publication was perhaps the cause of the slight attention the work appears to have met with in England. It is, however, full of interest, and well deserves perusal, both as the biography, from her own pen, of a most extraordinary woman, and as a picture of the Court and times of "the Great Catharine." Meanwhile, a slight sketch of Princess Daschkaw's life may not be unacceptable to our readers.

Catherine Worontzow (afterwards Princess Daschkaw) was born at St. Petersburg in the year 1744. She made her *début* in the great world with some splendour at her christening, the Empress Elizabeth holding her at the font, and the Grand Duke, whom she afterwards helped to dethrone, standing god-father. Her mother died when she was very young, and Catherine was at first consigned to the care of her grandmother, and afterwards to that of her uncle, the Grand Chancellor of Russia, who allowed her to share the education of his only daughter, her own two sisters, Maria and Elizabeth Worontzoff, being already maids of honour and residing at Court. The little Catherine early gave indications of her after-love of politics and affairs of state. As a child, her greatest pleasure was to get leave from her uncle to look over old papers relating to negotiations and treaties, and at about thirteen a violent thirst for knowledge came upon her. She was already receiving an education which would even now be thought sufficient, being instructed in four languages, and in many other things, by the best masters St. Petersburg could afford. But a suspicion grew up in her mind that after all it might be desirable, even for a woman, to know other things than those which fitted her only to shine in society, and, lacking a teacher, she resolved to undertake this part of her education herself. Her love of reading became insatiable. Day and night she pored over her books, persevering even when continued sleeplessness began to tell upon her health. She tormented all the distinguished visitors at her uncle's house by her endless questions about "their several countries, their forms of government and laws," and "the comparisons to which their answers often led, made her long

to travel and judge for herself." Her choice of books, too, was unusual in a girl of fourteen, more especially in Russia, where female education was extremely superficial. She mentions as her favourites, Bayle, Montesquieu, Boileau, and Voltaire; she read "Helvetius on the Understanding" twice, and rejoiced over the addition to her library of an Encyclopedia, as another girl might over the acquisition of some long-coveted trinket. At fifteen, while not as yet going into society, Catherine accidentally became acquainted with Prince Daschkaw, and a speedy engagement followed. But an event which coloured her after-life almost more strongly, was her first interview, which occurred about this time, with Catharine the Great, then Grand Duchess. One can easily fancy the fascination which this brilliant woman, with her unflinching power of pleasing, would exercise over the imagination of an enthusiastic girl of fifteen, longing for sympathy in her favourite pursuits, and finding it in a quarter to which she would naturally look with reverence and admiration.

From that hour, Catherine the Little, as she calls herself, was a devoted friend, adherent, and partizan of Catharine the Great, and lost no opportunity of rendering her service. In the following spring the marriage took place, and Princess Daschkaw, as we must now call her, after living for a year or two with her husband's relatives, who seem to have been worthy, dull people, returned joyfully to St. Petersburg, and soon established herself in a house belonging to her father, between that city and Oranienbaum, where the Grand Duke and Duchess were then residing. Here the Princess found her sister, the Countess Elizabeth, installed as mistress to the Grand Duke; and becoming more and more disgusted by his coarseness and imbecility, she threw herself passionately into the party of the Grand Duchess. The Grand Duke, however, was not altogether bad-hearted, and he was kind to the Princess in spite of repeated snubbings on her part. "My child," said he, one day, "you would do well to recollect that it is much safer to deal with honest blockheads, like your sister and myself, than with great wits, who squeeze the juice out of the orange, and then throw away the rind." Notwithstanding this warning, however, the Princess continued a faithful partizan of the Grand Duchess, until the approaching end of the Empress Elizabeth kindled the ambition of both ladies. When at length it became clear that the empress had not long to live, Princess Daschkaw rose from a sick bed at midnight, and hastened to the palace of the Grand Duchess. Insisting upon admittance, the Princess was shown into the room where Catha-

rine had already retired to rest. The Grand Duchess invited her friend to get into bed also, and a conversation was held, with tears on the part of the Grand Duchess, during which some very manifest hints were thrown out as to the course of action present to the mind of each. It is a queer picture: the two ladies comfortably in bed together, plotting a revolution which was to end in the downfall of the sister of the one, the ruin and murder of the husband of the other, and upon which, in some sort, depended the fate of a great country! It does not seem, however, that at this time they came to any more definite determination than that of supporting the cause of the Grand Duchess at all hazards, and had Peter III. been somewhat less weak, and less devoted to Prussian interests, he might have peacefully occupied the throne, for the people welcomed him, and he began his reign with a show of popularity.

But ere many months were over he had disgusted the army, and had stirred up the flame of his wife's hatred, and roused her indomitable spirit by an almost avowed intention of divorcing her in order to marry her rival, the Countess Elizabeth. Then was Princess Daschkaw in her glory. Her house became a rendezvous of conspirators, and she unceasingly exerted her influence to win over officers or others who were wavering, or who might be useful in the scheme. Peter III. meanwhile tranquilly continued his buffoneries at Oranienbaum, and if a whisper of the proceedings of the Princess ever reached his ears, he may probably have thought the efforts of a girl of eighteen hardly worth serious notice. But if such were his views, he was doomed to be speedily undeceived. Princess Daschkaw was no ordinary woman, and being assisted by the brothers Orloff, one of whom was at this time the lover of the Empress, the plot ripened rapidly. The secret, however, somehow oozed out before all things were in perfect readiness for the catastrophe, and before, alas! the suit of men's clothes had arrived from the tailor, which Princess Daschkaw had ordered for the occasion. We can imagine her despair. Here was Sampson, indeed, shorn of his strength, for she dared not leave the house in her own clothes. However, she sent to implore the Empress to come instantly to St. Petersburg, and conveyed orders to the Guards to be in readiness to receive her. The danger now was lest Peter III. should arrive with troops before his wife could reach St. Petersburg, and by closing the gates of the city, frustrate the plan at the eleventh hour. But poor Princess Daschkaw, after a miserable night, caused by the faithlessness of that recreant tailor, had the happiness of hearing of

six o'clock in the morning that the Empress had arrived, and had been proclaimed head of the Empire by the Ismaelófsky guards.

Hastily donning a gala dress, the Princess hurried to the palace, and, the crowd being great, she alighted from her carriage, and was



(See page 511.)

pressing through the throng on foot, when she was recognised by the soldiers and officers. Instantly she found herself lifted from the ground, blessed and cheered, passed over the heads of all before her, and at length, giddy and tattered, triumphantly set down in an ante-chamber, whence she speedily hastened to embrace the Empress. But the time for rest had not yet arrived, and the two ladies resolved as soon as necessary business had been despatched, and some ceremonials gone through, to move at the head of the troops to Peterhoff. For this purpose they each borrowed

the uniform of an officer of the Guards. Princess Daschkaw must have looked in hers like a boy of fifteen, and she much astonished the senators by breaking in upon their grave conferences in that costume to suggest some precaution that had been forgotten. Towards evening she mounted her horse, and, with the Empress, set off for Peterhoff, passing in review on the way twelve thousand troops, besides volunteers. Arrived at a small village named Krasnoi Kabac, the cavalcade halted for a few hours, and the Empress and Princess Daschkaw again shared the same bed, this time

in a cottage, but with triumphant hearts. The following evening they reached Peterhoff. While these things were transpiring, the feeble Peter III. was hurrying to and fro between Oranienbaum and Peterhoff; any fragment of courage he may have had deserting him as he every instant received fresh intelligence of the progress of the revolution. The brave old Marshal Munich entreated him to strike a blow. "Czar, your troops are at hand. Let us put ourselves at their head, and march directly to Petersburg." But the manly advice was thrown away. Peter wandered about, forming twenty schemes, and executing none; sometimes uttering furious imprecations against his wife, sometimes dictating useless manifestos. Munich then advised him to hasten to Cronstadt, and secure the fleet. But in this he had been anticipated, and his arrival was greeted with a shout of "Long live the Empress Catharine!" "Put your hand in mine," said Goudovitz, "and let us leap on shore. No one will dare to fire on you, and Cronstadt will still be your Majesty's." In vain. The coward was incapable of forming a bold resolution. Munich still urged him to put himself at the head of the army, but, as might have been expected, uselessly. He returned to Oranienbaum, and, after one or two overtures to Catharine, which she treated with disdain, he allowed himself to be brought to Peterhoff. He passed through the midst of the army, and the Cossacks, who had never seen him before, preserved a mournful silence; the rest of the troops raised the old cry, "Long live Catharine!" Castéra, from whose "Life of the Empress Catharine" these particulars are taken, goes on to narrate the roughness with which this unfortunate prince was handled, of which Princess Daschkaw makes no mention. At any rate, he was soon shut up in a remote apartment of the palace, whence he was conveyed to Mopsa, where he was murdered by one of the Orloffs, assisted by two other ruffians, a few days only after his wife, attended by Princess Daschkaw, made her triumphal entry into the capital.

As a reward for her services, Princess Daschkaw received the order of St. Catharine, and a grant of about 24,000 roubles, with which she paid her husband's debts. She was shortly afterwards appointed lady of honour to her Majesty. But Catharine seems soon to have begun to grudge her the credit she obtained for her share in the revolution; while the Orloffs, jealous of her influence, lost no opportunity of slighting and mortifying her. For the present, however, she continued on familiar terms at Court, and even lived at the palace with her husband, and dined every day with the Empress, of whose

rather singular recreations we have an amusing little glimpse. Neither Catharine nor Prince Daschkaw knew how to sing a note of music, but the empress delighted in performing with him a mock vocal duet, "with scientific shrugs, and all the solemn self-complacent airs and grimaces of musicians." Then she would take to caterwauling, now to purring; now "spitting like a cat in a passion, with her back up, she suddenly boxed the first person in her way, making up her hand into a paw, and mewing outrageously." In such dignified fashion did "the Great Catharine" disport herself in her "hours of ease!" But a heavy sorrow was impending over Princess Daschkaw, in the shape of the death of a husband, to whom, whatever her detractors may have said, she seems to have been strongly attached. At twenty years of age she found herself a widow, overwhelmed by debts incurred by her husband. The energy of her character was never more conspicuously displayed. She resolved not to part with an inch of her son's patrimonial estates, but by selling her plate and jewels, and living in the strictest economy, to find means of paying the creditors without applying for help to the Crown. Accordingly she established herself in a little wooden cottage, where "I became," she says, "my own steward, my children's nurse and governess, as well as guardian;" and by contracting her expenditure to 500 roubles per annum (about 80*l.*) she managed to pay off every debt in the course of a few years.

We may pass lightly over these years. In 1768, the Princess, under the assumed name of Madame Michalkoff, made a journey through France and to England, during which she seems to have behaved much like a child let loose from school. At one hotel in her route, she was horrified at finding two pictures conspicuously hung up, representing defeats of Russians by Prussians. Not being rich enough to make an *auto da fé* of these works of art, she, and two gentlemen belonging to the Embassy at Berlin, procured some oil-colours and sat up all night, changing the blue and white of the conquering Prussians into the green and red uniforms of Russia, thus bloodlessly restoring the victory to her countrymen! It must be remembered that she was only twenty-four years of age. She seems to have much enjoyed this tour, in the course of which she became acquainted with Didérot and Voltaire, the latter of whom, she tells us, with naïve vanity, exclaimed, when he first saw, or rather heard, her, "What is this I hear? even her very voice is the voice of an angel!" Returning to Russia, she remained there for about five years, at the expiration of which she resolved to visit

Scotland, that her son might graduate at the Edinburgh University. Perhaps the happiest years in the Princess's life were those three which she passed in apartments at Holyrood House. A distinguished society gathered round her: Robertson, Blair, Adam Smith, and Ferguson, were her constant associates, and her mind was well capable of appreciating theirs. In the month of May, 1779, the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon Prince Daschkaw, he being at that time just sixteen years old. Thereupon the Princess, her son, and daughter, set off upon an European tour, and these are "a few of the most interesting" of the subjects to which the brilliant mother expects the boy specially to direct his attention on his travels: "The nature and form of government; the laws, customs, influence, population, commerce; the physical circumstances of countries, as relating to soil and climate; their foreign and domestic policy; the productions, religion, manners, resources, real and fictitious, with regard to public credit, income, taxes; and the different conditions of the different classes of society!"

Considering that the unfortunate Prince must already have been crammed with knowledge to an almost incredible extent, he might have been allowed, one would think, to make a tour in foreign countries with somewhat less weighty subjects on his mind. But the Princess's own energy was unflagging, and her interest in all subjects keen. In Ireland she "frequents the House of Parliament," and listens with pleasure to the eloquence of Grattan; in Paris she becomes acquainted with Marie Antoinette, who characteristically laments that she shall soon be compelled to give up dancing; in Italy she lionises most vigorously, and seems to spend every moment in either mental or bodily exertion. In July, 1782, Princess Daschkaw returned to St. Petersburg, and it is a significant hint of the state of society at the time, that it was generally believed that Prince Daschkaw had been educated with a special view to his becoming the "favourite" of the Empress. To do the Princess justice, nothing seems to have been farther from her intentions than so revolting a scheme, and she even treated the idea of her son's being so honoured with most astonishing coolness when it was pretty plainly suggested to her a year or two later, Prince Daschkaw being then about twenty-two, and the Empress fifty-six years old!

We are now arrived at perhaps the strangest event in Princess Daschkaw's life. With all her versatility of talent she had never been specially a literary woman—politics had occupied so much of her time. Her astonishment was unfeigned, therefore, when, at a ball given

by the Court, the Empress signified to her that she was to be appointed—of all things in the world—Director of the Academy of Arts and Sciences. The Princess was struck dumb: when she was able to speak, she affected to treat the matter as a jest, at the same time earnestly declining the appointment. The Empress continued to press it upon her.

"Appoint me directress of your Majesty's washerwomen," cried the Princess, "and you shall see with what zeal I am capable of serving you;" and in pretty plain terms she intimated that such an appointment would render her less ridiculous than the one which was offered to her. The Empress bade her recollect that some of those who had recently filled the office were undeniably her inferiors.

"So much the worse," cried the undaunted Princess, "for those who could respect themselves so little as to undertake a duty which they were incapable of fulfilling with credit to themselves."

The Empress was obliged to let the matter drop for the moment; but she was determined, and the Princess, of course, was compelled to yield, not without a very spirited resistance, for she was keenly sensible of the absurdity of her position. "Here, then," she says, "I was in the situation of a beast of burden, harnessed to an unwieldy and disjointed machine, without any regulating principle to direct my labours." The affairs of the academy, moreover, had been long out of order, and a root-and-branch reform was necessary. Having once undertaken an office, however, Princess Daschkaw was by no means a person to let the grass grow under her feet in the performance of the duties attached to it; she immediately began to strain every nerve to fit herself for her post, and a few days after what she calls "this strange and unheard-of creation," she took her seat in the academy, addressed the members and professors, and plunged at once into the pecuniary affairs of the establishment. The oath of fidelity required in Russia from all who hold employment under the Crown, was not dispensed with in this case, and the new director soon went to have it administered. To reach the chapel where the ceremony was to take place, she had to pass through the chamber where the senators sat in council. She found them all assembled, and in their places; they rose as she entered, some whom she knew coming forward to receive her, feeling, doubtless, considerable surprise at "the singular phenomenon of a woman within the walls of their august sanctuary!"

And now began for Princess Daschkaw twelve years of incessant and intense exertion. A slight account must suffice of what this wonderful woman contrived during that time to

accomplish. By her economy and sagacity she soon brought the finances of the academy into a flourishing condition; she increased the number of students from seventeen to fifty; established new courses of lectures in mathematics, geometry, and natural history; superintended the preparation of new and accurate maps of the provinces; and not content with this, she actually established, upon a plan of her own, another academy, of which she became president, and which was devoted to the improvement and cultivation of the Russian language. Here was immediately begun a complete Russian dictionary, a work till then unknown. The Princess herself undertook three letters of the alphabet, and "an explanation in precise terms of all the words which had especial reference to the three great subjects of morals, politics, and government!" Besides all this, she superintended the erection of the building of the new Russian academy; she composed in Russ a dramatic piece which was performed at the Empress's theatre; she made a journey into Finland with the Empress; she visited her own two or three country-places, and kept a keen eye upon the buildings in process of erection upon her estate near Petersburg, sometimes working herself with the masons. Visits to the palace also claimed a large portion of her time. But, indefatigable as she was, domestic troubles pressed hard upon her. Her daughter's marriage was a failure; her son made a marriage of which she disapproved; profound melancholy oppressed her, tempting her at one time to destroy herself; and though she sought refuge in activity, she grew at length weary of the whirl in which so much of her life was spent, and wished to retire. The Empress, however, would not accept her resignation, but granted her leave of absence for two years, which was afterwards extended to a third; but before its completion, the death of Catharine the Great changed the aspect of the Princess's affairs.

The Emperor Paul, who succeeded, resented deeply the part the Princess had taken in dethroning his father so many years before. Her formal dismissal from her offices in both academies was not long in arriving. She received it with dignity, as a release from a burden beyond her strength; but she bitterly grieved over the death of the Empress; she lamented the fate of her country, abandoned to the caprice of a tyrant, and the news of the daily edicts of arrest and banishment did not fail to reach Troitakoe. Her health failed, and she became very ill. Visiting Moscow for the purpose of obtaining alleviation, she had scarcely arrived there before she was met by a command from the Emperor to "return instantly into the

country, and there recollect the epoch of 1762." As soon as possible she obeyed, and remained at Troitakoe, confined to bed or sofa, incapable of movement, and in ceaseless pain. But the Emperor had not yet satisfied his vengeance. An order speedily arrived that Princess Daschkaw should quit Troitakoe, and take up her residence upon an estate belonging to her son in the northern part of the government of Novogorod. To appreciate the cruelty of this sentence, it must be remembered that this was in a Russian December, that the Princess was suffering from a painful complaint, and that the journey had to be performed in a *kibitka*, a half-open carriage on sledges. It seemed doubtful whether she would reach Korotowa alive, and if she did so, it was a mere hamlet, in upwards of sixty degrees of northern latitude, situated amidst morasses and impervious forests, and inhabited by a few peasants and their priests. But in this, as in every other emergency of her life, Princess Daschkaw's spirit rose to the occasion. Unable to move without assistance, she was conducted to church, and fearing to waste her strength in adieux, she started on her long journey immediately after the service. Behold, then, our poor Princess, exposed to the perils of a winter journey in Russia, sleeping nightly in peasants' cabins, and on one occasion, when a hurricane blew up the snow, wandering for seventeen hours in ignorance of the way, expecting to be frozen to death or devoured by wild beasts during the night.

However, in about a month, more or less, Korotowa was reached, and Princess Daschkaw established herself in a cabin where her three *femmes-de-chambre* shared her bed-chamber during the night; another cabin was occupied by her daughter, who accompanied her. The enforced change of air, however, proved beneficial to the Princess; her health improved, and she regained cheerfulness and vivacity. Madame Worontzoff and her daughter came to visit her, and the Court lady of other days contentedly amused herself with "some books which we had the foresight to bring from Troitakoe, a few pencils which we employed in sketching the surrounding scenery on our deal table, which every third day was washed, and served afresh for the same purpose, as we could not afford paper," and with "the drollery of a little Cossack." But fate had not destined this trial to be of long duration. After actually dispatching a courier with orders that the Princess should be "deprived of pens, ink, and paper, and kept so strictly watched as to be debarred from all communication and correspondence" with the outer world, the Emperor relented; and before the winter was over Princess Daschkaw had

received permission to return to that beloved Troitskoe where there was not a tree in the shrubberies that had not been planted by her own hand, or under her special direction.

We may hurry over what remains of her life. She was permitted to return to Moscow, where she reigned like a little queen among the lingering remnants of the Court of Catharine; no man, whatever was his rank, presumed to sit down in her presence without permission—a permission not always granted. When she wished anyone to give a ball or entertainment, she sent her order, and given it was, as a matter of course; but she far preferred living in retirement at Troitskoe. Her life there is thus described by one who knew her well:—"There is an originality in her appearance, in her manner of speaking, in her doing every description of thing, which distinguishes her from every creature I ever knew or heard of. She helps the masons to build walls; she assists with her own hands in making the roads; she feeds the cows; she composes music; she talks out loud in church, and corrects the priest if he is not devout; she talks out loud at her little theatre, and puts in the performers when they are out in their parts; she is a doctor, an apothecary, a surgeon, a farrier, a carpenter, a magistrate, a lawyer; in short, she daily practises every species of incongruity; corresponds with her brother, who holds the first post in the empire, with authors, with philosophers, with Jews, with poets, with her son, with all her relatives, and yet appears as if she had her time a burden on her hands."

In Didérot's works is found a sketch of Princess Daschkaw, too long to transcribe. The following is an extract from it: "Her character is grave; she speaks our language fluently; all that she knows and thinks she does not say, but what she says, she says simply and forcibly, and with the tone of truth. She has a heart lacerated by misfortune, and exhibits a decision and grandeur in her ideas, as well as boldness and pride in her mode of thinking. There is in her, also, I am convinced, a profound spirit of rectitude and of dignity." But it would be a hopeless task to attempt an accurate description of her character. The writer already quoted pronounces it impossible. "Such are her peculiarities and inextricable varieties that the result would only appear like a wisp of human contradictions . . . It seems to me she would be most in her element at the helm of the state, or generalissimo of the army, or farmer-general of the empire. In fact, she was born for business on a grand scale—which is far from irreconcilable with the life of a woman who at eighteen headed a revolution, and who, for

twelve years afterwards, governed an academy of arts and sciences."

Princess Daschkaw survived her son, and died at Moscow on the 4th January, 1810.

WINIFRED ROBINSON.

FROM A CANTATA BY SALVATOR ROSA.

If Time should steal away the gold
That glistens in thy hair,
And threaten that when growing old
Thou'lt seem to me less fair—
Tell him, that is not real truth
Which fades away with fading youth.
Tell him, the threads of silver will,
When mingled with thy tresses, still
To me be dearer (fond and poor)
Than all the golden sheen of yore—
As noting, in those streaks of grey,
How long the reign of Love, not passed away.

C. K. B.

BIRDS OF THE MOUNTAIN.



HERE is something bewitching in mountain rambles. Mountain scenery is full of sublimity and wild beauty. As we saunter among mountains on sunny days in summer we are exhilarated by the freshness and purity of the air, and feel glad and buoyant. We love to drink of the cold rill half hidden with heather, and to recline on the dwarf herbage. Sentiments which

have long been in repose are awakened, and we become inspired with a love for personal freedom, and with an admiration for wildness. Panoramic prospects delight us, and we are disposed to be charmed with every object around us.

Nowhere, perhaps, can the ornithologist derive more pleasure from his favourite study than in mountain solitudes. Numerous birds have their habitats on the slopes of our hills, and in the glens which intersect them. A few, indeed, have their haunts on lofty peaks; but it is where nature furnishes them with a sufficient supply of food that they have their abodes. The golden eagle soars to a great altitude, from which he can descry the sick lamb or wounded stag. If we ascend to a considerable height, we may see him still high above us, surveying the earth below, and seeking a dying animal or lifeless carcass; and it is where such prey is to be found that the royal bird has his haunts. The raven often trespasses on his alpine domain, and often, in his absence, feasts on the dead body of which the eagle partakes. The ptarmigan finds suitable food at elevations where a bird of prey could hardly get a meal unless it ate the ptarmigan itself. On the slopes of secondary mountains,

inhabited by the red grouse, several species of birds may be found.

There is a remarkable connection between animate and inanimate nature, and there is an obvious dependence of one creature upon another. Whithersoever we go, we find that the existence of the inanimate is essential to that of the animate. In the foreground of a mountain landscape flowers are often conspicuous, some of which are exceedingly delicate and beautiful. Pleasing as these are to the human eye, they are not made for the mere gratification of our sight. Their bright corollas and mild perfume attract the winged insects which subsist upon their honey. Numerous species of lepidoptera and hymenoptera abound in high districts. These insects feed upon the sweet juices of mountain flora, and become the food of birds. It is true that many mountain birds derive a portion of their food from seeds, but a portion only; for all birds require more or less insect or animal food. It is clear that, whether they feed on seeds or insects, they could not exist without flowers. Hence the blooming heath and heather, and all the variety of tender and small plants which blossom in the little glades, between their pink and purple tufts afford support and delight to beautiful living things whose structures are as exquisite as our own.

Among the most interesting and rare of the feathered tenants of the mountain is the twite (*Fringilla montium*, Gm.). Some of the habits of this little bird are not very dissimilar from those of the redpole. It is a migratory bird; at least, it certainly does not remain during winter in the localities which it frequents in summer. It is said that it associates with the linnet in winter, but I think this supposition is incorrect. With a view to ascertain whether this statement be true, on several occasions in winter I have fired at large flocks of linnets in the vicinity of the haunts of the twite; but have never, on such occasions, been able to discover the twite among the birds which fell. Indeed, I have never seen twites in the winter season; I have observed small parties of these birds in early spring, but never more than six or seven in a company. On one occasion I saw five or six in the beginning of April; they were unusually tame, and seemed as if they had just terminated a long passage. It happened I was so concealed that I was enabled to inspect closely every individual, and to observe minutely the plumage which was more dusky than it is in the nesting season. The feathers above the base of the tail had not assumed the beautiful rose-colour which characterises the summer dress; the bill was of a dull hue, and the general plumage had some resemblance to that of the hedge-sparrow.

The form of this bird is correctly described by some writers as being more compact, and somewhat larger, than that of the redpole; the tail is shorter, too, and perhaps proportionately broader than that of the redpole.

In summer twites are exceedingly shy, and within a large extent of moor, where they breed, it is seldom that more than two or three pairs are to be found. When endeavouring to find a nest, I have often heard its call, though unable to see the bird. Its note is very plaintive, but in the stillness which often pervades the waste it may be heard, and easily distinguished, at a long distance. Its note is often heard as it pursues its jerking flight overhead; its mode of flying is not much unlike that of the pipit.

Once, and once only, three years ago, I succeeded in finding a twite's nest. I had ascended the slope of a moor where I had seen a pair of twites a few days before, and was reclining among the heather, when I thought I heard the note of the bird whose nest I sought; upon looking round I saw her perched on the dead stem of a small sapling pine. I remained for awhile perfectly still, and at length observed her enter the heather. Upon my reaching the spot, I was much pleased to have found the beautiful little nest. It was placed in a hassock of heather, with the branches of which it was ingeniously interwoven. It was composed of materials collected from the spot—fibrous roots, fragments of heath, withered grass, wool, and small shreds of lichen. It contained six eggs, delicately tinted with a very pale greenish-blue, dotted with pale-brown. The twite is said to lay only four or five eggs; I presume, therefore, that six are more than the usual number.

Another bird which inhabits the slopes of British mountains is the ring-ousel (*Turdus torquatus*, Lin.). This is a summer migrant, and one of the most interesting of our winged visitants. It is found in the same localities as the twite, but retires for nidification to more alpine districts than those visited for that purpose by the twite. Its form, size, and habits, are exceedingly like those of the blackbird, and I have often found it difficult to distinguish one from the other when I have flushed both nearly at the same time. It is not unusual to meet with blackbirds in mountain glens; and in the beginning of September, when ring-ousels are returning southward, both birds may occasionally be seen darting between the plumes of fern and heath which overhang streams and pools. The alarm-notes of the ring-ousel are very like those of the blackbird; but they are not so loud, and are not continued for so long a time as those of the blackbird. The nest of the ring-ousel and



Ring Ousels.

the general colour of, and markings on, the eggs, also indicate its affinity to the blackbird. The plumage is peculiar, inasmuch as the feathers are edged with grey, and the crescent on the breast adds much to the beauty of the bird. It is seldom, however, that the crescent is pure white; in two individuals which I shot in September, 1861, it was clearly defined, but was greyish brown. I have often flushed these

birds from the heather, but have never been able to distinguish the crescent while the birds were on the wing. The individuals, however, which I have seen in their native haunts, may not have been mature birds. Ring-ousels in calm weather generally frequent the open moor, and during wind repair to glens and valleys among the hills. When alarmed on the open moor, they take long flights, sweep

round rocky mounds, and alight in the heather. It has been with great difficulty that I have been able to perceive them on the ground; they conceal themselves under the heather, and the moment they are seen crouch and take flight. They feed chiefly upon worms and insects, but, I suspect, eat also the fruit of the bilberry (*Vaccinium myrtillus*) and that of the black crow-berry (*Empetrum nigrum*), which is a favourite food of moor-fowl. In a glen in which I have seen many ring-ousels, the bilberry grows in great profusion.

These birds usually select for the purpose of nidification banks of streams and rocky places, or ground where the surface has been rent and carried away by large bodies of water sweeping down mountain declivities. Though I have never heard the song of the ring-ousel, he is doubtless a songster, and delights with his carols, at early dawn and in the evening twilight, his mate when on her nest, in some stony crevice, canopied with hard fern and heath.

The localities in which this bird is found are not very numerous, and it may fairly be considered one of the rarest of summer migrants. Where it spends the period during which our winter lasts, is a question which I have never seen satisfactorily solved. The migrations of this bird, as well as of other visitants, are attended with a good deal of mystery, and form a subject deserving of greater attention than that which has been given to it by scientific men. Certain it is that the feathered tribes which visit our shores on the approach of summer, and depart on the approach of winter, do so under an instinctive and irresistible impulse. Their doing so is as necessary to their being as the revolutions of the earth are to its durability; their seasonal journeys, in many instances, extend to great distances. Some of those which leave our shores in autumn, bid adieu to storms and snow-clouds, and steer their infallible course to lands where summer still lingers, while others repair to arctic seas to revel among ice. Though we cannot comprehend the mysterious movements of Providence, we are enabled dimly to perceive the perfect order in which circumstances combine to supply the wants of every living thing. We know that the maintenance of animal life, as well as that of vegetable life, depends upon a power ever active, subtle, and refined, moving in the most minute and delicate of organisations, and working, under perfect control, throughout the magnitude of the universe.

The golden plover (*Charadrius pluvialis*, Lin.) frequents moors more elevated than those on which the twite and ring-ousel are usually seen. I have observed that where there is a

considerable range of mountains, the golden plover selects only one eminence as its breeding-ground. The surface of the ground thus selected is invariably somewhat free from heather, and has, here and there, imbedded in it, fragments of slaty stone. It is often mossy, and has broken places which retain water, the edges of which places are fringed with tufts of herbage. This bird usually lays four eggs, which are deposited in bare hollows in the ground, for it constructs no nest. There is a sadness about its distant whistle which accords with that of the breeze playing in the crevices of mountain crags. The golden plover derives security from its colour, which resembles very much that of the ground where it abides. I have often heard its call, and looked in vain for the bird itself. Golden plovers do not breed in large colonies; on the contrary, a few pairs only are distributed over a space of considerable extent. The habits of this bird are very like those of the ring-plover, but it incubates more closely than the ring-plover. The young are clothed with down, and run about soon after they leave the shells. As soon as their young are fully fledged, and acquire sufficient strength, golden plovers leave their breeding-grounds, and, I believe, then migrate further north, there to remain until again driven southward by snow; but I do not think that they visit the lowlands so long as the hills are free from snow and ice. Late in the spring a general movement takes place among these birds, when they repair to their breeding-haunts.

When the upland moors are covered with snow, golden plovers visit fields, and may be seen in large flocks, searching for food, consisting of worms and small slugs. In the absence of snow on the lowlands, even when the ground is frozen, they succeed in finding prodigious quantities of slugs. I have seen individuals, on being shot during severe frost, disgorge great numbers of these creatures. Golden plovers, during heavy falls of snow, frequently visit the sea-shore in pursuit of insects and small mollusca.

The associations connected with the twite, the ring-ousel, and the golden plover, and, indeed, with all the feathered tribes of the mountain, are very pleasing. The student of nature associates the bird of the upland moor with the beautiful and striking features of mountain landscapes; with craggy knolls and precipitous eminences; with still lakes and pools; with lonely ravines; with streams gliding and sparkling in deep glens; with rattling cascades, tumbling between masses of peat, richly tinted earths, and slimy rocks, to which cling the scarcely rooted birch or stunted sorb.

J. C.

ADRIANA.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XVI.

GOOD-NIGHT! But not to sleep. Grey morning stole on, grey and chill, and seeming as if the dull dark twilight were the only advance it intended to make for some hours. Mr. Etheredge rose from his sleepless pillow, and Adriana found him pacing up and down the school-room, where an early breakfast was prepared for her.

She had said good-bye to every one the night before, and had begged that no one might be disturbed in the morning on her account. She would prefer it.

The snow was still upon the ground, but none had fallen during the last few days, and it was beginning to melt away, leaving here and there large green patches. A slow thaw had set in, and the cold seemed more penetrating than even a keen frost.

"An uncomfortable morning for your journey, Miss Linden," said Mr. Etheredge.

"One cannot expect fine weather at this season," returned Adriana, pouring out a cup of coffee. Mr. Etheredge paused in his perambulations, and seated himself at the table.

"I think I will take a cup of coffee, too, Miss Linden."

She poured out one, and gave to him; and breakfast, such as it was, for Adriana felt little inclination to eat, proceeded in silence. At last it came to an end.

"Half-past seven," said Mr. Etheredge, consulting his watch; "if you start at a quarter-past eight you will have some minutes to spare at the station."

"I like being in good time," replied Adriana.

"Eight o'clock then," said Mr. Etheredge. "And now, Miss Linden," he continued, "may I ask a few minutes of your time?"

"Certainly," answered Adriana, wondering what Mr. Etheredge could have to say to her.

But Mr. Etheredge, having obtained the desired permission, did not exactly know how to make use of it.

"I am afraid you have sometimes thought me extremely uncivil, Miss Linden, disagreeable, almost impertinent, in trying to read your thoughts and motives?"

Adriana was silent.

"Will you give me your true opinion? I shall be obliged for it."

"I have thought so sometimes," answered Adriana.

Mr. Etheredge went on:

"I have watched you closely; I ought to

ask your pardon for so doing, but I was interested. I felt that there was some mystery connected——"

Adriana started, and the colour flushed into her face.

"My affairs can be of importance to myself alone," said she; "I do not see why you should wish to understand them."

"Neither do I. But I became interested, and consequently watchful. It was from no desire to annoy you," he added, seeing that Adriana's colour went and came. "Pardon me if I distress you."

"I do not comprehend what right——" she began.

"No right at all: let us set that question aside. You were an enigma to me that I was determined to solve. You were partly aware of it, and resolved that I should not be satisfied. We had a mutual distrust, and were in a measure at war. Are we at peace now?"

"I suppose so," returned Adriana, more and more perplexed; "but surely it is unnecessary to recall the past. The present is the only needful consideration. I leave Etheredge Court to-day, never to be heard of by its inmates again; and my only desire is, that I should fade away from their memories. I leave acknowledging the kindness that I have met with here. No more need be said."

"I beg your pardon, Miss Linden, but I cannot agree with you. You have promised to hear what I have to say, and the time is not up yet. I must go on from where I left off. I watched you closely: I knew there was some struggle going on in your mind, but I knew also that whatever it was, the right would in the end triumph. No, I must go on," said he, as he saw Adriana prepared to interrupt. "I grew more observant, more interested; I found in you a woman different from any I had seen or imagined. My prejudices broke fairly down, and I began to believe that a woman might be sensible, yet not disagreeable, clever, yet not pedantic. In fact—in short, Miss Linden, though I scarcely knew it until a few hours ago,—I loved you."

There was a pause, Mr. Etheredge stood with his arms folded, looking steadfastly at Adriana, who had risen as he spoke, and now stood facing him, her figure drawn up to its full height.

"And I suppose, Mr. Etheredge, you expect me to be obliged for your great condescension?"

"I do not expect it, Miss Linden."

"What do you expect? What do you intend me to answer?"

"I have asked for no answer yet; I do not

ask for one. What I have said must be so unlooked-for by you, that you cannot be prepared to give me the answer I wish. Will you not think of what I have said, and if—"

But Adriana interrupted him.

"Think!" said she, scornfully. "What should I think of Mr. Etheredge, who, by his own confession, has sought to discover what he knew I would have kept unknown,—the conflict that he saw was going on, but that I endeavoured not to betray? And so he dogged my footsteps, and tried by every means to solve an enigma, that baffled—that amused him."

"Amused! Miss Linden!"

But she went on.

"Was it kind? was it generous? I knew that you looked down upon me, that you distrusted me, that you doubted Mrs. Braddick's wisdom in entrusting her children to my care. You have acted the part of a spy, and now you ask me to believe—"

"That as I have made an honest confession in one case, there is no reason to doubt my doing so in the other."

Adriana looked up for a moment: Mr. Etheredge had not moved, he was still gazing steadily at her, his lips were compressed, but not a muscle in his face stirred, and his eyes had the same quiet searching expression that had so often annoyed Adriana before, and which she could scarcely meet. All the old antagonism flashed up.

"Mr. Etheredge," she began, then suddenly she stopped; a new thought struck her that arrested her in her scornful utterance, and in a lower tone she said,—“And did you find out—do you know—?”

"I do."

The voice was so full of affirmation, that Adriana did not wait to ask how, or how much, Mr. Etheredge knew. It brought with it the conviction that her past history to all intents and purposes was at least clearly guessed at.

"You think I have done wrong in staying here?"

He made no reply, and Adriana, taking his silence for an affirmative answer, felt all her irritation return.

"Mr. Etheredge, I hate you!"

The words were spoken sharply and quickly, and Mr. Etheredge was moved at last. He drew nearer to her, he put his hand upon her arm.

"Miss Linden, I cannot, I will not, believe you."

She shook his hand off.

"It is but doubting my truth as you have always done," answered she, regaining her coolness as her companion lost his. "This

interview has lasted too long, I must go now."

And she left him. He stood for some minutes as though paralysed; he heard the carriage come to the door, he heard Adriana's step descending the staircase,—one moment more, and she would be gone. He hastened rapidly down-stairs, seized the first hat and coat that came in his way.

"Stop!" said he to the coachman, "I wish to try the new horse myself," and he mounted to the box.

Adriana scarcely saw him at the station, nor did he intrude upon her notice. He quietly watched her into the train, and then took his seat in the next carriage. Little did she suspect at the end of her long journey that Mr. Etheredge had not left her until he had seen her drive off with good Mr. Davis from the station nearest Silverdale.

CHAPTER XVII.

ADRIANA scarcely spoke during the long drive home, for home she felt it was: the stray lamb was returning to the fold as good Mrs. Davis had suggested, humbled and partly penitent, despite the flash of pride that had made her so scornful but that very morning. Indeed, pondering over that morning on her dreary journey, she had seen reason to disbelieve the strong assertion she had made, and to feel that possibly of the half-brothers she had latterly taken more interest in observing the movements of Mr. Etheredge than of Mr. Braddick.

As they drew nearer to the old homestead the steady old horse quickened his pace, well knowing that he was wending towards comfortable quarters.

"They'll be glad to see you, Adrie," said Mr. Davis; "the mistress has been fretting over you more than once, I can tell you, though it was none of her fault that you flitted from Silverdale. There's some one over and above the old party there now," continued he, "but I'm not to tell secrets."

"Have you visitors?" asked Adriana, half annoyed at the prospect of having to meet strangers.

"Yes and no," replied Mr. Davis, mysteriously; "there's only one, and he's not exactly a visitor, and yet he is; but, dear, dear, what am I talking about? I shall be letting out everything before the time, so don't ask me anything more. It's some one you won't mind in the least, so you must be satisfied with that."

And on they drove in silence, through the snow, with the wintry wind whistling sadly through the leafless branches, and the moon giving just light enough to shape the

snow-heaps into ghastly forms that seemed to nod and nod as the old-fashioned gig jogged by.

"Ho, Dobbin, lad, on, on,—it's only the old milestone; never be afraid of an old friend, though to be sure it's something of a new



(See page 522.)

face upon it," said Mr. Davis, as Dobbin showed symptoms of refusing to pass a tall white column that stood where he had never seen a white column standing before. "The boys have been giving it a new hat, that's all, you foolish beast: see, there's the house. How jolly the light shines out through the windows! They've not put the shutters to yet. Ah, it's not a bad thing on a cold raw night like this to know that at your journey's end there's a blazing fire awaiting you. I can almost hear it crackle. And there's Katy fluttering past the window,—did you see her? They hear the wheels. Wo, Dobbin, lad, wo! what's come over you to-night? Never fear the light," said Mr. Davis, as the door opened, and the light streamed far out into the darkness, and fell in softened rays upon the great snow-covered laurel bushes and the snow-fringed firs.

"Has she come?" cried out Mrs. Davis and Katy together. "My poor child, how cold you must be" and kind Mrs. Davis drew

Adriana into the comfortable summer-parlour, doubly comfortable now for the great splintering sparkling logs, that spluttered up showers of fiery sparks, and sent a ruddy glow over the chintz covers, and added an additional lustre to the beads in Rebekah's presents, thereby making them seem all the more magnificent. "Draw the curtains, Katy, and ring for tea; there's nothing so comfortable after a journey as a good cup of tea: it sets one right at once. But, oh, child, how thin and pale you are! My mind misgave me when you went away, and you look as if you had been in sore trouble."

"Don't say anything now, mother," whispered Katy. "Come, Adrie, and take off your bonnet." And the two went up the wide staircase, and through the narrow passage to Katy's bedroom. Another, opening out of it, was prepared for Adriana. She sat down by the fire, and suffered Katy to divest her of her wrappings.

Katy proceeded with her task in silence

"Who is staying here?" asked Adriana abruptly.

"No one," returned Katy, looking up in surprise.

"No one!" repeated Adriana, somewhat astonished. "What did your father mean? He told me I should find some one who was a stranger and who was not."

"Oh," said Katy, becoming deeply absorbed with a refractory button, "I suppose he meant Arth—Mr. Clinton, our curate; I dare say he did."

"Never mind the button, I can unfasten it without half so much trouble; you are quite red with your exertions. Just look up, and tell me all about Mr. Clinton."

Katy did not look up, she looked down, and murmured something about "the rector being unable to do all the duty of the parish himself."

"I don't want to hear about the rector, Katy, I want to know all about Mr. Clinton, and how it is that he is no stranger. Have you known him long?"

"Five months to-day," answered truthful Katy.

"What an exact account you have kept. And when are you going to be married?"

"Adrie!" exclaimed Katy, in astonishment, "who told you?"

"Yourself, my dear little cousin. I'm very, very glad," said Adriana, throwing her arms round Katy, and giving the blushing cheek a long congratulatory kiss. "What a good little wife you will be."

"Oh," returned Katy, "we've only been engaged three weeks, and I am afraid I am not half good enough."

"Nonsense! I believe you are a great deal too good."

"You have not seen Mr. Clinton?" said Katy protestingly.

"No, but I am going to see him, and shall doubtless find him of my opinion. Is he down-stairs? I must hasten my toilet, for we are keeping tea waiting."

"I think he has just come; I heard the door open."

"Quick ears, Katy! Well, then, have quick feet also, and I will follow you in a minute."

And, when Katy had left the room, Adriana flung off her remaining wraps. She did not look into the glass as she smoothed her hair.

"I am past all vanities now," she said; "how old I feel! Katy seems like a daughter to me." And she went down into the cosy parlour where Mr. Clinton was already seated.

He rose at her entrance: a grave earnest-

looking man, certainly ten years older than herself, quiet in manner, but very self-possessed. Quite different from the picture that Adriana had drawn of a young curate fresh from college, boyishly attempting an extra display of dignity, and boyishly failing in the attempt. His dress tended to carry out the impression he produced. His coat was cut after the manner of a Roman Catholic priest, his waistcoat, buttoned close up to his throat, left but a narrow white margin that passed for a collar. His dark hair was cropped as close as it could be without incurring the charge of disfigurement, and not a particle of whisker relieved his fallow cheek. His features were well formed, and the slight contraction perceptible in the strongly-marked eyebrows was strangely counterbalanced by the peculiarly sweet smile that from time to time played round his mouth. There was something decidedly striking about his whole appearance, and the question rose in Adriana's mind, "How came such a man to fancy my simple little cousin?" followed by another question, "How came joyous-hearted little Katy to fancy such a man?"

Very much perplexed too was Adriana at the perfect ease with which he inspired the Silverdale family. Good Mrs. Davis talked as naturally as ever, and Mr. Clinton not merely listened, but appeared amused and interested. Mr. Davis spoke of his crops and of agricultural matters, and Mr. Clinton answered with intelligence. Perhaps he did it to please Katy. But here was another perplexity; a change had come over Katy also, she was as light-hearted and joyous as ever, but a half-unconscious sense of responsibility had stolen over, and given a certain amount of dignity to the young girl that was very far from unbecoming. In fact, in that homely parlour and amongst those three unpretending persons there was a degree of refined politeness that would have done no disgrace to any society.

Adriana overlooked several native elements which would have gone far to dispel her perplexity. They were all three natural and unselfish, there was no self-consciousness and no pretension about them; moreover, they were thoroughly in earnest in all they said or did. With them a kind word sprang from a kind thought, and there were no honeyed phrases and set conventionalities when the heart was far away. But Adriana overlooked all this, and so she wondered.

Was there anything Jesuitical about Mr. Clinton? Perhaps he half divined her thoughts, for he looked at her interrogatively, and Adriana felt that she had been taking too copious notes of him.

"I suppose the snow was lying all along the lines, Adrie?" said Mr. Davis.

"Yes, I've seen nothing but snow since daylight this morning."

"You have had a long journey then, Miss Linden?" said Mr. Clinton.

"From near Winsford," answered Adriana.

"Winsford!" repeated Mr. Clinton, "I have a second or third cousin living somewhere near Winsford. It would be odd if you should have happened to meet with him: Richard Etheredge, of Etheredge Court."

"Why, that's where Adrie has been," interposed Katy.

"I did not know that Richard had ever married," said Mr. Clinton, turning to Adriana. "I find I shall have to learn particulars respecting my own kith and kin from a stranger, but I have seen nothing of my cousin since our college days, and later events have kept us separated. How long has Mr. Etheredge been married?"

"He is not married," answered Adriana, forcing herself to speak: then she paused; Mr. Clinton might not like to hear that Katy's cousin had earned her own bread. She looked half hesitatingly at the well-bred gentleman before her, and then at Katy. Simple Katy seemed to have gained in perceptive faculties; she came to the rescue at once.

"My cousin Adrie," she said, with quiet dignity, "was teaching Mrs. Braddick's children." She too looked up at Mr. Clinton, for Adriana's hesitation brought a sudden doubt to her mind also. Mr. Clinton returned her glance, and the sweet smile satisfactorily answered her momentary doubt.

"But I am more astray than ever," pursued Mr. Clinton, "for I have never heard of Mrs. Braddick. Will you kindly enlighten me, Miss Linden?"

"Mr. Etheredge's mother married twice."

"Yes, but her second husband's name was Cunningham, and there was one son, I remember, by the second marriage,—Charles, I think his name was—and he was a good deal abroad at one time, and then he married. His wife was a very handsome woman, I have heard. But I did not know that there was a daughter."

"Mr. Cunningham took the name of Braddick in order to succeed to some property," replied Adriana.

"Ah! that accounts then," said Mr. Clinton, as if following out some train of thought. "I see. But, Miss Linden, how is my relative? And what did you think of Etheredge Court? a fine old place, is it not? though it does not seem to suit Mr. Etheredge, for I heard the other day in a curious roundabout way that the place was going to be sold to a

Mr.— I could not remember the name till you mentioned the name of Braddick, and now I see it all. And, by the way," continued he, turning to Mr. Davis, without waiting for Adriana's answers to his queries, "what sort of a place is Trenholm? for it was added, though I never thought of it again, that Mr. Etheredge was in treaty for the Trenholm estate. How far is that from here?"

"Not much over fifteen miles," returned Mr. Davis. "The house is old, and wants a good deal of repair. A handsome house enough in its time, but maybe any new comer would pull it down and build a new one."

"Richard won't, if he's at all like his old self."

"Ah," said Mr. Davis, "I should be glad if it fell into hands that would care for it; I'm sorry to see the old places swept away. I've known Trenholm Hall for well-nigh fifty years, and I should miss it like an old friend. The squire and I were friends in years gone by, and he was a kind man in the main, but wasteful and extravagant, and so he went to the dogs. But there's never an ill word for him on the estate to this day. It's been lying in the hands of the lawyers, with now and then a shooting tenant, and it's only just been offered for sale."

"It is strange, Miss Linden," resumed Mr. Clinton, "how one finds links everywhere binding the great human family together. I never went to any place without finding some one who knew of some friend or acquaintance of mine. It seems as if one were fettered down to an interest in others from which one could not by any possibility escape. Each individual has his appointed place, none is too insignificant. We cannot all be prominent or even noticeable by the general eye, but the smallest nail is as much a part of the stately vessel, and as necessary in its degree; as the broad sail or the tall mast. It has a certain duty to perform, and none can measure what effect the removal of a single nail might produce. And so it appears to me with humanity. When I get into an idle mood, Miss Linden, I sometimes speculate upon the difference to the world the slightest action of mine might make. Some would tell you it would make no difference to the world at large whether I go out to-morrow or stay at home. I think otherwise. I believe that no action, however trivial, is without its sequences, which are multiplied *ad infinitum*."

"Then," said Adriana, who had been listening attentively, "you believe that man by the exercise of his will has power to change the course of events. That, if he does so and so, certain effects follow; that, if he takes an opposite course, the result will be just the

reverse. And do you think he can do this, and that he is not bound down in an appointed path?"

"I have not gone quite deep enough to come to grave conclusions," answered Mr. Clinton. "The question would require some limit on either side; and I suppose," he added, looking at his watch, "that it will be too late to decide upon our premises: but," he concluded in a more serious tone, as he bade her good-night, "I believe that into whatsoever paths we turn, and with whatsoever events we meet, there is an over-ruling Providence working all things together for good to those who love Him. And let us remember that it is not always in the smoothest paths or under the most cloudless skies that His voice makes itself most distinctly heard."

(To be continued.)

EPSOM: ITS SALTS AND SPORTS.

IN the year 1618 one Henry Wicker was taking a walk near Banstead Downs, when his attention was drawn to the foot-hole trod by a horse or a cow. It was a dry summer, but the cavity was full of water. In hopes of discovering a spring for his cattle, he enlarged the hole with his paddle. Next day the enlargement was full of water, but the thirsty animals would not swallow the liquid therein contained. This led Wicker to suspect that it was of an uncommon nature; and, upon tasting it, he speedily found his anticipations realised. At first it was only applied outwardly for cleaning wounds and sores. About 1630 its purgative qualities were discovered.

For some time its efficacy was known only to the neighbouring rustics. Dudley North, in his "Forest of Varieties" (1643) boasted that he introduced the waters of Epsom and Tunbridge to the knowledge of the Londoners, who were thus enabled to derive all the benefit of drinking the Spa waters without the trouble and expense of going to Germany for that purpose, whereby great sums of money were carried out of the kingdom. In 1640 it was found that all the active properties of the waters could be extracted, and the virtue of them thus sent to a distance. The price of an ounce of this extract was five shillings, and the demand exceeded the supply.* The water owed its reputation in a great measure to its being so strikingly offensive. Soon after this time the waters of Harrogate were discovered, and they were, if possible, more atrociously nasty than those of Epsom. To use the words of Mr. Matthew Bramble:

* To-day the wholesale price is less than a halfpenny for the same quantity.

"Some people say it smells of rotten eggs, and others compare it to the scourgings of a foul gun. As for the smell, if I may be allowed to judge from my own organs, it is exactly that of bilge water." From this time the fame of the Epsom mineral spring declined.

King James I. is said to have instituted races at Croydon when he resided at the manor of Whitehorse, near that town, which locality is said to have derived its name from the first white Arabian ever brought to England and purchased by him. "Gentle Jamie" was undoubtedly a true patron of racing, by prohibiting excess in gambling thereby. Before his accession to the throne of England, he had been party to a law passed by the Scottish Parliament, that "No man was to win above 100 marks, and if he did, the surplus was to be given to the poor; whilst all ordinary persons who could not spend 1000 marks per annum, all charges deducted, were not to keep horses at hard meat (i.e. in training) between 15th May and 15th October, as that practice was held one amongst others of causing a dearth of victuals." This statute justifies Dr. Johnson's definition of oatmeal, as being food for horses in England and men in Scotland. If it was not, the supply of forage to horses could not have diminished the food of their owners. Whitehorse was not, however, so called from the Arabian in question, but from one Whitehorse, who was lord of the manor in the year 1368, and was also the king's shield-bearer. Moreover, Croydon was not a spot adapted for racing. The town was situated in woods, and the inhabitants were principally charcoal-burners. Hence the frequent allusions to the colliers of Croydon. "Grim and the Collier of Croydon, and his Dance with the Devil and St. Dunstan," is the title of a comedy, published 1662. The old town stood at the opening of a rich and beautiful vale, lying under the Surrey hills, covered with woods on the east, and on the west opened to Banstead Downs. It was more probable that the king, who never resided at Croydon, but did at Nonsuch Palace, instituted horse-racing on Banstead Downs.

Nonsuch Palace was built by King Henry VIII. at Carshalton. It was said

That which no equal has in art or fame,
Britons deservedly do Nonsuch name.

It was a favourite residence of Queen Elizabeth, and was given by Charles II. to the Duchess of Cleveland, who pulled it down. The materials were sold, and many of the houses in Epsom were built with them.

Every one remembers the stag-hunt at

day is of nothing but the great foot-races on this day on Banstead Downs, between Lee, the Duke of Richmond's footman, and a tyler, a famous runner, whom Lee beat, although the Duke of York, and almost all men, did bet three or four to one upon the tyler's head." This is the first recorded instance of "the pot boiling over" on the Downs.*

At this time it was only in fine weather that the whole breadth of the highway was available for wheeled vehicles. Often the mud lay deep on the right and left, and only a narrow track of firm ground rose above the quagmire.† By the side of a coach would march several lusty footmen, with stout poles, ready to prop it up by main force, or to extricate it by leverage if it stuck fast. When the roads got better, they went in front to clear the way for the approaching vehicle. These attendants on a coach were still retained when it became necessary for them, through the improvement of the highways, to run at a sharp pace in order to prevent the coach outstripping them. A velvet jockey-cap, livery-coat, with a silken kilt or petticoat, in lieu of the usual femoral integuments, and silk stockings was their usual attire. In their hand they still held a long pole, but it was of slighter materials, and carried on its top a hollow globe, which unscrewed, and contained in the cavity a mixture of wine and eggs to recruit them when fatigued. This pole was the precursor of the gold-headed cane, with which the modern John Thomas is armed, as he stands upon the footboard. The sign of the "Running Footman" may be yet seen in Charles Street, Berkeley Square, a very fit locality.

As the exercise of their profession was equivalent to regular training, they were always ready to run matches, and occasionally performed great feats. One ran from Reading to London against the phaeton of the Duke of Marlborough. The biped won, but dropped down dead from exhaustion after passing the goal.

Evelyn (20th February, 1658) went to see a coach-race in Hyde Park. I have not been able to discover whether this kind of racing took place on Banstead Downs, but from "Peregrine Pickle" ‡ it would appear that it was the practice at Newmarket to run one chaise and four against the other four times round the course. I remember, thirty years

ago, when opposition coaches used to race along the highways, the outsides were carried for nothing, and the insides had a good dinner gratis.

Irrespective of the mineral waters, the salubrious atmosphere induced "men of fashion wearied with the din and smoke of London to come in the summer to breathe the fresh air, and catch a glimpse of rural life." In 1690 Queen Mary wrote to her husband that the Earl of Shrewsbury (her supposed *amant de cœur*) was prevented attending Court through the orders of his physician, who had sent him for health's sake to Epsom. In 1698 the celebrated Dr. Radcliffe, who founded the Library at Oxford, sent Queen Anne there. The London Gazette in 1684 announced that the post would run every day, to and from, betwixt London and Epsom, during the season for drinking the waters. I think that the accurate Macaulay was napping when he wrote "There was also daily communication between London and the Downs; and the same privilege was sometimes extended to Tunbridge and Bath at the seasons when those places were crowded by the great." I apprehend that these Downs were not the anchorage off Deal, but were the hills encircling Epsom. A century later there was a double post daily during the summer.

The influx of visitors induced the lord of the manor to erect a ball-room seventy feet long, and to plant an avenue of trees on the London road, with several others leading therefrom, in front of the houses, "in many places artificially wreathed into verdant arches or porticoes cut into a variety of figures close enough to defend those that sat under their shade from any injuries of the sun or showers." This must have presented very much the aspect of a modern tea garden, more especially as "the company took their supper, and at other times drank a cheerful glass, or smoked a pipe

Where lime-trees were placed at a regular distance,
And fiddlers were giving their woful assistance.

Many taverns, at that time the largest in England, were opened. The system of boarding-houses was inaugurated here, wherein the proprietor of the house furnished his lodgers with all that they might require to eat or drink. The tavern-keepers, finding this system very prejudicial to their gains, tried the question in the Court of King's Bench, whether, under such circumstances, a licence was not necessary, and were defeated. Sedan chairs and numbered hackney coaches plied for hire. There were public breakfasts, dancing and music every morning at the rooms. In the afternoon there was a ring

* "The pot boiling over," is a slang expression for the disappointment of those who have betted heavily upon a certain event coming, and find themselves deceived.

† Macaulay's "History," chapter iii., quoting Pepys's "Diary," Feb. 28, 1660.

‡ Chapter lxviii. This novel was published in 1751. The Earl of March's wager to convey a rider nineteen miles within the hour, behind four horses, was decided on Newmarket Heath, March, 17. 0. Possibly Smollett had this exploit in his mind when writing.

on the Downs, as in Hyde Park, and one Sunday evening Toland counted sixty coaches there. The sports were cudgelling, wrestling, and foot-races. Catching a pig by the tail was also one of the polite diversions of the place, as was practised at Margate and Brighton in 1809. The evening wound up the festivities of the day by private parties, public assemblies, and cards. Neither Bath nor Tunbridge boasted more noble visitors.

When fashion resolved to raise Epsom to fame, Poor Tonbridge did naught: but the blind and the lame,

And the sick and the healthy, 'twas equally one;
By Epsom's assistance their business was done.
Bath's springs next in fashion came rapidly on,
And outdid by far what Epsom had done.*

Notwithstanding these other inducements to pleasure, racing held its own. In 1680 "the new orbicular course was made, and the four-mile course from the Warren over the Downs to Carshalton laid down."

Democritus would have found occasion to laugh, for "the place was crammed with bankrupt fortune-hunters, superannuated beaux, married coquettes, intriguing prudes, fine-dressed waiting-maids, and complimentary footmen, all either disappointed of their designs, or being in danger of being overreached." By the conversation of those who walked there, "you would fancy yourself to be this minute on the Exchange, and the next minute at St. James', one while in an East Indian factory, or a West Indian plantation, another while with the army in Flanders, or on board the fleet on the ocean. Nor is there any profession, trade, or calling that you can miss of here, either for your instruction or diversion." *Mutatis mutandis*, what Toland wrote a century and a half ago, holds true to day. "Court and city ladies, like queens in a tragedy, will display all their finery on benches, whence they censure, and are censured every minute, and the handsomest of each degree will equally to-day admire, envy, and cozen each other." For "benches" read "carriages," and the quotation might be used by the Times to-morrow.

From 1704 to 1715 the waters gradually lost their reputation, through the knavery of one Livingstone, an apothecary, who had come to the town in 1690, when the waters were at the height of their popularity, and made much money. In 1706 he bought a piece of land some distance off in the town, and built thereon a large house, with an assembly-room and shops for milliners and toymen, raffles, dicing, and all other kinds of gaming. He planted a grove, made a bowling-green, at the end of which he sunk a

well, put down a pump, and laid pipes under ground to convey the water to a basin at the foot of his assembly-rooms. All this took about two years, and when it was finished, he called it the New Wells. Here he had concerts, balls, and assemblies, which for some time attracted the company from the old wells; and as the Queen was keeping her Court at Windsor, many of the nobility, with Prince George, the Queen's husband, patronised these balls. The new water did not possess the virtue of the old spring, the lease of which Livingstone had got into his own hands, and shut up, so that the town grew gradually more and more deserted before his death in 1727, although in 1720, owing to the South Sea bubble, the prosperity of the wells revived again for a short time, through the Dutch and German Jews who thronged to the suburban village and carried gaming to a great height.

When Mr. Parkhurst, the lord of the manor, got the lease of the wells into his hands in 1727, he repaired the old wells; and as the town was not much frequented by strangers, the neighbouring gentry used to come every Monday in the summer, to the number of one hundred and more, and have a public breakfast with cards, music, and dancing until three in the afternoon.

In 1760 the sea-bathing at Brighton came into vogue, which utterly extinguished the glories of Epsom wells, so that the very Spa house was pulled down in 1804, and houses built on its site.

In this interval the racing was steadily progressing to fill up the blank in the prosperity of the town caused by the decay of the reputation of the mineral springs. From 1730 races have been regularly held at Epsom in the months of May or June. Mrs. Delany, the friend of George III., was invited there in May, 1731. The "Rake's Progress" was published in 1735. In that picture of the series representing the Rake's levees, the jockey holds a silver punch bowl, on which is engraved, "Won by Silly Tom at Epsom." These races were not confined to thoroughbred horses only, as in 1730 the Hunter's Plate was won by Madcap, who, by his after performance, proved himself one of the best plate horses in England. The company used to go up on the Downs in the forenoon, and see some heats run. They then returned into the town to dinner, and went up in the afternoon to see the conclusion of the sports.

In 1736 Crazy Sall, daughter of Wallin, a pious bone-setter at Hindon, went and settled at Epsom. For some time she made no inconsiderable figure, earning twenty guineas per day, and attracted patients from all parts. She could reduce a dislocated shoulder

* Quoted in "The Poetaster's Garland," 1788.

without help, an operation which generally requires two assistants and a jack-towel. The neighbouring surgeons, jealous of her skill, upon one occasion sent an impostor to try her skill. She wrenched his wrist out, and told him to return to the fools that sent him. In spite of all advice she would contract an imprudent marriage with a man called Mapp, who ill-used her. All her *clientèle* forsook her, so she returned to London, where she was buried at the expense of the parish of St. Giles in 1737.*

"Pompous Burgoyne" was the natural son of Lord Bingley, who put him into the entail of his estate, but when his lordship's son came of age, the entail was cut off, so that Burgoyne took nothing by the motion. He entered the army at an early age, and displayed considerable military abilities in the Portuguese war of 1756. This, added to his taste and wit, made him upon his return to London a favourite in general society, and he made the most of his opportunity by running away with Lady Charlotte Stanley, daughter of the Earl of Derby.

In 1768 he was a candidate for Preston upon the Stanley interest. He allowed his partisans to commit the most disgraceful excesses, for which he was at the close of the election prosecuted, and fined one thousand pounds by the Court of King's Bench. To reimburse him, the place of customer at Exeter was sold to one Hine for four thousand pounds to be paid by him to Burgoyne. This raised the indignation of Junius, who accused him "of drawing a regular and splendid subsistence from unworthy practices by taking his stand, in his own house or elsewhere, and watching with the soberest attention for a fair opportunity of engaging a drunken young nobleman at piquet." Horace Walpole was no friend to Burgoyne, but on this occasion he took his part, and said that he did nothing more than play remarkably well. The election cost Burgoyne ten thousand pounds, which his skill at play did not enable him to recoup; so he was obliged to sell his villa of the Oaks, near Banstead, to his father-in-law. Upon the occasion of the first marriage of Lord Stanley (father of the present earl) with Lady Betty Hamilton, General Burgoyne wrote an opera, "The Maid of the Oaks," that still holds its own on the stage.

The late Earl of Derby was a thorough sportsman, and for many years kept a pack of stag-hounds in Surrey. The picture of his

hunter, Jonathan Griffin, on his grey horse, Spanker, may yet be seen in the old-fashioned inns of that county. In gratitude for the sport shown by him to his neighbours, in 1779 was first run at Epsom "The Oaks Stakes for three-year-old fillies." This was won by Lord Derby, and in the next year was run the first Derby Stakes, for three-year-old colts. From that time to this has there been an uninterrupted succession of these annual races.

I was reading the other day in a periodical an article that entirely denied the existence of luck.* The arguments therein contained were quite contrary to my experience of life. And I think the history of the Derby race bears me out. Money and power can do most things. Baron Contango can prevent an European war by refusing to negotiate the loan of a quarrelsome potentate. Earl Rupert carries in his pocket proxies enough to embarrass, if not turn out, any ministry. Both have for years tried all that money or skill could do towards breeding or owning the winner of the Derby, but in vain. Yet on one occasion it was won by a betting-man at the first time of asking. Another time the winner was trained by a man who at other times fed the pigs of his owner.

The horse that was favourite for the Derby all the winter—Lord Lyon—was trained at Illey, Berkshire. Exactly one hundred years before his birth was foaled at the same place the founder of the present breed of English race-horses—Eclipse by name. Admiral Rous may say that he was not good enough to win a fifty pound plate to-day. That will do for the Marines. Eclipse was as good, if not better, by nature—than any horse we have now, only the training made all the difference. Eclipse was trained and stood for many years at Clay Hill, near Epsom.

When did jockeys begin to wear top-boots? In the pictures of Eclipse, circa 1770, his jockey wears low shoes similar to what are now called Oxonians. In 1792 the "Sporting Magazine" commenced, and all the engravings represent jockeys as booted and spurred.

JOHN WILKINS, B.C.L.

THE FIERY CROSS.

ONE of the most popular pieces for Readings, —whether penny, public, or private,—in that most popular poem, "The Lady of the Lake," is the portion of the third canto that so vividly describes the sending forth of the Fiery Cross. In the introduction to this canto, the poet

* Smollett was a regular practitioner. In his "Travels through France and Italy," he wrote of the physician who attended him at Montpellier:—"I have some reason to think that the great professor F— has, like the famous Mrs. Mapp, the bone-setter, cured many patients that were never diseased."

* To suit the most fastidious reader I will accept as a definition of luck what Aristotle gives as the definition of chance; *ἡ ἐν ἀδυναμίᾳ αἰτία*.

speaks of the time when "the Fiery Cross glanced, like a meteor, round;" and, when young Angus is described as speeding forward with the Fiery Cross, we are told,

Benledi saw the Cross of Fire,
It glanced like lightning up Strath-Ire.

These and similar expressions combine to leave an idea on the mind of the English reader who has not carefully attended to the proceedings of Brian the Hermit after he had formed his "slender crosslet," that the Fiery Cross was a veritable cross of fire,—a crosslet that blazed brightly as it was borne rapidly along, and not a cross whose flaming points had been quenched in the blood of a slaughtered goat. And, if we may judge from the written and pictured page of popular English literature, it would almost seem that this erroneous impression as to the Fiery Cross was very general. Of course, well-informed artists, such as Mr. R. R. McIan, whose pencil has done so much to familiarise us with the people and customs of his native country, have not voluntarily adopted this vulgar error, and thereby sacrificed truth to pictorial effect, but have represented Malise, Angus, and other bearers of the fatal signal, as holding on high a small cross whose charred points have been dipped in blood. But the popular way of representing the Fiery Cross, as adapted to the commonly received idea of this peculiar Highland token for the instant assembling of a clan, is as a blazing brand or torch, on which a cross-piece of wood has been fixed; or with jets of fire issuing from the three points of the upper portion of the Cross,* whose bearer is shown speeding over moor and moss, after the fashion of the Will-o'-the-wisp.

Perhaps this is the theatrical method of realising the idea of the Fiery Cross. I am not aware if it gains admittance into the operatic "La Donna del Lago;" but I have a remembrance of once seeing, at a provincial theatre, the part of *Roderick Dhu* excellently ranted and roared by Mr. Hicks—the, 'bravo 'Icks!' of transpontine melodrama—who had been specially engaged as the star of the evening, and had produced his own adaptation of "The Lady of the Lake,"—a piece into which the poetry of Scott was made to lovetail into the couplets of Hicks in a very liverting manner. The diversion was by no means alleviated by the peculiar circumstances under which *Roderick Dhu* made his chief appearances upon the stage. The manager of the theatre had combined a little circus business with the representation of the more legitimate drama; and, as it was as necessary for him

to employ his stud of six spotted horses and two trick ponies, as it was for Mr. Crummles to bring forward his practicable pump and tubs, it behoved *Roderick Dhu* not only to make his exits and entrances upon a piebald steed, but also to shout his speeches from that steed's back more frequently than from those boards of the stage that were to him as his native heath. And, as Mr. Hicks was a person of much action and distinguished by a reckless and energetic delivery, and as, from the fact of his position in the saddle, he was precluded from much attitudinising or emphatic stamping, he endeavoured to infuse his accustomed vigour into his speeches by tugging at the bridle of his patient steed, and compelling him first to cross to the right, and then to the left, and then wheel round to the pit, as though his rider's words were too much for his feelings, and that it was but with difficulty he could be restrained from "urging on his wild career." The scene in which was represented "The sending forth of the Fiery Cross!" not only made a very effective show in the play-bill, but also on the stage. Mr. Hicks dismissed his piebald steed for a few minutes in order to throw the whole weight of his attitudes into the grand *tableau* that was to bring home to an English audience a faithful representation of the Highland method adopted by *Roderick Dhu* for the gathering of his clan. *Brian the Hermit* was in attendance; but the patriarch goat was dispensed with. The vassals, however, were there—including the check-taker (whom I recognised by his squint and mutton-chop whiskers), and other supernumeraries impressed for that occasion; and when *Brian* held out the cross and uttered the curse (into which Mr. Hicks had infused a few stronger expletives), they shouted in chorus, "Woe to the traitor, woe!" dwelling on the "woe!" with an energy which the six spotted steeds and the two trick ponies behind the scenes may have mistaken for a cry that was specially intended for their benefit. Then Mr. Hicks himself took the cross, the three points of which had been steeped in tar; these he carefully lighted, and when all three points were ablaze, he took up his position on the extreme right of the stage, and thus addressed *Malise*, who stood on the extreme left of the stage, in a couplet of Scott, adapted by Hicks:—

Here, take the cross! speed, Malise, speed!
The muster-place be Llanrick mead.

Mr. Hicks then shied the cross through the air, so that it described a rapid arc of fire across the whole width of the stage; and as it fell it was dexterously caught by *Malise*, who, amid the demonstrations of the impressed check-taker and the other supernumeraries,

* It was thus represented in a large cartoon in "Punch," vol. xxi., page 95, illustrative of an Irish ecclesiastical subject.

rushed with it up the stage, disappeared for a moment, then reappeared, crossing a practicable rock, from which he stepped down behind the scenes, to blow out the flaming tar and put aside the Fiery Cross for the next night's performance.

Now, when I saw this representation of "the sending forth of the Fiery Cross," and heard its merits attested by the applause of a crowded house, I could not but admire the skillful way in which Mr. Hicks had adapted Scott's poem, if not to his own apprehension, at any rate to that of the majority of his audience. If he had presumed to send out the Fiery Cross without the accompaniment of visible fire, he would have rashly endangered the success of the piece, and would have needlessly interfered with a popular notion. As it was, he crowned with success, instead of ruining, the effective point of the scene, and caused the curtain to descend with applause.

To turn, however, from Mr. Hicks and melodrama, to Scott and history. In his notes to the poem of "The Lady of the Lake," its author tells us that the Fiery Cross was also called "*Cran Tarigh*, or the Cross of Shame, because disobedience to what the symbol implied inferred infamy." But it was also known by other names. Dr. Browne, in his "*History of the Highlands*," calls it *Tarie*; Dr. John Smith, of Campbeltown, the celebrated historian and Gaelic scholar, calls it *Cran-tara*—"the beam of gathering;" and it is mentioned thus in his Ossianic poem "Dargo":—"The song ceased; but its sound was still in our ear, as the voice of the gale when its course is past. Our eyes were turned to the sea. On the distant wave arose a cloud. We knew the skiff of Innisfail. On its mast we saw the *Cran-tara* hung. 'Spread,' said Comhal, 'the white wings of my sails. On the waves we fly to help our friends.' . . . But, see that light of Innisfail; see the *Cran-tara* fly! Danger is nigh the king." Dr. Smith says that the *Cran-tara* means, in general, a signal of distress; that it was properly a piece of wood, half burnt and dipped in blood, which was conveyed with all possible expedition from one hamlet to another in cases of imminent danger; and that the fire and blood might intimate either the danger apprehended from the invaders, or a threatening to such as did not immediately repair to the chieftain's standard.

The Fiery Cross appears to have been a custom to other northern nations; and it had yet another name in the Western Highlands than those already mentioned; for in Cantire (South Argyllshire) I have met with it under the name of *Croistar*. The cross was prepared in a similar way, and with the like rites to the

Cran Tarigh of Scott's poem; but with this local peculiarity added to the ceremony described in "The Lady of the Lake." When the chieftain, at the close of his speech that denounced vengeance upon their enemies, had proclaimed the appointed place for the tryst, he gave the cross to the clansman who was commissioned to be its first bearer; but he, instead of instantly bounding away with it, as did Malise, "the messenger of blood and brand," first repeated the words of his chieftain's command, in order to ensure its having been faithfully committed to his memory, and then, holding his Fiery Cross on high, thrice made the circuit of the assembled vassals, shouting as he did so, "*Croistar! croistar!*" They answered him with the same cry of "*Croistar! croistar!*" and then he fled on fleetest foot to rouse the dwellers in the remotest glens with the fatal symbol of the Fiery Cross.

CUTHBERT BEDDE.

A. CONFESSION.

I.
To be deceived, if not to be deceiving,
Is in the nature of all mortal love;
You I deceived, though loved past all believing,
Listen, fair Emma, whilst my words I prove.

II.
Rememb' rest still that balmy May-time morning,
When Nature laugh'd in every bird and flower,
When at thy knees I wept thy cruel scornings?—
A vegetable essence caused that shower.

III.
And hast thou still those sonnets to thy glory,
That tender verse I wrote one Christmas day?
I said I wrote it,—but I told a story
Of an old bait oft cast for other prey.

IV.
You never can forget that act of daring,
Without which act your wrath had then exploded;
I placed the pistol to my brow despairing,
You scream'd—fond Emma, it was never loaded.

V.
That rout, too, where I was your rapt adorer,
The time, you said, so very quickly flew—
I worshipp'd you to gain the grace of Laura;
She may love me, I thought, by hating you.

VI.
That summer eve I said my heart was dying
With jealous fears of love for other men:
The time I broke away without replying—
I went to meet Allegra in the glen.

VII.
When I at last return'd, my pale complexion
Sadden'd you; this, I said, with many a sigh,
Is fruit of silent love, of deep affection—
Chloe be witness that I told no lie.

VIII.
"Yet, wherefore, sir, this irony—this laughter?"
—You were deceived, yet more than you deceived;
Go—and be wiser in your love hereafter,
For know, your protests were all disbelieved."

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.



CHAPTER XXXII. LAWRENCE UNDERSTANDS.

UT few of my readers are likely to be acquainted with even the external appearance of the parish church of Stepney—with that St. Dunstan's which is really much more St. Dunstan's-in-the-East than Sir Christopher Wren's famous lantern edifice—with that St. Dunstan's

where the stone from Carthage makes its prosaic lamentation in very bad poetry—where The Spectator found food for satire—where Dame Rebecca Berry, the fortunate heroine of "The Fish and the Ring," sleeps that sleep which no dreams of romance come to disturb—where rests an individual who has chosen to send his name down to posterity in the following fashion:—

"Whoever treadeth on this stone,
I pray you tread most neatly;
For underneath the same doth lie
Your honest friend Will Wheatley"—

where another person has even less weight of epitaph, and remains content with assuring us that—

"Here lies the body of Daniel Saul,
Spitalfields weaver, and that is all"—

where, in fact, there is much which is old, interesting, and instructive, surrounded by a vast deal more which is very modern, very sad, and very repelling.

Great at one time was the parish of Stepney, comprising, as it did, Limehouse, Stratford-le-Bow, Bethnal Green, Spitalfields, Poplar, Shadwell, and St. George's-in-the-East. Wide were its boundaries, vast its extent: it reached down to the Thames; it wandered beside the Lea; it stretched right away into London; it gathered in its tithes from north, east, south, and west; the shadow of that old grey tower lay across many a field; its priests garnered the tenth of all the corn that grew and ripened over many a wide acre of country.

Time was when St. Dunstan's stood in the centre of a large tract of arable marsh mea-

dow, and pasture land. Seventy years since, even, after the parish had been grievously shorn of its fair proportions—after its size was curtailed, and district upon district taken out of its once vast extent—there were fifteen hundred and thirty acres still unbuilt over—fifteen hundred acres that are now covered thick with houses—filled to overflowing with densely packed human beings.

It is not a genteel neighbourhood at this moment of writing. The pleasant houses of the old citizens who used to repair to Stepney for change of air, and to enjoy the delights of the country, are gone almost without exception. The quaint red brick mansions, the shady gardens, the winding walks, the sheltered paddocks, the rich meadows, these things are phantoms and memories of the long ago. Streets cover the green fields of a few years since; lines and lines of small houses have obliterated the former land-marks, have changed the appearance of the whole neighbourhood. The little village of Stibenhede, lying some distance out of town, is now a part and parcel of the great Babylon itself. The most countrified-looking portion of Stepney is at present its graveyard;—the only vestige of respectable or picturesque antiquity which the parish contains is its church.

And that stands dark and still the same as ever. It stands among the houses, as it once stood in the midst of the sweet country, with its grey hoary tower rearing itself against the sky; and the bells, the sweet sounds whereof formerly floated over garden and meadow and marsh, now ring out amidst brick and mortar and stone—now peal joyously or toll mournfully, in the ears of men and women who reside where the lark once made her lonely nest, where cowslips grew and cattle browsed, in the days when London and the din thereof were things that lay far away from St. Dunstan's and Stepney.

Now, friends, the fifteen hundred acres are built over; there are streets where there were field-paths, alleys where there were hedgerows; there is a great population of struggling men and careworn women congregated together around the old church where Olivine Sondes and Lawrence Barbour became in due time man and wife.

Their wedding was no private affair. trans-

acted in a corner, effected by means of a couple of carriages, a sleepy clergyman, a disgusted clerk, and an indignant pew-opener. That was no ceremony muddled over as though the pair felt properly ashamed of themselves, and desired to let the world know as little of their folly as might be. In the midst of the congregation the twain were married. From amongst a select body of respectable parishioners collected inside the church, and a mob of ragged urchins and questionable roughs gathered about the gates, perched on the low wall surrounding the graveyard, holding on by the iron railings, and scattered over the tombs, Lawrence Barbour, surrounded by his friends and her friends, bore away his girl-wife proudly and gracefully enough.

Reversing the usual rule, he grew very fond of Olivine after he was engaged to her; he came to love her with the same kind of love as a man who has had a hard life gets in time to feel for the sweet home rest, for the great peace of a quiet domestic existence.

With her there were no storms nor tempests, no dark quarrels, no great bursts of sunshine. It was all like the calm of a still summer evening; it was all first love and adoration and clinging affection on the one side, and on the other, something which was very like love, and which promised to supply the place of that rather uncertain passion to admiration.

Lawrence himself, at all events, was satisfied; so were Olivine and Mr. Sondes, and the spectators and the bridal party, with the exception, it might be, of Percy Forbes, who, standing back a little, among the least honourable guests, lifted his eyes for a moment when Lawrence and Olivine became man and wife, and looked first at him and then at her, and then fixedly at Mr. Sondes.

It was a curiously comprehensive look, and there was something peculiar about it which attracted the attention and aroused the curiosity of more than one person in the church.

"Whatever, Mr. Forbes, are you a-staring at Mrs. Barbour for so particular?" asked Mrs. Jackson, getting Percy pinned up against a pew-door, and putting the question in a flutter of feminine amazement.

"I wanted to see how a bride looked at the especial moment when she leaves hope behind," answered Percy, lightly. "Frankly, I must say I think a woman accepts the inevitable with more resignation than a man. It is an interesting study that of bride and bridegroom. I shall probably pursue it in other churches."

"What a character you are!" exclaimed Mrs. Jackson.

"A good one I hope," he returned; and then he followed the bridal party into the

vestry, and beheld Olivine signing, with a pretty confusion, her maiden name for the last time. When she finished she chanced to look up, and caught Percy's glance fixed upon her; and over the heads bent down to scrutinise the signatures in the registry, she smiled at her old friend with a sweet abashed timidity.

She was losing her courage, and he saw it; she was turning on the very threshold of her new life to look half-regretfully on the life which might never be more; and over the heads, through the little crowd, she smiled back and nodded encouragingly, and the young thing took heart again.

She passed close by where he stood when she walked down the aisle clinging to Lawrence's arm, but she never knew till the years were come and gone that he had caught a fold of her white dress as it touched him in her progress—caught it just for a moment in his despair at feeling she had gone from him for ever.

What a sweet, young, girlish, innocent creature she was, floating away from him in a cloud of white; strangers even turned to look at her; the aged women who thronged the free seats said she looked just like an angel; and Percy Forbes, who heard one of them utter this remark, and felt that it exactly expressed his own thought in the matter, gave the old crone a sovereign, and left her standing in the church-porch in a state of wonderment unspeakable.

There was a goodly company bidden to the wedding-breakfast. Olivine's few relatives were there, and all Lawrence Barbour's kindred to the third and fourth generations. He had taken care to let it be pretty generally known amongst his people that Olivine was not merely an heiress, but that she had gentle blood in her veins to boot; and that, moreover, he himself had every chance of some day becoming a millionaire.

All of which proved irresistible. From far and from near the Barbours came flocking; and Stepney Causeway and the Commercial Road saw that day such a sight of carriages and coachmen and footmen, and grand gentlemen and great ladies, as astonished the minds of the juvenile population, and caused many a workman to stand open-mouthed looking at the show, when he should have been making better use of the hour allotted to him for dinner.

"Yes," remarked Lawrence Barbour to Mr. Perkins, while he surveyed his fashionable relatives with a certain contempt, "they can come fast enough now; but if you had not helped me up, I think I might have waited long enough for the pleasure of their society;" and he wrung Mr. Perkins' hand as he spoke, and Mr. Perkins wrung his in return, for the

chemist felt pleased and gratified at this, the most grateful speech he had ever heard his kinsman utter.

Quite in a flutter, with visions of heaven knows what splendid future looming before him,—with a dim idea of bearing a Barbour of Mallingford once more,—with a strange sense of being at once a very insignificant and a very important performer in the day's proceedings,—Mr. Barbour senior came up at this juncture to the window where Mr. Perkins and Lawrence stood talking, and would have shaken hands with the former but that the chemist, turning very red, buried his hands in the very depths of his trousers' pockets, trying hard all the while to look as though he did not think Mr. Barbour had intended it.

Truth was, the chemist could not forget the manner in which the country gentleman had repelled his friendly advances in the days that were gone. Humble though he might be, he had felt, and felt keenly, the freezing civility, the immeasurable superiority, the intense pride of Mr. Barbour's demeanour when Mr. Barbour came up to see Lawrence in the hospital.

"I can be friendly to a man always," Mr. Perkins remarked subsequently to his partner, "or I can be friendly to a man never; but I cannot be both;" at which observation Mr. Sondes laughed, and said, "You know a good deal of chemistry, but you know very little of the world."

"If blowing hot one day and cold the next constitutes knowledge of the world, I do not wish to change my ignorance," Mr. Perkins retorted, and Mr. Sondes laughed again.

But at a later period of the entertainment, after the happy pair had left for the Continent, after a considerable number of toasts had been honoured, and speeches made, and champagne swallowed, Mr. Perkins, seeing how Mr. Barbour was neglected by his grand kinsfolk, how it was in honour of the man who had won the first heat in the Race for Wealth, and not out of respect to his father, or because of any sentiment concerning blood being thicker than water, that the notables had honoured the East End with their presence; seeing these things, I say, the chemist relented and went and talked to Mr. Barbour, who was somewhat broken down in those days, physically as well as mentally.

And Mr. Barbour felt grateful to Mr. Perkins for his good nature. Vaguely he understood that the old Barbour of Mallingford—who had spent freely, who, having inherited a mortgaged property, had not been wise in time, who was but the least branch of a very poor and unprofitable tree—seemed amazingly insignificant in the eyes of a new generation,

who worshipped a much more prosaic and tangible god than Birth.

There was Edmund now,—Edmund, who had never soiled his hands with trade, nor taxed his brain with arithmetic, nor lived in the East End, nor done anything greatly unbefitting a gentleman and a curate,—there was Edmund who had assisted that very morning in tying the knot matrimonial, and nobody took much notice even of him.

The world Mr. Barbour once knew had gone; the good old times were for him a legend of past; the son he had tried to keep back from independence and wealth was of more social importance than himself; and all these views the old man, weeping abundantly, confided at a subsequent period to Mr. Perkins.

"My opinion of the matter being," observed Mrs. Perkins to her inferior half, "that you had both of you had twice too much wine;" which opinion was the harder to bear patiently since Mr. Perkins chanced to have been exceedingly moderate in his enthusiasm, and Mrs. Perkins rather the reverse.

As for Ada, the extent to which that young person ate and drank and giggled and flirted with Percy Forbes, who chanced to be the only man present who had the happiness of her acquaintance, filled her father with an unspeakable shame.

He had never seen his daughter in society before, and he certainly had never thought less of her in his life.

"My dear," he ventured to Mrs. Perkins, "do you not think that if Ada were a little quieter——"

"Now, there you go," interrupted his wife; "it is so like men to be always interfering with every bit of innocent enjoyment a girl has, and to be wanting to keep back their children's high spirits, poor things. What was I like when you married me, before trouble and the cares of a family broke me down, and made the drudge of me I am? What was I like?"

Which, being a question incapable of receiving a complimentary answer, Mr. Perkins shirked by saying, "That he really could not remember."

"There's love for you!" exclaimed Mrs. Perkins, addressing an imaginary audience; "there's a husband; it is no wonder Mr. Sondes treats me like dirt, when the man I married, whose children I am the mother of, says he cannot remember what I was like when he first popped the question. And it seems to me only like yesterday since you and me was walking home together——"

"I recollect all that," interrupted Mr. Perkins, hastily; "but our courtship has nothing to do with Ada. I do not want to

see her dull or moping; still I wish she would keep herself a little more to herself."

"You'd like to see her such another as that Olivine Sondes, or Mrs. Lawrence Barbour, as I must call her now, I suppose?" retorted Mrs. Perkins; "you'd want to make your daughter into just such another piece of melancholy and affectation; but if that's your notion, Josiah, of a nice girl, it's not mine. If you can turn against your own flesh and blood, it is more nor I can do; if you have the heart to put a strait-waistcoat on a young creature's high spirits and natural liveliness, I won't stand by and see it done. Whoever comes and marries our Ada, won't come and marry her for her money, I hope. I don't want to say anything reflecting on you, Josiah, or hurtful to your feelings, but when a young man is jilted by one young lady, and takes up right away with another, people will talk. I am sure when Lawrence asked Mr. Alwyn to-day how his daughter was, his face quite changed. I'd have been sorry to see any one as was a-going to marry our Ada turn like ashes in a minute, and drink cold water as he did. I declare it gave me quite a faint feeling. 'Do you see that?' I says to Mr. Forbes.

"See what?" says he.

"The bridegroom's face;" and he turned and looked, and understood it all before you could count ten.

"It is one of his old attacks," he answered, quite careless like; but I knew the kind of old attack it was, and so did Mr. Forbes.

"I hope she'll be happy," I said, to try him what he thought.

"God grant it;" and it was wonderful the serious manner he had with him.

"But still I think as there's a lady he'd rather have had without a shilling than Olivine Sondes, if she was made of gold."

"Now, quit that." It was Mr. Perkins who spoke the words; but Mrs. Perkins could not have recognised his voice, it was so changed by anger, so thick with passion. "Quit that, I say," and he struck his clenched hand on the table, making the tea-cups rattle with his violence; "if you cannot speak without making mischief, hold your tongue; if you cannot use your eyes without seeing something to make other people miserable, I had rather you were blind at once. What has Lawrence done to you that you should call him a mercenary villain? How has Olivine injured you that you should say things of her husband which would make her wretched for life if they came round to her ears? Don't let me hear any more such woman's gossip, don't, I warn you;" and Mr. Perkins left the room and shut the door after him with a bang.

"Well, did you ever?" said Mrs. Perkins,

once again addressing an imaginary audience; and silence seeming to give consent that the imaginary audience never had, Mrs. Perkins poured out another cup of tea and solaced herself therewith.

Mr. Alwyn likewise had been of the number of the guests, and made merry at Lawrence's expense.

"Did not we always say how it would be?" he asked the bridegroom. "From the time I saw Miss Sondes first at Grays, I thought it would be a match. How I wish Etta had been in England to have made one of us to-day. Perhaps you may see her abroad. If you make any stay in Paris, be sure you let her know, that she may call on your wife. Promise me you will, there's a good fellow. Are you off? Pleasant journey; God bless you! Good bye, Mrs. Barbour, and God bless you. Ah! we always said how it would end."

With which piece of prophetic wisdom Mr. Alwyn appeared to be so delighted that he repeated how he had always said it would be a match, to almost every person in the room.

"Yes," he declared to Mr. Perkins, "I felt confident Sondes would marry his niece to Barbour, and keep her near him. A confoundingly good thing it must be for Barbour; he has made a capital hit, anyhow."

"He has worked very hard," Mr. Perkins ventured to insinuate.

"He has worked too hard," answered Mr. Alwyn; "he could not have held on at the same pace much longer. After all, the best thing possible for him was doing precisely what he has done. A pretty wife—wealthy uncle—good business. I suppose you are making your five or six thousand a-year out of Distaff Yard, Perkins?"

"I wish we were," said Mr. Perkins, simply.

"Nonsense, man; you must be coining there."

"If we are, it is coppers, then," was the reply. "The commissioners are so sharp on us now, we have to alter our processes every week. There used to be a fair profit on thorough good articles; but the trade is not worth having, pestered to death as we are. If it were not for Lawrence, I think we must have closed long ago; but he delights in cheating the analysers. He adds and he takes away, and keeps them in a continual ferment. Pity he had not gone in for regular chemistry. He might have made a name and a fortune to talk about."

"Would not have had health for it," answered Mr. Alwyn.

"Yes he would, when he first came to London," replied Mr. Perkins.

"Thank you, sir, for reminding me of his misfortune and of our obligation," said Mr.

Alwyn, drawing himself up. "It was not necessary, however. I have never forgotten the debt I owe him. I am never likely to forget it."

Whereupon Mr. Perkins declared he meant nothing by his remark; it was simply a remark, and nothing more; he intended no sneer; and he trusted Mr. Alwyn would not think he had desired to convey the slightest reproach.

"Don't say another word of apology," said Mr. Alwyn, completely mollified by Mr. Perkins' humility. "I am certain you did not mean it—that the remark was unintentional; but you can understand how we feel in the matter. You know it must be rather a sore subject. If," went on Mr. Alwyn, with a poor attempt at a smile, "if I had been a millionaire, and able to give my daughter to a struggling man, why, then the end of the story might have been different. Or if Barbour could have got a partnership, perhaps some arrangement—eh? you understand. As things turned out, however, what was I to do? Etta had been accustomed to every luxury, to every conceivable comfort. She never could have endured poverty, or even mere competence. It would have been misery for both—utter misery. Still, you know, they ought to have been able to marry; things ought somehow to have turned out all right for them. Not but what I think Barbour will be happier as it is. Still, for all that, you know when a man perils his life for a woman, he naturally expects some return; and I fear he, poor fellow, at one time did feel disappointed. I wanted to say this to somebody belonging to him, and I hope we shall all be good friends. Perhaps you will some day understand that I could not help it, and that this is a better match for your relative in every way. And if I ever can be of any use to you or him, or his wife, or your wife, come to me without hesitation. There—there—don't thank me; it is nothing. God bless you. I hope you'll do well."

"I wonder if his mind is going," was Mr. Perkins' inward commentary on this speech; and he thought the matter over and over, till at last he decided there was some fresh screw loose—that the house of Alwyn and Hurst must be tottering.

"Do you not think Mr. Alwyn is looking very ill?" he asked his partner. "He seems to me so worn, and haggard, and strange."

"He is either going into his grave, or the Bankrupt Court," answered Mr. Sondes; "perhaps both."

The same idea had occurred to Lawrence, and he thought much oftener during his honeymoon of Mr. Alwyn and Mr. Alwyn's affairs than Olivine would exactly have approved, had she been able to read his mind.

As it was, she took what measure of attention Lawrence accorded her gratefully; knowing no better, she thought the love he gave her was all he had to give, and felt satisfied. If, after a few weeks, he grew restless and desirous of returning to London, it never occurred to the young wife that he was tired of her. He was very kind to, and thoughtful for, her. He had made up his mind that he would be a good and faithful husband, but still day by day he became more and more conscious that such love as he had once felt for Etta Alwyn he could never feel for Olivine; and day by day he grew more afraid of looking into his own heart, lest he should find that already he repented him of marrying.

It was pleasant to be worshipped as Olivine worshipped him; to be loved wholly and entirely by even such a young, unformed, simple creature; it was delicious to feel she believed in him perfectly; thought him the best, and the cleverest, and the kindest of created beings; but it was not so pleasant to be bound for life to love and cherish in return.

Honeymoons, he decided, were mistakes. If he had never been thrown so completely on his wife's society, he would never have found out half of what was in his heart concerning her. He would get back to London, and to work. He longed for the busy life, for the occupied minutes once again. He was sick of idleness, weary of a holiday which had grown tedious in the extreme. He looked for his letters with eagerness; he read news from the old business world with avidity; he was much more interested in hearing of orders, than in listening to Olivine's ecstasies.

"I think," said Mr. Perkins, in one of his brief epistles, "you had better not prolong your stay beyond the month, as Mr. Sondes is far from well; and things will go to the deuce in Goodman's Fields, if there is not some one to see to them."

How Lawrence blessed his kinsman for that sentence! "Olivine, dearest, your uncle is not very well," he remarked, knowing perfectly what the result would be.

"Not well!" she echoed, "what is the matter? Will you go home? May we go back at once? Oh! Lawrence, don't think me selfish, but I cannot be happy here any longer. Is he very ill? Is he able to attend to business? What is the matter?"

"Mr. Perkins does not say," answered Lawrence. "Here is a letter from Forbes—perhaps he tells us something more;" and the young man opened the envelope and read on in silence, Olivine standing before him, and waiting for particulars.

"Here it is," Lawrence continued, at last,—
"Mr. Sondes is not at all well, has not been

out of the house for a week. He will not allow me to send for you, but that is no reason why you should not know of his illness and use your own discretion."

"Have you heard of Alwyn's failure? such a smash! and not a sixpence of personal property. Mallingford belongs to Mr. Gainswoode, and the creditors are in such a rage. Gainswoode bought it from his father-in-law when he married Miss Etta."

"What is the matter? what more does he say about my uncle?" asked Olivine in affright, for she saw her husband's face change as he read the latter paragraph to himself.

"He does not say anything more about your uncle, dear," Lawrence answered; "upon my word he does not, Olivine. 'I read you every syllable that concerns him; all the rest is a business matter—entirely business;'" and he thrust the letter into his pocket, and then kissed his wife with a kind of desperate remorse. He knew at last why Etta Alwyn had jilted him; and he knew also at the same moment that, feeling as he did towards her, he ought never to have married Olivine Sondes.

(To be continued.)

UEBERLINGEN.

It is well known that not so very long ago a number of distinguished literary men went to live together by the Cumberland lakes, and formed a school of poetry known as that of the Lakers. Thomas Moore, who was not of this school, mentions an individual whose connection with lakes was still closer, for it appears on his authority that the O'Donoghue, at least as a disembodied spirit, lives in the Lake of Killarney:—

For when the last April sun grows dim,
The Naiads prepare his steed for him
Who dwells, bright lake, in thee.

The true explanation of the legend of the O'Donoghue is, doubtless, the following. The real blue-blooded Irishman is of immense antiquity, and his ancestors belonged to a branch of that strange and perhaps antediluvian people who lived by choice in lakes, that is to say, in villages built on piles in the shallow waters. This theory is corroborated by the fact that the modern Fenians retain in so marked a manner the savage nature of their forefathers the Lakers, *par excellence*. But, joking apart, the daily observation of scientific men is showing that if not the lakes of Ireland, at all events the more open lakes of Switzerland were swarming hives of population, and that villages were inhabited in them by the three successive ages of stone, bronze, and iron, the last race living there until historical times.

One of the richest spots on earth or water, in discoveries of this kind, is that arm, or rather finger, of the lake of Constanz (for it has as nearly as possible the shape of the human index, nail and all) which stretches into the land of Baden from Constanz to Ludwigshafen, and is called the lake of Ueberlingen. It has clear bright green waters, and low wooded banks, alternating with occasional bluffs, and just where the heavy signet-ring on a German forefinger would be, lies the gem-like island of Mainau, where the Grand Duke of Baden has a summer residence. Just beyond the first joint of the finger on the eastern bank lies the ancient town, the subject of this notice. In places in the neighbourhood of Ueberlingen, thousands of remains of piles have been found, with all kinds of implements used by the primeval villagers. As my visit was made in the early summer, when the water is high, nothing of the kind was to be seen; but even those who came in the winter would be doomed to disappointment, as the different curiosities are immediately carried away to the various Swiss museums. I was enabled to see a goodly number of lacustrine articles in the museum of Bern, not as yet classed or catalogued, and that at Zurich is said to be much richer. Ueberlingen possesses many objects of antiquarian interest apart from the pile-buildings, and this was my inducement to visit it in the first days of June, 1865—a short spell of overcast weather having brought to a close a sojourn in the canton of Appenzell, which enabled me to see the Alpine flora in all its vernal glory, and to enjoy to perfection the panoramic view from the top of the Sentis mountain, on which occasion the descent was greatly facilitated by the great extent of the snow-fields below the summit. From St. Gallen to Rorschach the train spun down the curves of the line by its own weight along the brink of a picturesque gorge. At Rorschach there is good lake-bathing, and the bather may dive among multitudes of great fish with their astonished eyes looking at him through the glass-clear water. There is a steamer to Constanz, and thence to Ueberlingen, where the excellent Lion, standing with his forepaws in the lake, opens his hospitable jaws, not to feed on, but to feed the tourist, at most reasonable charges. On the afternoon of my arrival, I found my fly-rod, which had been waging war against the trout of the Sitter, hooking innumerable little white fish, probably dace, from the terrace of the hotel. An attack on the lake trout from a boat proved less successful; they will not look at a fly, at least in most weathers, and are only to be caught by deep trolling with smaller fish.

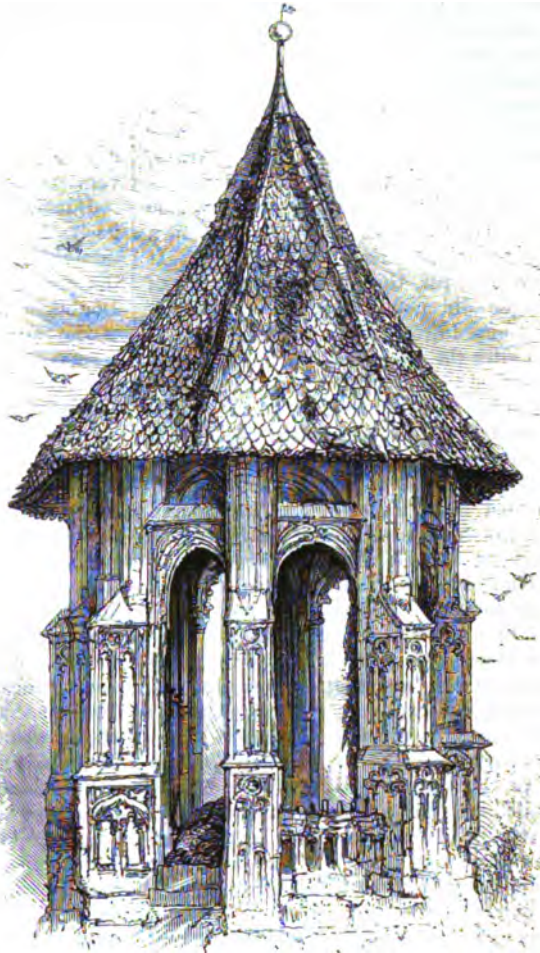
One might be tempted to lounge away the day on the pleasant terrace of the Gasthof zum Löwen, were it not that there are other lions at Ueberlingen, imperiously demanding attention. A walk of about two miles through the town and along the high-road skirting the lake in the direction of its head, leads to some cliffs of pinkish sandstone, in the face of which a staircase is cut which those liable to giddiness would do best not to ascend. This staircase leads to some curious caves, which are seen to be the entrances to galleries burrowed in the cliff, instantly suggestive of Petra in Idumæa—

That rose-red city, half as old
as time,

as it is well-called in a prize poem, I think, by Mr. Ruskin. Absolutely nothing is known of the history of these "Heidenlöcher," or "Holes of Heathen," as they are called by the natives. Some suppose them to have been places of refuge for Christians during the persecution of Decius; but this supposition seems to rest on no good authority.

I would venture to suggest, in the absence of all authentic data, that some Roman proconsul or tribune stationed at Iburga, having served in the East and seen Petra, in order to amuse his leisure and keep his legionaries at work, caused these galleries to be hollowed out, or at least fashioned in accordance with the cosmopolitan piety of the Romans, to serve as the temple of some outlandish god, and as a summer-house at the same time, the view over the lake being charming. These caves were of very considerable extent before their partial destruction in the making of the highway. Formerly, it is said, it was possible to distinguish a compartment fronting the east, which was of much finer workmanship, the rooms of which are eleven or twelve feet high, from another division at the back to the west. The Roman style is seen in the mouldings of the architraves, and the general character of the

pilasters; but this by no means stamps the work with a Roman origin necessarily, as Roman architecture was the basis of all the



Mount of Olives. (See page 541.)

earlier architecture of the Middle Ages. The fact that one of the chambers shows the same rudimentary cross-vaulting which appears in the crypt of the Karolingian Church at Oberzell, in the island of Rüdchenau, might point to the same date; but then it must always be borne in mind that it was very easy to make alterations where no pulling down, only scraping and scooping, was necessary. In fact, these curious galleries may be as old as the pile-buildings of the lake, since they might have been first burrowed out with very rude implements, and, like the pile-buildings, would have offered security against wild beasts. Then the Romans might have worked upon them, as well as the masons of the time of

Charles the Great. This indeed appears probable, from a portion of the galleries and caves being left in the rough, while the other part has an architectural character. There is another theory that these caves were Roman burial places of the time of the wars with the Alemanni, which may possibly be true, without invalidating the other conjectures. The only thing certain about the history of the Heidenlöcher is, that they became in later times the refuge of gipsies and other Arabs, and the same reason was given for their destruction as for the removal of the colonnade from Regent Circus,—that they had become a nuisance to neighbouring respectability. It is a pity, however, that the respectability of Ueberlingen did not go to the expense of putting a guard over a monument so interesting, and alter the course of the high road by a few hundred yards. It is mentioned by Dr. Schnars in his valuable work on the Bodensee (Cotta, Stuttgart and Augsburg, 1857), that such habitations are common in the neighbourhood of Naples, of very ancient origin, and adapted from time to time to modern wants. The high road which destroyed the best part of the Heidenlöcher (1848) also proved fatal to a hermitage hewn in the rock farther on towards Brunnensbach, and an old chapel of St. Catherine, the old Byzantine pictures and votive tablets of which were distributed among the neighbouring sanctuaries. By prolonging the walk along the bank of the lake, the prettily-situated village of Sipplingen is arrived at. This village had formerly a bad name for the sourness of its wine, which was divided into three qualities: the "school-wine," so called because it might be administered to induce reluctant boys to go to school; the "four-men wine," so called because it required one man to drink it, one to pour it down his throat, and two to hold the drinker; and the "stocking wine," so called because it would mend holes in stockings from the force of its acid. A story is told at Lindau accounting for the origin of the acidity of the See-wein in connection with certain mythical wanderings of our Lord and St. Peter; but as when told on one occasion, it caused a Catholic clergyman to take his hat and walk off, it is scarcely advisable to repeat it here. The wine at Sipplingen is said to have much improved in later times; and I can vouch for the excellence of the Meersburger, which grows near a romantic town at the other side of the Ueberlingen. The Meersbruger has somewhat the quality of very mild sherry, with a little more of vinous flavour. In the neighbourhood of the village of Sipplingen are some highly interesting castles, rich in curious legends; amongst them Hohenfels, residence

of a famous Minnesinger Burkhardt, and of the benevolent Countess Hildegard, who founded several cloisters and charitable institutions. A story is told regarding one of the castles, which is exactly parallel to that of Hero and Leander. A knight who lived there loved one Fraülein von Kargegg, whose castle was on the opposite side, and swam across nightly to visit her, directed by a light in a window of a tower. He was at last drowned in a storm, and the lady took the veil.

But it is time to return to Ueberlingen itself, looking in by the way on the bath establishment, which is on a larger scale than the present influx of visitors would require. Doubtless its spirited promoters live in hopes of the railway system being extended to this corner of Baden. At present even the communication by steamer is somewhat indirect. There is a very pleasant garden connected with the establishment with a terrace looking on the lake, and every convenience both for bathing therein and for drinking the mineral waters. The springs contain iron and salts of different kinds, and the water is clear and fresh, and pleasant to the taste. They are said to have been discovered when Pepin, the Major Domus of the Frank Emperor, was at war with the Alemanni, but from the importance of the place under the Romans, it is not improbable that they were known earlier. The first authentic notice of Ueberlingen, which was after Bodungo, the first Alemanian settlement on the lake of Constanz, gives it the name of Iburinga in connection with the history of St. Gall, who cured Friedburga, the daughter of the Frankish Duke Gunso in Ueberlingen, according to the legend, of a malady which consisted in possession by an evil spirit, which flew out of her mouth in the form of a raven.

It was at that time only a hamlet, with a castle, for in records of the year 776 it is still called "Iburinga villa publica." By the middle of the twelfth century, however, it appears to have grown into a considerable town, which, in 1155, received a visit from the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa. Ueberlingen was a municipality during the continuance of the Duchy of Suabia, and afterwards was annexed to the confederacy of Imperial towns, receiving from Konradin peculiar privileges, and choosing its own burgomaster. The office of stadthamman or governor was an imperial fief, held by different families in succession. In 1397 it purchased its entire freedom, and became a Free City of the Empire. In the middle of this fourteenth century it disgraced itself by a persecution of the Jews, burning 300 of them with the house in

which they were shut up, on the usual pretext of their having murdered a Christian boy for the Paschal sacrifice. Similar scenes appear to have occurred at other towns on the lake. The power of the town grew so much after this, that in 1528 King Ferdinand commended his possessions in Outer Austria to the protection of Ueberlingen. In the peasant war it suffered to a certain extent; but the peasants were roughly handled by the burgomaster, Jacob Kessering, and another citizen, Reichlin von Meldegg, and 150 of the prisoners taken by them were publicly beheaded on the Gred-platz; an event commemorated by a painting in the Town Hall, and also by the addition of a naked sword to the lion in the arms of the town by Charles V. The Reformation took no root in Ueberlingen, and the Bishop and Chapter of Constanstanz found shelter there in 1527.

The land had peace till about 1633, when the Swedes came—the avengers of down-trodden Protestantism. But a work was brought to completion now which had been a century in progress—the vast city ditch, which is still seen, overgrown with ivy and planted with shrubs into a pleasure-garden, hewn in the solid sandstone to the semblance of a natural mountain chasm. By the aid of this, and the valour of its inhabitants, Ueberlingen withstood two assaults successfully. The last siege, under Horn, lasted for twenty-four days, and ended with the retreat of the enemy. But Ueberlingen suffered more from its friends and auxiliaries than its enemies. Wiederhold, the commander of Hohentwiel, a great castle perched on the top of a basaltic rock near the Rhine, with Colonel d'Oysonville, the commander of Breisach, sacked the town, and carried away everything moveable; and its misfortunes were repeated in 1644, when the Bavarian general, Mercy, forced the Vicomte de Corval to a capitulation after a long siege. No respite came till 1649, when a contribution of 24,000 florins to Douglas relieved Ueberlingen for the present from the stress of war. But the prosperity of the town was now on the wane, and the Seven Years' War, with the French wars, did their best to destroy it altogether. Of late years there has been some return of prosperity, and the population is now about 3400; but Ueberlingen still complains of being left out in the cold, as far as means of intercourse with the world without are concerned, and, in truth, the beauty and healthiness of its site, the mildness of its climate, and its bathing and water-drinking advantages, entitle it to be better appreciated.

When the town of Ueberlingen is seen from a garden on the ramparts with the lake to the

right, and the larger part of the lake of Constanstanz beyond it, and beyond that the hills of St. Gallen crowned by the Appenzell Alps—in the foreground a labyrinth of gabled houses, nestling round the tall square tower of the Cathedral, and the remains of the encircling walls, at intervals with an occasional tower; on the left gently-rising hills, covered with fruit-gardens—it forms a very charming picture.

The central object, the cathedral, was begun in the Gothic style in 1360, after the plan of Eberhard Ruben, and consecrated in 1408, with dedication to St. Nicholas. The vast nave is divided into five aisles, carried by a multitude of pillars, with six chapels on each side. The altars date from the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, the richly-adorned principal altar having been erected on the occasion of the plague in 1618. The pulpit, screen, and sedilia are all of admirable workmanship. The purity of the architecture, with the dim religious light of the interior, is no less striking than the profuse ornamentation of the windows, arches, and portals. On the sides of the choir are two unfinished belfries; in the upper part of that to the right is the great bell called Hosanna, cast in 1444, and weighing 177 hundred-weight. The beam which supports it was split by a Swedish ball in 1634. Such a ball is hung up in the Minster as a curiosity, of great weight, and covered with inscriptions. The spire of the tower was never finished, or has been destroyed, and in its place stands a meaningless, abortive stump.

Since my visit this tower acquired a very sad notoriety by a young ecclesiastic throwing himself from the top. In the churchyard fronting the street stands an architectural gem, bringing to mind the covered Gothic crosses to be seen in England, enclosing one of those representations of the scene of Gethsemane known as a Mount of Olives. It is covered with a conical roof of parti-coloured tiles.

Next in interest to the Cathedral is the Town Hall or Council House. The roof is of brown wood, partially gilded, and the whole of the hall is rich in carved work and figures. There are forty spaces on the walls, each of which bears an armorial console, with its allegorical figure, the whole representing the organic constitution of the German empire. The artist is said to have been a wood-carver of Ulm, by name Hans Syrlin.

The Council House also contains a number of other curiosities, including objects of natural history. Near the Council House is the Pfennichturm, a massive building where

the archives of the town are kept, with some coins, "pfennigs," attributed to Duke Gunzo. Besides this, there are many houses of interest, public and private, some adorned with arms of the old patrician families.

The old gate-towers and fountains complete the mediæval character of the town, which those curious in such matters would do well to visit before it is for ever engulfed in the inevitable tide of modern improvement.

G. C. SWAYNE.

AT HOME AND ABROAD.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

ERE the Easter lights have entirely died out before the sudden blaze of Whitsuntide, there is yet time to say a few words on the theatrical amusements of the past holidays. A taste for comedy seems to be setting in again. The supply will follow the demand. Shakesperian revivals have been doing very fairly at two houses, although in both cases there is one bright particular star, surrounded by a crowd of little satellites. Mr. Fechter modernises *Hamlet* at the Lyceum, and Miss Herbert gives a most artistic impersonation of *Beatrice* in "Much Ado about Nothing" at the St. James's. I wish Miss Herbert would extricate herself entirely from the meshes of the Braddonian-novel drama. Such characters as *Lady Audley* and the Companion in "Caught in the Toils," have caused a mannerism in her acting, which goes far to spoil some of her best scenes. Thus, for instance, when *Beatrice* is listening in the garden, she does it more out of love of fun and frolic than from any fixed design of eaves-dropping. But Miss Herbert, who has been Shakespere's *Beatrice* up to this point, suddenly steals across the stage with the face of a Brinvilliers on her way to the chamber of a victim, and the step of a London Journal heroine, treading the mysterious passage beneath the castle in search of the secret will. *Beatrice* was metamorphosed into a cruel *Lady Audley*, listening to some terrible disclosures, and thrilled an audience with horror, when they should have been laughing at the trickers and the tricked. It is, however, a fine conception, and, but for those blots, from first to last is consistently carried out. Mr. Walter Lacy plays *Benedick* admirably; the part would better fit a younger man, but what younger man is there who would have better fitted the part? A *Dogberry* who sees the fun of his own sayings, and makes his mistakes with most evident intention, may be Mr. Frank Matthews' notion of the character, but is not Shakespere's. A word of praise must be accorded to Mr. Robson, whose *Verges* is by

far the best thing he has done as yet, though that isn't saying very much. His father's name has been a greater disadvantage than advantage to him, but I hope to see him do something for himself before long; and his reading of *Verges* looks like a move in the right direction. As for the rest of the company, the less said the better, excepting, perhaps, Mr. Charles and Mr. Gaston Murray, who represent respectively *Claudio* and a *Friar* of orders blue.

Cross with me to the Haymarket, where Mr. Sothern is playing in "The Favorite of Fortune." The dialogue of the piece is laboriously, but not brilliantly, written; and what there is of plot is weak, and far from original. I dare say the piece is more suited for reading than for acting, like Mr. Martin Tupper's; only I should be very sorry to read it. It has drawn, because theatre-goers were anxious to see Mr. Sothern in a new part. To say that he does not appear to act, is the highest praise one can possibly give him: to say that he is simply Mr. Sothern, with occasional reminiscences of *Lord Dundreary*, and not an ideal *Frank Annerley*, unless indeed *Frank Annerley* is Mr. Sothern, is to say the plain truth. *Frank Annerley* is in fact another name for Mr. Sothern. This could not be said of *Lord Dundreary*, which was a creation of Mr. Sothern's, or, more properly, a legitimate development of Mr. Tom Taylor's original idea. But time went on, and the actor became inoculated with his own Dundrearyism. He was always Dundreary, more or less. If he played in a farce by way of a desperate attempt to shake off this incubus of a mannerism, Dundreary cropped up in the middle of it, and the audience who had not smiled before, laughed heartily on recognising the familiar lisp and drawl. *Brother Sam* was, naturally enough, Dundreary with light hair: that is, Dundrearyism ran in the family. This was all very well in this instance; but the hero of the "Woman in Mauve" was also soon discovered to be one of the Dundreary family. Mr. Sothern must find a strong character part, with distinctive peculiarities, so forcibly delineated, as to obliterate Dundrearyism entirely. That he is always the conscientious artist I am the last to deny; but until he gives us such a picture as I have described, he is not the great actor that his admirers would have him to be.

The story of "Paris" furnishes a Strand audience with food for an hour and a half's hearty laughter. The numerous characters flash before one's eyes with kaleidoscopic brilliancy, ear and eye are never wearied, and no actors are prominent above the rest from the nature of the piece, but by their own

individual talents. Herein lies the success of this class of entertainment. This is what the French understand so well, and do so well, and this is what the English actors, as a rule, understand so little.

By the way, the French ballet is now something marvellous; the audacity of its costume in two or three instances beggars description. Talk of Miss Adah Isaacs Menken! she was the impersonation of modest decorum compared with "*Les Indiennes*" of the Folies Marigny, or "*Le Ballet des Amazones*" of the Porte St. Martin. All Paris now crowds to see "*Barbe Bleue*," an opéra-bouffe in three acts and four tableaux. The dear old story of "*Blue Beard*" has been taken by Messieurs Meilhar and L. Halévy, who have ruthlessly hacked it about, until nothing of the original remains, except *Le Sire de Barbe Bleue* himself and *Mademoiselle Fleurette*, the last wife, and the lucky one. *Blue Beard* is a gay tenor, capably played by Dupuis; and Schneider, the incomparable Schneider, queen of opéras bouffes, and unrivalled burlesque actress, is the *Fleurette*. We have no one like this pair in England. Show me a comic tenor, and the day will not be far off when opéra bouffe will be naturalised here, and will make a public for itself. I do not think, myself, that there will be much difficulty in finding a composer. We don't want an Offenbach, upon that I insist; we do not care about French music, and I, for one, would not have it otherwise. M. Offenbach steals right and left, but it is difficult not to admire the clever way in which the frauds are managed. Perhaps "*steals*" is too strong a word; it strikes me that he is to more solid composers, what a writer of burlesques is to the works of graver authors. Whether I am right or wrong in this point, one thing is very certain, that at present the have no similar institution to the opéras bouffes, and that, generally speaking, the English do not understand them. It would be caviare to pit and gallery, though, with them, the practical fun and the dances would go down as well as the boisterous business of a pantomime, or the popular "break-downs" of a burlesque.

"*La Biche au Bois*," the justly celebrated fairy piece, is still running at the Porte St. Martin, and still attractive. If I remember rightly, it was first played two years and a half ago. The Cogniard frères, who wrote it, ought to have made a pretty penny out of the *droits d'auteurs*, for in Paris the business of a dramatic author is highly remunerative. Mr. Bouicault (the word 'remunerative' reminds me of him) is to bring out "*Arrah-na-Pogue*" at the Gaite: I have only heard this, but have not seen any public announcement of the

fact. Mr. and Mrs. Charles Kean appear at the Princess's during the present month, in "*Henry VIII.*" It is to be hoped that Mr. Kean will give a round of his favourite characters, not omitting his extra-Shakespearian ones, namely *Mephistopheles* and *Louis XI.*, which are undoubtedly his best. I had a word or two to say on the subject of amateur theatricals, which are becoming more and more the vogue, but must reserve it for another time. *Adieu, jusqu'au revoir.*

ALPHONSE DU HELDER.

GREEN FIELDS AND SHADY LANES.

I.

I'm weary of the city's pomps and shows,
And of the glaring shops set off in rows,
Like pins on dirty paper.
I'm weary of the mud, and dirt, and stones,
The sound of pattering feet I hear with groans:
I'm not a city draper.

II.

I'm tired of buzzing in one daily form,—
Like gnats that round about a pillar swarm,
And bob against each other.
I'm weary of my weariness—my mind
To lounging all day long is not inclined:
I hate a "quiet rubber."

III.

I hate your schemes to drive out melancholy:
Balls, parties, soirées; all are worse than folly:
The theatres are tame.
In fact, where'er I go from west to east,
Whether at public show, or rout, or feast,
Society's the same!

IV.

I'm tired of viewing thro' distorting haze
The blue (say milkblue) sky, 'tis like, always,
A dreary, dull November,
And makes one long above the smoke to fly
To find out purer air within the sky,
Leaving each city member.

V.

I love the "running brook" and "purling stream,"
Which knowledge of a "morning purl" would seem
To leave unstated.
Doomed city, then, for evermore farewell;
I'll seek some spot where nature's beauties dwell:
I'm rusticated.

VI.

The *stocks* I care for in the gardens grow,
My favorite *banks* are where wild thyme doth blow,
My *change* is change of air.
Where shall I go? where'er my fate may lead,
So that from city chains I may be freed;
From London—anywhere!

FREDERICK S. MITLA.

MAJOR HERVEY'S WEDDING; OR, THE COLONEL'S DAUGHTER.

"So the Colonel's daughter has come, and is, they say, stunning."

"Trust you to find out a pretty girl, Vivian," laughed a brother soldier. "Now I've seen her, too, and I don't agree with you; she's too white and lackadaisical for stunning to express. Stunning, as I take it, means a jolly, larky, don't-care sort of girl, who'll dance you down in the *deux temps*, ride you down in the hunting field, and box your ears if you are impertinent."

"That's the sort of girl you cultivate in Yorkshire," said a handsome, light-haired man, whose half-closed eyes and down drooping moustache were quite in character with his languid drawl, and loose, lazy motion of his limbs. "When we were quartered in York I was nearly married by one of your stunning girls; and only escaped by running away with a girl from a boarding-school. Fact, I assure you. She and I struck up an acquaintance at a Christian propagation meeting. What the deuce are you fellows laughing at? They have meetings very often in York—a lot of parsons talk, and a lot of old women and boarding-schools come to listen. I went for a lark, and got sold. The girl was lovely. She—— By Jove! who's that?" He was sitting by the open window, and past it a party were riding.

"Beatrice Meynell!" said Vivian; "the very girl we've been talking of."

"By Jove!" repeated the fair man, a crimson tide of colour rushing to his face. The other stared.

"Well, what's up, Carter? Going to have a fit of apoplexy? or struck with love at first sight?"

But Carter did not seem to see the joke. He neither answered nor laughed. The flush passed away again, leaving him pale as a ghost, and rising, he stammered—

"I'm out of sorts; that champagne Croft gave us poisoned me. I'll turn in to the mess and get some brandy. No, no, Topham, stay there. I am all right; only shaky." And waving Mr. Topham back he walked off, leaving the men he had been talking to looking after him gloomily enough, for in an Indian climate death dogs a man like his shadow; and any unusual signs hoisted by Dame Nature are apt to beget a proportionate amount of apprehension.

"He lives too hard," said Topham. "Poor fellow! No man could last at the pace. He'd much better go in for leave and cut this beastly country, or it'll give him what it's given many a good fellow, six foot of landed property."

"Nonsense! he's as strong as you are. Take a couple of pipes off him, and he'll be as steady as a judge. I don't know what you fellows are going to do; I'll go and leave a card at the Chief's."

The others laughed; and Mr. Topham, putting his arm through Vivian's, said—

"All right; a fair start and no favour. Come along, old boy. She sits her horse like a brick, in spite of her die-away face."

There was a poor gathering that evening at mess. A dinner at the Colonel's thinned their ranks, and Carter was reported to be ailing, some one added, "A touch of fever," which turned out to be the case, for the Doctor, being called away, came back in about half an hour, and, with a grave face, announced the Adjutant decidedly ill, and just in a way that might become dangerous, or even worse, at any moment. Carter was a popular man; and a gloom settled down upon those who heard the sad news, two or three going to the door of his quarters with the Doctor and waiting there for another report. This, unhappily, was worse. Delirium had come on; the poor fellow was raving, and death was fighting for his prey.

"Run over and ask the Colonel to come and take charge of his papers," whispered the Doctor to one of the men; "he won't last six hours."

The Colonel came and sealed up some letters lying about, placed them in a desk, the key of which he put in his pocket.

"Is there no hope, Doctor?" he asked, looking at Carter, who was lying, muttering incessantly, shuddering, and clutching with his hands.

"I never say that, sir," said Dr. Lewis; "but I am afraid to hope here."

"Poor young fellow!" and the Colonel laid his hand on the sick man's burning forehead. "A fine, young, soldier-like man, too; only one who knew his work. A more infernal set of bunglers I never came across. Poor lad, poor lad!"

The Colonel took his departure; but in crossing the compound bethought him, that these same bunglers might not know the funeral service; so, stopping a soldier, he sent him for the sergeant on duty, and ordered the men to be told off for funeral parade.

The man hesitated.

"Well what is it?" asked the Colonel impatiently. "Don't they know their work?"

"Well, sir, I am afraid——"

"D— your afraid," growled his commanding officer. "Call them out now and parade them, drums and fifes, too. By Jove! I'll teach them to know their duty before I've done with them," and the Colonel walked home

and turned in, pretty considerably "riled," as our Yankee friends would say.

Meantime the fever had worn itself out; and the sick man was lying prostrate, exhausted, and with a weak, fluttering pulse, just tottering upon the brink of that bourne from which no traveller returns.

The night was like most nights in the hot season, intensely still, the sulky growl of a Pariah dog now and then only breaking the silence.

The Doctor had taken off his coat, and opened every available aperture to let in air; the punkas were moving steadily, but noiselessly, and Carter lay stretched on his back, his face pallid and drawn, his eyes closed, and no sound of life issuing from his parched lips.

Suddenly, shrill and inexpressibly sad, the notes of the funeral march rang out on the still air, rising, falling, note by note, in solemn measure.

For a while no change came over Carter's face, no symptom that the sound had reached his ears; and, after watching for a few seconds, the Doctor drew back, fully impressed with the conviction that death was there at last, and he was turning away, when a bright idea struck him. If he could only excite the sinking pulse, and induce Nature to exert herself, she might yet have a tussle with Death, so, going up to the bed, he said, cheerily,—

"D'ye hear the music, Carter, old boy?"

Carter's eyes opened, but with such a weak, perplexed look in them that the Doctor, thinking delirium was returning, half regretted his experiment; still he was in for it, and went boldly on.

"It's your funeral they're parading for, Dick; sure, if you don't make an effort, they'll bury you in spite of me. The Colonel was here just now, and took leave of you. Indeed now, you must rouse up and turn the tables on the old fool; he's given us cheek enough since he joined."

The expression on the sick man's face changed, a faint smile quivered across his lips, followed by a look of inexpressible relief.

"I thought it was all over," he whispered, almost inaudibly; "but we'll cheat them yet."

And sure enough he did.

"What hour did the Adjutant go off?" asked the Colonel, in a subdued voice, as Vivian sauntered in to early tea.

"He began to mend at midnight, sir, and was sitting up walking into cold chicken and sherry, when I left him, ten minutes since. It's not often a man can say he's listened to his own funeral parade."

Then there was plenty of laughing, and the

Colonel was the only one who did not relish the joke, and heartily glad was he when Carter applied for leave to England, sending up his requisition with a strong recommendation; for he hoped that by thus getting rid of the principal actor, he might banish the story from men's mouths.

Carter never showed his face out of his quarters until he got into his palanquin, to be conveyed away "on furlough."

"You've left us without a sight of the Beauty," sighed Vivian, who, according to his wont, had been going through the various phases of love fever, and had just then reached its zenith. "She's perfect, and quite interested in you!"

"The devil she is!" gasped Carter. "Bearer, go on. Good-bye, old fellows, God bless you all. You won't catch me among jungles and jonpons again in a hurry. Hurrah for old England! may we all meet there soon."

"Good-bye, good luck to you! and three cheers for old England, God bless her!" cried several voices. So with kind words, ringing cheers, and no small amount of envy, Dick Carter turned his face away from Meerut, devoutly hoping he might never hear more of his life there than was pleasant.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was a dinner party at the Resident Magistrate's that night, and of course the Colonel and his daughter were there, the latter the centre of attraction. Vivian, who had, according to his own mind, been making some progress with the pale, quiet beauty, was thrown into despair; a brother of the Judge's wife, a certain Major Hervey, had just returned to India after a long leave, and had taken Meerut on his way to the headquarters of his regiment. Hervey was one of those modern Crichtons one meets with now and then, perfect, or as nearly perfect as human nature can be, in everything he undertook. A hero in the service, irresistible, so gossip affirmed, in the drawing-room, a dead shot in the jungle, well read and accomplished, good-looking and rich. What would you have more? With all these things one might conclude Hervey's a happy lot, but there is no life without its alloy. Hervey had been touched in the most vulnerable point, he had married, but the marriage had been unfortunate, and after three years' separation, he had gone home just in time to stand by the unhappy woman's death-bed, and forgive her the wrong she had done him; one child only she left, and this boy he had brought out to India, to share his sister's nursery.

When Beatrice Meynell reached the station,

Mrs. Masters at once settled that she was the very wife for her brother, and never rested until she had secured the girl's friendship, interesting her as much as possible in her brother, by telling, with all a sister's prejudice, the sad story of his marriage.

Indian society is much more of a family sort than English, and the most private affairs soon leak out; so it was well known in the station that Beatrice was booked for Major Hervey. Much speculation was afloat; and when they met in the Judge's drawing-room, many eyes watched them with no small amount of envy.

"Do you like India, Miss Meynell?" asked Hervey, when, the introduction having been made, he took a vacant chair by her side.

"Not yet," was the answer, and the sad eyes rose to meet his, with a world of feeling lying hid in their brown depths, feeling totally separate and unconnected with the words that were spoken almost mechanically. Eyes that were full of unshed tears, and hid themselves away under their long thick veil of lashes, as if afraid lest they might betray some secret. They had a strange effect upon Hervey as he looked back into them, and he scarcely heard the common-place answer the lips gave to his common-place question. "Not yet, but I may do so. It is so different, and I led such a quiet, lonely life in England."

"Do you ride?"

"Oh, yes! it is the only thing I care for," and there came a faint flush over her face. "But I do not think riding along what you call the Mall worth mounting for."

"You like going across country, perhaps?"

The major looked at the slender wrists, and wondered what power they could exercise over a bridle; as he looked, he was conscious that a deep crimson rushed over the girl's face, and that her eyes fixed themselves on him with an expression of intense fear. He was interested and perplexed, he scarcely knew whether agreeably or not, and in the middle of his agitation she asked,—

"Are you fond of hunting, Major Hervey?"

"Very; it is one of the many hardships of soldiering out here, that we have no such glorious sport."

"Have you ever hunted in Yorkshire?"

"No; I do not know Yorkshire at all. Gloucester is my county, and the Duke's hounds saw my training. But if you don't like the Mall, why don't you ride early, and have a gallop into the country?"

"So I do, when papa will go."

And the Colonel, coming up at this juncture, said,—

"I wish you'd do duty for me, Hervey; riding at her pace don't suit my old bones."

"I shall be delighted, if Miss Meynell will accept my escort."

Beatrice bowed. Vivian, who was looking on, swore she blushed, and went off to the other end of the room to offer Captain Batchelor ten to two that Hervey married Beatrice in a month. By which it will be seen that Mr. Vivian's matrimonial hopes being on the decline, he was willing to make a compromise with his heart, and if he could not win a wife, at least win something.

The dinner-party on the whole was a success. Beatrice had talked more than usual, and Hervey had scarcely left her side all the evening, so that there was some excuse for Mrs. Masters' triumph. When she and her brother were alone, she asked,—

"How do you like Beatrice, Charley?"

"I don't know."

"Don't know!" she exclaimed. "Why you flirted with her all night. You surely can tell me if you like her?"

"She is a very peculiar girl," he answered, dreamily.

"Surely you think her pretty?"

"Oh! yes, more; beautiful, I think; what is her story?"

"Story!" laughed Mrs. Masters, "story, 'sir, God bless you, I've none to tell'; what story can a girl of eighteen, never out of a school-room, have? What strange fancies you men take!"

"Maybe," replied Hervey, drily; "but that does not alter the case. Miss Meynell has a story, and a painful one, too."

"How absurd you are, Charley! Now here have I been moving heaven and earth to bring you and Beatrice together; and directly you meet you take it into your head that she has done something dreadful."

"I did not say so, Mary."

"Well, then, suffered something?"

"Not that, either; you see you think with me, for you've hit upon the very idea that came into my head when I looked into those marvellous eyes of hers—you've given form to my very thoughts. Don't be vexed, dear; I am puzzled by her. I like her; and what's more, I'll either fall madly in love with her, or else I'll— But never mind, now; good-night; don't tell your good man what I've said—two heads are enough. I'll know in forty-eight hours which way the stream will run, and if I say I am going, you'll know how I feel. If I stay, I'll trust to you to help me."

With which arrangement Mrs. Masters was fain to be content. In two days her brother came to her,—

"Mary, will you put me up for a month?"

"Of course I will. Oh! I am so glad; I've hardly dared to move, in case I bothered



you, or came in your way. And so it's all right, and Beatrice will have you?"

Hervey smiled. "I've not asked her yet; but I'll have her if I can get her."

"Story and all?" said Mrs. Masters, mischievously. A dark frown, followed by a look of pain, came over Hervey's face.

"Don't say that again, Mary; or hint at such a thing. I was a fool to say it to you; a fool to let such absurd suspicions enter my head; and I'd be worse than a fool if I suffered any such childish fancy to come between me and such an angel as she is."

But, in spite of Major Hervey's assertions,

he did think of his first impression; and, in very dread lest he should be tempted to give way in any greater degree to what he told himself was a cruel and unwarrantable prejudice, he strenuously avoided any reference to her life in England.

In spite of the approval of the Colonel and Beatrice's aunt, the Major's wooing made but slow progress. Beatrice was inexplicable. Every now and then she would brighten up, and Hervey for a brief hour or two would think himself in the ante-chamber of Paradise itself; then a change would come, and she would shrink back, as if afraid of trusting herself or her happiness. Again and again she refused to marry him, and again and again, growing desperate, he begged her to tell him her reason, until, worn out by his passion and the expostulations of her father and aunt, she at length consented to become his wife.

Anxious to rouse Beatrice, Hervey had exerted himself to make the wedding a gala day for the station; he had consulted her in all his arrangements and plans, and only seemed to live to give her pleasure and homage; but still there was the old, sad, frightened look, and sometimes, even, he fancied it grew more intense; so that, bright and joyous as the wedding day was to others, many wondering looks were cast upon the pale, mournful bride—looks which could not escape Hervey's notice, and roused a feeling almost approaching to anger against her he had won, in spite of herself.

The mail came in as the wedding party were assembled at breakfast; and, bringing three or four letters to Beatrice, her aunt laughingly advised her to read them before leaving, as she had no right to call herself "miss" when she started life as a married woman. But Beatrice thrust them into her pocket, saying she would read them on the journey, which, having to be accomplished by palanquin, was necessarily a lonely one.

And in about two hours, the preparations for the journey being complete, Beatrice was placed in her palanquin. Hervey got into his, and they started for a bungalow about seven miles away.

Evening is but a short period in India; night follows day at a rapid pace; and almost immediately after a gorgeous sunset, darkness fell upon the face of the earth, and the flaring torches, carried by the bearers, were all that lit the road.

Inside Beatrice's palanquin was an oil lamp; and by the light of this she took out her letters. The first was from a school friend, and she put that aside; the second was like unto it, and this, too, might wait; the third lay

with its seal up; she turned it over, and a sudden spasm contracted her hand. "Oh! my God! too late!"

For a long long time she lay there, staring with horror-stricken eyes at the well-known writing, though the poor wild eyes saw nothing there, but were looking away into the past, and on into the sinful, terrible future. She had fought against this; she had feared it hourly, until, led on by weakness and despair, she had striven against conscience. In its turn conscience had ceased to speak, and she had almost forgotten what it meant, until the superscription on the back of the letter woke it up.

At last she broke the seal. There was a long letter inside, and she read it slowly through, pausing now and then to repeat a passage, as if the meaning would not enter into her brain clearly enough. At last it was all read, and a strange change had come over the girl's face. There was no fear, no doubt, no uncertainty there now; only a hard, desperate, set expression, and a feverish sparkle in the full eyes.

"There is not a minute to lose," she said, as if speaking to herself; and stopping the bearers, she called the head man to her. He came forward and listened with immovable features, as in a low, eager voice she urged something; long and earnestly she spoke, but there came no sign until she dragged forward a dressing-case, and pulling out a handful of glittering jewels, thrust them forward. The man's eyes gleamed.

"It is dangerous," he said; "but I will obey."

Then he spoke to the other man, and the palanquin proceeded about half a mile. Here they stopped again, and the man pointed out a hut.

"I can conceal you there for a day or two, but, as I dare not go back to Meerut, you must take me with you. I will see you safe to Calcutta; the Sahib will know how to reward such service."

CHAPTER III.

WHEN Hervey's palanquin stopped at the bungalow, he looked in vain for the lights of that containing his bride. The plain was covered by jungle, so perhaps they were only hidden, and for some little time no feeling of apprehension entered his mind; but having waited nearly half an hour, and still no sign appearing, he grew anxious, and, ordering his men to accompany him, went back. Presently a native came up, his turban off, his clothes torn and stained with blood; falling upon his knees, he howled out a horrible story how they had been set upon by robbers, who had

slain the good bearer while attempting to defend the lady, and how, after much fighting and rivers of blood, he (the wretched speaker) only escaped to tell the tale.

Half-maddened with horror, Hervey dashed back. The palanquin lay at the roadside, completely sacked—the very lining ripped up in search of hidden treasure, and with the marks of bloody fingers everywhere.

There was nothing to be done but to hasten back to cantonments with the tale, the horror and mystery of which paralysed the little place. The country was diligently searched; several natives were taken up on suspicion, but nothing transpired: no traces of the bodies of either the head bearer or Beatrice could be discovered, and a shocking whisper got abroad that they must have been eaten by tigers, the jungle being just then full of these animals. As long as even the vainest hope remained of any clue being discovered to elucidate the mystery, or bring the perpetrators to justice, Major Hervey seemed nerved for any amount of suffering or work; but when several months had gone by, when the country had been thoroughly searched, and the enormous rewards offered for tidings of the crime remained unclaimed, hope deserted him. He had a long interview with Beatrice's father, and then left India for ever, taking home with him his boy.

When Hervey was gone, the sad story gradually ceased to be spoken of, save now and then as one of those tragedies that cast a blight upon the face of society, and attach a horrible interest to some locality or family.

Hervey did not stay in England. There was no rest for one such as he, and for nearly ten years he wandered the face of the earth—lion shooting in Africa, seal spearing among the Esquimaux, and buffalo hunting on the wide prairies of America; and then, when ten years had risen up between him and his lost love, he came back to civilisation a wiser and far more earnest, if not a better, man.

It was summer time when he reached London. The season was at its height, and, to a man long used to roughing it with half-clothed savages, the world of London had an almost magical effect.

He went down to Eton and saw his boy; then came back to town, and took lodgings for a month, not to look up any of his old friends, but to look on at the whirl and pageantry of life.

Ten years make a wonderful change in the face of society, and thin the ranks of old friends. Faces we have loved are missing; faces we knew so well are changed; age has stamped some, care others, and sin or sorrow has beaten out the fair bright hopes and beauty

from many an one we last saw standing eager upon the threshold of life.

Some few faces Hervey recognised as he took his favourite stand by the rails along "the Row," and it was while leaning over these one day that his fate came to him. A lady rode past, and as she passed she turned. Her full face was towards him for a moment; then a mist came before his eyes, a cold tremor paralysed his limbs.

It was his lost wife. He knew her at once. Death made no obstacle, years no difference, mystery none! His very being recognised her, and nature itself stood amazed.

For a time all power of thought seemed lost. He held on to the rail with a blind sort of instinct, and kept his face turned the way she had gone with a vague thought that she would return. And thus he stood, until a hand touched his shoulder, and a man, who had been standing by him, said—

"You are ill, sir. Let me get you a cab."

Hervey started, and made a faint effort to bring his mind back to its usual power.

"Thank you," he stammered, "I am not—yes, I believe I am ill. If you will be so kind," he began fumbling in his pocket for a card. "I have had a strange adventure. The dead has come to life. I—but I am wandering. Don't mind me."

Without any remark, the man who had offered his assistance took Hervey's arm, and leading him to the nearest gate, hailed a cab.

"My card," said Hervey, getting hold of his pocket-book, but unable to open it, with fingers trembling as his were. The stranger (or Samaritan, for he was one, surely) opened it, and taking a card, gave it to the cabman.

"I'll go with you," he said, jumping in after Hervey, "I owe you as much;" and then was silent. Hervey, sitting bolt upright, with a white set face, and with every nerve trembling.

"I will come to-morrow and see how you are," said his companion, as they stopped at the door of the lodging. "Here is my card."

On the card Hervey read, with a vague notion of having seen the name somewhere before—

"Colonel Richard Carter."

Next day Colonel Carter kept his promise and called. Hervey was better. He had reasoned, and almost induced himself to believe that the supposed recognition of the preceding day was the effect of one of those marvellous likenesses one sometimes sees, combined with a nervous and diseased imagination.

"I have long wished to see you, Major Hervey," were the first words Colonel Carter said, "and for a purpose; you will hardly thank me: for I have a story to tell you—my

own story. You must not think me mad before you hear what I have to say. Providence threw me in your way yesterday, and neither you nor I can avoid such a power. My story is this:—Years ago, when I was quartered in York, I managed to make the acquaintance of a girl who was at a boarding-school there. We were very much in love with each other, and kept up a correspondence. At Christmas she went to spend the holidays with some friends. I followed her down, and met her in the hunting-field. We arranged everything there, and as soon as she got back to school she eloped with me.” Hervey had started forward as he spoke of the hunting-field and Yorkshire; and then, dropping his face upon his clasped arms, he leaned upon the table, making no further sign while the strange story was being told.

“We were married at a village church, and went to London; the mistress of the boarding-school traced us, and insisted upon Beatrice going back with her, offering anything if we would consent to the separation only for a time, in order that she might not be blamed by my wife’s father, or bring such scandal and ruin upon her school. I was a selfish conceited fool; I had spent all the money I could get on the trip to London, and began to think I had made a mess of it. The woman had great powers of persuasion, and her own interest was at work: she told me privately the marriage was not legal; I believed her, and suffered her to take Beatrice away, knowing that she meant to tell her the same story.

“I rejoined my regiment, and told myself that I was a lucky fellow to escape from such a mess so easily, and that Beatrice would forget all about me, or only think me too great a blackguard to care for. I went to India, and was at M—— when Meynell’s daughter came out; strange as you may think it, the coincidence of name had never struck me, and it was only on seeing her ride past the mess-room one morning, that I knew who she was.

“I was still a coward, and while debating what to do, a lucky attack of fever decided my course. I started for England, without seeing her again, or being seen by her, and, as she did not know me by my real name, there was no danger of her recognising me in any way but by sight. I got down to Calcutta, but all the way down my conscience was at work; what with that and the journey, I was down in fever again directly I arrived. So the steamer had to sail without me, and I lay there tossing and raving for a fortnight; all the powers of evil fighting against the wild longing that had come over me, to go

back to Beatrice, and behave like an honest man, for I knew by this time that our marriage was legal enough in the sight of the Almighty. The first thing I heard when I got on my legs, was that you were to marry her; and then, driven to my wits’ ends to save her and myself, I wrote, claiming her as my wife, bidding her come down to me, and risk anything rather than marry you. That letter reached her the day of her marriage; she read it in the palanquin, and taking the head bearer into her confidence, threw herself on his mercy to save her. They have lively imaginations, these fellows, and, touched by her bribes, he planned the story of the robbers, the fight, and the carrying away of the bodies, and while the country round was being searched, brought her down to Calcutta, disguised as a native woman.”

“And I saw her yesterday in the Park,” groaned Hervey, without lifting his head.

“Yes, I was standing by at the time.” I have wished year after year to meet you; many a time I’ve determined to write to you, but then I did not know whether the thought that she was really dead might not be a happier one than the reality. Beatrice thought so. I will not press you now, Major Hervey, but, if you wish it, I cannot tell you how glad I shall be to see you again, or give you any explanation you wish; but when you think of all this misery we’ve brought upon you, will you try and remember one thing, that,—blackguard as I was when I married her,—as I was when I fled from her and denied her,—as I was when I let her bear her secret alone,—I was not bad enough to let her become your wife; and I tell you before God, that since the day she came down to me at Calcutta, I have been an altered man; that, saving the one great sorrow of the misery she had worked for you (her father died long ago), we have been happy.”

Hervey lifted up his face.

“Will she see me, do you think?”

In an instant Colonel Carter’s hand was on the other’s shoulder.

“See you, Hervey! God bless you for a good fellow. See you? Yes, any day, if you’ll see her.”

Hervey nodded and held out his hand, and, taking the hint, Colonel Carter grasped it hard in his, and left him.

A month or two afterwards a group of men were standing in the window of “the Rag.”

“There goes Hervey, as irresistible as ever,” said one. “If I was Carter, I’d look sharper after such a pretty wife.”

“No you wouldn’t,” said Major Topham. “You don’t know the story; it is a regular

romance. I wish some literary fellow would make it into a book. It only came out this summer, and made us all stare, I can tell you, for we thought she was dead—murdered by robbers and eaten up by tigers. Yes, don't laugh; come along to the smoking-room, and I'll tell you the story."

As he told me the story, so I now tell it my readers. I. D. FENTON.

ADRIANA.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN the quiet of Silverdale, Adriana had time to consider the past, and plan for the future. If there were a chance of Mr. Etheredge's buying Trenholm, the sooner she left Silverdale the better. She had no wish to meet him. What an unfortunate circumstance that he should be Mr. Clinton's cousin. It seemed as though the fates pursued her.

Good Mrs. Davis watched her, and, though satisfied that she was regaining health and strength, she yet did not fail to perceive that there was a cloud hanging over her that neither time nor change seemed to remove.

"Tell me, my dear, what is it that frets you? I was your mother's best-loved playmate: poor Susie and I had no secrets."

And then Adriana opened her heart, and poured forth her story and its sequel into the astonished ears of Mrs. Davis.

"It's just one of those romances that people write about, Adrie, dear, and it's not without its difficulties."

"Difficulties of my own making," said Adriana.

"Not quite, not quite," returned the sympathising Mrs. Davis; "it partly comes of all this learning and education. And yet I am not so sure of that neither, since I've known Mr. Clinton. But perhaps learning does better for men than women: they can stand it better. I can't say. Nevertheless, it seems to me that clever people are just the ones who are always doing the most foolish things, stumbling over sticks and stones that simpler folks would lift out of the way. Their heads are so filled with fancies that they get confused, and then they've too good an opinion of themselves, and they don't see anything rightly."

"I *knew* I was wrong," murmured Adriana.

"Ah, child, you wanted a guide: we can't any of us go right without one. It's all very well this talk of perfection that people make such a fuss about, but I never saw the man, woman, or child yet that came anything near

it. It will do now and then for a little fair-weather sailing, but when a storm comes, where are you? It's like tossing about in a boat without a rudder; you can't steer to land. No, no, Adrie, there's nothing in it."

"But I did not wish to do what I knew to be the right thing to do."

"And, maybe, if you had wished, you'd not have been much nearer doing it. You would have found stumbling-blocks that you could not get over by yourself, and, you'll pardon an old woman, Adrie, but you're not just in the way to trust in any one else."

"Was I very wrong? I wished so to see him again."

"Ay, lassie, it might have been a temptation, I grant, but it was over-venturesome to try it. When anything has a doubtful look, you may be pretty sure you're not on the safe side. And to think of the hard thoughts it made you indulge in towards those who never did you an injury!"

"I don't think hardly of Mrs. Braddick; I don't hate her; I don't wish anything to be different. I would not change places with her now; it's all passed by, and I'm willing to go my way quietly. I've seen for myself the vanity of all things; no one can teach us that lesson, Cousin Davis; it is a lesson each in the bitterness of his soul must learn for himself."

"And what is the use of the lesson, Adrie?"

"I wish I were dead!" said Adriana, passionately.

"Oh, no, my dear," said Mrs. Davis soothingly; "there is another peace waiting for us, even on earth, if we learn our lesson rightly."

Adriana looked at Mrs. Davis. Was this the homely housewife that she had almost despised? Her words seemed well-nigh eloquent.

"I should like to be at peace," she said, almost humbly; "but it is hard to find it after a life like mine. I have so much to look back upon and ceaselessly regret. You and Katy have nothing to upbraid yourselves with, but for me it is very different. I am like the weed tossed upon the wave. I can find no rest. I want rest and I want work; the one will not come without the other. I cannot stay idle here, and I'm not rich enough to live elsewhere."

"You've a home here, Adrie. We've enough and to spare, and Susie's child is next to my own."

"I cannot stay, I cannot meet Mr. Etheredge."

"He may never come. There's little to be trusted to hearsay. If there had been much in this Trenholm business, you would doubtless have heard something about it."

Not so certain, for Adriana had seen but

little of the family at Etheredge Court for some weeks prior to her departure.

And the days went on and on, and Mr. Clinton came, and Katy was inexpressibly happy. There was something in her happiness very soothing to Adriana. She watched jealously to see that Katy was not undervalued, but she watched in vain. Mr. Clinton had seen enough of the world to know the value of an honest loving heart.

"It's all right there," thought Adriana. "Pooh! why am I setting myself up as a guardian, when I have shown sufficient inability in my own case? What is it?" asked she, as Katy stooped to pick something that had fallen.

"My lock—your locket, Adrie, that I gave you."

"Is it? I thought I had lost it in packing; it must have got into the folds of my dress. I looked upon it as a bad omen; it seemed to have left me. You have given it me twice, Katy."

As Adriana took it, Katy asked, timidly,—

"Have you ever opened it, Adrie?"

"Yes. Do you think I have been entitled to do so? you remember the conditions?"

"Oh, I did not mean——"

"Anything but what is perfectly right. I understand. But I did meet with a stumbling-block, and I did fall over it, and then I opened the locket."

"Adrie, is it true, do you think,—I mean do you know what I mean?"

"What a very puzzling sentence," said Mr. Clinton, advancing from the other end of the room.

"Have you heard what we were talking of?"

"No, otherwise I might, perhaps, have understood your sentence. But I want you to walk over to Clayfield with me; perhaps Miss Linden will join us."

"Thank you, no; I am luxurious enough to prefer sitting by the fire."

And when Mr. Clinton and Katy had gone, she drew her chair still nearer, and, looking into the red embers, she drew therefrom a quaint fantastic gallery of pictures of the past, and as each rose before her she sighed deeply.

"It is time to have done with all sentimental folly," so ran her reverie; "the past has run its course. 'There is a time for everything,' and my life-dream has had its time and place. It was not out of season in its day, but it's terribly old-fashioned now, worn quite threadbare. *Vale!* I could almost laugh at it, so motley are its colours, and so strangely torn," and she laughed aloud, but the tears were running down her cheeks: "and yet

it's hard parting with an old friend. Nevertheless, *Vale!* 'Let the dead bury their dead,' and from the grave of the past let a better life arise. A living sermon, with little Katy's quotation for its text,—'Not by might, nor by power, but by my Spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.'"

CHAPTER XIX.

"ADRIE," said Mrs. Davis, "do you remember a cousin of my husband's, Rebecca Davis? She belongs to the Society of Friends. I mind your taking a great fancy to her when you were but a small child; but perhaps you have forgotten her."

"Forgotten! oh, no, I remember her as if it were but yesterday that I saw her: a fair, thin elderly lady, with mild grey eyes, and light-brown hair, as smooth as glass, and her white cap, and her grey dress. It's nearly twenty years ago, but I remember her quite well."

"Her hair's white now, and she's getting older, Adrie; she's lonely, and yet I ought not to say that, for if ever any one was cheerful and content, it is Cousin Rebecca. But she is alone, Adrie, and I was thinking, if you would not find it dull, she'll be glad to have you, and it would not be like going among strangers again."

"But I want work; how am I to live without doing anything? I'm not a lady any longer, I must earn my bread; ladies," she said, half bitterly, "never do that."

Mrs. Davis looked at her sorrowfully.

"Never say that, Adrie. A lady born will die a lady. It's not work that can take that heritage from her. You'll be a lady to the end of your days, dear. But it will little matter when you are resting under the green sod whether you trod palace-floors, or the brick tiling of a cottage: the footsteps all wend towards the same bourne, but it's rougher, and there are more slips and stumbles for some than for others. I sometimes look back to the old times, Adrie, and my heart misgives me about the pomps and vanities of life now-a-days. They say the heart is the same in all ages, but these new-fangled wants and fancies that are springing up make me think of an old couplet I once heard,—

'When Adam delved and Eve span,
Who was then a gentleman?'

"You dear, good, revolutionary, philosophical Cousin Davis," said Adriana, with unusual animation. "I've not heard anything I've liked so much as to hear you talk for a long time. It's better than a sermon."

"Hush, hush, Adrie dear," replied Mrs. Davis, "it's not fitting to think lightly of sermons."

"I don't," said Adriana; "I find them heavy enough."

"Rebecca Davis was reckoned a good preacher in her day," said Mrs. Davis.

"She's a good woman," said Adriana, suddenly.

"She's lived out her sermons," answered Mrs. Davis; "the preaching and the practice went together."

"I think I'll go to her," said Adriana, still communing with her own thoughts.

"She'd be right-glad to see you."

"There would be no work," continued Adriana. "I must have work."

"There would be no lack of that with Cousin Rebecca," said Mrs. Davis, smiling.

"And it's far away," said Adriana, still pursuing her own thoughts.

"Far enough, and a lone wild place it is, close down by the sea; no one but Cousin Rebecca would have chosen such a wild place; but the wilder, she said, the more need of softening. Scarce a house within walking distance, save the poor hovels of the fishermen. It's quite out of the world."

Adriana was listening attentively.

"Out of the world, out of the world, just the place for me. You think I'm weak, Cousin Davis. So I am. But there's one comfort, I know it. I want strength. I've been sorely tossed, and I've got out of belief with everything. I know what you think," said she, springing up, as was her wont when she became excited, "I've been made the wreck of a foolish love-story that ought to have been forgotten long ago. I know you will say it's nothing uncommon. I dare say I've been proud and rebellious and repining all the time that I thought I was enduring like a heroine. I'm willing to bear any amount of blame, but I want to get rid of it all now. I see that I've been making a ridiculous martyr of myself; and," she added mentally, "I don't think Charles Cunningham was by any means worth it. The ideal of a girl under twenty is by no means the ideal of a woman." He is not up to my standard now." Which mental comment she pondered on at leisure during the next week, and derived much consolation therefrom. "I'm glad I did not marry him. He's well enough for Mrs. Braddick: yet I should never have found it out, but for my stay at Etheredge Court. Everything turns out for the best! Then why can't people wait for the turning out? A wrestling, I suppose, of free-will with destiny. The two run together, but can't be reconciled; and which preponderates it is hard to say: sometimes one seems to have the upper hand, sometimes the other. I've had enough free-will for the present: I've got into the waiting

humour; there's something very luxurious in drifting with the course of events. Old Time is obliged to carry one along, and he seems to fly the faster the more burden he carries. The older he gets the faster he goes, and yet he is no nearer the goal."

Which last thought set Adriana thinking of a certain unsolved problem of childhood upon eternity.

CHAPTER XXX.

"It's odd, Charles," said Mr. Etheredge, "that Trenholm should be in —shire."

Mr. Braddick looked puzzled.

"I really don't see anything remarkable in it, nor anything objectionable either, as your tone seems to imply."

"Miss Linden's friends live in —shire."

"How do you know that?" asked Mr. Braddick sharply, "and what has that to do with the matter?"

"Miss Linden is the last person I wish to meet with," said Mr. Etheredge gravely.

Mr. Braddick sprang up impetuously.

"What do you mean, Richard?"

"What I say," returned Mr. Etheredge.

"What in the world is Miss Linden to you?" inquired Mr. Braddick, almost angrily.

"Nothing and everything, Charles," replied his brother. "I've fallen in love too late, and have made a fool of myself." And he strode up and down the room.

Mr. Braddick gazed at him with unfeigned astonishment; he had never seen him so moved before. Putting his hand on Mr. Etheredge's shoulder:

"What are you going to do?" he asked.

"Do?" said Mr. Etheredge, pausing and suddenly confronting him, "what can a man do when he has been refused?"

Mr. Braddick started.

"You don't mean that you have made her an offer?" said he, with some effort.

"I do." And Mr. Etheredge strode up and down more energetically than before.

"Miss Linden, my sister!" ejaculated Mr. Braddick.

"Why not?"

But Mr. Braddick made no answer; he had thrown himself back in a chair, and was repeating softly to himself,—

"Miss Linden, my sister,—never, never, never!"

"Why not?" demanded Mr. Etheredge, with some irritation; "you really are a most unreasonable fellow, Charles. Why should not I marry Miss Linden, since you *would* not?"

Mr. Braddick's eyes flashed.

"Richard. I can't stand this."

"Neither can I. Why should not I marry Miss Linden?"

"It seems she has settled the point," returned Mr. Braddick, brusquely; then, as a thought occurred to him, "perhaps," he continued sarcastically, "she may yet be won, as she seems to have left you her address."

Mr. Etheredge stopped.

"Charles, this is unworthy of you. Miss Linden gave me no clue wherewith to guide me either to herself or to her relatives. It was my own finding out."

"So much the better. We should cease to be as brothers if so dark a shadow of the past came between us. I'm very glad she refused you;" and Mr. Braddick paced up and down, and jerked out his sentences. "It's a deuce of a catastrophe, Richard. It seems as if one can never get rid of what one wants to get rid of. Turning up when one least expects it. Disarranging families. Who on earth could have ever supposed that Miss Linden would come to Etheredge Court? And why on earth you should take it into your head to fall in love with her, is more than I can account for."

"Perhaps, if you take the matter into consideration, you may not find it altogether so difficult a problem to solve," rejoined Mr. Etheredge drily.

"I don't intend to take it into consideration. It's settled without my entering into it, and I'm glad of it."

And Mr. Braddick hastily left the room, banging the door after him.

Mr. Etheredge stood for a moment in deep thought, the result of which escaped him in the following sentence:—

"Poor Charles! very natural, very natural."

Mr. Braddick, in a more unphilosophical state of mind, made his way to his wife's morning-room.

There he found her sitting quietly over her embroidery-frame. A very becoming loose robe of the palest green contrasted well with her complexion, and she greeted her husband with a placid smile. But as her eye fell upon his agitated countenance, the conviction forced itself, even upon her, that something unusual had happened. Mr. Braddick threw himself down upon the sofa, but said nothing. Mrs. Braddick resumed her work,—stitch, stitch, stitch,—then she fastened off, cut the end of wool, and proceeded to fill her needle from another shade.

"Margaret!"

Mrs. Braddick threaded her needle, and laid it down on the table.

"Has anything happened, Charles? you seem disturbed this morning. I don't half

like your looks. Has anything unpleasant occurred?"

"Occurred! Margaret, I do believe nothing would disturb your equanimity. I'm disturbed almost past enduring, and yet it's no matter now, for it's all over."

"And what is it, Charles?"

The ice was producing a cooling effect upon Mr. Braddick's irritated spirit.

"Well, perhaps after all it does not matter so much, but it seemed little short of a miracle."

"What seemed?"

"The idea of Richard's falling in love!"

"Richard! dear me!—Richard!" said Mrs. Braddick, suddenly rousing herself, "and with whom? Who is it? tell me. I'm dying to hear."

"Curiosity," returned Mr. Braddick; "no woman can resist hearing secrets."

"Now, Charles, don't tease, tell me at once."

"It's so absurd, it's really a pity I said anything about it."

"Nonsense, you must tell me, now you've raised my curiosity."

"Guess."

"I hate guessing; besides, I never find anything out," said Mrs. Braddick, quite unconscious of the truism she was uttering.

"Then you give up at once?"

"Of course I do: don't be provoking."

"What do you think of Miss Linden?"

"Miss Linden!" responded Mrs. Braddick, in a tone of the deepest amazement. "I thought Richard hated her."

"Well, I never thought otherwise till very lately. However, she's refused him."

"And I don't wonder at it," replied Mrs. Braddick, quite energetically; "if that's Richard's way of making himself agreeable, he'll never succeed. If you had been half so rude to me as he has been to Miss Linden, I should have said 'No' at once."

"Well, 'All's well that ends well,' and there's no danger of your having her for a sister-in-law."

"I'm not sure that I'm glad, Charles," returned Mrs. Braddick, thoughtfully. "I was very fond of Miss Linden; I think, indeed, I am quite sure that I wish she would have married Richard, but of course one could not expect it."

Charles Braddick looked at his wife in unmitigated surprise.

"Yes, my dear," continued she, "I should be glad to have her for a sister; I quite trusted in her, and I've been much happier since I knew her. I know all that you think; it would have been no match for Richard, as she was a governess; but we might have got over

that; she never taught any children but ours, so, of course, never received any money from any one. I can see exactly your ideas; it would not have been pleasant for any one to have it in their power to say, 'We paid Mrs. Richard Etheredge so much a quarter for teaching our children;' but then, you see, no one but ourselves could say that, and of course we should never say it, and so it never would be said. If I had only had the least suspicion of the case, I might have done so much to bring it about,—Charles, I shall almost upbraid myself."

"I shan't. I'm very glad that nothing of the kind is likely to happen."

"Yes, I can understand your reasons perfectly, and I quite appreciate them."

Mr. Braddick winced.

"Not quite," said he slowly.

And as he said it, the thought again crossed his mind. What if he should make his wife a confidante of his early life? For a moment he was again tempted to do it. But he drove the thought away. His wife had ever been an affectionate wife to him, and had he any right, nay, was there not something cowardly in even wishing to share his burden with one who could only be distressed by its recital?

No. The past must be a sealed book for ever; and though in years to come he and his wife might draw nearer and nearer together as time should leave the grey shadow fainter and fainter in the distance, still there must ever lie in his bosom a secret hidden from her who ought, if marriages are made in heaven, to be the sharer of his inmost thoughts. For in the entireness of such confidence alone is the holiness and happiness of marriage. So he said nothing, but gave a sigh of relief.

Not so Mrs. Braddick. For once she was deeply interested in a subject, and so she pursued it.

"I wonder if anything could make Miss Linden like Richard? I fear not, for he has an unfortunate way of making one afraid of him. Not exactly afraid, but one is never certain whether he's in jest or earnest, and it makes one feel uncomfortable. Of course Miss Linden could not like him, but do you know, Charles, I like her all the better for refusing him. Many a woman in her place would have accepted him at once, whether she liked him or not. What a settlement it would have been for her! I call it noble, disinterested, unmercenary."

"Pooh, my dear, she did not care about him."

"Still, if Richard were not so disagreeable, I mean if he had not that unfortunate way about him, there's something rather striking

and *distinguis* in his appearance; his eyes are good, and——"

"My dear, I have no doubt you will make Richard out to be an Adonis presently."

"Not at all. Still it seems strange. I see it, I see it all," cried Mrs. Braddick, with sudden animation; "she has had an early attachment, don't you think she has?"

"Pshaw."

"I feel sure of it, Charles, and I think it most interesting. If she had been here a little longer, and we had become better acquainted, she would have told me all about it."

"I am sure——" began Mr. Braddick, hesitatingly.

"Yes, so am I," said his wife, complacently, "and I dare say the reason she left so suddenly was on account of Richard. What a pity, because Richard is sure to go to Trenholm, he likes it so much better than Etheredge Court, and then there would be no reason why she should not be here. That is delightful, we will have her back again!"

"I think, perhaps, after all, we had better leave matters as they are," returned Mr. Braddick.

"Now, Charles, why you should be opposed to what would be for the children's good and for my comfort, I cannot understand; and, besides, as a mere matter of gratitude, think what we owe to her for nursing Charley through the fever."

Mr. Braddick was silent for a moment.

"Our best way of showing our gratitude is by allowing Miss Linden to pursue her own course, and not to intrude when she so plainly shows us she wishes to have no connection with Etheredge Court."

"I believe, Charles, you are still afraid about Richard. I think you and Richard are two of the most incomprehensible men I know. Richard has quite deceived me; I shall never trust to understanding him again, and I am beginning to think that I may be almost as much misled about you."

Mr. Braddick shrugged his shoulders, his conscience was not quite easy, and the inner voice said, "More so." But Mr. Braddick made no spoken comment.

"I should so like to have Miss Linden for a sister!"

The words, as Mrs. Braddick uttered them, had something almost pathetic in them, and as her husband gazed on his wife this pleading for her unknown rival smote upon his heart. He bent forward, and kissed her. And she, unconscious of his thoughts, returned the kiss, and said:—

"Ah! I think you will yet help me about Miss Linden."

(To be continued.)

ANA.

THE PERSPIRATION OF PLANTS.—The opinion is very general that the drops which glitter so brightly on the leaves of plants beneath the bright rays of the morning sun are deposited there by the atmosphere during the night. This, no doubt, is often and commonly the case, but it certainly is not the only source from whence they come. Nothing is more easy of proof than that plants perspire. Put a plant under a bell-glass, the leaves of which are removed from any possible contact with the earth, or with exhalations from it, by means of metallic or other plates; deprive the air enclosed within the glass of its moisture, by placing a small quantity of some hygrometric substance therein, and it will be found that notwithstanding the admission of moisture from without is absolutely impossible, there will still be a collection of pearly drops on the leaves. The sunflower perspires more than a man does by a great deal, that is to say, from his face alone, seeing that the flower has no body which can be compared with the body of a man. It has been estimated that the quantity exhaled from the sunflower exceeds the quantity which runs from the forehead of a man who gains his living by the sweat of his brow in the proportion of fifteen to one. There are many other plants which, like the *Cesalpinia pluviosa*, yield water in such abundance that it is constantly trickling down from leaf to leaf, and actually, as in the case of the tree just mentioned, contributing largely to the supply of the people who live in their vicinity. This enormous exudation of moisture has been attributed to the extreme superabundance of vitality which vegetables possess. The functional activity of some is quite extraordinary: what will be thought of the fact that at the moment when certain of them flower, the flower reaches a temperature of from 100 to 160 degrees?

A WORKMAN'S HOME.

THE great and increasing necessity of providing house-room for our "Houseless Poor" makes any fact, illustration, or suggestion tending to solve the difficult yet essential problem, not only interesting, but of importance. Now, we think we have a fact—a fact that illustrates one phase of the question, and which, if properly imitated and fully carried out, would alleviate the multitudinous evil under which, in its transitional state, the lower strata of the population of the metropolis and our large cities are labouring. It is but one fact, and only affects one class of the subject; still it is excellent in its way, and is suggestive of other and greater improvements—we allude to the "Famillistère."

Now, "what is the Famillistère?" we can readily imagine more than one of our readers asking himself or his next-door neighbour. "What is the Famillistère?" We all know that a description is generally easier than a definition, and so in this case. We could tell the reader that the "Famillistère" relates to the "Family," but that he will have guessed

for himself, from the very nature and character of the word, whether he be a "scholar" or not. But even to a scholar, the definition of the term would convey but a faint idea of the thing, and therefore we will at once indulge the curious with some account of the "Famillistère" itself.

The "Famillistère" is, as its name implies, of French origin; in fact, it owes its birth to the heart and brain of a French gentleman; gentleman in the pure and natural acceptation of the word, for he sides with Adam and Eve when, as Mr. Tennyson tells us, "the grand old gardener and his wife smile at the claims of long descent." M. Godin-Lemaire, economist and philanthropist, is the proprietor and manager of an extensive iron foundry at Guise, near St. Quentin, where he lately worked as an ordinary labourer, and now employs above 700 hands. For a long time he had studied the social questions which have of late become of vital interest, and recently resolved in a quiet and unostentatious way to attempt to solve them practically.

The task he set himself was "to moralise the working classes by eliminating misery and its attendant vices from the too-common conditions of their existence." How was this to be done? To diminish their misery by increasing their wages was out of the question; it would have violated the just and inherent laws of trade. But even if such a thing were feasible, it is doubtful whether the workmen and their families would have materially benefited thereby. Where the street and the public-house, the café and the estaminet, are more cheerful and pleasant places than his home, the artisan, be he English or French, will consider a few shillings more a week small inducement to thrift; perhaps he may regard it even as a provocative to greater improvidence and more selfish intemperance. Not, then, by increasing his men's wages, but by putting within their reach the satisfaction of all their legitimate wants, did M. Godin begin his war against what M. Louis Blanc calls, "ces deux grands obstacles au développement de leur facultés, ces deux formes de l'esclavage: l'ignorance, la misère."

The plan of his attack was an extended one; but it was complete, and from the first augured a successful termination to his philanthropic campaign. He resolved to give battle to the Demon of Discomfort, in his lurking den, the home of the workman, by making it healthy, cheerful, and convenient. Having stormed this Donjon of Vice, he threw up a series of defensive works in the shape of a nursery, where the mother, whilst at work, might deposit her child; and an infant-school, where the children might, between the ages

of two and five, be gradually prepared for a higher school, in which their education should be carried on until they were twelve years old, and which should fit them not only for their industrial calling, but also for the proper fulfilment of their other social duties. Redoubts of a less formidable but at the same time very useful character were established, called reading-rooms, baths, wash-houses, and even play-grounds, where, by healthful exercise, the physical development of the children could be ensured without exposing them to the baneful influence of the street. That the inmates of this "Castle of Industry" should not be reduced by famine, an ample commissariat has been supplied in the form of stores, where provisions and garments can be procured at wholesale prices.

So much for the defences; what of the discipline enforced on the inmates? M. Godin recognised two grand principles—the utmost privacy at home, and perfect freedom from constraint. These were the primary elements without which success was impossible, a truth, almost a truism, and admitted by those best acquainted with human nature in general and the feelings of workmen in particular. "The ample means he had at his command," we are told, "have fortunately enabled M. Godin to carry out his enlightened and benevolent views, and while philanthropists and social reformers have been discussing in what, at best, is but a faint twilight, his workmen and their families have been for upwards of four years enjoying the first rays of the new social sun which has arisen in the small town of Guise."

Let us examine more carefully and closely these practical results. But first of all we must give a picture of the building itself.

At the end of the principal street of Guise, the façades of two lofty buildings, highly ornamented and superior in grandeur and beauty to many a Royal palace, meet the eye. This is the "Familière," or Dwelling for Families, to which a third wing is shortly to be added. The edifice is of brick, but finished with all the decorations with which a refined taste can embellish it. No fertile thought suggested this appeal to architectural beauty. The object of M. Godin, to use a French expression, was that the very aspect of the structure should be a "rehabilitation of labour," which perhaps may be better explained by saying, that M. Godin desired "that the workman's dignity should be raised even by outward signs; that the approach to his home should no longer be a humiliation for him." Oh! tell it in St. Giles, in Soho, in Bethnal Green, in the purlieus of Gray's Inn, in the Barbican, wherever gloomy alleys, fetid passages, and wintry courts constitute

the homes of our metropolitan population. How difficult is it to realise to ourselves the maxim, that "the outward consecration of personal dignity exercises a deep influence on the development of this noble sentiment."

The internal arrangements, as having no less an influence than the external in softening the manners and promoting domestic sociability and comfort, have been equally studied. The principal edifice forms the background of a square, about 262 feet wide, whilst the other forms the right side of the square, the left remaining incomplete. The lateral buildings are connected with the central by two annexes, which form passages, enabling the inmates to communicate with one another. Again, each of these three buildings constitutes a parallelogram in the centre of which is a vast court, the whole comprising about fifteen acres of lawns and gardens, upon a peninsula formed by the Oise. The largest building, which is four storeys high, is over thirty feet deep and seventy feet long. At the distance of every ten yards it is divided by thick partition walls, which reach to the roof, a necessary precaution against fire. Each compartment (above a hundred yards square) contains two lodgings, each consisting of two rooms and a cabinet, well lighted, well ventilated, and perfectly healthy, looking on one side on to the court, on the other on to the town or country. As the family increases, the two lodgings can be thrown into one.

To all intents and purposes these apartments, or rather suites of apartments, although connected in one handsome building, are independent tenements, without the inconveniences of insufficient space, bad drainage, inadequate ventilation, roofs constantly out of repair, high rents and heavy rates; and it may here be observed, that each lodging has a store closet, a cellar, and a granary attached to it.

But how, it is asked, is the workman to reach the door of his home, when placed on the first, second, or third storey? The solid beams which support the flooring are made to extend about five feet beyond the walls which face the court; these are boarded over, and lined with a light but strong iron railing. This open balcony, which is reached by broad and easy staircases in the annexes at the corners of the buildings, is the street, by which the workman and his family reach their home. From this balcony the mother, while at work, can watch her little child playing with his schoolfellows in the court below. There is as well as the open court a play-ground, covered in by an immense skylight which rises above the roof. Here, as soon as they can walk,

the children of the "Famillière," try their first steps, begin their first gymnastics, and learn their first healthful sports. The ground is formed of beaten and polished cement. On grand occasions, such as the distribution of school prizes—a great festivity for the parents no less than for the children—or the fête of Saint Eloi, the patron of founders and blacksmiths, the court is converted into a ball-room, the music being provided by the Philharmonic Society of the "Famillière," consisting of about eighty members.

On the ground-floor are retail shops, under the direction of a manager. On one side are vegetables, on the other butchers' meat, bacon, rabbits, &c.; here, the dairy; there the grocer and chandler; further on the wine, the beer, and the cider shop; elsewhere the coal and wood merchant; and finally shoes, needles, threads, cottons, stuffs, &c., &c. All wants can be supplied on the premises at cost price, minus a small per centage to cover expenses. The wives and daughters of the workmen here find profitable employment; those who are most orderly are engaged, if they choose, in the sale of goods, others in making up clothes, shirts, smocks, &c., when they happen to have no other work. Moreover, the other labours necessary for the general service of the establishment, such as the care of the *pouponnat* (the nursery) and the *bambinat* (the child-school), the cleaning and sweeping the courts and balconies, the washing the linen for the furnished lodgings, and, if they choose, the body linen of the inmates, supply them with remunerative occupation. The concentration of all these objects of primal necessity is completed by the refreshment-room and the restaurant. Not only can the workman's wife purchase her own provisions and prepare them at home, but she can also, if she have much work on hand, or wishes to save her fuel in the summer months, procure them ready dressed; and finally the meals may be taken at the restaurant at the cost of between 7½d. and 10d. a day, a privilege of which the bachelors in furnished lodgings generally avail themselves.

The gates are in the centre of each building, but the staircases, as we have observed, are at the corners. They, as well as the courts, are lighted all night with gas. On each landing fountains play, the water being raised by a small steam-engine into reservoirs at the top of the building, whence it is conducted by pipes to the door, as it were, of each family, a graceful way, it must be confessed, of supplying the establishment with that element without which cleanliness would be impossible. Indeed, acting upon the principle that cleanliness is next to godliness, it

has been raised into a system in the "Famillière," and is divided into *general* and *private*. For general cleanliness a certain number of women (inmates, of course) are engaged to wash and sweep the courts, the balconies, and the stairs, and to keep tidy the rooms of the single men who inhabit furnished apartments on the third floor. The private cleanliness of the apartment is left entirely to the free care of the occupants; but it is made very easy, the example of external cleanliness being so contagious, that even the careless and slothful, we are told, take a pride in keeping their home up to the common level.

And now for the most important consideration connected with the "Famillière"—the cost. The rent of the unfurnished apartments of from one to five rooms is at the rate of 3s. 9d. a calendar month for each room. Five rooms and a kitchen, with numerous closets and cupboards, can thus be obtained for about 18l. a year; similar apartments on the third floor in Paris would be cheap at 120l. The cost of a room comfortably furnished for a single workman—he has the bed made, and the room swept and put in order for him every day—is from 6s. 8d. to 8s. 4d. a month. A separate bed may also be obtained in a dormitory in the annexes at the small rate of one penny a day.

But besides these primary wants so amply supplied, M. Godin has not overlooked the legitimate enjoyments of his workmen. A place of recreation is provided for them, and a place of meeting and conversation. It contains a reading-room, well lighted and warmed, and supplied with newspapers, and a refreshment room. The workmen can visit it occasionally, or subscribe by the month. There is also, as we have mentioned, a musical society, which is a great charm added to the comforts of the "Famillière." The leader, paid by M. Godin, is a professional man, whose duty it is to teach any one anxious to join the band. The society is a self-governing body, and has general weekly rehearsals.

Another and not the least remarkable feature of the institution must not be overlooked. Every morning a medical man attends at the manager's office to inquire about the health of the inmates. This visit is paid whether there are any cases of illness or not. If there are any, the doctor visits the patients at their homes, and as often as the urgency of the case may require. His services are defrayed out of the fund of a mutual benefit society formed by the workmen. This society also pays two francs a day to any member whom sickness has disabled.

One word on the obligations of the workmen to adopt M. Godin's home. On this

point there is the utmost liberty of choice. No one is bound to live at the "Famillière;" no one is bound to remain beyond his month's lease; no one is bound to provide his board in the establishment, even though he inhabits it and avails himself of its other advantages. Employment at the foundry in no wise entails the necessity of dwelling in the place of labour. Only in one respect is the liberty of the inmates interfered with. The education of the children is deemed too indispensable to be left to chance, and too heavy a load for heads of large families to bear. They are, therefore, *directly* relieved from it, but *indirectly* each man bears his share; for there is nothing eleemosynary about the "Famillière." Financially considered, it is an industrial undertaking. It has its "profit and loss" account, its sources of income and its permanent expenses. The profits on one side cover the expenses on the other, and leave a dividend. The rents and the profits on the sale of goods thus pay for the general expenses of the establishment, the education of the children, &c. If the workman, in paying all his own expenses, profits on the other hand by the reductions realised by the admirable system of buildings, by the purchase of goods wholesale, &c., he yet pays and leaves a profit to his landlord. Although the central building is scarcely finished, and therefore in many parts as yet uninhabited, the profits already amount to six per cent. When the other wing is erected and inhabited the profits, it is expected, will rise considerably higher. Two hundred workmen and their families, we are told, are impatiently awaiting the completion of this magnificent mansion, to exchange their present uncomfortable quarters in the town for a home they may be proud of.

It is only the first step that costs, says the old adage. Here we have not only the first step but a *fait accompli*, a model, an exemplaire. In what way can the system be applied in England? It seems to us in many ways. It might be tried in the first place by manufacturers, who, like M. Godin-Lemaire, employ a large number of men. Again, why should it not be adopted by Railway Companies, who have termini and stations in our over-crowded towns? Surely with a very little outlay they might be able to construct cheap commodious dwellings for their *employés* on the confines of their premises. M. Godin's model need not be followed in every particular, still tenements might be constructed conveniently fitted up which would prove an attraction to the class of persons engaged on their works, and pay a handsome dividend to the shareholders. And again, why should not companies be formed ad-

hering strictly to M. Godin's system, and building spacious premises, adapted to develop the moral and physical health of the inmates of every age. We lately visited some model lodging-houses near the Barbican, an experiment which originated with a liberal and philanthropic gentleman, who has expended a large sum of money. Attached were baths and wash-houses, a chapel, and schools. The place, however, conveyed little idea of comfort, and the rents seemed to us too high. The chapel also seems to be a failure, the officers of the establishment, so far as we could learn, not attending divine worship there. This, however, is a mere detail, and every man should be left free to worship where and after what form he pleases. Moreover, the premises are situated in a very poor and densely inhabited portion of the City, and comparatively speaking, the rooms may be better, and the conveniences greater than can be procured elsewhere in the neighbourhood. But still there appeared to be a want of system, of order and organisation, without which little improvement can be effected in the habits and comforts of the classes whose condition these institutions are intended to ameliorate.

However, it is never too late to mend; we have a practical example before our eyes, and there can be no reason why M. Godin's system should not be tried and tried successfully, though perhaps with some modifications, in England.

HAROLD KING.

AT THE GATE.

(A SEQUEL TO "ONE HOUR." *)

Soft breezes, blow; green boughs, o'erarch,
The windings of the winding lane!
Spread, stately oak! leap, trembling larch!
Clothe, tender grass, the glimmering plain!
Embower'd in blossom, sweetly sing,
O birds! whose music fills the night
With tenderness and rich delight,
What time we listen as you sing.

All silently we pass along—
Rustle with love, O meadow grass!
Frame, joyous birds, your tenderest song,
And sing it sweetly as we pass;
Until we reach the garden gate,
And fain to linger, lingering stand;
Heart answering heart, hand clasp'd in hand,
Leaning across the garden gate.

O fondest memories! come and go,
Shine on sad times which are no more,
As sunbeams gladden wastes of snow,
As wavelets kiss a barren shore:
And light with love and tenderness
The happy days which still are ours;
Whose influence, rich as April showers,
Casts round us love and tenderness.

Darling, you know the happy day
 When love inspired and made me bold !
 Behind, the smoke-wreathed city lay,
 In front, the woodlands fringed with gold ;

As, hand in hand, across the fields
 We went, my heart was poor and weak ;
 My love paused—gathering strength to speak—
 Then told you all across the fields.



Yea ! I have found a nobler heart
 That I may love with nobler love :
 True as the trembling stars thou art,
 Pure as the heavens which bend above.
 And shall I live a nobler life,
 Come peace or passion, joy or grief ?
 Remembrance brings a sweet relief,
 And points me to this nobler life—

And leads to heights untrod before,
 Fresh mountain-slopes that crown the mind ;
 Where streams, like fabled streams of yore,
 Murmur 'neath branches intertwined :
 Leads me to heights where, sweetly calm,
 The passions pause and sink to rest ;
 Carew'd by breezes of the west,
 Blowing o'er seas for ever calm.

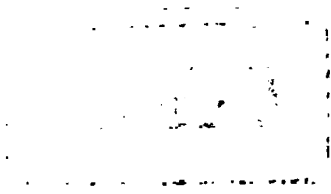
Can this be but a dream I dream ?
 Deceitful fancies of the night ?
 A wasted, worn, and wailing theme ?
 A glimmer of a far-off light ?
 Come nearer, darling, ere we part ;
 Heart-searching eyes ! look into mine,
 Encircling arms ! mine arms entwine ;
 Come nearer, darling, ere we part.

Good night ! Heaven send we live our life
 Free from all petty cares and fears.
 Good night ! Heaven send, come peace or strife,
 A golden radiance crown the years.
 Good night ; I leave you at the gate,
 And slowly cross the moonlit street ;
 You stand, and gaze, and hear my feet
 Far-echoing, and you leave the gate. J. M. H.

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"LITTLE BO-PEEP!"—BY G. DU MAURIER.



PRINTED BY THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIII. THE RETURN.

GREAT was the astonishment expressed in mercantile circles when the failure of Alwyn and Hurst, Colonial Brokers, was announced; but this astonishment proved as nothing in comparison to the dismay felt when it came to be understood the house had not merely stopped payment, but was rotten and bankrupt to the core.

Some few persons, indeed, had been doubtful of the firm's solvency for a considerable time previously, but then in such cases a few persons always are wise before their time.

Let what will happen in the City—let this first-rate company collapse, that perfectly sound bank smash—let Blackbull prove unable to meet settling day serenely, or Hull, Manchester, and Co., fail to honour their acceptances,—straightway there arises a little regiment who were long ago aware of a tightness in money matters, of a screw being loose, of something amiss with the securities, of too much domestic extravagance, of an enormous number of bad debts.

When the storm breaks, when the evil begins to be talked of openly, it is really astonishing to find for how many a day previously very petty people had been whispering of the impending catastrophe.

A straw shows how the wind blows, and no matter how cautious a firm or an individual may be, it is impossible to prevent some slight circumstance escaping which shall be a sign, to sharp eyes, of the beginning of the end.

It is the same with a man's credit as with a woman's frailty; long before the final crash comes in either case, watchful eyes have known how it would end, how dishonour or beggary was approaching. The matter has been discussed in very humble homes, mentioned between cronies, gossipped about over private cups of tea, canvassed between clerks seated in modest lodgings, intimated in those moments when tobacco is pressed down into pipes or the ash is knocked off cigars.

The lower strata of society, not the lowest by many degrees, but the lower strata composed of the small-salaried and highly-waged clerks of the community, are cognizant of everything concerning which in many cases the upper classes would give almost any money to have timely information, and the lad

who sweeps out your office or who posts your letters, or the clerk who "sirs" or "if you please" you, is aware of those little secrets which you imagine are known to yourself alone, and speculates at his leisure as to whether it is softening of the brain or impending bankruptcy which is the matter, whether the end will be a private asylum or Basinghall Street.

Your anxieties, your debts, your troubles, your sins—veil these things as you will from the eyes of your friends, acquaintances, relatives, you cannot veil them from the butler standing behind your chair, from the clerk who is your most obedient servant for thirty shillings a week. They see the straws flying, and know what such flying portends; they watch you when the mask falls from your face, when you leave the pleasant circle, and close the door behind you, and stoop to pick up the burden of trouble which it is the orthodox thing to drop off your back before you enter into society, so that you may not bore man or woman with even a distant view of it. Eyes you think of no importance are on you when the smile fades away, and your mind is busy calculating chances; curious ears are open to hear your irritable complaints over small expenses, your off-hand regrets about this payment not having been made, that remittance not having arrived. If you remain behind to look over your books; if you are eager for letters; if you inquire whether Mr. So-and-so has called with any undue anxiety; if Mr. So-and-so's manner is at all cavalier; if you become suddenly cautious about leaving papers loose in your private office; if you are ever seen with your head resting on your hand; if you push away your plate at dinner, or drink more wine than is your wont, or give a random answer denoting a wandering mind—straightway there is an official inquiry in office and servants' hall concerning your affairs; and more is pieced together out of these vague signs of the times than modern Divines have made, or are likely to make, out of the Emperor of the French, railways, and telegraphs, his Holiness the Pope, converts to Rome, Bishop Colenso, and all the mystical numbers in the prophet Daniel.

There is a judgment for employers even in

this world, and the place where it is held is in neither the Old Bailey nor the Bankruptcy Court; but rather in tap-rooms, in dingy back parlours, in suburban tea-gardens, on Sundays beside the New River, or down at Gravesend, or in any of those numerous places where clerks and confidential men go to take the air and compare notes concerning the solvency and respectability of their principals.

There petty juries are empaneled, and willing witnesses give evidence in the case; there Jenkins' establishment and Mrs. Jenkins' fortune are canvassed; there the extent of the transactions which take place between Simpkins and Jenkins are criticised. Whether names are lent; whether kites are flown; whether the governor could retire, or whether he won't cut up worth a penny; whether the concern is of brick or of straw; to what extent discounts are to be obtained: whether Master Harry is making the money spin, or Mr. John marrying an old woman for the sake of her couple of hundred thousand—these things are argued out and judgment is delivered on them while Paterfamilias is driving round the park, and his sons recreating themselves at hunting-boxes in the country.

And so, when the final smash comes, when the evil morning dawns, when the "circular" is written and the books are placed in the hands of those accountants to whom such pickings belong as of right, Peters meeting Matthews in that little passage which runs from Lombard Street into King William Street, or in Abchurch Yard, or coming out of some of the banks round Lothbury and Princes Street, merely remarks—

"He has gone at last. Well, he fought hard to keep on his legs."

To which Matthews replies—

"Ay, but if he had fallen sooner he would not have brought so many down with him." Whereupon the pair shake their heads gravely, and Peters inquires whether Matthews won't take something, and the natural results follow.

The game is played out, the race run; but every turn of the one, every step of the other has been watched by curiously observant eyes, that were supposed to be bent on ledger and day-book, on letters and files. The upper ten thousand hear with an indignant surprise, with a terrible astonishment, that a great star has fallen from among them; that the mercantile palace has collapsed like a child's card-house; that the fairy bowers, the gold, the silver, the flowers, the splendid banquets, the men-servants and the maid-servants, have all vanished as a mist-wreath. They are amazed by the suddenness of the disappearance; they are angry at the deception which has, as they think, been kept up to delude

them even to the last. They say, "Why, it was only last week we dined there, only yesterday we saw Mrs. Mammon in the Park. How can such things be?" Yet for long and long previously, Matthews, living in a thirty pound a-year house at Dalston, or indulging in second-floor lodgings in some back street at the West End, knew that the merchant-prince was shaky, that his rest was broken, his mind ill at ease, that he would find it difficult to pull through; that Mrs. Mammon would not have her bays very long unless her settlements were very secure indeed; that Miss Mammon would never be presented at Court unless she made great haste to St. James's; that the young gentlemen would have, ere long, to lay down their thoroughbreds and cease draining the City till.

At first sight it may seem strange, when the lower stratum knows these things, that the information should not spread; but the *employé* never betrays his fellow's confidence to his employer. Amongst clerks, as amongst servants, *l'esprit de corps* constitutes a bond strong enough to ensure the safety of any secret Jones may impart to Smith, or Eliza Jane whisper into the sympathising ear of Matilda Anne.

It is the penalty people have to pay for civilisation—this utter want of domestic and social freedom; this dwelling continually in the midst of a great army which keeps its sentinels always on the alert; this sleeping, and eating, and walking, and waking, and driving, for ever surrounded by guards who are cognisant of every look; who take account of every word; who know the weaknesses, the sins, the anxieties, the hopes of their betters, as their betters never know the weaknesses, sins, anxieties, hopes, fears, of the men and women who compose this modern inquisition.

There is not a morsel of bread that greatness puts in its lips, not a glass of wine it swallows, not an article of attire wherewith it clothes itself, not a letter it receives, not a visitor it entertains, not a call it makes, not a soul it speaks to, that is not known to some one. There is no back-gate, there is no low garden-wall, no Sunday evening, no early morning gossip, no day out, for the mistress, as there is for the maid.

If John Thomas marries the cook and retires on his house property, and takes up his residence in Clematis Cottage, Holloway, he enjoys a social independence his former master never attained in Belgravia; if Matthews goes into the general commission or Manchester agency business, which he transacts in one office, where he is master, clerk, and errand-boy all in one, he is free from an espionage which never

took its Argus eyes off the demeanour of his old employer. Friendly cooks discuss the niggardliness or extravagance of your weekly consumption of meat. Where you live—how you do your horses—whether on job or on your own account—how many you keep—how hard you work them, is all canvassed while Rogers waits to fetch you from your dinner-parties, or sits on the box in sober state outside the shop where your wife is buying your children's frocks, or the bank where your own balance is possibly not so large as you might deem desirable. And in like manner your clerks, knowing all about your affairs, tell what they suspect one to another; and before you clearly see the end, they have talked it over, and wonder how you will bear it, and what you will do.

It was so with Mr. Alwyn, at any rate. There was not a subordinate about his establishment who felt surprised when the order came to close the place.

That it proved a grievous blow to many there can be no doubt, for trade chanced to be dull, and situations difficult to procure; but still, no one felt astonished. Other houses might be annoyed, if they liked; the principals might bluster, and complain, and talk of "opposition," of having been deceived, of business having been carried on too long, if they chose; respective clerks decided it was all booh, that anybody with half an eye might have seen how things were going for himself.

"I could have told my people six months ago it was impossible for Mr. Alwyn to stand," said one, "but of course it is not my business to interfere."

"I heard last Christmas there was a tightness," remarked another.

"I remember being told at the time his daughter married that then he could hardly swim. He has kept his head above water pretty well for so long."

"Rascally shame that private sale of Mal-lingford," decided an accountant's clerk.

"Deep game—artful move," said the first speaker, admiringly; but still public opinion, as a rule, set strongly against both Mr. Alwyn and Mr. Gainswoode for this transaction. "Trading upon false pretences," "keeping up his credit by means of a sham estate," "flinging good money after bad," were the mildest phrases employed; accusations of robbing and swindling were brought against the unfortunate bankrupt, whose god had failed him just at the time when he stood most in need of the assistance of Mammon.

"We have long expected this," Mr. Perkins said to Percy Forbes, the "we" having reference to Mr. Sondes and himself, "though of course we said nothing of our suspicions."

"What induced you to think him embarrassed?" asked the other, who felt very sorry for his former employer, very sorry indeed.

"His wanting to take you into partnership," was the reply. "We felt confident there must be something wrong, something rotten——"

"In the state of Denmark," suggested Percy.

"No, rotten in the business, or else he would never have offered to take a young man who knew nothing whatever of trade, who had never stuck to his work, into the firm. I am quite plain you see, Mr. Forbes, and I hope you won't be offended at what I am saying," went on Mr. Perkins, apologetically: "if any one offered you a partnership now, I should not be surprised; but then it was different, —you were different."

"Rather," assented his listener.

"Well, it is a bad business," went on Mr. Perkins, "and I am glad you are well out of it, and Lawrence too. At one time I am sure I thought he would have married Miss Alwyn for certain, and, if he had, nothing could have saved his going down with the ship—nothing."

"Perhaps he might have kept the ship from going down at all," speculated Mr. Forbes, but the visitor shook his head doubtfully.

"Lawrence is better out of the mess," he said, "and Olivine will make him a fifty-times better wife than Miss Alwyn ever could make to anyone. I hope she will be good to her father now, he was a good father to her."

"He was a kind one, at all events," assented Mr. Forbes. "I think I shall go up to Hereford Street, and see the old gentleman. Many a pleasant hour I passed in his house. Well, it is hard, let Mr. Alwyn be what he will; I say it does seem hard, and I for one am very sorry for his distress."

"Won't it be rather awkward?" inquired Mr. Perkins.

"Asking if I can be of any use?" answered Percy. "No, I think not; at least, it won't seem awkward to me—not half so awkward as staying away, and never saying a word to him. I wish Mr. Sondes were well enough to call, he might now be of some real use."

"What do you think is really the matter with Sondes?" demanded Mr. Perkins, suddenly.

"How should I know?" asked Percy; "something wrong with his liver, did not Reddy say?"

"Yes; but I don't believe Reddy knows much about the matter."

"Perhaps he will consult some one else when his daughter returns," answered Percy.

Forbes. "I have thought him looking very ill for a considerable time past."

"So have I," replied Mr. Perkins.

"Well, now he has taken Barbour into partnership, I hope he will take things easily, and give himself a chance of recovery," was the reply, and so the conversation dropped. But next day Percy Forbes called in Hereford Street, and asked whether he could see Mr. Alwyn.

"I will inquire, sir," said Mr. Alwyn's especial servant, ushering Percy into the drawing-room and closing the door behind him.

How well Percy remembered that apartment as it appeared in Miss Etta's time: the flowers, the knickknacks, the littered music, the tangle of berlin-wool: now the balcony was bare of shrub, or plant, or flower, the grand piano was closed, every book was laid out as if for burial, every chair occupied its proper place.

There was a terrible order reigning in the room, a fearful formality, an utter absence of comfort, which impressed Percy painfully. He had passed, as he said, many a pleasant day in the house in the time when Miss Alwyn queened it there; and he could not endure to witness the changes so short a period had sufficed to bring about.

From window to window Percy wandered. He looked out on the bustle of Oxford Street; he watched the cabs and carts, the omnibuses, and the carriages go by; and then he flung himself once again into a chair, and thought of the old time and of the new, of the great man fallen, of the woman who had found a shelter for herself before the storm burst.

He did not feel especially happy as he thought of these things; a man who has been twice disappointed, who, having loved two women, finds himself deserted by both, is not apt to find a retrospect of the years peculiarly pleasant.

In money matters he had prospered tolerably; but his home was very lonely, his life very cold. How would it be with him in the years to come? Should he ever again grow reconciled to his bachelor existence? ever learn to forget Olivine Sondes? ever be able to think of her as he thought of Etta Alwyn, without regret, without repining? Could he ever cease longing for the sweet face, for the soft voice, for the light step, for the clasp of that dear hand? Well-a-day! was not his life like the room in which he sat? was not everything in it set out in its appointed place? was not there a frigid formality about the arrangement of his existence? was it not cold and chilly, and had not the fires burned down? were not the lights extinguished?

"Percy, this is very kind of you."

It was Mr. Alwyn who spoke; who came in, one of Mammon's elect no longer, but one of the meanest among Mammon's servants. His hair was much greyer than formerly; his figure not so erect. He had suffered awfully. Percy saw that at a glance, and his heart went out towards the man who had been so unfortunate.

"I came to see if I could be of any service; if I could do anything."

"No, thank you; no—no; but sit down and talk to me. This is a bad business, a very bad business is it not?"

Percy assented to this statement; what else could he do? and Mr. Alwyn proceeded.

"I ought to have stopped long ago; but I went on, on, hoping to retrieve my position. It is not an easy thing, though, to prop up a tottering house; better to have let it go at once. If I had done so, I should not have been a beggar, as I am. There would have been something left at all events. One comfort there is, however, through all. Etta won't feel it—Etta is provided for."

"She will feel it for you, though," suggested Percy Forbes.

"Yes; but she has expected it for so long a time. She knew before her marriage—that is—you understand, Percy?"

"I understand, sir," Percy said; he could imagine the conversations that had been held between parent and child; he could comprehend how Etta had fought against her fate, and finally accepted it; he could fancy how hard things must have gone with her before she listened favourably to Mr. Gainswoode; how thoroughly the father must have explained his position to her before she could ever have agreed to sell herself for so poor a price. "Mrs. Gainswoode is still abroad, I suppose?" he went on, after a pause.

"No, she is at Mallingford," was the reply. "I am going to stay with her for a time; there is nothing I can do at present, and it is of course impossible for me to continue to live on here. I do not know what I shall do yet. I do not know, I am sure."

And Mr. Alwyn bent forward in his old attitude, and studied the pattern of the carpet, while Percy said:—

"And is there no way in which I can help—none in which I can be of assistance?"

"None," was the reply; "unless you will come sometimes and spend an hour or two with me in the evenings. It is so dull sitting in the house all alone, and I do not like to go out. How is Mr. Sondes? Now, there is a fortunate man. He has made money and saved it. He never lived up to his income. He never spent as I have spent. Take my advice, Percy," added Mr. Alwyn, with much

earnestness, "and never try to do two things at the same time. If I had my life to go over again I would stick to business, and leave fashionable follies alone. What good has this house ever done me? What enjoyment had I ever out of Mallingford? Would it not have been far happier for Etta had she been brought up, like Barbour's wife, without any extravagant notions? Well, I can never make a better of it now, I suppose; so there is no use fretting about the matter—no! You need not hold out any hopes of that kind. I can never raise my head in the City again; though, God knows, I have acted for the best all through."

Thus he ran on, talking about his bankruptcy, about his partner, about the cause of the final smash, about Lawrence and Etta, about Mr. Sondes and Olivine, till Percy took his departure.

"It was very kind of you," said Mr. Alwyn, gratefully, "very;" and he added his customary blessing in such a forlorn piteous kind of way, that Percy Forbes could see nothing ludicrous in the formula, but left the house, feeling more sorry for Mr. Alwyn's reverses than he should have thought at one time possible. As he turned into Oxford Street, the first person he came in contact with was Lawrence Barbour—Lawrence looking all the better for his holiday.

"Why, where have you come from?" asked Percy, in surprise.

"France," was the reply. "We returned this morning. I am just going to call on Mr. Alwyn. I suppose he is awfully cut up."

"Yes. He will be very glad to see you. Seems to appreciate small kindnesses wonderfully. And talking of that, how kind it is of you to pay almost your first visit to him."

"I! Oh! that is nothing!" exclaimed Lawrence. "I could not settle to business exactly the same day I came back; and so, as I had nothing to do, I thought I would run up and see him. Mr. Sondes is a little better," and Lawrence made a movement of departure.

"How is Mrs. Barbour?" Percy detained him to ask.

"She is very well indeed, thank you; a little tired after her journey; a little anxious about her uncle; and so on. Come round and see us, will you? That is right. Good-day," and Lawrence was off.

"Well, it does seem hard," soliloquised Percy Forbes, "that he should have got her, and I should not; for I am greatly mistaken if he still is not fonder of Etta than of Olivine—fonder, a hundred times."

And thinking these thoughts, he went back

to his house beside the river, wondering whether he should be able to meet Olivine day after day and crush the old love out; whether he could ever come to regard her as Lawrence's wife, and not as something which had been stolen from himself.

"Suppose I had gone in and tried my chance," he reflected. "But, pooh! what chance had I? Am not I destined to live and die a bachelor? I will put that folly aside, and try to be of use to the child still."

The same evening he went round to Stepney Causeway to inquire after Mr. Sondes, and found uncle and niece seated together in the drawing-room, his head pillowed on her shoulder.

Very cordially Olivine greeted him: with a grave sad face she thanked him for his kindness and attention to her uncle while she was away.

"Only I think you ought to have told me sooner. Why did you not write to me direct?" and she looked at him a little reproachfully, while the tears gathered in her eyes.

"Mr. Sondes did not wish you to be told at all," Percy answered; whereupon she stooped and kissed her uncle, scolding him all the while, and declaring she would never leave him again—never—not to see the grandest sights or the loveliest country.

After a time she grew more cheerful, however, and talked much of where they had been and what they had seen; told the little incidents of their short travel, and in her soft low voice related every particular of their journey.

Percy stayed for tea, and the candles were brought in; but still Lawrence never made his appearance.

"I wonder where he can be," Olivine at last observed. "He told us not to wait dinner for him; but I thought he would have been home before this."

"He said he was going up west," remarked Mr. Sondes; but Percy held his peace. He could not have told why he said nothing about his meeting with Lawrence, but he did say nothing for all that.

When he rose to go, Olivine accompanied him down the stairs, and opening the library-door, begged him to speak with her for a moment.

"What is the matter with uncle, Mr. Forbes?" she said. There was no candle in the room; but as she stood in the twilight, Percy could see that she was paler than usual, pale and trembling.

"Nothing serious, I hope," he answered.

"But you know—I am sure you know," she persisted.

"My dear—Mrs. Barbour, I am no doc-

tor," he answered; "and I can but repeat what I said at first, that I hope there is nothing serious the matter—nothing but what your presence and your nursing may soon put to rights."

"You think that really——"

"I do," Percy felt it very hard to tell her the falsehood, but still he did tell it; and having done so, of course he had to stick to his story.

"You would not deceive me?" she suggested; and she laid her hand on his arm entreatingly.

"No, I would not. I think your uncle is far from well, but still with care I see no reason to doubt his being spared to you for many a year to come."

"Thank you," she said, simply; and she put her hand in his.

For the moment Percy turned coward. He knew he had spoken falsely in the spirit, though not in the letter; he knew he was keeping back the fact that Mr. Sondes' disease must prove fatal sooner or later; but yet in this matter he was acting under Mr. Sondes' direction, so it was scarcely that which made him feel all his good resolutions fading away, all his strength ebbing out from him.

Still and soft and warm lay the little hand in his; in the gathering gloom she stood quiet, her light dress floating round her like a sort of glory; he could see her eyes raised to his, wonderingly; he felt for the moment as if he were going mad to think she was lost to him for ever; he felt he must tell her, that he could not let her hand go till she knew what he had suffered; and then it was all over—he was a man again, strong to fight and to endure, strong to spare and protect her from all evil, strong to bear his anguish in silence and to make no sign, strong to drop her hand and bid her good-by, and cross the hall, and pass out of the door into the night.

For a long time after he returned home he paced up and down his garden-walks—more especially that walk which runs parallel with the Thames.

There were lights on the shore, lights on the vessels lying in the river; and every now and then Percy paused in his walk, and looked up and down the river with a terrible despair.

He had not felt it one-half so much when she was married; when he saw her pass down the aisle at St. Dunstan's, she had not seemed so completely lost to him as she did now.

He said to his own heart he could not endure it one minute, and then he cursed himself in his anger for a poor fool the next; he said he could not go on meeting her, talking to her, visiting her, and still bear in silence; and then he turned upon this weaker self and forced it to be strong.

When even in inanimate nature we see something very pure and very white, we dread soiling it even by a touch; and it was some feeling of this kind, only intensified, Percy Forbes experienced as he walked beside the Thames, forming the resolutions of his future life.

She was so pure, so spotless, so perfectly trustful and innocent, that the man felt he could have knelt and kissed the very hem of her garment, if he could only recall the few moments during which he kept her hand in his while he battled with his anguish.

He would not have had even repentant tears fall on her. He would have tried, had God given her to him, to keep her from the knowledge of all sorrow and of all sin; and he vowed, while the cool early night-air fanned his temples, that he would crush out a love which could never be anything now save a pain and an offence; that he would conquer his passion; that he would resign himself to his fate, and meeting her constantly, never show by word, or look, or sign, the sorrow she had caused him.

That he was laying out a test which it might prove beyond his strength to accomplish, did not occur to Percy Forbes; that, as time went by, Olivine might appeal to him for help and comfort he could not anticipate; that he should one day have to fight out a harder fight than any he had ever waged, he would not then have believed, had an angel assured him of the fact.

These things were lying before him in the future; but the man never saw them as he walked in the stillness, through the darkness, up and down the path overlooking the river, all alone with his trouble!

(To be continued.)

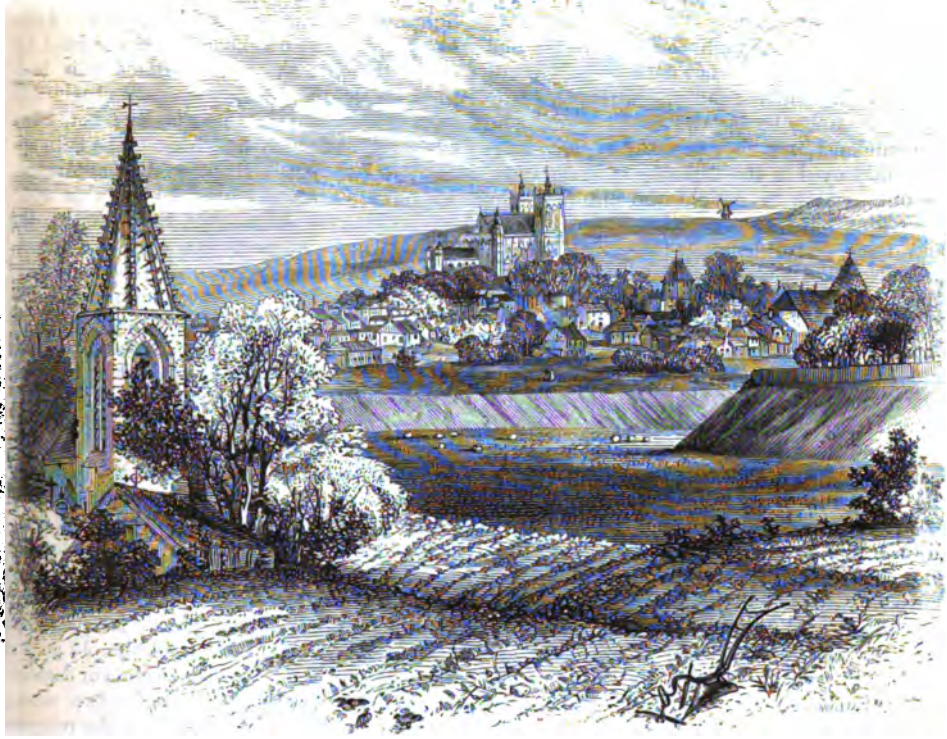
A DAY AT ABBEVILLE.

TWENTY years ago, we posted into Abbeville by night, and were deposited in an old-fashioned inn, with a large walled garden. In the morning we posted further on across country to Rouen. Since then, many a time has the Chemin de Fer du Nord borne us flying past the ancient city oft visited by English kings and English men-at-arms; not, perhaps, deigning to stop to take in water; for Abbeville, once upon the highway of nations, now lies just, as it were, a shade to one side; just a shade—the distance between the station and the ramparts. Yet this is enough to cause the *maitre d'hôtel* to shake his head, and say in a melancholy accent, "*Abbeville est presque détruite.*"

On asking for the Hôtel de l'Europe, I was told that the Hôtel Tête de Bœuf was "all

the same." Which, however, was far from being the case, as neither the building nor the master was what we had known twenty

years ago. *Query*, as to the degree of affinity required by the French intellect to produce the degree of identity? In fact, the Hôtel



Abbeville.

de l'Europe no longer existed. The house was possessed by a body of religious, the sisters of St. Joseph, and their large school for young ladies. The Tête de Bœuf had been a small chateau; two still picturesque brick turrets bearing witness of its ancient state.

In the morning I walked over almost the length and breadth of Abbeville, surprised to find it so large and, apparently, flourishing; and yet, in spite of tall chimneys on the circumference, full of the quaintest old houses in the centre. Some of them have richly carved beams running along the edge of the overhanging stories. Such may still be seen in a few English towns; I remember them at Bocking, in Essex. The glory of the place is its great church, or rather the nave, for this is all that ever got completed of the original design of the time of Louis XII., the king who married our Princess Mary, sister of Henry VIII. The choir has been patched on, and is about half the height of the nave. The latter is a

glorious upshoot of traceried stone, with two towers; perhaps all the more impressive from having been thus arrested in the very act of creation. It is like a forest tree which has only attained half its development; and one feels as if it ought to go on growing, pushing out fresh buttresses and arches, till its fair proportions stood complete. There is an excellent stone staircase up one of the towers, and from the top a wide view over the town and the fields of Picardy, even to the sharp cliff marking where the sea-line must be. The windings of the Somme may be traced for many miles. I was told that the tide used to swell up almost to the town, and that several little streams, once falling into the river, were dried up. Even now, as there are several branches, one is here and there reminded of Bruges, by the little old-fashioned bridges crossing a canal in the middle of a street. A broad girdle of water seemed to me to surround great part of the town; but I could obtain

no map and no guide-book, though I anxiously inquired at the best shop. Only a history of Abbeville was dug out of the museum at the Hôtel de Ville, which building had a strong but plain tower, reported of the eleventh century. The Abbeillois care little apparently for their antiquities, though they are many and curious.

This ground, though somewhat bare and barren in appearance, has been thickly occupied by humanity from the earliest ages of history. Keltic barrows have been found here in abundance, and though many of them have been destroyed in the interests of agriculture, enough remain to delight the antiquary by their flint hatchets and arrows, their urns, and their burnt bones. One such barrow, near Noyelles-sur-Mer, when opened, was found to contain a large number of human heads, disposed in a sort of cone. In 1787, one was opened at Crécy, and in it were found two sarcophagi of burnt clay, in each of which was an entire skeleton. Each had been buried in its clothes, and one bore on its finger a copper ring; its dress being fastened likewise by a brooch or hook of the same metal. Endless indeed is the list of primitive instruments in flint, in copper, in iron, in bronze, found hereabouts; likewise vases full of burnt bones, not only of our own race, but of various animals—mice, water-rats, and “such small deer;” and in the near neighbourhood, of boars, oxen, and sheep. Succeeding to these wild people and wild animals came the Romans. Before they pounced down upon us, before they crossed over to Porta Lymanis, and drew those straight lines of causeway over England which make the Roman Itinerary look something like Bradshaw's railway map (only straighter), they settled themselves firmly in the north of France; notably, they staid so long near St. Valery (at the mouth of the river which runs through Abbeville), that they buried there their dead in great numbers, whereof the place of sepulchre is at this day yet to be seen. Their own nice neat road also had they, cutting clean through the Gaulic forests. It came from Lyons to Boulogne, passing through Amiens and Abbeville, and was in continuation of one which led from Rome into Gaul! And wherever this people of conquerors travelled, thither they carried their religious ceremonies and their domestic arts, so that we find still all sorts of medals, vases of red, grey, or black clay, little statuettes, *ex voto*, and sometimes larger groups of sculpture, such as one in bronze representing the combat of Hercules and Antæus. Carthaginian medals have also been turned up here, brought from the far shores

of the Mediterranean; and those of Claudius, Trajan, Caracalla, and Constantine. This long catalogue is useless, save to mark the rich floods of human life which have successively visited the banks of the Somme.

In the first year of the fifth century the barbarians made their way up to the Somme, fighting the Romans inch by inch. Attila burst upon this neighbourhood, and fixed his claws therein; the tide of Rome rolls back upon the south, and new dynasties begin, and with them comes in Christianity; not, however, without much difficulty. The faith appears to have gradually spread from Amiens, where St. Finius preached as early as 301; but even 179 years later, St. Germain, the Scotchman, was martyred, and St. Honoré, the eighth bishop of Amiens, laboured daily, for thirty-six years, in conjunction with Irish missionaries, to infuse Christianity into the minds of people equally indisposed, whether by Frankish paganism or Roman culture, to accept the doctrines of the Cross. Indeed, the learned historian of this part of the country, M. Louandre, believes that even Rome itself had never been able to destroy the old Keltic religion. He says that, as late as the seventh century, the antique trees, woods, and fountains were still honoured by public adoration in this part of France; and St. Rignier hung up relics to the trees to purify them, just as in Rome itself the old pagan temples were exorcised. And after a time the old gods of all sorts were known either as idols or demons; no particular distinctions being drawn among them: they lie as *débris* beneath the religious soil of this part of Picardy, just as the bones of those who adored them are confounded in one common dust.

Late in the seventh century appears St. Rignier, a great saint in these parts. He was converted and baptised by the Irish missionaries, and thereupon became a most austere Christian indeed; only, says his legend, eating twice a week—Sundays and Thursdays. King Dagobert invited the saint to a repast, which the holy man accepted, and preached the Gospel the whole time they sat at table—a day and a night!

We must now take a great leap to the days of Charlemagne, because in his days the Abbey of St. Rignier, near to Abbeville, was very famous indeed, both as monastery and school, and contained a noble library of 256 volumes; the greater part whereof were Christian, but certain others were pagan classics; let us, for instance, be grateful for the Eclogues of Virgil and the Rhetoric of Cicero. Of this library but one volume remains; I have seen it, and with astonishment. It is a copy of the Gospels, written in letters of gold upon purple parch-

ment. It was given by Charlemagne to the Count-Abbot, Saint Angilbert. This one precious fragment of the great library is in the

museum of Abbeville. The school was, indeed, an ecclesiastical Eton and Oxford. The sons of kings, dukes, and counts came here to



Nave of Cathedral at Abbeville.

learn the "letters," of which Charlemagne made such great account.

Now, the town of Abbeville first gets historic mention in the century succeeding Charlemagne. It is called *Abbatis Villa*, and belonged to this great monastery of St. Rignier; wherefore I have introduced both the good saint and his foundation. It grew, as almost all the towns of the middle ages did grow, from a religious root—a tap-root, striking deep in the soil. Of course, having thus begun to grow, its history has made interesting chapters a great deal too long to be copied or even noted here; it will not be amiss, however, to look for its points of occasional contact with England. Firstly, then, it was from St. Valery, the seaport of the Somme, that William the Conqueror set out for England. Then, in 1259, our Henry III. met St. Louis at Abbeville, and Henry did homage for his French possessions. Then, in 1272, our great King Edward I. married Eleanor, heiress of Ponthieu,—she who sucked the poison from her

husband's wound; and the burgesses of Abbeville, misliking the transfer, quarrelled violently with the king's bailiff, and killed some of the underlings. Eleanor's son, Edward II., married Isabel, the

She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
That tearest the bowels of thy mangled mate.

This unamiable specimen of her sex lived at Abbeville in 1312; but during her reign and residence, and that of her son Edward III., the inhabitants of Abbeville ceased not to kick indignantly. The King of France, her brother, struck into the contest "*pour conforter la main de Madame D'Angleterre.*" The legal documents arising from these quarrels partially remain to us. So they go on, quarrelling and sometimes fighting, until the great day of Crécy, when Edward III., the late king's nephew, tried to get the throne. The oft-told tale we need not tell again. In 1393, France being in worse extremities, we find Charles VI. at Abbeville, and Froissart there at the

same time. Perhaps, in respect of battles and quarrels, these few notices are sufficient; I only wished to indicate that Abbeville was on the borderland between the English and the French, and came in for an ample share of fighting. Two royal ceremonials enlivened it in the course of centuries, whereof particular mention is made in the history. Louis XII. here met and married Mary of England, in 1514: "*La Reine Blanche*," as she was afterwards called, from her white widow's weeds. In the Hôtel de Cluny at Paris is still shown the apartment she occupied. Louis was old, and Mary young, when they married; but the French historian recounts her exceeding complaisance and politeness to the king, and his great delight therein.

In 1657, young Louis XIV. came here with his mother, and lodged at the Hôtel d'Oignon. Monsieur D'Oignon, the noble owner, had everything in such beautiful and ceremonious order for their reception, that he became a proverb at Abbeville—"As complete and well arranged as M. d'Oignon." A sort of rich Richard.

The antiquarian who goes to Abbeville and dips into the history (by M. Louandre) at the Museum, will find plenty of interesting matter about the manners and customs of the Abbeillois, rendered all the more striking by so many of the old houses being yet just where they were, and as they were. But few impressions of the book seem to have been printed off, for it is no longer sold, though the obliging librarian did say he knew where a few copies remained at a high price. This for the benefit of any long-pursed antiquary, curious in local histories. It is such a book as can only be written by a devoted son of the soil digging away on the spot.

In the Revolution, Abbeville fortunately escaped any great horrors; but the trials of the middle ages afford plenty; especially one of a certain student, condemned for sacrilege. Now, it is a peaceful, well-governed town, busy in making iron pots and cans, and other wrought articles from raw materials brought by the railway. It proves to be only in respect of the Hotel Interest that *Abbeville est presque détruite*. BESSIE R. PARKES.

THE CALENDARS OF ALL-HALLOWEN, BRIGHTSTOWE.

PART I.

It cannot be doubted, even by those most prejudiced against the habits and manners of the Middle Ages, that amongst the various ecclesiastical bodies, whose corruption was so generally assumed as a fact by that great Reformer of Church Abuses, Henry VIII., and the satellites of his royal will, there were many

useful Orders, whose members spent their lives in the quiet discharge of every Christian duty, and pursued the even tenor of their way, amid evil report and good report, satisfied with the praise of a good conscience, and happy in their devotion to what ascetic writers call "the hidden life."

Among such religious bodies, it is to be believed, were the ancient "Calendars"; a body of whose existence and work so little appears to be known that their name is not even mentioned in "*Dugdale's Monasticon*," that full and all but perfect record of the old ecclesiastical establishments of this country; and, so far as I have been able to ascertain, a search through the cyclopædias and other storehouses of information will give no information about them.

And yet the Calendars once held a very important place among the "religious" of that city which all through the Middle Ages stood second in this kingdom, the Brightstowe of Saxon days, and the Bristowe of the Norman and Plantagenet eras, and the Bristol of our own time; that city whose numerous churches and chapels and chantries, it is said, gave birth to the common west-country phrase, "as sure as God is in Gloucestershire."

William of Worcester mentions them as "*Collegium ab antiquo fundatum, diu ante conquestum Wilhelmi Conquestoris*;" and quaint old Leland speaks of "the Calendaries, otherwise called the Gilde or Fraternitie of Brightstowe;" and he adds that "the original of it is time oute of mynde." And it is only fair to add that for the larger part of the materials of this paper I am indebted to a small work* on the subject, now scarce and but little known, by a former Vicar of All Saints, or All Hallows, Bristol, the church to which the Fraternity of the Calendars was for nearly five centuries attached, and a parish endeared to myself by many pleasant recollections, but which the rude and ruthless hand of time has long since scattered into misty day-dreams.

As the traveller enters modern Bristol from the railway, as soon as he has crossed the bridge from Temple Street over the Avon, he has only a few yards' walk up High Street before him, and he will come to a spot where the four main streets of the city converge, meeting at right angles. On this spot once stood the High Cross of the city—afterwards removed, for convenience sake, to College Green, close under the shadow of the Cathedral—and at the four angles stood four

* "*The Calendars of All-Halloween, Bristowe; an attempt to elucidate some portions of the History of the Priory or Fraternitie of Calendars*." By the Rev. Henry Rogers, M.A., Vicar of that Church. (Bristol: Light and Ridler, 1846.)

churches, of which two have long since perished, while the other two still remain. Both of these edifices have been sadly modernised and mutilated; but one at least of them—that of All Saints—is a church of much interest to the antiquary, if it be only for the fact that in it lies buried Edward Colston, the charitable and princely merchant of Bristol, the worthy successor to the virtues of William Canynge. It has, however, a separate interest to the student of the Middle Ages, as presenting a curious and almost unique example of domestic architecture intruded into the sanctuary, and that, too, at an era when as yet no Tudor king had arisen to violate its sacredness.

The pillars which support the arches at the west end of the nave, which, as a moment's glance will serve to show, are of Norman style and date, serve to support, not galleries, but portions of houses, which open outside into the public street. That in the south aisle is the old vicarage house; that on the north, now occupied by an insurance company, was once the public library of the "Fratres Calendarii," the only accessible repository of instruction for the good citizens of Bristol in the days of Henry Beaucherk, and of John and of the Edwards. We talk now very freely of Public Libraries; and, no doubt, many towns are largely indebted for their public libraries to Lord Brougham and the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge: but here we behold a confraternity devoted to the establishment of a public library for Bristol, from the Conquest, and probably from a far earlier date, thus anticipating the modern idea of which we are so proud, and proving to us that, in one respect, there is "nothing new under the sun." Let us enter that upper room, all that now remains of the old home of the Calendars, and we can almost fancy that we see the brethren with our own eyes, dressed in their dark-brown robes of sober hue, aiding the Right Worshipful the Mayor and the Town Council and the rest of their fellow-citizens by keeping their archives neatly and orderly—for even mayors and town clerks could not write at that time—or explaining to the youths from Wynche (now Wine) Street and St. Maryleport, the difficult passages which from time to time presented themselves in the Bible, or "The Legends of the Saints," or "The Early History of Britain," and the other volumes chained to the desks.* As Mr. Rogers remarks, "Of the vast advantage conferred on the city in which they dwelt by such an institution, if well regulated, no reasonable mind can doubt; but whatever that advantage may

have been, whether great or small, it was, with regard to Bristol, confined to the ages in which they flourished: it was not permitted to extend to our own times,—few and vague are the memorials left. Providence, certainly for the best and wisest purposes, ordained that the effects of their labours and zeal should be unfelt by posterity; for their whole library, containing more than eight hundred books, besides some civic archives, many rude and curious emblematic drawings, and numerous other manuscripts, was totally consumed by fire A.D. 1466."

To this unfortunate event must of course be ascribed much of the obscurity that hangs over the early history of the Calendars; and as Bristol seems to have been the only town where such a confraternity existed, or is known to have existed, it is vain to look to the records of other places to supply the missing links, and to enable us to clothe our picture of them with flesh and life.

We all know that in the earliest ages it was the habit of the Church to seize upon heathen customs, to adopt them into her bosom, and to turn them to Christian purposes. Hence we find the old Roman Floralia superseded by the May-poles of merry Saxon England, the Feast of the Mother of the Gods by that of Mid-lent or Mothering Sunday, and the lamps in heathen sepulchres Christianised by the exchange of Roman letters for the sacred monogram or the symbol of the Cross. To some such feeling, in all probability, to a desire of Christianising a popular heathen practice, we may ascribe the order of the Calendars, whom we first hear of as a Christian fraternity about the sixth or seventh century. They probably took their pattern from the College of Pontiffs (Pontifices) at Rome, who, from the time of Numa Pompilius, had charge of the arrangement of the Monthly Calendar, and of appointing and proclaiming aloud (*καλεῖν*, *calare*) the *dies fasti* and *dies nefasti* to the common people. This duty, it will be seen, was not regarded as a civil work, but the office of the state ministers of religion: and when the old heathen system fell to pieces on the break-up of the Roman Empire, it would appear that the duty, which involved some knowledge of mathematics and astronomy, fell naturally into the hands of the clergy. The next step was to set apart a certain section of the lesser clerics for this purpose. This was effected by the establishment of the fraternity of the Calendars, with a prior at their head, for the double purpose of keeping a public library and record of events (answering to the Roman *Annals*) and regulating and publicly proclaiming the Saints' Days, the Fasts and Feasts, which

* In the list of benefactors to All Saints Church one is named who contributed the *chains* by which some of the books were fastened down to the desks.

varied the monotony of the ecclesiastical year. This possibly they did—as the Roman Pontifices had done—by ascending a tower and proclaiming: “I call, I call; come, hear the moon’s age.” And this would very naturally and easily take place in a town like Bristol, the principal port of foreign trade in the south-west, and one known to have been a Roman settlement, and called by the emphatic name of *Civitas*.*

In the words of Mr. Rogers, “If a heathen Pontifex was not degraded by proclaiming the moon’s age, how was it unworthy a Christian Priest to tell of the steady lapse of fading time, while in the order of his holy office he spake of Him by whose behest alone the moon pursues her silent round? If the Roman Pontifex declared to the people convened on a certain day the several feasts or holidays in the month then commencing, why should not a Christian priest hallow this custom by proclaiming the solemn festivals and holidays of the Church which would fall in each month, just as now, in a more seemly manner, the curate in each parish is required to ‘declare unto the people what holydays or fasting days are in the week following to be observed?’ If it were a circumstance of sufficient importance to justify the Roman law that the Pontifex Magnus, and he only, should draw out a record of public events, and submit them at his own house to the inspection of his fellow-citizens, can it be deemed a thing improbable that in Christian times, in a city whose every feature was stamped with some Christian mark, the momentous duty of keeping its records, and thereby investing passing events with their true, because Christian, import, should devolve on a fraternity of the Christian priesthood?”

The destruction of their records and muniments by fire in the fifteenth century, as we have said, makes it impossible for us to fill up the early history of the Calendars during the troublous times of the wars between the Britons and Saxons, and the incursions of the Picts, Danes, and Scots, in which so many religious houses were destroyed. But those writers who mention them all agree in speaking of them as of very ancient origin.

Leland (a good authority to be quoted on this subject) says in his “Itinerary,” “The Calendars, otherwise caullid the Gilde, or Fraternitie of Brightstowe was fyrste kepte in the Church of the Trinitie, sens at All-Hallows, the *original of it is out of mynde*.” He speaks also of its existing at Holy Trinity in the time of Aylward “Meau and Bristic his sunne, lords of Brightstowe, *afore the Conquest*.”

* We learn that the riches of foreign countries were imported into Britain by the mouth of the Severn as early as A.D. 429.

The Pope’s legate, Cardinal Gualo, immediately after the coronation of Henry III. at Gloucester, visited their house, approved its rules, spoke in high terms of the excellency of its order, the good discipline exercised by its members, and their individual conduct, not omitting to mention in special terms the *antiquity of their origin*. William de Worcestre, a credible authority, inasmuch as his own uncle was a Calendar Presbyter, speaks of their foundation as “*of old, a long time before the conquest of William the Conqueror*.” (“*Collegium le Kalenders . . . ab antiquo fundatum diu ante conquestum Willelmi Conquestoris*;)” and he further tells us that he saw and read letters certificatory (of their antiquity) in the time of S. Wolstan the Bishop, and those letters written in a hand even then accounted *ancient* (*antiqua manu*). Topographers and other antiquaries referring to the Calendars have usually termed them a “Fraternity,” not knowing, in consequence of their very early origin, whether they could be justly termed a priory or not; and Mr. Evans, in his History of Bristol, expresses his conviction that theirs was one of the most ancient establishments of the British kingdom.

The first settlement of the Calendars at Bristol appears to have been, as we have said, not in All Saints’, but in Christ Church, or (as it was formerly called) the Church of the Holy Trinity, which stood at the opposite angle of the Market Cross. How they obtained their first lodgment and settlement there we know not; but we know that, in addition to their other labours on that spot, they held a school for the purpose of teaching the Jews the Christian faith. And a pleasant residence it must then have been, with its back windows looking out, not on the dark close courts and filthy purlieus of the “Pithay”* of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, but on green fields and gardens sloping down northwards to the mead, beyond which rose in all its stateliness the Priory of St. James, and southwards to the house of the Knights Templars and the Church of the Holy Rood. Nor do we know anything about the causes which led the brethren to migrate from Trinity to All Saints, at all events if we accept the statement of Leland, that this removal took place about the year 1066, when Harding, son of the King of Denmark, was made governor of Bristol. But another and apparently

* Even so late as 1608, though even then much disfigured, there were in the Pithay at least eight gardens, with “lodges and penthouses,” implying that the gardens were frequented by the citizens as pleasure-grounds. Until about a century prior to this date nearly the whole of the Pithay was garden ground: it was not till the close of the reign of Edward III. (A.D. 1482) that this ground was sold to Richard, Duke of Gloucester, when the penthouses began to be built upon it.—Rogers. The Pithay is now, perhaps, as filthy a place as any Irish den in St. Giles’s, London.

more probable account* assigns to the step a later date, and says that it was carried into effect at the solicitation of Robert Hardyng, who was a great favourite with Henry II., and who founded the monastery of St. Augustine at Bristol, to which he gave the Church of All Saints. And this supposition is confirmed by one John of Daneburie, who was seventeenth Abbot of that Monastery early in the fifteenth century, and who is reported to have written "An Account of Brystowe Poettes," in which it is said that "dhe Calendarres [were] remov'de bie Robertte Hardyng fromm dheyr furste dwellynge ontoe Allehalloes Chyrche." This certainly corresponds with what Leland tells us in his "Itinerary," viz., that Robert, Earl of Gloucester, and Robert Harding translated the fraternity of Calendars "from Trinitie to the Church of All Hallows." If we may rely on these statements, the end in view, no doubt, was to connect so useful a body of working men with the powerful abbey of St. Augustine; † and possibly it was an advantage, or at all events a convenience, to the fraternity, to be settled where, instead of a rector (as at Trinity Church), they had only a vicar to deal with, and therefore there was less chance of finding any conflicts of interests between themselves and the incumbent.

Here, however, they soon settled down, hemmed in by streets principally inhabited by vintners, weavers, butchers, and boddice-makers, and, space being valuable, they built the two edifices already mentioned into the north and south aisles of All Hallows, supporting them, as I have explained, on the massive Norman piers of the church; into which the occupants of these rooms could look down through little windows, commanding a view of the high altar and chancel, so as to enable them to take part in the services and keep an eye on any intruders who might happen to have a fancy for a silver pyx, or a jewelled cope, or any other of the church's treasures. That even in those days it was necessary to keep a sharp look out on the church's treasures will appear in the sequel.

As to the rules of the fraternity but little is known. There are many rules which would apply to all "religious" houses in common, and of course it is not necessary to say that the Calendars, like the Benedictines and Dominicans, were bound to the three virtues of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience, or that one of their chief duties in church was to say or sing constant masses for the repose of the

souls of Founders and Benefactors. Unfortunately our only guide on this head is an illuminated MS. still in existence, headed "Rules of the House of the Fraternitie of Calendars;" but a casual inspection will serve to show that it is only a set of supplemental "rules"; it gives us no insight into what the lives of the brethren were in their refectory, their library, and their school-room, or the hours that they were to spend in church, either by day or by night. All that we know about them consequently may be summed up in a few words. No one was admitted, even as a lay-brother, except after the strictest inquiry as to his tried continence, habitual devotion, and purity of life. Once admitted, he was placed under the strictest surveillance, and he was publicly rebuked before the assembled brethren if he was even once absent from the church at service, except on the score of illness. The brethren had to attend the Offices of Prime, Tierce, Sext, Nones, Vespers, and Compline, and also Lauds and Matins at midnight and at cock-crow; and probably they were more busy with masses for the dead, from the fact of the dedication of their church to All Saints, and keeping their annual festival on the eve of All Souls' Day. Whatever, however, may have been their rule of life, it is clear that we can fill up its details only by guess-work; the few facts that we know about the fraternity being gathered from the authorities and sources already quoted, and from the preamble of their "Rules," which recites the authority by which their community existed and claimed to be recognised as a Christian brotherhood, observing that they had received not only the approval but the commendation of abbots and bishops, and even of the Pope's Legate; we also find that their canons and rules were, after strict examination, formally approved by William Wulstan (?), Bishop of Worcester, in whose diocese Bristol then was locally situated, and who is said to have been originally a brother of the community, though he probably ceased to be a poor "Calendar" on reaching the episcopal throne. The "Rules" were also confirmed by a Papal rescript, which, as the preamble states, "every one is bound to follow and defend."* We may add that the existence of other "statutes" besides these which have come down to us is made certain by the words of Bishop Wulstan, who speaks of their "ancient rules which have been observed time out of mind."

On the whole, the existence of the Calendars would seem to have realised very much of the "hidden life" so dear—on paper at least—to all religious communities, though so feebly

* A curious deed, quoted by Mr. Rogers as preserved in the "Little Red Book," whatever that may have been.

† St. Augustine's Abbey is now the Cathedral of Bristol; and it is remarkable that the living of All Saints, even to the present day, remains in the gift of the Dean and Chapter.

* Sequi tenentur omnes pariter et defendere.

and faintly realised by any. The Calendars were not an idle, contemplative order, but eminently practical, and on the whole we should imagine that they lived a life very free from quarrels and bickerings, far "from the strife of tongues." It is probable that their attendance in the library and the school for Jews kept well employed such hours as they had free from the duties of prayer and praise, or the customary hour for relaxation in their refectory; and no doubt, besides the shop-boys and apprentices, many an adult citizen of the good city of "Brightstowe" used to repair to the upper room near the High Cross to find food for his mind, in learning theology, or mathematics, or languages; and it is a proof that the Brothers were good hands at proselytising, when we find that among the number of the community in the fifteenth century were several convert Jews.

E. WALFORD.

LARTHON OF INIS-HUNA.

A TALE OF THE GREEN CHILDREN.

THOSE isles of Scilly, basking by the shore
Where Cornish mariners drag deep their nets,
Are orphan isles. Their elder isles lie hid
In graves, sea-water'd; lost to sight for aye,
Till new and strange disruption of this earth,
Heralded, haply, by the thunder's clash,
Shall bid them heave once more their crested brows
Above the flash and glimmer of the waves,
To drink new sunlight and to breathe new air,
And feel the stirrings in the heart of hills
And hear the battle-music of wild boughs;
Bursting, as ambush'd hosts from covert burst
To clash of cymbals at the rouse of dawn
With crested brows above the glimmering spears:
Or, stealing silent from the parted deep,
Green-visaged they shall rise—or seem to rise—
With stealth-like motion gracious as the flow
Of slow-retreating waves that leave them lorn
To start the upper world with looks of light,
Like those Wood-Children who upon a morn
Of spring, green-budded, stole as in a trance
Out of the wolf-pits with a voice like bells
In the "green isle" of Larthon on the sea,
Fair Inis-Huna, laurelled Inis-Huna,
The once fair isle of Larthon green by waves,
The green lost isle of Larthon on the sea.

In the rude days of conquest's thirst and rage
When Roman sickle clash'd with Celtic scythe,
Dwelt Larthon on the Cassi's laurel'd isle,
"Green" Inis-Huna, emerald of the sea:
That famed Silura which of old time drew

* Unless some discordant notes may be inferred from the following curious item, appended to an old inventory of the Church "Evidences," among those deeds of which, in Edward IV.'s time, they could give no certain explanation:—"Item I Ewydens undyr ye Dene ys sele as for a stryfe ymade yn ye Churche, yat ye Churche schulde not stonde sypendyn." We also find in the list of payments (Henry VI.) that a bill was "made to ye Byshope a genat ye prior of ye Kalendars and his brethryn." Whatever these disputes may have been, they exist'd between the proctors of the Church and the prior of the calendars, not between the brethren themselves.

Hither the purple-robed Phœnician,
When native eyes, far looking from wild heights,
Saw first in fear and wondering wilderment
The track of that great trader's keel, as slow
It plough'd the ridgy pathway to these shores
Rich with the metall'd splendours of the mine.

The fierce war-spirit of the Bolga race
Swept through the blood of Larthon; but the pulse
Of Mercy beat there, too. And so it fell
That, when his blood was hot with battle's rage,
Two Roman children falling to his sword,
He hid them, living, from his soldiers' eyes
Deep in a wolf-pit; and there cover'd them
With boughs of waving laurel, and there fed
Their lips with berries green, their souls with love,
Till the great shock of battle died with night.

But at the break of dawn, when to the pit
The conquering Larthon drew, the pit was fill'd—
Fill'd high with arms and corse. Glut of war
Had humed the babes even in their first sweet sleep,
And 'gainst the open door of life had raised
A piled-up tomb of the cold marble dead.

And Larthon wept a conqueror's tears—such tears
Are bitter waters unto good men's eyes!—
Wept o'er that fall of blossoms, snatch'd in haste.
In slaughter's hour to perish in the hour
Of peace new-planted on the Cassi's shore.
But tears avail'd not them; but only him
Who shed them. Mercy, true as tears, came back
After long time, like bread on waters cast,
To Larthon. Say it was a dream, no more;
Yet dreams are fruitful, beautifully true
In some sweet sense, though men's weak eyes be dark
To read their truth aright.

Days rolled on days.
Larthon had won that fight. But, vaster grown
Years after with new legions drawn from Rome,
The strong defying power press'd Larthon hard.
He stood a conquer'd chief on Huna's isle,
A man without a land.

Upon a morn
Of spring—as legends tell—when Roman power
Had pinn'd the British war-dogs to the earth
With Roman spears, at rest upon a mound
Of Inis-Huna, Larthon lay at length:
When, from the wild-dog pits, before his face,
Ascending, hand in hand, grown by degrees
Visible,—first by crown, then shoulder, limb,
And mounting foot—two children met his sight.
Fair were the two, but with a woodland shade,
A hue of green that o'er their features play'd,
Like the dank humid marsh-growth that has moss'd
Fair marble forms in weed-rank gardens lying
Prone mid the damps, down-broken from their
plinths.

Each outward hand, not clasped in other, bore
A laurel bough, that, bendful waved and wide,
Fanning still air to movement. So they rose,
And—standing some way off, yet near to sound,—
Mingling sweet voices in harmonious breath,
Speaking as one, yet with a twofold love,
Hush'd down the silence into Larthon's soul.

"From the green Underland," they said, "we come
Once more to Larthon. Spears nor pierce us now,
Nor hands the death-grip tightening, crush our brows,
Nor writhing corse struggling 'neath the press
Of piled-up slaughter smother our weak sighs.



Our happy days in the green Underland
We pass—a forest land of leaf-delights,
Thanks, thanks to Larthon!"

And the welkin rang
With "Thanks to Larthon!"

"Thanks to him who strew'd
Green boughs above our sepulchre, ere we knew
It was our sepulchre; strew'd the laurel green,
Never unleaf'd; the bough that Mercy wears

For crown, and men to mock the conqueror twines
For coronal of battle. List, O Larthon!
Pityful Larthon, tenderest to babes,
Tender to women, needing tenderness,
Ruthful in battle, fierce but when assail'd
In the dear places of the home-bound hearth,
And full of tears in conquest! List, O Larthon!
Seek thou yon Island of the West. To Rome,
Rome and her legions, leave this isle of beauty:
Leave it to spoiler's rage and victor's greed.

Soon shall the waters of the Cornish main
 Know it no more : soon shall its laurel-boughs
 Wave, a sea-forest, till the seas grow green
 With the leaf-kissing,—green to the margin lips,
 Like sea-maids prone on a weed-tangled crest
 Of billows where the shore-waves suck the beach.
 Go ! bear these green boughs to Iverna's Isle
 And set them on a crown of hills, where soars
 The black stork tarnward ; and so, year by year,
 Renew in leaf-slips over all the isle
 These boughs of Inis-Huna, green by sea.
 And bear the wine-tree with the wine-tree corn "—

For—strange ! the phantoms, though of Roman race,
 And Rome's by birth-right, spoke the Celtic tongue,
 And lipp'd the Cymrian phrases to the life !

" And bear the wine-tree and the wine-tree corn,—
 Grain beautiful to sight and sweet to taste,
 Press'd in its fulness as the year grows full,
 Sweet as the fruit of Avallonia's vale,*
 Where rolls the aval from the aval-tree—
 Till all the West shall smile as one bright gem
 Like this of Huna, green upon the marge
 Of waters. So shall Memory hold through time
 Fruitful for ever to the minds of men,
 Fresh as the dew upon the laurel-bough,
 The deed of mercy, Larthon, wrought by thee !"

Faded the music down ; faded the forms,
 Airy as mists on the young brow of morn :
 Voices, and words, and tremulous sweet records,
 And tender whispers, grateful even to sighs,
 Melted and faded from the soul-rapt sense.
 Only remain'd the fadeless, verdant boughs—
 Only the green boughs, greener for his tears :—
 For once more Larthon wept for each fair child
 Hidden by stealth in battle's brunt far down
 Within the wolf-pit's mouth that swallow'd more
 That battle-day long past than would have fill'd
 Full fifty graves of dead men laid apart :—
 But these no more were waving on the breeze,
 But lay at Larthon's feet, fresh as when first
 He strew'd them o'er the white of fear-white brows
 Which sweet betraying beauty mark'd for spoil,
 Safe now from slavery housed in a green grave
 Below the wild-dog's pit.

And Larthon took
 The heaven-sent gifts ; and oar'd a ship, and sail'd
 With the scant remnant of his conquer'd band,
 Even to that blank Island of the West.
 And in the land of his directed choice
 Came happy days to Larthon ; rule and power
 And leadership that well his soul had loved,
 Used to good ends—such as rude times allow'd.
 And there he planted of the laurel-boughs
 A waving grove—nay, myriad groves on groves,
 For well they thrive on Erin's virgin soil,
 Barren and wasteland all save where o'er-rid
 By "wanderers" fleeing from his warlike race.
 That Isle has many names ; but each records
 Alike the Gaul—even thine, sweet "Inis-Fail !"
 And though with Cairbar and with Cathmore died
 The last of Larthon's race, through history's page
 In Artho's name the name of Larthon lives ;
 And, shrouded amid the seas, where waving boughs
 Crown children with the laurel light of love,
 Erin's "Green Isle" keeps Larthon's memory
 green.

ELEANORA L. HERVEY.

* Avallonia—the "Apple Orchard": Glastonbury.

ADRIANA.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XXI.

It was not town, and it was not country,
 and it was not sea. It seemed as though it
 had been trying to be all three, and having
 met with a terrible failure, had settled down
 into a nondescript state of existence, endea-
 vouring to shrink again into obscurity, quite
 ashamed of its rash and hopeless aspirations.

There was a line of rude cottages lying
 along the beach,—if that long stretch of mud
 could be dignified with such a title,—and at
 right angles with this line of cottages ran a
 roughly marked-out road. The only house in
 the road was a shop, which had evidently been
 intended for the commencement of a row, the
 sides being unfinished, and showing the beams
 and apertures for the fireplaces next door,
 whenever the next door should be built.

But the next door had not been built, and
 probably never would be, though brick-ends
 and other indications of workmen, still not
 cleared away, gave token that the work was
 not intentionally left incomplete.

At a little distance from this foreground, on
 a slight elevation commanding what view of
 the sea there might be when there was no
 mist, were excavations in preparation for a
 house of goodly dimensions, though why any
 one should ever have contemplated building
 in so uninviting a neighbourhood, would be a
 difficult matter to determine. So the projector
 seemed, on more mature consideration, to have
 decided, for the idea was evidently abandoned.
 A few small houses and hovels scattered here
 and there completed the place, whose preten-
 sions to a town might be summed up in the
 negation that it was not country.

In like manner its claims to country might
 be described by saying it was not town. A
 few stunted stubble-fields, some clusters of
 thick furze-bushes, a miserable common,
 whereon some donkeys believed themselves to
 be grazing, but found it a very hard creed to
 swallow, and half-a-dozen dwarfed elm-trees,
 whose leaning trunks and boughs, bent by
 the sea-breeze, gave one the uncomfortable
 feeling that they were fast losing their equi-
 librium, and that the next gust of wind would
 topple them over altogether. Add to these a
 stagnant pool, in which some indefatigable
 ducks were dabbling for food, and all rural
 associations were at an end. Long sandy
 reaches covered, or rather sprinkled, with long
 rush-like grass, suggested the vicinity of the
 sea.

Adriana turned towards where the sea

should be, but the tide had gone far out, and only a hazy line indicated water in the distance. There were some boats lying on the muddy beach, and some fishing-nets spread out to dry, and troops of bare-footed children, luxuriating in sundry pools and puddles that the tide had left, gave rise to the impression that, in so far as the population was concerned, Grayside was an increasing place. She wondered how people living amidst such desolation could be content, and, much as she had wished for an out-of-the-world residence, her heart died within her as she noted the bearings of her future home.

"You must inquire for Mrs. Rebecca Davis," said she to the driver, and she shrank back into the corner of the antiquated chaise that had brought her from the nearest post-town.

"Inquire, is it?" muttered the driver to himself; "sure then it's little the lady knows where she's going to. No need to inquire, ma'am," said he, aloud, "I know the house."

And after proceeding for about half a mile, he turned up a narrow lane, fenced on either side by a straggling hedge, and greatly abounding in loose stone-heaps, over which the chaise jolted uneasily.

As they advanced, the hedge assumed a somewhat more trim appearance, and as they drove into a sort of courtyard, the gate of which was left open, as if an arrival were expected, it seemed to Adriana as though the transformation-scene of a pantomime had taken place.

This courtyard was surrounded on three sides by an old stone wall, covered with carefully-trained fruit-trees, whilst the house formed the fourth side of the square; the back of it evidently, though this seemed the principal entrance. And at the door stood an elderly lady in a dark-grey stuff dress; the whitest of white kerchiefs was crossed over her bosom, and the stiffest and primmest of Quaker caps covered her scanty silver hair.

"Welcome, dear friend," said the old lady. "I am right-glad to see thee. Didst leave John Davis and his wife and child all well?" And as Adriana replied, she led the way into her sitting-room.

A low wainscoted room, with beams across the ceiling, and the plain furniture, as bright as hands could make it. One end of it was almost taken up with a wide casement window, part of which formed a door into the garden; and as Adriana caught sight of the view that lay beyond, she uttered an exclamation of surprise.

"It is the only picture I have," said Rebecca Davis, smiling, and seemingly pleased with Adriana's astonishment; "truly, child,

the Almighty's pencil paints finer pictures than the hand of man."

"But the hand of man has done something," said Adriana, as she looked out upon the soft turf, and the borders studded with snowdrops and crocuses.

"Yes, the hand of man hath tended, but not made. Look beyond. Many and many a day have I watched the sun go down from this window, and I have thought of the life of the righteous man, more and more glorious as the evening tide draws on and its setting is at hand."

The eye of the placid Quakeress lightened as she spoke.

Adriana looked beyond. The soft turf contrasted well with the grey rocks that bounded it, and which rose high above the shore. Their jagged peaks and outlines hid from sight the muddy beach, and showed no space between them and the wide waters. It was as though another transformation-scene had taken place, and Adriana was in fairyland.

The sun had struggled through the mist, and on a pale gold sky the dark grey clouds floated in bars of shade. The nearer ones were tinged with a purple crimson, and the more distant seemed as if a rosy fleece were hovering over them. There was but one single patch of blue visible through a rift in the heavier clouds, looking more deeply blue from contrast with the surrounding shades of colour; the waters reflected the brilliant hues, and flashed and sparkled as the monarch of the day sank down to meet them; and, as he greeted them with his farewell kiss, a flood of light hid the boundary line of earth and heaven.

Adriana gazed in silence. A new life had sprung up within her; a sense of deep peace stole over her; the past was for the moment forgotten, the present seemed so exquisite. She tasted that sensation of ineffable happiness, known at rare times to all of us, when the heart feels that it has snatched one moment of supreme repose, as though the ministering angels had overshadowed us with their protecting wings, and had enfolded us in a spiritual embrace.

"A peace that passeth man's understanding."

Rebecca Davis stood watching her.

"Is it peace, my child?" said the gentle Quakeress.

"Peace! rest! I shall be happy here."

CHAPTER XXII.

TIME went on twisting his wondrous cable, entwined of so many threads that mortals fail to count them. A marvellous coil of sorrow and of joy, of life, of death, of good and evil,

weaving in incongruities, and coming to no halt, no knot to be untied, no roughness to be made smooth, but one broad even line of indestructible fibre that has been weaving throughout all ages, connecting us, as it were, magnetically with the past, through the wondrous telegrams it delivers to the more marvellous present.

And as we stand, and look back with awe upon that mighty past, a feeling of regret comes over us, almost of remorse, as we reflect that we can send no message back along that even line, no word to tell the brains that worked themselves out, the hands that strove, the hearts that struggled and despaired and pined, to perfect it, that they wrought and fought and bled and died, not in vain, but that through their toil and sufferings their fellow-men have come to be more noble.

In vain! Like a marble monument to a starved painter or a maddened poet, is our most earnest tribute to those dead and now appreciated ones.

Yet such is life, and such the fate of genius. The death-angel oftentimes gives the crown of mortal as well as of immortal glory.

And Time wove on his cable. He had twisted into it the last spring violets, and was now wreathing it with early roses.

And Adriana sat on the mossy turf that crowned the grey rocks, and looked upon the sea. There was no mist now, and it was high tide. The sea breeze played amongst the wild-thyme and clover, and stole their sweet fragrance but to fling it away. And the waves rolled quietly over, with a dreamy, murmuring plash. Summer, delicious summer, was nigh.

The last few months had passed quickly enough to Adriana. As good Mrs. Davis had said, there was no lack of work at Cousin Rebecca's. Quiet, homely work. Adriana smiled as she thought of her various occupations.

"Katy would wonder if she saw me now. How many babies' frocks have I made? How many times have I taken Rebecca Davis's place in the primitive school-room? How many times have I trudged through snow and rain to take her alms, or to bear her message of consolation? I've done everything but preach for her; that I *could not* do, and no disgrace to me, for it's not every rector that could do that part of her work either. A queer life for me. I feel as if St. Christopher were my patron-saint, and I could found an order with 'Laborare est orare' for a motto. Still, there's something soothing in it. One's life seems easier from seeing how hard are the lives of others.

"I've not had much time to think of my-

self, and I'm beginning to forget that there is such a place as Etheredge Court. It is very pleasant, this drifting along and having work found for one, just like a little child. People used to tell me I should have no days like my school days, and I'm beginning to believe them. No, I am not. They're poor faint hearts that say that. On, on, forward! Life is a life-long battle, and there is something exciting in the struggle. *Vittoria! Vittoria!* ah, the improvisatore would rhyme with it, *Gloria!* But one gets tired of *Gloria* after a time. *Tranquillità* is a pleasanter word. *Tranquillità!* There's too much of the drum and trumpet in *Gloria*. But what nonsense I am dreaming! Here is Katy's letter to bring me back to common sense.

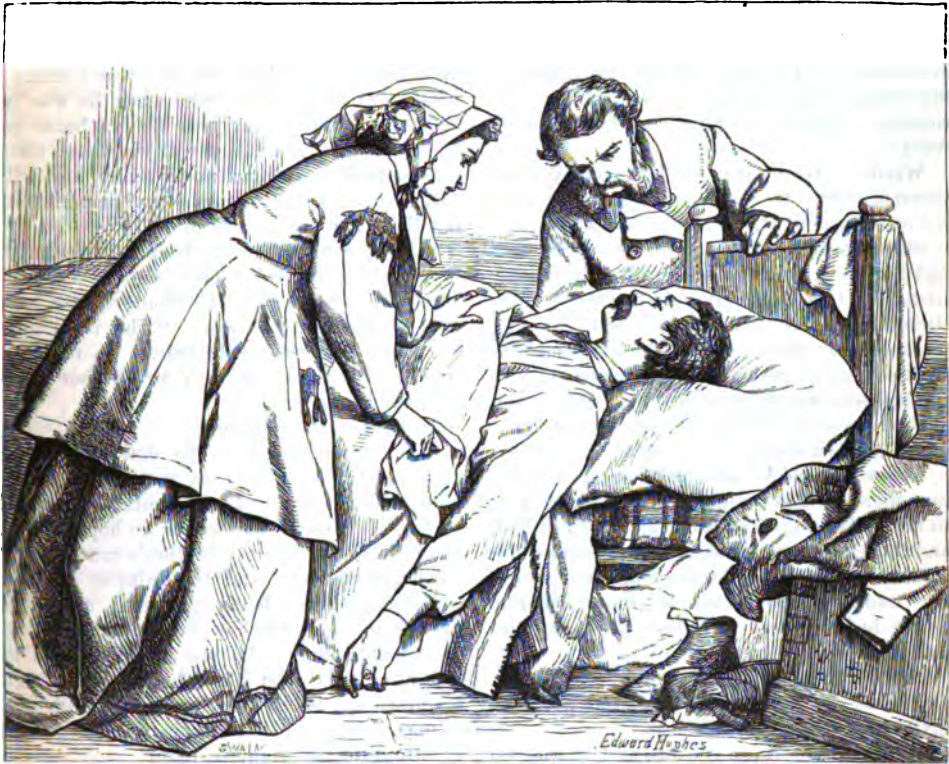
"Hum," said Adriana, "'everything going on as usual. Mother is busy with her poultry. The hay will be cut next week. Arthur Clinton has been away for three weeks, and whom do you think he brought home with him?—Mr. Etheredge! And Mr. Etheredge has bought Trenholm, but he is not going to live there just yet. I wonder you never told me more about Mr. Etheredge, I should have thought you would have liked him, but I suppose you did not. He seems very clever—at least, Arthur says he is; but he's not clever in the same way that Arthur is. I mean I'm not afraid of Arthur's cleverness, but I am of Mr. Etheredge's. I don't know whether I like him or not. One thing I did not like at all,—he never once asked after you, and he knows we are relatives, for Arthur told him. Is he proud? I don't think it would have done him any harm to have asked after you, but he never even mentioned you. It is odd that mother does not think him proud or too clever; but then he admired her Spanish fowls, and that of course won her heart. And then,—and this is the great piece of news of my letter,—the Vicar of Trenholm has been presented to a better living, so Trenholm is vacant, and Mr. Etheredge has offered it to Arthur, and Arthur is going to accept it, so we shall be married very soon, and you must come to the wedding. I think Arthur will ask Mr. Etheredge to come. Don't strange events happen? How oddly people are thrown together!"

"So Katy's beginning to note the curious web that people get entangled in," said Adriana. "No, I shall not be at your wedding, Katy. Mr. Clinton's relative will be a bar. Well, I must be content to be alone in the world,—a waif, a stray! You suppose I did not like Mr. Etheredge. I should have agreed with you once, though I'm not quite so sure about it now. He's worth a dozen Charles Cunninghams in some respects. However, I

shall never see either again, so I need not trouble myself with their merits or demerits."

Here the gentle voice of Rebecca Davis interrupted Adriana's cogitations.

"Adriana," said she, "wilt thee go down



See page 480.

to Thomas Greening's, and see what the trouble is? There are people running to-and-fro, but no one can give me a rational account. I hear there are two men drowned. Wilt thee go?"

"Drowned!"

"Nay, I will not say so for certain; but a yacht was seen awhile since off the Sandhill Bank making signals of distress, and there are no signs of her now."

"In this calm sea!"

"Ah, dear friend, smooth waters are deceitful, and none can say there is no danger even when the heavens look fairest."

As Adriana made the best of her way down the stony lane, and along the muddy beach to the row of cottages, a dark presentiment filled her mind. She could not analyse the vague foreboding, beyond the point that it in some way touched herself, neither could she dispel it. She felt oppressed with a weight that she could not shake off.

"Yet, what have I to do with these dead ones, even should they be dead?" she reasoned. "They are nothing to me. There have been deaths at Grayside before, yet I never felt as I do now. I want some of Rebecca Davis's Quaker calmness, or I shall be of no use. What is it, Thomas?" she asked, as she saw Greening with an awe-struck face at the cottage door.

"It's hard to see a brave man die, and he's one if ever there was," returned Thomas, in a hoarse whisper. "I could not stand by and see him die as others does."

"Was he drowned?" asked Adriana, scarcely more audibly.

"He's not dead yet," replied the man, "but he's going, and they say it'll be a sore struggle, for he's strong to look at, but there's no hope. His brother's come-to. Pity they could not both go together, for he's all but wild with grief. Will you step in, miss?"

"I shall be of little use, I fear. I'll go back and fetch Mrs. Davis."

And Adriana was turning away, when the door opened wider, and Greening's wife clutched Adriana by the arm.

"Miss Linden, Miss Linden! ye're not going, surely. Oh, the poor brother, the Lord have mercy upon him! Surely, as David loved Jonathan, so this man loves him that is departing. The like of us can give him no comfort. Maybe you could give him a kindly word."

Words! What are words? But Adriana entered. She trod silently up the narrow staircase, and stepped into the low bedroom.

She was little prepared for the sight that met her view. Stretched on the rude bed lay Richard Etheredge; his pale features seemed stiffening to the stillness of death, looking more ghastly from the streaks of blood that trickled from a gash across his forehead.

The room was filled with rough sailors, and at the side of the bed knelt Charles Braddick, sobbing like a child.

Unprepared as Adriana was for such a meeting, there seemed nothing extraordinary in it to her. The vague presentiment was fulfilled, and therefore it vanished, and left her calm and collected. One thought alone darted through her mind as she gazed on the death-like figure before her. Her last words to him had been,—

"Mr. Etheredge, I hate you!"

And as she gazed, what would she not have given to be able to recall them!

But the words were spoken, and it was too late to take them back.

"Is there no doctor?"

"They be gone for un, miss, but it's fifteen mile, at the least."

"How long since?"

"An hour or more."

"There are too many people here," said Adriana, to the man who had spoken; "ask them to go away."

The man did as he was desired. Adriana threw open the little window, and looked out over the wide expanse, but there was no human figure visible across the barren flats.

"It will be too late, too late!" And she wiped away the bloody stains from the white face; in moving to do this, she accidentally touched Mr. Braddick; he looked up at her with such an altered face that she started back.

"Adriana! Miss Linden! Can you not save him? Can you not give him back as you gave me Charley?"

"How can I save him? What can I do?"

"You will not save him! You hate him! You are glad to see him lying there! You

have come to rejoice over my misery! You triumph in your revenge! Do you like revenge, Miss Linden? It is sweet, is it not? Very sweet?" and he grasped Adriana's arm.

She perceived that he scarcely knew what he was saying, and she tried to stop the tide of words, but he heeded her not.

"How should I know that there were rocks upon the coast? Why did the vessel strike? I ask you, why did it strike when he was in it, whilst hundreds of poor fishing-boats go by in safety? Ah! you will watch the fishing-boats for many and many a day, and will say, 'Charles Cunningham's brother perished, but there is no danger to these.'"

"Mr. Braddick," said Adriana, sorrowfully, "you are mistaken." Then, as she saw him about to speak again, she changed her tone to a more imperious one. "This is no time for words like these: be calm; no one can say how this may end. Your brother's life may yet be spared."

He looked at her eagerly.

"Do you believe it? No, you don't; you are deceiving me. You say it to quiet me. I used to think you spoke the truth, but this is no truth. You know there is no hope. You would like me to be my brother's murderer!"

The excitement and the injuries he had sustained had evidently produced an effect upon him, and Adriana no longer tried to reason with him. All she could do was to beg him to be silent, lest he should disturb his brother. So he was silent, whilst Adriana stooped down to listen if she could hear the breathing of the wounded man.

Very faint it was; scarcely perceptible. She placed the pillow so that the head might not fall back so much. The change of position was an evident relief, and a slight sigh escaped the sufferer's lips.

Yet what was she to do?

There was a stir below, then a footstep on the stairs.

It was the doctor.

Adriana was disappointed when a bright rosy face, with dark wavy hair, and no sign of beard or whisker, looked into the room.

So unlike the stereotyped idea of a skilful practitioner!

She did not remember the words of Elihu, the son of Barachel, the Buzite.

The young doctor examined the wound, and shook his head.

"It will require more nursing than he'll get here."

"Could he be removed?" asked Adriana.

The doctor turned to Adriana, whom he had not before noticed.

"There's only one house about where he's likely to be well attended to. I should not

mind asking the favour; I'm sure it would be cordially granted."

"I think I can answer for that," said Adriana; "you mean Mrs. Rebecca Davis."

The young doctor looked in some surprise at Adriana.

"I am living there just now," explained she.

"All right," returned the doctor; "then the sooner my patient is moved the better. Here, you good fellows," he called, from the top of the stairway, "lend a hand. I'm going to have the gentleman moved to Madam Davis's."

"Couldn't do better," responded a rough sailor, appearing, followed by two or three others, as rough and shaggy as himself.

"We shall want a stretcher," said the doctor.

"Easy manage that, sir," replied the sailor; "but we must get him downstairs first."

And Adriana slipped away to prepare Rebecca Davis for her visitors.

"There are no bones broken," said the doctor; "the right arm's out of its socket; we must put that right, and then he may be carried as safely as need be." Then, turning to Mr. Braddick,—"Why, you're not much better able to walk than he is. You've been pretty well knocked about, both of you. Is there any brandy to be had?" A small flask was handed to him. "Here, drink this," said the doctor.

(To be concluded in our next.)

OLD TIMES IN JAMAICA.

THE IRON CAGE.

A FEARFUL night indeed was that of the 20th of April, 1856. All along the islands of the Caribbean Sea, above those balmy skies, then highly charged with electrical fluids, the aerial hosts from all points of the compass met together, and fought a terrific battle for the mastery. That night and all its grandeur, I may say all its horrors as well, will never be effaced from my memory. I lay through its long weary hours on a stretcher in a barrack-room in Jamaica, sick almost unto death with yellow fever, and utterly exhausted by the fearful exactions of the disease. A hideous yellow woman, who cared nothing whether I lived or died, and who snored on a sofa at the other end of the room, was the only other creature in that great gloomy bird-cage of a building; but verily it taught me this experience, that if ever there be a time when the soft hand of ministering angels of one's own kith and kin be needed, it is when the poor feeble body struggles in the grip of death in lands far far away. Through the island's

which to admit all the air possible surrounded the whole place, the rain ran in rivers; and as, after the clash and crash of the mighty artillery, the pitchy darkness was changed in the tenth of a second into burning day, one saw how the waters descended from above, not in lines, but apparently in solid sheets, through which not a chink beyond was visible. Covering my head, I tried to shut out the seething and hissing of the stream which ran violently round the house, as if seeking to sap its foundations; and poorly as I managed this, yet nothing would deaden the roar and the flash which each half minute succeeded each other for eight weary, weary hours. It was to me, as I then thought, the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and who is there that in solitude and pain can walk that path, and, even though permitted for a time to turn back, shall not bring away such things as can never be wholly lost in the dry and dusty tracks of the busiest or happiest existence?

Memory required no mark set upon the horrors of that miserable night, and yet I recall it now by another incident, in which I learnt how puny and light my own terrors and sufferings were, or should have been, compared to tortures which, inflicted on a wretched creature many years gone by, the awful storm of that night brought unmistakably again to the knowledge of another generation of men. The good old doctor, by whose skill and God's blessing I had baffled Yellow Jack, used to pay me long friendly visits during convalescence; and while he discouraged me from reading, never failed to make amends by collecting all the news of the day for my benefit. One morning, while I was sitting in the verandah enjoying the first flittings of the sea-breeze, he disengaged his fingers from my wrist, after a longer consultation than usual, and said, with a pleasant smile and a tap on the shoulder,—

"Come, I think in another ten days we shall be able to see you hobbling about a little, eh?"

I shook my head rather mournfully, feeling—oh! that awful feeling which all who have recovered from a desperate illness in the tropics know so well—as if I never should walk again, and almost careless whether I did or not.

"Come, come, keep a good heart on it," said my kind friend, smiling. "I've seen a good many just like you; but, believe me, you'll take an interest in life yet. Now, this very morning I saw something which would have tickled your fancy very much—very much indeed; an extraordinary relic of the old slave times: what do you think of that?"

"Indeed," I replied, making an effort to sit more upright; and the doctor saw at once he had touched the right chord.

"Yes! I knew that would interest you; we have talked over those sad times so often before. So I'll tell you all about it. Do you remember, about a month ago, there was one night an awful storm of lightning and rain?"

Did I remember! That was the expression of my face, and the doctor well understood it.

"Yes; an awful night to you, my poor fellow, no doubt. Well, rain, as you know, falls heavy enough in these parts, but that night was quite exceptional even for a tropical downpour. It washed away the roads in many places about Kingston entirely, and did an immensity of damage. You know the road leading to Stony Hill, a short distance north of Half-way Tree cross-roads; and I dare say you remember an enormous tamarind-tree which stands close to the ditch at the corner? The flood came down the hills, and tore up the ground all about the roots of that tree, and some negroes passing along saw among them a strange-looking thing, which they at first took for a gigantic skeleton. Creeping down towards it with timid and cautious steps, they perceived that it was a great iron case, among the bars or ribs of which bones were entwined. You know the darkies well enough to be sure that they would not meddle with such an affair as that; so it remained quite uninjured until one or two of the members of the Society of Arts heard of it, had it dug out very carefully, and deposited it with the bones in the museum, where we had a solemn conclave over it, as I told you this morning."

"Well, doctor, perhaps, after all, it was an old suit of Spanish armour; nothing very wonderful, considering the number of those gentry who must have been disposed of in this neighbourhood some two hundred years ago."

"Oh, no. We pretty well ascertained what it was. In short, there was no doubt about it at all. It was a terrible instrument of torture, in which a human being suffered many years ago the horrible agonies of lingering death by starvation, thirst, and exposure. The bones were those of a young woman, who was enclosed in those iron ribs for some great crime, in such a way so that she could not move—hung in chains, in fact; and then she was suspended by a ring on the iron helmet to a branch of the tamarind-tree, and left to die from exhaustion. Ah! my ——" said the old doctor, wiping his forehead with a great time-stained yellow bandana, "it is scarcely possible to realise the agonies that human

being must have endured from heat, thirst, and insects, before death could have ensued. I'm an old slave-owner, as I've told you before, but had as were the stories I heard in those days, and saw, too, for that matter, nothing like such fiendish cruelty as that was ever resorted to, at least not in my recollection."

"What a horrible story," I exclaimed, while I felt, the first time for weeks, the thin weak blood running to-and-fro in my veins as if frightened at such an unwonted call for exertion. It was life returning to its ancient channels, with an incentive for thought and action fitted to the happy moment for rousing its latent and sluggish powers.

"Doctor, will you take me to see this iron cage and skeleton?" And as I spoke I straightened myself up in the long-sloping rocking-chair, and put my hands out, as if to rise at once and walk about.

"Easy, easy now, my good fellow—all in good time. Not much occasion to tell you to sit still, I suspect, for I doubt if you could walk across the room. You've something to think over till I see you again, and now good morning."

"Stop!" cried I, as he marched down the long corridor; "I've thought of something already. Give me down that Shakspeare, and I think I can show you they did just as horrible things in England. Yes, here it is in 'Macbeth,' where that Thane-king says—

'If thou speakest false,
Upon the next tree thou shalt hang alive
Till famine cling thee.'

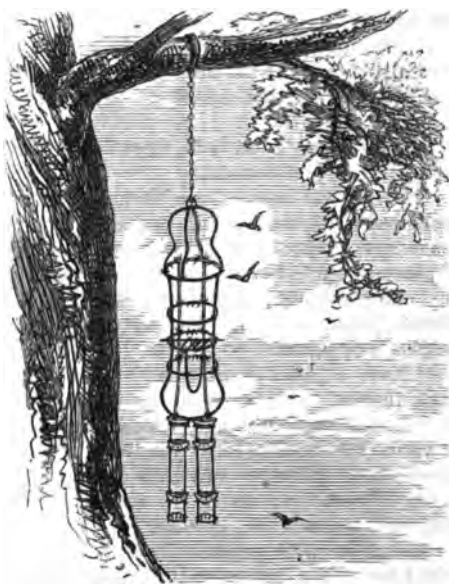
'Cling thee!' doctor, what a curious expression. But here is a foot-note, which says, 'cling' here means 'drying-up or withering.' Now, tell me, was not my inference fair enough?"

The doctor took the book, and read the passage carefully, stiffening his brains the meanwhile with a heavy dive into his snuff-box, a proceeding always indicative of surprise and indecision. He placed the book back upon the table with this solemn reflection: "I have always heard that, no matter what subject you lighted on, yet in Shakspeare a quotation could always be found to bear on it, either directly or by fair analogy. Yet I certainly do not remember ever finding or hearing of so strange a coincidence as this. No, never! Good-bye once more." And as he uttered again "No, never," while gently disappearing down the steps, and appealed more than once to the tap tap of the little wooden box in his hand, I saw the doctor was considerably stumped by the wisdom of the immortal bard so unexpectedly bringing to his

knowledge the sayings of a still wiser man, that under the sun there is nothing new, not even in a new world, undiscovered when Solomon the King preached and lamented.

Six weeks slipped away, oh! how wearily; but from the wholesome fillip of excitement I had just received, began the sure and gradual strengthening into active life again. Not a day passed but more than once I thought of the iron cage, until one morning, when the sea-breeze blew half a gale across the grass-parade of Up-Park Camp, and kept down the mercury to 84° in the shade, I thought I would brave the doctor's anger, and, slipping a pencil and sketch-book into the buggy, ordered the boy to drive to the Museum of the Society of Arts in Kingston. At any other moment I believe the fine collection of polished woods, the fossils, the fruits, the birds of glorious plumage from the continent, the curious land-shells, for which Jamaica is so justly famed, and many other articles in that small but very interesting repertoire, would have detained me to linger and examine each with care; but I passed from room to room and from spot to spot with a careless glance, until, in the corner of a room of horrors, lined around with the skulls of negro malefactors executed for their crimes, suspended from a beam, my eyes fell upon the hideous relic for which I sought. Hideous, did I say? Ay, ten thousand times more hideous than anything my fancy had depicted; swinging again, rusty, discoloured, and cankered, to the motion of the breeze, as it had done a hundred years gone by on the branch of the old tamarind at Halfway Tree. Any idea of armour vanished at the instant of beholding it; there could be no doubt of its being made to secure a naked human body alive, while in sad testimony of this knowledge, in an open wooden box beneath, lay the bones of the sufferer who once had passed from life to death in its most accursed grasp. Round the knees, hips, and waist, under the arms and around the neck, iron hoops were riveted close about the different parts of the body. Iron braces crossed these again, from the hips right over the centre of the head. Iron bars and plates encircled and supported the legs, and at the lower extremities were fixed plates of iron like old-fashioned stirrups, in which the feet might have found rest, had not a finish to the torture, compared to which crucifixion itself must have been mild, been contrived by fixing in each stirrup three sharp-pointed spikes to pierce the soles of the victim's feet. The only support the body could receive, while strength remained or life endured, was given by a narrow hoop passing from one end of the waist-bar in front between the legs to the bar at the

back. Attached to the circular band under the arms, stood out a pair of handcuffs, which prevented the slightest motion in the hands; and on the crossing of the hoops over the head was a strong hook, by which the whole



fabric, with the sufferer enclosed, was suspended. Quivering in agony, there she swung, the blazing sun striking fiercely on her nakedness, quickly causing a terrible thirst to rage throughout the frame, and, while yet life was strong, the fevered blood to course madly through the swollen veins. Not long before the ante, pondering over the drops of blood which fell from her spike-pierced feet, would climb in countless myriads up the old tamarind-tree, across the branches, and down over the iron bars to the fountain of this horrid feast; while mosquitoes and sandflies disputed with these and many other parasites which should suck fastest at the life and strength of a poor human creature, hung up to be eaten thus alive. It was not to revel in the remembrance of all this misery that these thoughts ran riot through my brain, while with careful pencil I sketched the outline of the iron skeleton as the reader sees it above.

No; far from it; it was but that I might have the surer means of confounding the arguments of men, who cried "Pish!" when they heard others rejoice over the accursed times of slavery, passed away under our British flag for ever. Many a stout battle had we fought over our after-dinner Madeira at the mess; and allowing that there was

much to be said on both sides of this great question, yet I had long come to see and understand how vastly the evil of the system preponderated over the good, and to hope that in a day (now, alas! still more distant) the reward and blessing for present great distress and suffering would begin again to dawn upon the fortunes of the sinking colony.

I was just closing the sketch-book, after carefully comparing the lines I had drawn with the original, when a voice at my shoulder said,

"Sir, if I may be so bold, there is one small thing you have not seen."

I turned and saw at my shoulder a stout, well-to-do coloured man, probably a small tradesman, to judge from his dress, who, with a pleasant smile bowed, mopped the beads off his shining forehead with a bright yellow handkerchief, and then begged pardon most respectfully again.

"Have I left out anything? Yes; what is it, then?"

"Look," said my new friend, advancing towards the iron cage, "you have not seen those sharp spikes, to run into the back and neck. There was to be no rest anywhere. Ah, me! sir, *nowhere, nowhere.*"

He spoke with emotion and a low sigh, while his finger ran over the knobs upon the bars where the spikes were much discoloured, and hidden with rust and oxide; and then he turned about and said, "Pray, sir, put them in; make it all complete."

So excited did he seem, that it struck me he might know something of the history of the cage, and I asked him.

"Not much," he replied; "but there is an old woman still alive who remembers it, when she was a young girl, swinging in the wind. She is a relative of mine, and was a slave before freedom was proclaimed. But she is past ninety, and scarcely remembers anything more than this."

"Has she no idea what the crime was of the poor creature whose bones are lying there?"

"Many people have asked her this, and she says she thinks it was a young black girl who was hung alive for attempting to poison her owner's family. At any rate, sir, perhaps you may remember that, about a hundred years ago, there were great disturbances among the slaves, and that this horrible mode of execution was justified by the then existing laws. There are records of this fact in the histories of Jamaica."

"Are you sure?"

"Quite, sir, quite; I think I can show you the authority," and taking down a volume of Bryan Edwards's old and rare history of this

colony, where he speaks on the subject of the mysterious action of Obeah, he read this extract:—

"Such I well know was the origin of the negro rebellion, which happened in Jamaica in 1760. It arose at the instigation of a Coromantyn negro, who had been a chief in Guinea; and it broke out on the frontier plantation in St. Mary's parish, belonging to the late Ballard Beckford, and the adjoining estate of Trinity, the property of my deceased relation and benefactor, Zachary Bayly. On these plantations were upwards of 100 Gold Coast negroes newly imported, and I do not believe that an individual amongst them had received the least shadow of ill-treatment from the time of their arrival there. Concerning those on the Trinity estate I can pronounce, of my knowledge, that they were under the government of an overseer of singular tenderness and humanity. His name was Abraham Fletcher, and let it be remembered, in justice even to the rebels and as a lesson to other overseers, that his life was spared out of respect to his virtues. The insurgents had heard of his character from the other negroes, and suffered him to pass through them unmolested. This fact appeared in evidence. Having collected themselves into a body, about one o'clock in the morning, they proceeded to the fort at Port Maria, killed the sentinel, and provided themselves with as great a quantity of arms and ammunition as they could conveniently dispose of. Being, by this time, joined by a number of their countrymen from the neighbouring plantations, they marched up the high road that led to the interior parts of the country, carrying death and desolation as they went. At Ballard's Valley, about four in the morning, they surrounded the overseer's house, in which eight or ten white people were in bed: every one of these they butchered in the most savage manner, and then drank their blood mixed with rum. At Esher, and other estates, they exhibited the same tragedy, and then set fire to the buildings and canes. In one morning they murdered between thirty and forty whites, not sparing even the infants at the breast, before their progress was stopped. Jacky, the chief, was killed in the woods by one of the parties that went in pursuit of them; but some others of the ring-leaders were taken, and a general inclination to revolt appearing among all the Coromantyn negroes in the island, it was thought necessary to make examples of some of the most guilty. Of those who were clearly proved to have been concerned in the murders at Ballard's Valley, one was condemned to be burnt, and the other two to be hung alive in irons and left to perish in the dreadful situation.

The wretch that was burnt was made to sit upon the ground, and his body being chained to an iron stake, the fire was applied to his feet. He uttered not a groan, and saw his legs reduced to ashes with the utmost firmness and composure; after which, one of his arms by some means getting loose, he snatched a brand from the fire that was consuming him, and flung it in the face of the executioner. The two that were hung up alive, were indulged, at their own request with a hearty meal immediately before they were suspended on the gibbet, which was erected on the parade in the town of Kingston. From that time until they expired, they never uttered the least complaint, except only of cold in the night, but diverted themselves all day long in discourse with their countrymen, who were permitted, very improperly, to surround the gibbet. On the seventh day a notion prevailed among the spectators that one of them wished to communicate an important secret to his master, my near relation, and as he was in St. Mary's, the commanding officer sent for me. I endeavoured, by means of an interpreter, to let him know I was present, but I could not understand what he said in return. I remember that both he and his fellow-sufferer laughed immoderately at something that occurred—I know not what. The next morning, the 8th, one of them silently expired, as did the other on the morning of the ninth day."

He closed up the old book quite solemnly, and returned it to its place on the shelf; going over to the box beneath the cage, he took up from among the bones the little white skull, and brought it over to me.

"Look, sir, at this with me, and let us ask if any sufferings you and I have ever endured, or are ever likely to meet with in these days, can possibly compare to the agonies which must have torn the brain which once lodged within here during, the last days of its short life; a life, sir, I don't doubt but it may have been steeped in crime, but which, fed in the lowest ignorance, knew nothing, or next to nothing, of the difference of good and evil; nothing of Christian love and duty; no pleasure but the possession and cultivation of the passions which we hold in common with the brute beasts of the field. It does me good to come here sometimes and remember this, for I should have been a poor brutish slave now, had not God been pleased to remove this curse away from us, and for that, sir," he added, while reverently taking off his hat, "I trust that I and many others like me are thankful."

"I think we might all be thankful, both masters and slaves; for, if the sufferings of the one in this world were great, surely the

responsibilities for which the others will have to answer to Him in the day when all accounts must be balanced up, will be still greater."

"Yes," he replied, eagerly; "yes, sir, that's where it is. Not that I mean to deny for a moment that in the slave days there were many good masters, and thousands of happy servants, happy in their own way, yet the evil was in giving to men such power over their fellow-creatures, power of life and soul and body, which the very best and the most merciful, in moments of heated passion or temptation, might use possibly to their own deep sorrow when *too late*. Against these passions, common to all men, no laws could protect the slave; while slavery itself demanded that the most horrible penalties should be enforced to ensure its existence even for a single day. I might have been a murderer, and forfeited my life like any of these," he continued, pointing with his hand to the skulls of felons ranged in long rows around the room, "and you sir, too, might have done things in unhappy opportunities, even with no human law to call you to account, from which your thoughts, like those of the king of Syria, would now shrink in horror. We may all be thankful that those times are gone—gone for ever." Then, taking his broad hat off, he bowed respectfully, wished me good-day, and departed.

With my sketch of the iron cage, I drove home to tell the doctor all I had seen and heard. He appeared quite amused at the interest which the recollections of those days seemed to excite in new-comers to an old slave country. "Well, my good friend," said he, "these things were common enough in my day, and they had almost passed from my memory; but I am not sorry now to think of them once more, nor do I think it will serve a useless purpose to hand the record of such cruelties down to our successors. They will at any rate teach them that the world daily grows less brutal and more merciful, and remind us in the midst of our own heavy troubles that we might have known others, had God so willed it, infinitely less endurable. Unless I am much mistaken, you will yet meet with other relics to add to this; though, I dare say, without such evidence as this sketch-book holds, the good folks at home will scarcely credit the tales of the by-gone days of old Jamaica."

The doctor was right, for not long after another witness of the dark past turned up strangely and unexpectedly, of which and of the incidents which led to its discovery, I hope some day or other to write in their own proper time and place. R. B. M.

A STORY WITHOUT AN END.

THOSE whose knowledge of Germany is limited to a passing acquaintance with the "Castled beauties of the Rhine," can have but little idea of the intense dreariness of some parts of its vast interior; where one plain is succeeded by another, and the only relief from the monotony of outline is caused by a dark boundary betokening the commencement of one of those great forests, of which the largest, wildest, and best known of all, bears the appropriate name of the Black Forest. But compared to the dreary unimaginative plains, these forests have a certain romance about them, and a rugged characteristic kind of beauty, tinged with awe; and few, as they traverse them, can help peopling their silent depths of shade with mischievous and powerful goblins, recalled to their mind by the wild tales of the country, of the Spirit of the Brocken and all his impish crew. No land (perhaps excepting Sweden) is so rich in legendary lore as Germany; none abounds so richly in bad spirits and in good, "spirits of joy, and spirits of woe," and in no country can they be called legends with less justice, for nowhere do the mystic tales bear such recent date, and nowhere do they rest on such good and unimpeachable authority. It has been the nest of imaginative romance from the misty days of the "Niebeling gesang" up to the present time. In Germany arose the lovely tradition of the Crossbill, perhaps the loveliest that ever claimed belief; telling how the faithful bird fluttered over the Saviour's cross, plucking at the nails, and how it was granted to it in remembrance that the beaks of its race should ever bear the form of a cross, and on their heads, in a streak of red, should be perpetuated the drop of blood which dyed its feathers as it struggled for its Master's release.* Then followed many another. The tale of the eleven thousand virgins of Cologne, the history of the Brave Roland, and down to our own days, passing over many well known, and many more, told but to be forgotten, down to the White Lady of the House of Wurtemberg, who duly heralds by her appearance the death of its royal members, and whose last appearance occurred not many years ago. Most of these histories, strange and unfathomable as many of them are, have some cause, either as a warning of something to come, or as a consequence of some evil deed of the past, or, at any rate, there may be some key either to their motive or their meaning. The story I have to tell has no key or clue to it whatever, and no end; for it

is simply a fact, indebted to this very want of point for all the interest it may possess. Those who remember the extraordinary disappearance of Mr. Bathurst, and the total failure of all the efforts of the government and the local authorities to obtain any information as to his fate, will the more readily believe my tale.

I alluded just now to the romantic forests contrasted with the despairing, hopeless, barren plains, of which part of the centre of Germany is composed; great dull expanses of short shrivelled grass, stretching far as the eye can reach, with no signs of cultivation or of life, except the rude track, scarcely to be called a road, which traverses it—deep sand and deeper ruts constitute this track, and hard work it is for the weary horses to drag a heavy-laden vehicle along it; not a tree for shade, not a drop of water; indeed so scorching a spot altogether that the travellers whom my story concerns have chosen the afternoon hours for their journey in expectation of reaching their night's quarters by an hour or two after sunset.

The party consisted of a German widow lady of high rank, the Baroness Von B., her son, a youth of fourteen, and his tutor, an amiable man of about sixty years of age, whose profound scholarship and thoroughly gentleman-like mind, rendered him particularly well fitted for the post he filled. The Baroness had the greatest respect and esteem for him, for he had given her many proofs of his devotion to her son, and the increasing intelligence and health of the boy spoke well for the judicious training of the worthy man, whose care and attention were returned by the youth with the warmest affection. The lady's husband had died many years ago, and her heart was naturally centred on this boy, the unique object of her love, and it was therefore a source of the deepest satisfaction to her to watch the daily progress which he made; and often and often did she congratulate herself on her good fortune in having secured such an invaluable tutor for his early years. The tutor was, moreover, a most agreeable travelling companion; his fund of knowledge, which he had the art of imparting in the pleasantest manner, secured a constant means of relieving the monotony of the route, and his experience in travelling and its concomitants of post-boys, post-horses, and post-houses, rendered him as indispensably useful in his own times, as "Bradshaw" is in ours. They were travelling now on the dreariest of those plains, on the sandiest of tracks, and though sunset had passed, they were still far from their destination. There was, they knew, a small post-house a few

* A similar tradition is extant relative to the robin-red-breast.—See ONCE A WEEK, vol. III., p. 722.

miles on, where they expected to obtain a fresh relay of horses, and the evenings being light and long they were under no anxiety.

"You look tired, my boy," said the Baroness, gently, to her son. "You had better go to sleep a little, and I will wake you when we come to Mittlethor."

"Very well, mother, good night; the view is not so fine that it need keep me awake, and I am so hot," he added, yawning, and finally tucking himself up in a corner of the carriage. He was soon fast asleep, and was not disturbed by the conversation carried on in a low tone by the other two. They talked first on indifferent subjects, and by their thoughts grew more individualised, and both spoke of what lay nearest their hearts—the welfare of the young baron.

"He is like his father already in looks," said the Baroness, as she turned her eyes on her still sleeping boy; "I trust he may resemble him in other things also."

"He has a good but almost over-generous disposition," said his tutor. "I know you will be careful to screen him from the temptations to which such a mind is peculiarly susceptible. Much depends, dear madam, on your choice of companions for him."

"I depend more on your choice than on my own," was the reply; "you know how much confidence I have in your judgment."

"I may not be always by to give advice," he answered, gazing at the setting sun with a smile of sadness.

"You can never leave us, you know, Mr. D.; what would my boy do without you? I hope and trust you will always be at hand to guide all that is of importance to him. I should be unwilling indeed to trust to my own judgment, without yours to corroborate my views."

"You know, madam, how entirely I am at your service. As long as it pleases God to allow me to devote my life to your son, I will never willingly resign my charge; but we cannot look into the future, and I would not have you lean on what may be a breaking staff."

"Good heavens! Mr. D., what do you mean?" said Baroness Von B., with the greatest anxiety; "surely you are not ill? Your health is not failing?"

"No, dear madam, I am strong and well, but I can never forget how uncertain this life is; what accidents may happen, how the events of one short hour, nay, one moment, may alter the entire aspect of our worldly affairs. Indeed we have before us an instance of the change a few minutes may produce;" and he pointed, as he spoke, to a dark thunder-cloud which had quite obscured the sky, but

just before glowing with the gold and red of a summer sunset.

In vain he called to the postillions to increase their speed; the wind had risen as rapidly as the cloud, and it was all they could do to hold their own against the storm, which beat down upon them in full force on that open plain. Fortunately it was not of very long duration; a line of greenish light had already appeared on the far horizon as they drew up at the door of a most miserable shed, which, as it proved, was to be their lodging for the night, for on applying for fresh horses to the man who came out on hearing their wheels, they were informed that no horses were to be had, and their own were so completely tired out with the heat of the first part of the journey, and the force of the storm at the last, that no more could be expected of them. Bad as the shed was, it was at any rate a shelter, and they resolved to make the best of it. The people whose habitation it was, consisting of the post-master, his wife, and daughter, did their best for the accommodation of the travellers, and at once gave up their whole house to be arranged according to the convenience of the unexpected guests.

The door opened directly into a square, low room, with doors on each side of it opening into two other rooms, neither of them having any other means of exit whatever. Light was admitted to each in the day time by a small window of about a foot square, which now, to keep out the storm, had a sort of rough shutter, consisting of two boards, fastened across it; this was the case in the two side-rooms, the centre one having a larger one beside the door, and also a firestove of a very primitive fashion, wherein a few wood embers were still smouldering.

After looking at these quarters with, it must be owned, a feeling of despair, the Baroness decided that the room on the right should be devoted to her son and his tutor, while she herself would sleep in the one on the left, the people of the house goodnaturedly contenting themselves with the prospect of a night on the floor of the middle room, usually their kitchen and living-room. In it they at once hospitably busied themselves with making what preparations they could for the supper of the hungry new arrivals. The house stood on a bare plain, not a tree was to be seen for miles, and no other house was near; there was a shed at the back where the horses were put up, and where the post-boys would also pass the night. Everything else was as flat as possible, and by day time nothing but the sandy plain could be seen for miles.

The wooden embers being blown into a

glow, the small preparations for supper began, but slight as they were they took some time, and Mr. D., who had been with the Baroness and her son, in patient though hungry expectation, in her room, at length got up, and saying he would prepare the other room for the accommodation of himself and his pupil and then he would return in a few minutes, he left the room.

In a very short time the supper came, and the young baron was all impatience to begin.

"But first, my boy, call Mr. D.," said his mother.

The boy jumped up, ran across the kitchen, and half opening the door of the other room, called out,—

"Mr. D., Mr. D., do come to supper."

No answer.

"He is not there, mother," said he, as he came back, and sat down to the table; "I called, and he did not answer."

"Perhaps he has gone out to look after the horses; but if he does not come soon, I will look for him myself," and they both began their supper.

In a few minutes, however, the Baroness began to wonder why Mr. D. did not make his appearance, and therefore went herself to the opposite room; knocking twice at the door and receiving no answer, she pushed it partly open, but could see nothing, for it was dark. She stepped back into the kitchen and said to the post-master's wife,—

"I think the gentleman must be gone out; did you happen to see him pass?"

"No, madam," was the answer, "he is in his room; I saw him go in just now, and he cannot have left it, or I must have seen him." Madam Von B. made no answer, but taking a light, she looked into the little room. But no Mr. D. was there! She turned again to the woman, with some surprise, and said,—

"But Mr. D. is *not* here! He must have gone out."

"No, madam," again asserted the woman; "I am perfectly certain he has not gone out. He must have passed through the kitchen, and he cannot have done so without my seeing him, for I have never left the room since you arrived."

"Yes," said the Baroness, "you carried in our supper."

"No, madam, my daughter took it in, and," added she, "my husband was there, as well as myself, smoking in his chair, so he could not have passed out without our both seeing him. And see, madam, here is this great bar across the door, he could not have replaced that, even if he had undone it to go out."

"That is true," said the man, who had joined them; "he must be in the room."

"But he is not," said the Baroness. "The window?" she asked, turning pale.

"It is fastened on the inside, madam, by these shutters."

"What can have happened?" gasped the Baroness.

"What can have become of him?" asked the man and his wife at the same time.

What indeed! for he never was seen again.

The Baroness passed the night in a state bordering on distraction; so with the dawn of day she posted to the nearest town, whence she communicated with the authorities. Her rank and position secured her the utmost attention, and all possible researches were made. The post-master and his wife were subjected to the strictest examination, the house ransacked from ceiling to floor, the neighbouring pond was drawn, and every imaginable investigation made by the police and the government, but all, in spite of the large reward offered by the Baroness, without the smallest success. All his luggage and money were untouched—indeed there had been no time for theft or murder, and no clue, no conjecture even, was ever made that could throw one spark of light upon his total and extraordinary disappearance; and from that day to this his fate has been one of the deepest mystery.

VOGEL-LIED.

Sing, birdie; mount and sing
With joyous carolling,

Proclaim aloud to all the world another day is dawning;

Sing, sing, how in the east

The sun has left his rest,

And how each cloudlet blushes in the loving gaze of morning.

Sing, birdie; sing thy song,
With a clear note and strong,

Of wisdom, strength, and virtue, and the nobleness of toil,—

How, still his way pursuing,
The sun his work is doing,

And still soars ever skywards beyond the world's turmoil.

Sing, birdie, calm and slow,
With a cadence soft and low;

Sing how, its duties done, the day is hastening to the close,—

How, when this life shall cease,
True steadfast work earns peace,

And none but those who labour know the value of repose.

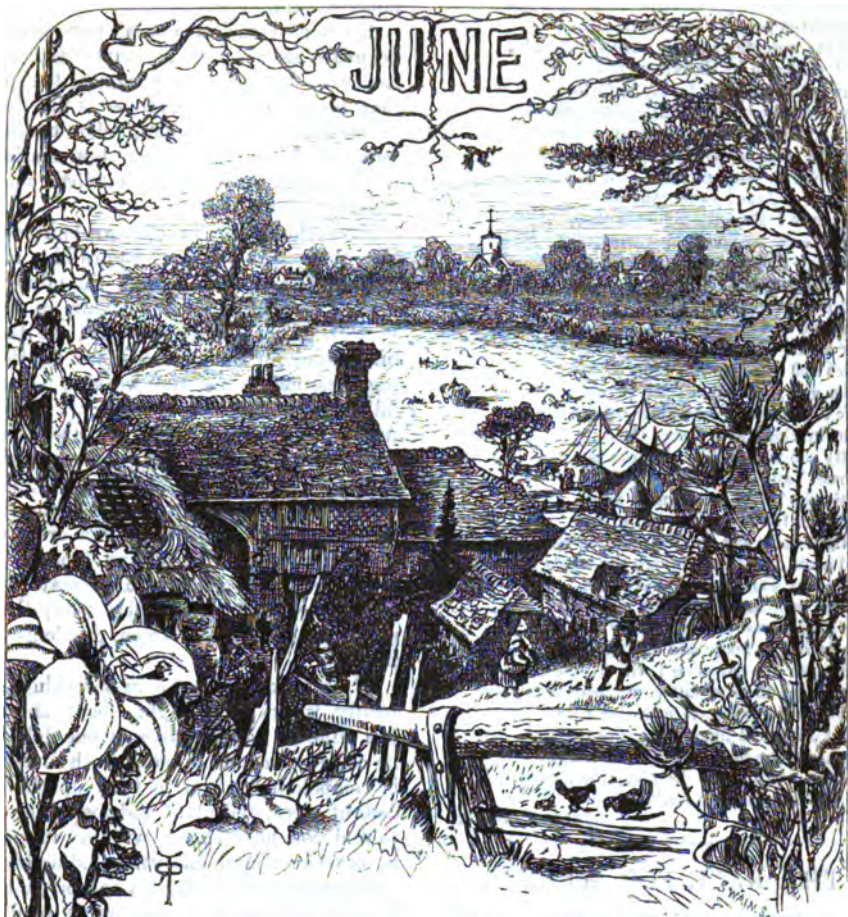
Sing, birdie, sing thy best:
The sun has sunk to rest,

But only sleeps to rise again on brighter worlds than ours;

But still, where'er he shine,
Work only is divine,

And none but those who feel life's thorns enjoy life's rosy flowers.

R. H. P.



FILL to my mistress the crystal
cup!
Twine it with roses fair to see,
Foaming nectar all brimming
up,
Such as the gods quaffed, fill
for me!
The health I drink is a health
divine
As long as the sun and stars
shall be:

Hail to thee, June, sweet mistress mine!
Although thou hidest away from me.
In vain I wander throughout the land,
Close on the track of thy dainty feet,
Tracing the touch of thy gracious hand
On fruit and blossom and bending wheat.
I pass through the woods, and their deepened
green
Tells me thy shadow hath fallen there,
And the rustling lime-trees say, "She hath
been,"
And flutter their flowers with a jaunty air;
While myriad blossoms in hedge-row and brake
Peep at me with their sleepy eyes,

And murmur, "June kissed us all awake;
But we cannot yet gaze at the dazzling skies,"
Soft as velvet beneath my feet—
Lo! a rich carpet of green and gold,
Broidered with orchis and meadow-sweet,
And many a floweret I knew of old.
"How came ye hither, ye flowers, now say?"
Quick out-spake the pimpernel bright:
"June sat weaving a web so gay,
All in the hush of the summer night.
June sat weaving a web last night,
Silver her threads in the moonlight seemed;
But the sun flashed on them his glorious light,
And a thousand colours at day-dawn gleamed."
I strolled through the fields of fragrant hay
Whilst the haymakers rested awhile at noon,
And as on the ground they idly lay,
Loud rang their praises of lovely June.
I turned to the farm-house so grey and old,
With its pointed roofs, and its straw-thatched
sheds,
Its goodly cornstacks yellow as gold,
Its trim-kept garden with box-edged beds.
Wild at will grew the roses there,
Pinks filled the air with a rich perfume,

And I knew that June with a skill full rare
 Had spangled the jasmine with starry bloom.
 I wandered down to the shady pool,
 And the waterflag's petals were all uncurled,
 "O! waterflag by the waters cool,
 Why is thy standard to-day unfurled?
 Why sing the birds on bush and on tree?
 Why so loud doth the grasshopper hum?"
 And the waterflag gravely answered me,
 "Because the Queen of the Year is come."
 O June! O June! sweet mistress mine!
 Well may I drain the goblet to thee,
 God-like nectar and golden wine,
 Although thou hidest away from me.

I dreamed that I saw fair June last night,
 And her eyes were dark as the violet,
 Her robe was tinged with the emerald's light,
 Her girdle with diamond dew-drops set.
 Lilies and roses her fair brow crowned,
 Lilies and roses twisted and twined;
 Like a dark cloud floated her tresses unbound,
 A dusky cloud with amber lined.
 Softly she whispered, "Be true as now,"
 "True," said I, "to death will I be."
 Softly she kissed my burning brow,
 And then the vision was lost to me.

Night fled away and the morning rose,
 And again fair June through the woods I seek,
 And every waft of wind that blows
 Brings back her kisses upon my cheek.
 She's the fairest mistress that e'er I knew,
 I've loved her many and many a day;
 And when age creeps on I will still be true,
 Though my footstep falter, my locks turn grey.
 And when in the grave forgotten I lie,
 Sweet June will linger my grave to see;
 Perchance she may even breathe a sigh
 And say, "Ah! why did such true love die?
 He was faithful unto me."

JULIA GODDARD.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAX-
 WELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER XXXIV. MRS. GAINSWOODS.

WHILE Percy Forbes was forming all manner of good resolutions—laying out for himself the plan of his future life, wherein should be found no fault—through the night, Lawrence Barbour was walking home, weary and discontented.

He was tired, and yet still he walked; for he was not more weary physically than mentally; and he felt as though the night-breeze, the long straight streets, the people he was sure to encounter in those streets, the lights, the noise, the mere bodily fatigue of traversing the never-ending pavements, might do him good, might enable him to collect his scattered senses, and face his future before re-entering his home.

There is nothing perhaps so terrible to a man as the feeling that he has matrimonially made a mistake, that he has deluded himself, that the woman he has taken for better, for

worse, can never be the wife of his dream-fancy to him.

Let her be good as a saint, pure as an angel, beautiful as a houri, accomplished, graceful, learned—she may never supply the place of that bright image; never be as the first love of his youth to the man, who, having once seen the ideal of his imagination realised, has yet been disappointed in that little matter of making her his wife.

Everything else in life can be remedied—save this. The years are before him, and may be full of gold, rank, fame; the mines of existence are still untouched for him to dig, what he will, out of; there is wealth for the winning, fame for the striving, land for the buying, distinction for the working; there are fallow-fields for him to turn up, and, in the furrows his own plough has made, he may sow seed which shall bring forth abundantly; there are pictures for him to paint, melodies for him to compose, poems for him to pen, books for him to write; there are treasures for him to bring from foreign lands; there is timber growing, wherewith he may yet build vessels to send across the seas; there are mysteries for him to fathom, problems for him to solve.

If he make a mistake in one thing, he can rectify it by doing right about another; if one mine be unproductive, or one field barren, he can try for gold in some fresh direction; it is competent for him to turn up the sods of distant acres, and plant and reap there;—but to find you have chosen wrongly in marriage, is as when a man discovers, just as his sun is close upon setting, that he has erred through life: there is no retracing either road; there is no getting rid either of the spent existence, or of the lawful wife; the day is gone; the die cast; the decision made, beyond recall; and God help the created being who finds, as Lawrence Barbour found, that he has taken the wrong turning, and commenced traversing a hateful path which he must pursue among briars and brambles, over sharp stones and hard flints, through a land destitute of flower or fruit, of leaf or bud, to the end! God help His creature, then! I say; because the one star, Hope, which makes existence endurable, must have dropped at that moment out of heaven, leaving nothing to light the feeble faltering steps onward through life, save the dim lamp, Endurance.

What if the man have erred? what if it be but his fitting wages he is receiving? does the fact of disease make the bitter draught any the more palatable? does the admitted cancer render the surgeon's knife any the less sharp when it cuts its way down, down into the shrinking flesh? Did the knowledge that he

had no one to thank for his sorrow and his bondage make Lawrence's lot seem any less undesirable to him as he walked home along those never-ending streets, cursing his folly and his weakness as he strode on?

He was a selfish and an ambitious man. First and last he had thought of nothing save his own aims, objects, wishes; he had sacrificed no desire, he had pitied no victim; foiled at one leap, he had, as he thought, taken the next best point in the field, without considering any living being except himself; but that only made the onward course seem all the harder; its unwearying monotony, its unavailing regrets, the more difficult to bear.

To a man of his nature there was a something awful in the knowledge that to struggle against the destiny he had voluntarily chosen, could effect no good purpose, could but make his position worse. He felt then as he had felt in St. George's, when he lay there bruised and maimed, and battered; that any fight would have been preferable to endurance; any mortal disease better than the useless recovery to feeble health, for life.

Pity him, friends, striding over the pavements, passing under the lamps, looking at groups of men and of women hurrying along, without seeing a face, without hearing a sound. Pity him, as the traffic roars through the streets, as he leaves the West behind and nears the City—as he treads, for any want of inclination to return home by the shortest route, the thoroughfares where you first beheld him—and recalls hazily, and like one who thinks between sleeping and waking, his early impressions of London, and the dreams wherewith he entered it.

Then those City streets were full of life and movement, of business and bartering; now the shops are closed; in lieu of oranges and shaddocks, of lemons and oysters, of bloaters and cod-fish, there are painted shutters and iron bars. The silence of the summer-night has fallen on the familiar places. Thames Street is almost deserted, and he meets no man or woman as he makes his way round the Lantern Church, and so into Tower Hill.

At no stage of his story probably was he the lad or man you would have selected for son, or lover, or friend; but still, each human being, let him be what he will, has been sent into the world with capacities for suffering or for pleasure, and for this reason, if for no other, humanity has sympathy for its fellow in grief and in joy.

And Lawrence Barbour was suffering then. As a sleeping man will dream that he is in pain, and wake to find the grasp of some horrible agony on him, so he had, in a kind of mental sleep, dreamed that his marriage was

a mistake, his love for his wife a delusion, and then awakened, to find that his slumbers had been a true prophet, that he loved but one woman, whom after two years he met again.

Etta Alwyn: she walked before him while he paced those weary streets. It was that fate he had come to London so many a year before to meet. Seeing her at Mallingford, he still escaped her toils; and yet, behold! out of the millions, she was the woman he chose.

He had avoided her for long; and here, with his honeymoon scarce over, they were thrown into contact once again. While he sat with Mr. Alwyn in the accustomed room, with every chair and table, every book and screen and vase, reminding him of his faithless love, she arrived from Mallingford, and entered the apartment, and greeted him.

"So kind," she said, pressing his hand, "thoughtful, and friendly as ever;" and then she swept to her seat, and through the hours they talked together, while Mr. Alwyn occupied his accustomed seat.

She had not aged; she had not faded; she had not changed, unless it might be that there was more dignity in her carriage; more self-possession in her address. A woman who had but to beckon, and the old love, however shy, however resolved, fluttered back; who had but to smile in order to make the newly married man forget her ties and his own—the vows which bound her, and the obligations that lay upon him.

Till he was outside the door; and then he looked at the gold his memory held, and found it dross; at the gems his hands clasped, and discovered they were but as very worthless stones. What honour or what pleasure, what good or what honesty, could there be in such companionship for the future? Rather what misery, what grief, what sin, what falsehood, what struggle, if he were not strong enough to flee from the temptation to come?

When he turned the corner of Hereford Street it appeared to the man's fancy that a woman was waiting for him there; a woman clad all in white, faint, shadowy, and vague, who stole as it seemed from the walls, and took him sorrowfully by the hand, and led him with beseeching eyes away.

Through the years, Lawrence never quite lost that impression; after the seasons had come and gone, he still found the fancy remaining with him; let him go far wrong as he would, the touch of those impalpable fingers, the persuasive grasp of that phantom hand, were among the happiest delusions of his life. Though Etta Alwyn's face haunted him; though she seemed to precede his steps and beckon him to follow, still there was a presence nearer still, a haunting presence which, run-

ning swiftly, kept pace with his pace; which would not be shaken off, which kept ever looking at him with wistful and sorrowing eyes, which never appeared angry, but always sad; the face of which was like unto the face of his better angel—of his wife Olivine.

The farther he got from Hereford Street the more distinctly he beheld that vision; till at last, looking at it, his soul became filled with a terrible pity—with a sickening despair: pity for the trouble written on the countenance; despair for the part he had taken in tracing that trouble there. "Poor child, poor Olivine!" he thought; and Olivine, unconscious of the phantom which had kept him company through the noisy West-End thoroughfares, along the silent City streets, wondered what made her husband at once so tender and so sad, so loving and so thoughtful, while he held her to his breast and kissed her over and over again.

"I thought you were never coming back," she said, knotting up his chain as she spoke.

"I was detained, love," he answered; and she felt satisfied.

"What an idiot I was," Lawrence, looking down upon the sweet, pure face, decided; "what a blind, besotted idiot, to feel as I have done to-night;" and once again he drew his wife towards him, and once again he kissed her, while Olivine, nestling beside him, marvelled more and more.

As for Mrs. Gainswoode, when she went up, after Lawrence departed, to the room which had been hers before she married, the strongest impression on her mind was, that all lives in general were mistakes, and that her life in particular was a peculiar mistake.

"Why had not the man money?" she thought; and she dismissed her maid, and, lying back in her chair and looking up at the ornamented ceiling, argued this question out at her leisure.

Why had not the man money? Why could she not have married him instead of that other? Why had she been forced to sell herself: and for so poor a price also? "I have got very little by it," she reflected. "Papa, I think, had the best of that bargain; but, after all, it has turned out a mistake. What do I get from it? food, clothing, shelter, and a certain position. What has been his share? bankruptcy averted for a time; and decidedly, yes, decidedly, if bankruptcy had come without Mr. Gainswoode, it would have been an awful thing for us. And so, sir, for thus much I am grateful to you and to Providence;" and Etta leaned back a little farther in her chair, and considered that matter more fully.

To a given point the game had been satis-

factory—beyond that it proved she found a loss. To her it had not been worth the candle. There was nothing she greatly desired she possessed; nothing she had set out in life to win, could she call hers.

When she married an old man, she imagined she should be able figuratively to drive him with a silken thread; that her whim would be his law; the fulfilment of her caprices his delight; that she should be able to spend, and to flirt, to entertain, to visit, to receive, at her own sweet will and pleasure.

Mr. Gainswoode, however, speedily undeceived her on these points. He might be old, but he was not in his dotage; he might be very fond of Etta, but he was very fond of himself likewise.

He was a collector of old pictures, of rare books, of curious cabinets; but these articles by no means absorbed his attention to such an extent as to cause him to neglect his wife. When other wives bemoaned their husbands' absorption in business, or literature, or science, or politics, Etta was wont to murmur to herself, and wish that Mr. Gainswoode could be induced to follow other men's lead and neglect her, as Mr. This and That and so forth neglected their aggrieved better halves.

"They are all alike," was Etta's opinion. "If you do not want them to be after you, they are; and if you wish to have them with you, they think two or three hundred miles scarcely sufficient distance to keep them and you apart. Heigh ho! ah, well! how sick I am of marriage and of slavery."

And it was slavery: every old habit, every caprice, every dream Etta had to lay aside when she became Mrs. Gainswoode. No old man's darling was she; but the wife of a somewhat exacting individual, who liked order and regularity; who affected stately society, who would have no pleasant gatherings of young men and young women, of marriageable bachelors and pretty maidens, disturbing the regularity of his establishment.

Playing the hostess at dreary dinner-parties, being agreeable during the progress of dreadfully tiring evenings, not rebelling against the treadmill-work of making calls and receiving visitors, being duly punctual at stated interviews with the housekeeper—these things comprised, in Mr. Gainswoode's opinion, the whole duty of woman.

And yet, not quite all. If a lady in his wife's rank, mistress of Mallington, had, in a proper, decorous kind of way, brought two or three children into the world, Mr. Gainswoode would have considered she was performing her mission.

Broods of babies, urchins swarming in and out of labourers' cottages, large families among

the industrial classes or poor professional people, Mr. Gainswoode considered decidedly immoral, and calculated in time to undermine the British constitution, to trouble political economists, to pauperise the country, and to produce, in fact, too many evil results for mention to be made of the one-half of them.

On the other hand, however, the want of heirs, or of an heir, at all events, where there was an estate and a good income to keep up that estate, could not be considered the correct thing, and was a proceeding likely to cause eventually inconvenience and annoyance; and for these reasons, and also, perhaps, because his wife did not quite fill up the void in his life, Mr. Gainswoode longed for a son, to whom he could leave Mallingford, for whose benefit he might collect rarer pictures, and more eccentric knick-knacks than ever.

When he went abroad, it was to buy the works of the old masters; when he stayed at home, his delight was to superintend the opening of packing-cases, the hanging of his favourite purchases.

Round the rooms visitors were duly escorted, and even Etta was expected to exhibit the treasures, and to act as showman occasionally.

It was a life she loathed; and yet she did not dare to express dissatisfaction or even *ennui*. She detested the effect of light and shadow; she anathematised in her heart every man who had ever made himself busy with brush and palette; she decided that county society was worse than no society at all; that going out to stupid dinner-parties and to formal evening penances, miscalled entertainments, was a fearful and wonderful way of spending a life; and she longed, with a longing unutterable, for the old free existence, for the unbounded liberty, for the pleasant variety, for the gay society of her girlhood.

That society was Mr. Gainswoode's bugbear; a party, such as the one at Reach House, filled his soul with a terror and an abhorrence too deep for words. Dancing he did not approve of; laughter was undignified; any existence, save one—ruled off, so to speak, into portions, and accurately divided and subdivided into reading, driving, visiting, lunching, dining, entertaining, going to church, and travelling with maid and dressing-case—seemed to him misspent and sinful. To that seventh heaven of human bliss, county society, he had not attained without a certain struggle, and Mr. Gainswoode was resolute that, by no act of his or of his wife, should so enviable a position be jeopardised.

As for Etta, she hated it all; hated the women, with their magnificent dresses, with their grand old lace, with their diamonds and

amethysts, their frigid propriety, their dignified exclusiveness. She had never cared for her own sex; and, behold, here was an army, who gave back scorn for scorn—who could not away with her ideas, who silently criticised her manners with wondering eyes and uplifted eyebrows—who received her on sufferance—who made “allowances” for the disadvantages of her birth and education—who were so highly ground and polished, that they resembled glittering steel—who had their small, mild, ladylike pieces of wit—who were unexceptionably proper—who had never, from childhood, committed themselves—who always said precisely the right thing at the right time—who were not cordial, nor yet uncivil,—who, whether she saw them in their own homes, or in the drawing-room at Mallingford—spoke to them at the church porch, or made one of them at ball, or concert, or dinner-party—were still the same; always polite, always icy, always conventional, always standing within a social ring-fence, over which they condescended to address this woman, of whose pedigree, of whose opinions, of whose appearance, of whose hair it was impossible for them altogether to approve.

Many a time Etta clenched her hands and stamped her foot in impotent rage at their silent superiority, at their scorn, which was a thing rather to be felt than noticed—to be stored up than commented on. She had once longed to be free of this very class; now she would only too gladly have flung them all overboard.

“It is because we ape their ways, because we are cowards, and do not dare to take our own way, that they treat us as if we belonged to an inferior order of creation,” she thought. “If I could induce Mr. Gainswoode to get rid of all this rubbish—to burn his old masters, and send his ridiculous cabinets and chests and chairs back to the men who made them, to throw open the house and ask some Christians made of flesh and blood, instead of ice and propriety, inside our doors,—if he would make Mallingford pleasant to anybody, and not let us go on as though we were living in a fashionable reformatory, these people would regard us not as very poor imitations of themselves, but as individuals possessed not merely of independent means, but also of independent opinions.

“I am confident their way is none so pleasant or amusing that we ought to wear ourselves out trying to follow their lead; and with the money spent in art and curiosities we might afford to set the fashion, and win the eternal gratitude of mankind by making country life agreeable, country society interesting.”

Thus Etta argued; but she found, as time went on, that it was useless for her to kick

against the pricks. At first she ventured to say the pictures were gloomy, that the enormous number hung on the walls and filling the corridors darkened the house, and gave it a sombre and dreary aspect; but before long, Etta learned better, and discoursed as glibly about the old masters as though she had known each man "among the horrors" (that was her way of mentally referring to them) personally.

At first, likewise, she felt sceptical concerning straight-backed and wretchedly uncomfortable chairs, concerning carved cabinets, and inlaid tables, and wonderful chests; she had beheld shops, where so fast as one article of ancient furniture was disposed of another took its place, to trap the unwary, to be a snare and a delusion to connoisseurs. Never an atom did Mrs. Gainswoode believe in Wardour Street antiquities, "all made in back lanes, and giving a considerable amount of occupation," she remarked once, greatly to her husband's horror, who was at much pains to explain how this carving must have been executed in the Middle Ages; how the shape of that vase was a lost art; how these hideous shepherds and shepherdesses had descended from palace to curiosity-shop; how, when her taste came to be educated, she would understand wherein genuine antiquities differed from spurious imitations, and "meantime, my love," he entreated, "pray do not expose your ignorance, nor talk as you do about modern manufactories of ancient furniture, because no one except the very newly rich are ever imposed on by such counterfeits."

Had Etta been an heiress, as the world generally fancied she was; had her father really owned an acre of Mallingford; had her fortune been certain, as Mr. Gainswoode—who believed in business as he believed in his black pictures, his marbles, his china, and himself—fondly imagined, the new owner of Mallingford might have found moulding his wife a difficult and by no means agreeable task; but as matters stood, Mrs. Gainswoode knew on which side her portion of bread was buttered, and soon learned not to give offence; to humour her husband's peculiarities; to affect his tastes; to defer to his opinions.

How weary, however, was she of all these, and of him into the bargain, who could ever hope to tell? How she detested her harness, how she chafed in secret at the bit and curb; how the collar exasperated her, were things she scarcely liked to think about even when alone.

Her life was passing away, and she had no pleasure in it. She could not even make merry at the expense of her acquaintances, because she had no one friend or relative or

crony to make merry with. Every man and woman she met considered high life a sort of temporal heaven, and the Upper Ten Thousand the angels thereof. Londoners, even, who came down occasionally into banishment, and duly attended church, and religiously kept awake through the afternoon service, merely remarked they thought the country dull, and preferred town. That it was the people who resided in the country made it dull, never seemed to occur to them.

Except Lord Lallard, there was not a soul within miles of Mallingford "fit for a Christian to speak to," Etta once confided to her father; and somehow Lord Lallard did not much like Mrs. Gainswoode, and refrained from offering the hospitalities of Lallard Park very freely to her husband.

How Etta delighted when any of the great people slipped and fell; when nature proved stronger than art; when flesh and blood made its way through the social ice, and shocked society with the spectacle of Mrs. Strailace's daughter running off with her brother's tutor; or young Lord Vere de Vere marrying his mother's waiting-maid!

Though she said "How shocking!" though she wondered how poor dear Mrs. Strailace could bear up against the calamity as she did; though she applauded Mr. Strailace's intention of cutting his daughter off with a shilling; though she agreed Lady Vere de Vere ought to be tabooed; though she joined the hue and cry, and hunted the unfortunate delinquents down as well as any one,—still there was a glitter in her eye, and a tone in her voice which she could not repress, that caused perfect good breeding and propriety to distrust her, and doubt whether, after all, she did not feel more glad than sorry to see the escutcheon sullied, the family pride lying humbled in the dust.

Of what use was cleverness to her among such a set of respectabilities? Socially, the people with whom she came in contact disliked cleverness. It was all very well in books, very well in statesmen and barristers, and men whose profession it was to know much and to talk more; but for other persons—persons who belonged to the Upper Ten, or who aspired to belong to that class—a perfect knowledge of the world as the world appeared to the select few, utter repose of manner, sublime indifference to everything, a stately and quiet walk through life, were gifts to be cultivated, rather than the power of conversing fluently, of airing any fresh opinions—any heretical ideas.

"If I had only married a man like Lawrence," she thought—not once or twice, but day after day, as she pursued the wearisome

tenour of her unexciting life,—“how different my fate would have been!” and often she sighed to think how much happier she could have made herself living even due East with him than amongst the trees at Mallingsford.

“Better bread and water and freedom,” she decided; “better hips and haws in the woods than sugar and biscuit inside gilded wires.” And the tears rose to Etta’s eyes, and prevented her seeing the ornamented ceiling, while she thought how Lawrence was lost to her for ever—how by her own act she had given him away to that chit—to that baby—to that Oliveine.

“And yet I could not help it,” finished the woman. “He had no money. Why had he none? why had he not Mallingsford? why are all the pleasant men, the companionable men, poor as church mice? why does wealth run to disagreeable old horrors as steel to a magnet? Every nice man I have ever seen in my life was either poor or married, and yet the clergy expect us to believe in a beneficent Providence—in a Power which regulates these things. I wonder what his wife will say to Master Lawrence’s defection. I wonder if he will tell her he has seen *me*, and if she will be jealous. I wonder if Mr. Gainswoode would feel satisfied did he know of a young man sitting for five hours listening, entranced, while Mrs. Gainswoode cut up great people, and spoke evil of the powers that be. How delicious it is to be able to open one’s mind to some one after a couple of years of the silent system. How pleasant to descend from a pedestal, and feel one is not a statue, but a human being. I wish I had been born a housemaid. How nice it must be to talk to one’s young man round the corner, and make signs to him from upper windows and across the streets. What an amount of amusement those kind of people must get out of us; and yet, possibly, my maid thinks it would suit her views exactly to be a lady; and our footmen envy their masters the fact of destiny having sentenced them to penal servitude for life. Society will put me on a shorter allowance of civility than ever, I suppose, now that it knows Mallingsford does not belong to my father. Business paupers! what a charming idea. Certainly my husband has behaved magnificently in the matter. If the proprieties only behave one half so well, I shall forgive them many a slight. To be sure, the hope of an heir may have softened Mr. Gainswoode’s heart. Now that is a dispensation of Providence—the certain failure and the possible son coming at the same time—the bane and the antidote appearing in sight together—the nettle and the dockin growing side by side.”

And so Etta Gainswoode mentally talked over her position; and the hours went by, and the candles burnt low on her dressing-table, and the noise of passing cabs, of lumbering vans, grew less and less continuous, and the room grew lonesome, dark, and chilly; and at last the woman, with a shiver, rose, and, after slowly undressing herself, went to bed, and laying her aching head on the pillow, and closing her tired eyes, tried with all her might to go to sleep.

The inability to sleep had latterly been one of her greatest troubles.

“If ever I take to praying,” thought Mrs. Gainswoode, “it will be for one sound sleep more before I die;” and almost involuntarily the woman, who was as godless as she was worldly, muttered a petition for rest, for repose of body, for peace of mind.

(To be continued.)

THE CALENDARS OF ALL-HALLOWEN, BRIGHTSTOWE.

PART II.

THE earliest account we have been able to find of the existence of the Calendars’ library is appended to a drawing (mentioned by Barrett) where it is stated that the Calendars’ “bochorde” was “ybuilden by Eva Fytz-hardynge and Lewis de Ghente in 1092.” The next is given in a deed, dated the Friday next after the feast of the apostles SS. Peter and Paul, in the year 1333, in which John,* who was then abbot of the monastery of S. Augustine, gave his licence and consent for its re-erection. This licence was granted on the humble suit of the “co-brethren of the Fraternitie of Calendars;” their motive was a “devout zeal for the increase of divine worship;” the building also was intended for the “use and habitation of the priests’ co-brethren;” and the deed ensures (so far as it could do it) “peaceable and unmolested possession to them and their successor priests for ever.” . . . This deed speaks of the building (the dimensions being expressly given) which was then erected adjoining to, and partly over, the Jesus Aisle, as having been intended as a “habitation” for the Calendar priests; but no allusion is made in this document to the regulation or even actual existence of a public library beyond the mere building. A century, however, passes away, and we find another document relating to the same matter. It was in the spring of the year 1443, that the prior, sub-prior, and co-

* John Snow, abbot of St. Augustine, who died July 12, 1341. He succeeded Edmund de Knoll, said to have rebuilt the vestry and the church from the foundation. He procured from the Crown a confirmation of all the possessions belonging to the monastery, as appears in certain Charter Rolls of the 1st and 2nd Edward.

brethren met, after the usual duties of the church, in solemn conclave, to consider what they should do, as stewards of God, to promote, more than they hitherto had done, his holy worship, and benefit their fellow-citizens, particularly the young and the unbelieving.

They therefore resolved on what a modern tradesman would call on a show-bill "enlarging their premises;" and, by the aid of the Abbot of St. Augustine's and sundry benefactors among "the faithful," whose contributions would put to shame our modern system of "guinea" subscriptions, they carried out their residence further westward, so as to trespass less on the church, and adorned the north aisle* of All Saints' Church with painted windows, illustrating the entire *Te Deum*. If, at the same time, it was found impossible, owing to the smallness of the parish, to remove the vicarage-house from its situation as an increscence into the south aisle, we must remember that it was a beautiful idea of a vicar, as God's minister, dwelling continually within the sacred walls of God's house, and that we do occasionally read of buildings erected over the porches of churches, and sometimes even extending into churches, as at Bicknor, in Kent, where a room projects nearly across one aisle under the church's roof. We know the names of some of the pious donors on this occasion; among others was Sir William Rodberd, the vicar, and Sir John Gyllard, prior† of the fraternity.

It is sad to learn that within a few short years this noble library should have been destroyed, as it was, by the carelessness of a drunken point-maker;‡ but his drunken fit only forestalled the work which Henry VIII. and his courtiers would have been sure to have done in the course of the next century. It is useless now to indulge in vain feelings of regret; yet one cannot help wishing that the good works of the worthy Calendars had not met with the same fate as the books of Alexandria met with from the Caliph Omar, and that some relics had been left to tell us of their useful and learned lives. As it is, says Mr. Rogers, "Of their MSS., two or three only now remain, and these are so imperfect, damaged by damp, torn, and otherwise injured, that we cannot but regret the thoughtlessness which has subjected them to such ill-treatment. Among these MSS. we may reckon the parish

minute-book of the time of Henry VI. and Edward IV., a book not strictly to be considered the composition of the Calendars, because it extends through a long series of years, and is written by various hands. There is also a Latin transcript of the 'blessed Seynte Augustine,' 'de visitatione infirmorum,' and 'de vitâ Xianâ,' with extracts from an address of S. Bernard to the 'Monks of the Mount of God;' and, likewise, sadly mutilated, partly on vellum and partly on paper (illuminated), what seems to be a copy of a portion of the writing of the holy S. Gregory, that good man to whom, under God, we are indebted for a great part of our litany and collects."

We ask no pardon for putting on record here Mr. Rogers's own eloquent tribute to their worth:—

It is but justice to bear in mind that it was during the reigns of our third Edward and his immediate successors that the principal privileges, immunities, and rights were granted to the burgesses of Bristol, on account of their *loyalty and other excellences*; and it was during these reigns that the Calendars were in the zenith of their influence. *Their books and teaching mainly contributed to form, mould, and confirm the minds of the citizens; we say mainly contributed, because theirs was the only public library in Bristol; other religious houses had a large store of books, and some of their members were regularly engaged in producing, copying, and illuminating manuscripts, but the peculiar office of the Calendars was to instruct those who were not brethren of any religious order. It was the Calendars who gave a character to the train of literary thought which pervaded the more studious of the townspeople: they spoke to the youths of the deep mysteries of Christ's religion, training their ductile minds on the teaching of the church, enforcing reverence to the higher powers, and curbing and reproving tendencies to go astray. Old and young came within the scope of their influence, not omitting those who held public offices, particularly members of the council-chamber. The consequence is, that the good folks of "Aunciente Brystowe" were not only ever accounted the most loyal but the most Christian of English people; and so we find that the councilmen frequented the daily prayers and mass in common with the other citizens, and were also invariably present at particular chantries and other special services.*

But even these peaceful men had their trials and troubles like ordinary mortals. One of their bitterest enemies appears to have been a lady, young and handsome, the fair Cecilia de la Warre, who, having set her heart and affections on a Welsh archdeacon, or an archdeacon's son, appears to have had her banns forbidden by the prior of the Calendars. Accordingly, when selling some land adjoining their church, she parts with it to William de Novo Burgo, with one only reservation, namely, that it may not be alienated to either "religious" or "Jews." We are not informed what fate befell the haughty Lady Cecilia; whether she had her own way, and

* This aisle in All Souls' Church, generally known as the "Jesus" aisle, was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. The same arrangement is to be seen in Bristol Cathedral, formerly St. Augustine's Abbey.

† He expanded on the library 217l.; and this at a time when the cost of erecting an entire house in the High Street, close by, was only 6l. 18s. 4d.

‡ The circumstance is thus recorded in a minute-book belonging to the Church:—"And yn this yer 11 housys next ye styple were ybrent by 1 drunken ypoint-maker." A point-maker was a maker of lace-tags or tag-laces.

contracted a morganatic alliance with a priest, in defiance of the public censure of the church, or whether she settled down in a contented life of single blessedness, though Mr. Rogers thinks that she became the archdeacon's wife. Whichever way it may have gone with her, we fear that her deed-poll, above quoted, goes far to support the words of Juvenal:—

Sic collige quod vindicta
Nemo magis gaudet, quam femina.

But the Calendars had other enemies, not of the female sex. "The Maire of Bristowe hys register," if we may believe the compiler, one of the ex-lay brethren of the order, resolved, coolly and deliberately, in solemn conclave, to rob the fraternity of Calendars, who in *their* records made a corresponding entry of "Money stolen by the (Town) Counselle from the Priory of All-Hallowen." Charles I., we all know, had an awkward habit of taking forced loans and "benevolences" from his subjects; but then he was a Stuart, and he sat on a Tudor's throne; but for the Right Worshipful the Mayor and Town Council of Bristol, without royal sign-manual or Act of Parliament, to levy black mail on their neighbours' coffers, does strike one as passing strange, even in a lawless and rebellious age. But so it was. A royal visit four centuries ago was, like a royal visit now-a-days, a rather expensive luxury; and when a tabarded herald blew his buble at the High Cross of Bristol, and told the worthy and loyal citizens that his majesty King Henry VI. was coming to look in on them, in the twenty-seventh year of his reign, apparently there being no Jews to attack, the Calendars having converted them all into good Roman Catholics, resolved by a majority* to levy a good round sum on the coffers of the Calendars. The amount of money thus forcibly filched away is not reported; but it was enough to enable a contemporary chronicler to say that "Ye cuppes were filled righte merrilie about," and that the gay monarch and his retinue were "moste worchepefully" entertained. Mr. Rogers tells us that the mayor who "coerced" his servants thus to do wrong was one Richard Ffordre, and that his bailiffs—who seem to have executed the work most resolutely—were William Rolfe and John Wykam.

It is the lot of all things human to flourish

* The phrase is "*majori parti placuit*." The compiler of this "Maire hys Register" was Robert Ricart, a clever penman and accountant; but one who, in changing his humble post as a Calendar for the office of town clerk of Bristol, presents a striking contrast, as Mr. Rogers takes care to remind us, to William Canyngre, the wealthy Bristol merchant, who, late in life, retiring from his earthly cares, in the very height of his prosperity, entered holy orders and became a priest in the Benedictine College of Westbury-on-Tryn, and who lies buried in that noble pile which he reared to God's honour, St. Mary Redcliffe Church, in his native city.

for a time, and then to crumble away; and we fear that there is no special exception for religious communities and fraternities, from a gradual decay. It was the old story here; wealth and laxity came in together, and prepared the way for the downfall of the house of "Calendars of All-Hallowen." The treasures of their church at the beginning of the fifteenth century must have exceeded those of many a Welsh and northern cathedral. The high altar groaned beneath the weight of crucifix and tabernacle of gold and silver, montrance, pyxes, &c., &c., "worshipfully endued" with jewels; the frontal of the altar was made of cloth of silver, on which was worked in gold the "fygur of ye Trynitie" and the "Coronacyon of owre Ladye;" its curtains were embroidered with angels and stars in solid gold; while the other altars were overlaid with coverings of chequered velvet and inwrought with tapestry (much of it the gift, we are told, of a certain Dame Alice Chester), and brilliant with crystals and other precious stones; while from all parts of the roof and unoccupied portions of the pillars and walls drooped banners of cloth of silver, with the legend, "All Hallows" raised on them in gold. To this we must add a long list and goodly store of amices, chasubles, tunicles, with "orfres of rag flivelt," and copes of "branched damaske," all grouped together in the church as often as "high mass" was celebrated, and especially at the annual celebration of departed donors, entitled "The General Minde." But they had other treasures also, of which the good Calendars were not a little proud, we may be sure. Amongst others, they had—so it is said—the veritable candlestick and skull of St. Thomas à Becket, "The Dance of Souls,"* and some very valuable illustrated Missals, Horæ, and other books too numerous to mention here.

But of all their treasures the most precious was a book, a "Prymer with vii Psalmys, Letany, Dirige, and Commendacyons, Psalmys of ye Passyon, and many other Devoccyons." Of this so interesting and touching a story is told, and one so much to the credit of the fraternity, that I shall not hesitate to place it on record here.

"Just within the south door of the church

* This "Dance of Souls" appears to have been either a painting, or a gorgeous piece of tapestry wrought in gold and silver tissue, interwoven with brilliant colours of worsted work; for several reasons we are inclined to believe it to have been the latter; particularly as a person was regularly paid for bringing it, and when removed rolling it up again. It was suspended from the ceiling twice a year, and perhaps on some other special occasions. The reader, who may be curious in such matters, will be pleased with the following extracts from "The Minutes" of payments:—"1450. Itm for vi stakys to ye dawns of sowlys, xx^s. 1475. Itm for brengyng of ye dawns of sowlys, viii^s; Itm for hangyng uppe of ye dawns of sowlys twyse a yere, and for rowlyng uppe a gayne, viii^s."

was placed the image of Saint Christopher, so revered by fishermen and the timid dreaders of pestilence. There he stood, with his huge brawny figure, sinking beneath the weight of the Holy Child Jesus, as he attempted to bear Him across the brook. Beneath this image was placed a grate, and within that they hid their valued treasure, the book mentioned above. Neither the sanctity of the church, however, nor iron bars, nor the stalwart figure of S. Christopher could deter some daring thief from removing it from its hiding-place. No sooner was the theft discovered than most of the brothers were despatched in various directions, to regain, if possible, what had been lost. Foot-worn, wearied, and disheartened, many a mile they journeyed on, many an ill-natured remark they bore, and many a vain search they instituted. At length the thought occurred to one of the brothers in chapter assembled, that certain admiring pilgrims* who had recently visited their church, ere they embarked for S. Jago's, had been more enamoured with their relics, jewels, and books, than was altogether consistent with the devotional feelings of men quitting their homes, and abandoning for the most part earthly possessions, and hastening forwards to pay their vows in a distant Spanish church, gaze on one of the most costly shrines in the world, and kneel beside the veritable remains of S. James the Less.

"This Calendar's suspicion was quickly communicated to the others, and two volunteered to essay the dangerous enterprise of pursuing them into Spain. The chartered vessel that had conveyed the suspected pilgrims was far off at sea, probably had by this time reached its place of destination. No means of attaining their object were now left to our dauntless pair but trudging on foot by land; occupied on their way with continued repetition of portions of the Psalter, only halting at nightfall at some monastery, to the superior of which they carried commendatory letters from their own prior or the abbot of S. Augustine's; or lingering for a short time at some wayside oratory, that prayer may refresh and help them on their road; and when they reached the sea, taking open boat, fully confident in the power of Him who bids the waves be calm, and stills

'The wailing sea-bird on the hungry shore.'

"Many days and nights were spent in perils by water and land, in perils from their own countrymen and strangers, when at length their watching eyes caught the golden hills of Spain; their sails had been flapping with a cruel sluggishness for several hours in the sultry breeze, but scarcely had they doubled Cape Finisterre before a brisk gale sprang up, the white foam curled on the waves, the canvas swelled to its utmost, and the boat bounded gallantly into port. Few minutes elapsed before the two brothers from All-Hallowen, Brystowe, might have been seen, in rude outlandish garb, plodding on their way towards S. James'.

"There was little difficulty now in getting forward; in every village were to be found conveyances, such as they were, for pilgrims and visitors to that noted shrine; and, though the sun had passed the meridian when they landed, ere the stars were high in the bright heavens which curtain Galicia, they reached the splendid city of Compostella—a city, the site of which seems to have been determined, like that of several of our English cities, almost by a spirit of inspiration. Girt about by precipitous rocks, hedged round from noxious winds, and matted by intermingling hills from pestilential blasts, in a well-hollowed romantic valley, rests this nest of churches! wherein were hospitals for pilgrims and devotees who came from every part of the world; monasteries, within whose walls watched and prayed learned and devoted servants of Christ; nunneries, wherein, beneath coarse flannel and snowy wimple, burnt the glowing souls of Christian virgins; and above all, the glorious Cathedral, that sacred casket of the hallowed remains of 'the brother of our Lord.' Here our two Calendars entered, knelt, and adored. This done, short was their rest that night; before day-break they arose, and when lauds and matins were over, they, like other pilgrims, were permitted to gaze on the blessed bones of the sainted James, and to inspect the other relics and curiosities preserved in that church. Judge then of their delight, not unmingled with indignation, when amongst them they found their anxiously-sought, highly-valued treasure,—there was their 'precious Prymer.' They cared not to waste their time in rebukes or reproaches; having repossessed themselves of their book, and carefully secured it in their wallet, the port was soon gained, and sail was set; the English cliffs were soon seen, and glad of heart and light of step, these wayfarers cheerfully bounded on, hastening homeward, heedless of the length, toil, peril of their journey. No sooner had they reached the Priory of All-Hallowen than the success of their mission

* Among the receipts at this time is to be found one referring to the offerings made by those who had reached the port of Brystowe, in order to be conveyed by chartered ship to Spain, and had resorted to the Church of All-Hallowen as that in which were to be found the most ancient brotherhood, the most valuable relics, and the most continuous worship. They are entered in the old church book, framed to "recorde al thynges," as "pylgrymes goyng to Seynt Janya."

was the subject of joy and gratitude among the whole brotherhood, who by this time had become anxious for their safety: and, with a kind of triumph, they again deposited their 'precious Prymer' in the 'grate of Saint Christopher.'"

But restless and unquiet spirits there were which would not even now let it remain untouched: again it was missing—again sought—but never again brought back. Thus simply is this tale recorded; "ye wyche stode yn ye grate undyr Seynt Chropher hys ffote; and ye seyde boke was stole and fownde at Seynt Jamys yn Galeys and brought home and newe ygrated and sethe ystole agen."

The rest of the story of the Calendars of All-Hallowen is soon told. The fall of the small religious houses, early in the eighth Henry's reign, sealed their doom, together with that of 375 other establishments. The Calendar brothers and sisters, for they had sisters,—whether lay or strictly religious is not quite clear from the scanty records at our command,—shared the fate of the members of other religious bodies, and had to gain their livelihood as best they could, torn from their loved home in All Hallows Church. We will not follow them in their mournful leave-taking, or attempt to realise the last, long, lingering looks which they cast on their refectory, and dormitory, and much-loved library. The church's rights passed into the hands of royalty, and at length, after several changes, King Edward VI. sold the ancient home of the Calendars, for a paltry sum, to Sir Miles Patrick, who disposed of it to the Woodward family; and on March 21, 1616, we find that "by license under the seals of the Commissary of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Dean and Chapter of Bristol, and the parson of the parish of All Saints, leave was given to the parishioners of All Saints to open a door in the walls of their church to make a way into a room, still, at this late period, called the 'Kalends,' over the north aisle, to be used for the purposes of a vestry room." Even this miserable record has something refreshing in it, for it clearly implies that, altered as the Calendars' library now was from its former character, it had never been entirely alienated from the church; or if confiscated for a time, and misappropriated, was afterwards redeemed by one of the church's true and devoted children.

It only remains to add that about the beginning of the present century, All Saints was solidly and substantially repaired, though in the worst of taste. It is to be hoped that better times are coming, and that the townsmen of a city, who are year by year restor-

ing the fair outlines of St. Mary Redcliffe, will not forget to beautify once more the church of the forgotten "Calendars of All-Hallowen."

E. WALFORD.

THE LITTLE KNIGHT.

(A Lay of Domestic Chivalry.)

I know fair maids of old
Had knights of prowess bold,
And warriors watched rose-gardens,* and gave their
lives for love,
I have heard of Criemhild's knights,
And their hundred-and-one fights,
But I prize my little champion all other knights above!

They watched the roses o'er,
But my champion has done more,
For he's made the roses grow in a strip of barren
ground,
And around my shaded room
Steals a sweetness of perfume,
Richer, rarer, than fair Criemhild in all her garden
found.

There were grand hearts in old days,
And I know they won the praise
Of sweet maidens bending downwards to watch the
tourney's end,
And I feel my heart-strings stir
At the "sans reproche, sans peur,"
Yet name the olden Bayards, thinking of my modern
friend.

Were you tried by cross or care,
Those old champions said a prayer
At the next saint's shrine they came to, before they
journeyed on;
But now, early hour and late,
There are prayers at Heaven's gate,
And I know the simple spirit from which those prayers
have gone!

I have read the warriors went
To the Holy Land, content,
If their true-loves bade "God speed them, and God
defend the right;"
But my little warrior sped
To the search for one, who,—dead,—
Remains my own sole true-love, as alive my sole
delight.

And the olden champions spake,
"Oh, be faithful for my sake!"
But my champion asked no promise, and hoped for no
reward;
He knew my love was claimed,
By one I never named,
And he went forth to search for him, that my joy
might be restored.

Shall I give him aught? you say;
Yes, perchance, a kiss some day,
When the death-hour makes it holy, and safe for him
and me;
Until then we are mere friends,
Yet to compass all my ends
Is the vision of my stripling, my flower of chivalry.

* See the ballad of the "Rosengarten," and the story of "Dietrich of Berno."

He is but a boy, you know,
 And boys' hearts are fashioned so
 That they'll never break for love-smart, as mine is
 breaking now,
 So amid my sharpest grief
 Comes a spring of glad relief
 When I look upon my knight with the innocent bold
 brow!

Oh, God, bless my little knight!
 God defend him in the fight!
 Give him better love than mine is, to glad his heart
 some day;
 I have heard of warriors bold,
 But I'd give the men of old
 For the little modern hero I've chosen for my lay!
 F. W.

CARDINAL TOSTI.

It was in the afternoon of Friday, the 23rd of March, that Rome heard of the death of the "learned and venerable Tosti." This aged cardinal, long the director of the great establishment of San Michele (which is a hospital and school combined), had attained to nearly ninety years. Now he was dead, and laid out in state in his own room at San Michele, whither we went about five o'clock, and threading the vast corridors, which run round a court blossoming with oranges and lemons, ascending a long flight of stone stairs, and got into upper regions filled with a perceptible hum, soldier sentinels stationed by the open doors, who motioned us on from room to room till we came to the last of all. These rooms were perfectly empty of all furniture, save a few bookcases under glass; but the yellow satin walls of one, and the delicately-tinted panels of another, showed that they had but lately formed the private apartments of him who was gone. Three or four temporary altars were erected in the empty space, adorned by tall unlighted candles. A thrill crept over us as we neared that last open door, a silent sentinel at either side; as we crossed the antechamber, and came in a direct line with the aperture, we saw a figure, splendidly attired, reposing on a great sloping couch of cloth of gold. The face of this figure indicated extreme age; the brow was surmounted by the bright scarlet berretta, which caught the light from the setting sun. The shrunken frame was clothed in the soft purple of its ecclesiastical rank. The hands were crossed and held a crucifix; the feet were turned up in new and pointed shoes. There he lay, Cardinal Tosti, who, for five-and-twenty years was the handsomest of all the Sacred Conclave, and towered above his brethren when they walked in procession, drawing the admiration of beholders.

There was no sound, as we knelt by the

dead man's couch; through the window could be seen the swift Tiber, swollen by the recent rains, and on the other side of the river rose the green slopes of the half-deserted Aventine, with its few solitary churches, Santa Sabina, Santa Alessio, and its gracious crown of trees. Here had Tosti dwelt for many a year, in rooms which looked to the golden west. Here he occupied himself with his books, and with the school for industrial and artistic pursuits which was due to his efforts at San Michele. I have never seen anything so marvellously picturesque and impressive as that dead man, lying on his couch of cloth of gold, the closing scene of a long life, which stretched back far beyond the wars of the first Napoleon, even to the period when Papal Rome received the royal refugees of the French Revolution.

Presently, a group of white-robed priests entered, and began reciting the office for the dead. This was the signal for the gathering of a little crowd of Romans. Brown-cowled monks, peasant women with their children in arms, boys and girls with large wondering dark eyes. Together they crowded to the door of the dead man's chamber, and knelt upon the floor, so that above and beyond their bowed heads could be seen that pale splendour upon its shining couch. We left with reluctant footsteps, feeling a fascination in the picture which it is hard to describe.

Late in the evening, an hour after the Ave, the corpse was to be conveyed by torchlight to Santa Cecilia, the cardinal's titular church; and at Santa Cecilia we found ourselves in the starry night. The torches were just entering the church as we drove up; and for some minutes the doors were inexorably shut, and we feared we had lost all chance of an entrance. But we were presently admitted, and saw indeed a striking scene! The small church of Santa Cecilia in Trastevere, famous as being built upon the site of the young martyr's dwelling, was draped in black and gold from ceiling to pavement, and where the altar-piece is generally to be seen, was a great flat gold cross on a black ground. The sanctuary was greatly enlarged for the morrow's service, and hung with black; and in the nave, not very far from the great portal, rose a large empty couch, exactly resembling that which we had seen in the cardinal's private chamber. At its foot was a low bier, whereon now lay the same white Image of a Man in its purple robes, and a group of attendants crowded reverentially around it, flashing torches in their hands, which formed a centre of light in the dark church, reminding one of the famous Correggio; only, instead of the new-born Babe, the illumination of humanity for all time to come, was the aged dead, no

longer capable of communicating the living light of intelligence or of faith, but lying in a pale reflection under the torches, and gathering into itself all the meaning of the whole scene.

We perceived that something remarkable was about to take place, and retired discreetly behind a pillar, that our accidental presence might attract no notice. The truth was, that the cardinal was about to be laid out for the great funeral service of the morrow; and by chance we had gained admission at this purely private hour. The body was taken on the little bier into the sacristy, and there we supposed that some change was made in the raiment; when it was brought back the hands were gloved, and instead of the scarlet berretta was a plain skull-cap. Then, with difficulty, and much consultation, but with perfect reverence of intention, the straight image was lifted on to the great couch; the assistant men being grouped on ladders, and an eager voluble monsignore directing the whole. The ladders, the torch-light, the mechanical difficulty of the operation, again reminded me of one of those great depositions in which the actual scene of the Cross is so vividly brought out by art. At length the dead cardinal lay placidly upon his cloth of gold, and they fetched his ring to put upon his hand, and his white mitre wherewith to clothe his grey hairs. We left them performing the last careful offices, making the strangest, the most gorgeous torch-light group in the middle of that dark church that poet or artist could conceive.

The next morning the Pope and the College of Cardinals came to officiate at the funeral mass. The square court in front of Santa Cecilia was filled with an eager crowd of Romans and *Forestieri*, with the splendid costumes of the Papal Guard, with prancing horses and old-fashioned chariots, gorgeous with gilding and colour. They were much such a company of equipages as may be seen in our Kensington Museum, but so fresh and well-appointed in spite of the extreme antiquity of their design; that one felt as if carried back to the days of Whittington, Lord Mayor of London. Into Santa Cecilia itself we could not penetrate, by reason of the crowd, and the stern vigilance of the soldiers, who, attired in the red-and-yellow costume designed by Michael Angelo, kept a considerable space in the nave empty for the moment when the Pope should walk from the altar to the bier. But through the open door we saw the lights upon the black-draped altar, and in front of that gorgeous couch, with its motionless occupant; his white mitre being now the conspicuous point in the picture.

And when the Pope left the dim church and came out into the sunshine, the brilliant rays fell upon his venerable white hair and scarlet cap; while the weapons flashed and the crowd shouted, as he ascended his wonderful chariot with the black horses, and drove away.

BESSIE R. PARKES.

A WIFE WITHOUT A WEDDING.

"FRESH fish! fine fresh fish! caller haddies! Buy a fish, ma lamb?" and the speaker put down her creel on the pavement of the High Street, Portobello, holding up a "caller haddie" for Mrs. Sutton's inspection, who, saying mildly "Thank you, I don't want any," tried to pass on.

"Do buy a haddie, ma lamb, fresh an' loupin oot o' the sea, amaisht as bonnie as yersel: come, Captain—" this to Mrs. Sutton's husband—"gie me a hansom; I ha' walked every step frae Musselburgh, and deil a bawbee ha' I taken."

Such persuasion had its success; "the Captain" saw no easier way of escape than that of buying a couple of haddies.

"What a pretty girl that was with Nancy," said Mrs. Sutton; "did you notice her, Charley?"

"Of course I did; do you think, because you made me marry you, that I am to be blind as well as dumb? She's the prettiest girl I've seen in Scotland, and that's saying a good deal. What eyes she had, and such ankles!"

And then Charley, by way of proving that his eyes could see, desecrated for the rest of the way upon the girl's beauty, and until Mrs. Sutton remarked,—

"I declare you've fallen in love with the girl; I'll grow jealous if you say any more;" and Charley laughed, but held his tongue.

Next day, as he was smoking a pipe in company with a brother officer, a great chum of his, and a right good fellow—Harry Tremayne—they walked as far as Musselburgh, and, reaching the shore just after the fishing-boats had come in, almost the first person they saw was the girl that Charley had been raving about.

"There she is, Harry," he said, "sitting on the rock there;" and there indeed she was; her creel well filled by her side; her little brown hands crossed on her lap, and her great grey eyes looking far away across the blue water.

She was dressed in the pretty picturesque costume worn by the fisher girls, and, like most of them, as clean and trim as if she had come out of a bandbox ready for a fancy ball: her dark auburn hair was glowing in the sunlight, and rippled loosely away from the broad

white forehead, across which dark pencilled eyebrows arched themselves over thickly fringed grey eyes. Eyes that came back suddenly from their wanderings over the sea, and looked up in Harry's face with a recognition which startled his friend just a little, and showed him this was not the first time the two had seen each other.

For an instant surprise and pleasure only looked out from the eyes; then the lashes drooped, a hot flush crimsoned the girl's face. She turned abruptly away, addressing herself to Charley.

"Buy a cod, sir?" but Tremayne answered, "Why don't you ask me, Effie? What have I done to make you look so angry? I promised you a fairin' from Dunbar, and I've walked all this way to bring it; just look, what a smart brooch to pin that red neckerchief!" Effie shook her head, and kept her eyes away, and Charley, seeing that he was *de trop*, walked on to the boats.

When he looked again, Effie's red neckerchief was pinned with a glittering true lover's knot, and the fair face was sparkling with dimpling smiles.

Charley did not say much to his friend on their way home; to tell the truth, being now a married man, he had begun to look more severely on "little amusements," such as it was pretty evident Tremayne was carrying on. He wanted to say so too, but like most men, hung back; the imputation of being called a "preacher" is a thorough-going bugbear, and shuts many a mouth that would fain speak words of caution and wisdom. Harry on his side said equally little; he had an unpleasant suspicion of the truth, as regarded what was going on in Sutton's mind; and, what was worse, his own mind was misgiving him, and a certain small still voice was whispering at his heart. The walk home was not a conversational one, and the restraint even at the end of it was flagrant enough to excite little Mrs. Sutton's curiosity.

Young husbands are apt to be confiding, and young wives hear a good deal more of the private lives of their bachelor friends than is always good for either. Tremayne had been Charley's chum in his wild days; when Charley came to confession, Harry Tremayne's sins were exposed likewise, and when Mrs. Sutton forgave her husband, and sighed over the temptations and loneliness of a young man's lot, Harry, being still in the midst of dangers, still knocking about on the ocean, unpiloted by a loving wife, and at the mercy of the syren songs, came in for a large share of pity, and had no notion why the clear blue eyes of his friend's wife became so plaintive and earnest when she gave him little covert

lectures upon the wickedness of the world, or why she took such trouble to get him to go to church with them every Sunday.

Tremayne was not very deep, nor yet very conceited, so he neither fathomed the true state of the case, nor fancied he had made an impression. Mrs. Sutton looked very pretty when she got earnest, and he thought if he could find such a wife he would not object to going to church twice a day; especially, too, when he saw Charley keep as jolly as ever, and that he did not refuse all his bachelor invitations, or close his doors against his old friends; and that once, when he went home decidedly tipsy, Nelly did not sulk next day, but insisted upon his going up to meet that he might get quit of "that stupid headache."

"Your wife's an angel," said Tremayne, as they walked away from the lodgings that day. Charley nodded, and his eyes looked watery, though that might have been the effects of the headache. Neither of them said more upon the subject, but Charley never got drunk again, and Tremayne never asked him to join another bachelor carouse.

Tremayne was a reckless, headlong fellow; but neither vicious nor yet more than ordinarily selfish in his pursuits and pleasure. He went pretty much after the counsel in the song:—

In work or pleasure, love or drink,
Your rule be still the same—
Your work not toil, your pleasures pure,
Your love a steady flame;
Your drink not madd'ning, but to cheer,
So may your joy not pall;
For little fools enjoy too much,
And great ones, not at all.

He preferred a handsome face to an ugly one, and liked to chaff a pretty girl, whether she spoke well-bred English or not. He had been taken by Effie Dennistoun's eyes as she glanced up below the strap that helped to support her creel; and as Effie had to pass Piershill nearly every day on her road to Edinburgh, there was no lack of opportunities to indulge in the flirtation, very harmless as far as Tremayne went, but dangerous enough to Effie, who was one of those imaginative, dreaming girls, who, gaining only a distant glance of the great world to which Tremayne belonged, thought, like poor "Hetty Sorrel," that it would be the height of human bliss to "be a grand lady, and ride in her own coach, and dress for dinner in a brocaded silk, with feathers in her hair, and her dress sweeping the ground."

Effie had seen great ladies going to the assemblies in Edinburgh, and knew very well that nature had made her as pretty as any of



(See page 601.)

them. Effie was very eager to be a lady, and tried hard to speak like those she had heard speak, as well as to keep her hair bright, and her dress clean and smart. People often turned and looked after her as she followed her mother to the market, and more than one fine gentleman had spoken to her, and told her how pretty she was. Effie quite believed them, but was wise enough to make no signs of the same. The truth was, Effie's heart was

safe; vanity was the ruling passion as yet. But after a few meetings with Harry Tremayne, things took a new turn; Effie had a queer dream, in which Tremayne figured, and then she had her fortune told, and the lover who was, as is the fashion with prophets of the class, to make a lady of her was evidently Tremayne. After that, Effie made no demur about it; she thought of him continually; repeated over and over every word he said to

her, trying to catch the very accent of his voice. She spent every spare minute getting up the dainty bright-coloured "bedgowns," as they are called, which form the upper portion of the costume worn by fisher-women, and brushed her hair until it shone and sparkled like gold threads. Her hopes were very bright for a time; then there came a cloud; Effie saw Tremayne walking with a lady in Edinburgh: and Effie came home sick at heart that night, but the heart sank deeper still, and jealous rage and disappointment rose rampant, when one evening she met him again; this time the lady had hold of his arm; and watching, she saw him take her to a grand carriage, and whisper and smile with her for a long time before he could say good-bye, and bid the coachman drive on.

Effie, poor little jealous soul, had told him all this on the Musselburgh beach, and in so doing laid bare her heart. And Harry, as we have seen, went back to barracks in a very repentant mood.

"Are you game for a steeple-chase?" said Major Clinton, coming into Tremayne's room early next day; "and will you take a seat on my drag? I am going to tool my four specs to Gillon, where a steeple-chase comes off to-day. I hear there's a lot of country fellows going, and I mean to do a little horse dealing."

Tremayne was glad enough to say "Yes," and thus get away from his own thoughts. He had been making up his mind to see Effie and ask her to forgive him,—a plan, the prudence of which was, to say the least, doubtful; and by accepting the seat on the drag he would avoid the immediate necessity for this.

"We'll start from the stable-yard," said Clinton, looking in again; "the leaders may be troublesome, but with the Portobello Road before us, we'll do, I think."

Accordingly the start took place from the stable; the conduct of the leaders doing much to prove Clinton's wisdom in choosing such open ground. They displayed a strong inclination to become bipeds in place of quadrupeds, but not finding that feasible, wheeled about and looked at their driver, until a well-directed cut from the heavy-thonged whip brought them to the fore, and sent the team down the turnpike at a slapping pace, and with the reins as taut as fiddle-strings.

"By Jove!" said the man on the box seat, drawing a long breath, "you did that business cleverly, Clinton; that brute with the big star on his forehead is an ugly customer, I won't forget the look he gave us in a hurry."

"Don't abuse him, Dick, I am going to ask fifty for him to-day. I bought them all on

spec at Falkirk, and a worse set of screws I never saw. I only gave ten a-piece, and what with feeding, physicing, and grooming I mean to get fifty a-piece. Look how they step out now, as they settle down! They'll be as quiet as lambs before we reach Musselburgh. Hallo! that's a pretty girl; whom did she nod to?"

They had just whirled past a group of fisher-girls—amongst them Effie, who, seeing Tremayne, blushed and hung back.

"Fetch her a fairin' from the races, Captain," shouted one of the girls, and Tremayne saw Effie fly at her, and a regular scuffle was going on as the drag turned out of sight.

"A friend of yours, Tremayne? I always thought you were a sly fellow, and that there was something else at Portobello besides playing looker-on at domestic felicity; but what a beauty the little girl is! What'll you take I don't cut you out in a week?"

"Take him, Tremayne," cried Clinton, who was an inveterate speculator, and never let slip an opportunity of booking a bet; "I'll back Tremayne for a pony."

"Done with you," replied Sir Hugh Joclyn, the man who had offered the bet.

Two or three more bets were registered, and when Joclyn put his book back into his pocket, he had backed himself pretty heavily to win.

Tremayne had taken the challenge, but he was regretting it already. Joclyn, he knew, would stop at nothing; and a more heartless thoroughpaced *roué* did not disgrace the service. Thinking thus, the meeting was a failure as far as he was concerned. Clinton made a success, and sold two of his team, and as some of the others had won their money, they were in right humour.

Sir Hugh had avoided Tremayne all day, but he was next him on the drag, and as they neared Musselburgh, he said,

"You must tell me where your beauty lives, Tremayne. What, you don't know! Oh! well, never mind, I am always lucky in such things. There, what do you say to that?" he pointed to a cottage where, sitting upon a form, mending a herring-net, was Effie herself.

Tremayne did not sleep any better for the second look at Effie's face, and went down to Portobello early in the day, fully determined to make a clean breast of it, and take Charley into his confidence. Unfortunately Charley's wife's mother had been taken ill, and Charley's wife having been sent for, he, of course, had gone too; so Tremayne returned to barracks and mooned away the afternoon in his quarters. Next day he walked to Portobello again: he was not sure whether he expected Charley to have returned, or whether it was not a sort of hope that fate might decide his best course by

letting him meet Effie, in which case he would certainly tell her the whole story; and "I only hope she'll think me as great a blackguard as I do myself," was his mental reservation. But he saw neither Charley Sutton, nor yet Effie, and was very bitterly inclined when he went to mess. Joclyn was in great force, too great to be altogether clean-handed. Every one in the regiment knew and recognised the sort of feline propensity he had to pur when game was afoot.

"You've been on the water to-day," said Captain Farrer, as they stood in the ante-room after mess.

"I believe you; I've been fishing all day."

"Caught much?"

"Yes, secured a couple of hundred."

"What do you mean?"

"Only that the fish were a little shy at first; but I found out the right sort of bait, and tried it so successfully that I'll make a couple of hundred out of my day on the water."

Tremayne was close to, and heard, as he knew he was meant to do, every word. Starting up, he strode forward, his lips white, and a very lamp of rage blazing in his eyes.

"He's drunk," cried Clinton, taking his arm. Get hold of him, Farrer," and by main strength he turned Tremayne's face away from Joclyn, and led him out of the ante-room.

But Tremayne was not drunk, only sick at heart—disgusted with himself, and mad with the inuendo spoken by Joclyn; and if Major Clinton had not been a little bit sore in the same cause, he would certainly have quarrelled with him, for Tremayne was in a queer way, and ready for anything.

Another day slipped by; nothing apparent was done; Tremayne was waiting, so he told himself, for the return of the Suttons; he kept away from barracks pretty much all day, but not in places likely to fall in with Effie: and so the fifth day after the bet was made came, and not one word had he spoken to her, or one step taken either to save her or win the bet he was so thoroughly ashamed of. He went down in a sort of despair to look for Charley, and, as luck would have it, found them just returned.

"Is there anything the matter?" was Mrs. Sutton's first question, for, woman-like, she had seen the signs upon Harry's face.

"Indeed there is," answered he, dolefully; "will you let Charley come out with me for half an hour? I want his advice awfully."

And so Tremayne at last had an opportunity of making a clean breast, and as Charley always kept no secret from his wife, it came about that a woman's wit was brought to the rescue. It was too late to do anything that

night, Charley had said, partly, if the truth were told, to gain time, and his wife's counsel; for Charley was a wise man, and did not like to meddle with pretty girls and their affairs of the heart without his wife's sanction.

Next day, when Tremayne reached Portobello, he found Charley was absent: he had gone to send Effie's mother to Mrs. Sutton, who intended speaking to the woman openly, and asking her to warn Effie; but this Charley, seeing the girl, thought he might do also, and spoke up accordingly, telling her how much Tremayne had suffered, and how he had not known what was best to do to put her on her guard, and a great deal more, making, as Charley thought, a most touching story. When he had done, she asked,

"Did he send you? Then why didn't he come himself?"

"After all I have said, can you not guess, Effie?"

Effie's face was growing whiter and whiter, but she kept it turned to him as she said,

"Maybe I do; but I'll ken better if you tell me, sir."

"He was afraid you had learnt to care too much for him, Effie; and he was very sorry he had been so selfish, and thought if he saw you he would only make things worse for you."

Effie had covered her face with her hands as he began to speak; but now she dropped them, and lifted up her face, all flushed and passionate, her great eyes dilating with angry scorn.

"Worse for me! He need not fear for me. He thocht he might win and mock at me, for that I was only a fisher-girl: it was naethin' to say his words to the like o' me. But he'll find he was wrang; there's some lo'es me, tell him. I'll no be a fisher-girl long. Tell him——"

But before words would come, the poor lips losing courage, began to quiver, and Effie rushed back into the cottage, slamming the door between Charley and her broken heart.

Next day, the last of the given week, Tremayne was on duty; Charley's report of his interview with Effie had by no means lightened the poor fellow's spirits: he kept looking at his watch every half hour, and taking every occasion to cross the square and glance towards the gates. About four o'clock he met Clinton, who stopped him.

"I say, Tremayne, the day's nearly over, old fellow; it's been the most cursed week I've passed this many year. I don't care a rap for the money, but I hope to God he'll lose. It was a blackguard shame of me to set you on to take such a bet, Harry; and I see you are as miserable about it as I am. I'll ent Joclyn after this"

Tremayne crushed out an oath between his teeth, but said nothing.

Six o'clock came, then seven, and the men began to lounge into the ante-room for mess; when Joclyn's servant came to the door, beside which Tremayne and Clinton were standing.

"If you please, Captain Tremayne, Sir Hugh would be glad if you and Major Clinton would speak to him."

Tremayne's heart gave a deep throb; he knew it was all up.

"Where is he?"

"At the barrack gate, sir."

There was no speech between the two men as they went out. There was a bright moon shining, the white road was almost as light as day, and there sure enough stood Effie, with Joclyn's arm round her waist. He had won his bet, even at the eleventh hour.

"Come, old fellow, who's right?" he cried, triumphantly. "I told you the bet, Effie,—how he said I'd not stand here with my arm round you."

Effie's eyes had been fixed upon Tremayne, but she turned round her face now and kissed Joclyn; then, pushing him away, came close up to Tremayne.

"Ye dared me to it; you thoct you might laugh at me, and sent your friend to jeer me; but I'm even with you now, Captain Tremayne. Come now, sir," and she turned to Joclyn, "I've done my part, you do yours."

Joclyn laughed coarsely. "All right, Effie, you are a rum little girl. Gentlemen," and he took her hand with a mocking bow, "gentlemen, this is Lady Joclyn, my pretty little wife, without the trouble of a parson or a wedding. Allow me to present you; Lady Joclyn, Major Clinton (you owe me a pony); Lady Joclyn, Captain Tremayne (and you a couple of fivers); and now, sweetheart, for my payment."

Major Clinton had started as Joclyn began to speak, and a searching look in Effie's excited and triumphant face resulted in a muttered,—

"By George! he's done."

As Effie and Sir Hugh disappeared, the Major turned, eager to unburthen his mind, and give Tremayne the benefit of the great light that had shone in upon him; but Harry was gone, and Clinton went in to mess and kept his own counsel.

Tremayne did not show again that night: next day it was known that he had got leave, next week that he was applying for an exchange, and next month that he was on his way to India.

Clinton had an interview with Charley Sutton before Joclyn's leave expired, and that gentleman too effected an exchange; and the regiment moving soon after, the story of the

bet and Effie were nearly forgotten, until, a couple of years afterwards, Clinton read Joclyn's marriage in the Times, and a few days subsequently found the newspapers full of a scandal in High life. Sir Hugh Joclyn had been married, it was true, but it was soon apparent that another wife was in existence, and Lady Joclyn, *née* Effie Dennistoun, was, according to the then existing Scotch marriage law, proved the lawful wife, and so acknowledged by the public.

Some weeks after the trial a poor travel-stained, wild-faced woman was seen wandering along the beach at Musselburgh: as night drew on, a few of the kindlier fisher-folk spoke to her, and bid her come in for shelter. But the poor thing only shook her head, and whispered, "I am going home; he's coming to fetch me."

Next morning, when the tide went back, a group of children looking out for shells, came upon a sight that sent them cowering together.

The poor mad woman lay there dead.

Several of the elder people recognised the body, and it was known that Effie Dennistoun had come home—to die. I. D. FENTON.

ADRIANA.

BY JEAN BONCŒUR.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THERE was no unwonted bustle in the house; the mistress moved about as placidly as usual, the servants pursued their ordinary work, the clock ticked cheerfully by the low roomy chimney, and the flies buzzed lazily round the old house-dog, who now and then testified his disapprobation of their impertinence by making a sudden snap of such surprising dexterity as to silence the rash intruder for ever.

And yet a man lay hovering between life and death in an upper chamber.

But such was Rebecca Davis's code. From no hardness of heart, but from constant self-control and habits of submission. No unavailing outcry, no utter stagnation in the business of life, no grass growing in the courtyard, because a day had brought with it its evils. "If we do our duty only when the path is smooth, we do nothing," was the Quakeress's precept.

So not a single room differed in any whit from ordinary. The large bed of the guest-chamber had indeed a wounded man lying in pain upon it, but Rebecca Davis was too good a nurse to allow any sign of disorder in the apartment. But in the room below, from whence Rebecca Davis's "only picture" might

be seen, Adriana was pacing up and down as in the olden time.

"Shall I never forget the past? must it be ever rising up before me? Can no event of life be unlinked from the chain? It's like having to travel about with worthless luggage that can't be lost at the most over-crowded station, but is constantly being restored by officious porters, and turning up when least expected, like Kasim's slippers. It's always the case with anything one wants to get rid of; if it were worth keeping, it would soon find itself wings and fly away. I thought I had found the waters of Oblivion, or rather that the waters of Oblivion might come between me and the world at this poor sea-side place, but it seems that Lethe does not run this way. Why cannot I forget and be forgotten?"

And still she paced up and down, each moment more disturbed.

Rebecca Davis, entering the room, was surprised to see her agitation.

"Nay," said she, "calm thyself; the injury is great, but with care the danger may be overcome."

"It's not that," said Adriana.

"What aileth thee, then?" asked the Quakeress, soothingly.

But Adriana did not answer the question.

"I must leave Grayside."

"Nay, I cannot spare thee just now; thou wilt not leave me?" Then, after a pause, she added, solemnly,—"Thou art not afraid, though death should visit this house?"

Adriana started.

"Death?"

She had not thought of it, or realised it, until the Quakeress put it thus clearly before her.

"Death!" she repeated; "will he die?"

"I cannot answer thee thy question. There may not be death. There is still danger."

The blood in Adriana's veins seemed to stop; long musings scarcely heeded, stray thoughts, and recollections barely noted, passed like a flash of lightning before her. In that one flash a secret was revealed to her, as it had been aforetime to Mr. Etheredge.

"I will stay," said she, in a low voice, "but he must not know it."

Rebecca Davis looked wonderingly at her for a moment.

"Dost thou know him?"

"Yes."

"I will not ask thy reasons, child, but it shall be as thou desirest."

"And Mr. Braddick—is he going?"

"As soon as his brother is pronounced out of danger."

"When is that likely to be?"

"The doctor does not say; but he trusts soon to know with some degree of certainty what is likely to be the result of the heavy blow that Mr. Etheredge received."

"How was he hurt?"

"He was swimming ashore from the sinking yacht with his brother, who became exhausted, and would have sunk, but Richard Etheredge bore him up, and had nearly reached the boat that had put out to their rescue, when a sudden movement from Mr. Braddick dragged him down, and as he rose, close by the boat, one of the oars struck him with great violence, and he was stunned. The sailors succeeded in dragging both of them on board. The rest you know."

"Where is Mr. Braddick? I must speak to him."

"I will send him to thee."

And not many minutes elapsed before the door again opened, and Charles Braddick came in.

"I almost fear to see you, Miss Linden. I beg you to pardon me for my wild speeches of yesterday. I scarcely knew what I was saying."

"I have not thought of them again," said Adriana.

Then she was silent.

"Mr. Braddick," she resumed, with some effort, "I have a favour to beg of you."

Mr. Braddick bowed.

"As a great kindness to me, I ask you not to mention either to Mr. Etheredge or to Mrs. Braddick, that you have seen me here."

Was there anything cutting in the emphasis on "Mrs. Braddick" as Adriana spoke, looking Charles Cunningham full in the face? He thought so, but she had not intended it.

"Is that all? Can I do nothing else?"

"Nothing."

A calm decided "nothing."

It rang through Charles Cunningham's brain like a shrill grating bell. But he knew it was true. The woman who had been the idol of his youth was parted by an impassable gulf from any service that he could render her.

Once again she spoke.

"Mr. Braddick, there is one thing more I should like to say. May I?"

"Yes," he said.

"Mr. Braddick, in years to come, if you should ever think of Adriana Linden, remember that she thanked your wife for all her kind and generous acts towards her."

In aftertimes, as he looked back upon this short interview, Mr. Braddick felt that it was the ending of one phase of his being, from which a new existence, as it were, sprang up. His wife was nearer after that than she had

ever been before, brought nearer to him by the one who should have been her rival.

CHAPTER XXIV.

OUT of danger.

So Mr. Braddick went away, and Rebecca Davis and the doctor undertook the care of Mr. Etheredge until such time as he should be fit to travel.

And Adriana went about her numerous avocations, more gentle and more subdued than usual. The summer of her life was wearing on, and she felt some signs of the autumn approaching. Ah! sometimes that autumn is a fair Indian summer, when leaves turn brighter for awhile, and their brilliant hues flash scarlet and gold through the stately forest; and the deep hush of nature makes one feel as though she had made a pause, and would willingly remain at that one point for ever.

Mr. Etheredge progressed. He might leave his darkened chamber, and make trial of the light that crept through the small paned case-ment, and stole through clustering creepers, that weaved themselves into a framework for the "only picture."

So he descended to the quiet sitting-room looking out upon the sea; and Adriana ascended to her own room, and wondered how long she should have to be a prisoner, and when Mr. Etheredge would go.

It would be like a dream when he had gone; yet it would be pleasant to think that she had seen him since those bitter words of hers were spoken, and, though he would never know it, repented of.

Then she sat down, and tried to work, but the work fell from her hands, and she leaned her arms on the window-sill, and looked over the sea.

Then she pondered on the strange chance that had brought Mr. Etheredge hither. Was it another chapter in the book of destiny! O mystery, surpassing the mind of man to understand! how others are kept apart by merest trifles, and others brought together by seeming miracles. And yet the one no less miraculous than the other, though man in his want of discriminative power places the one high above the other. The sea-breeze fanned her hot cheeks, and she felt an irresistible impulse to go forth into the fresh air.

If she could gain her seat amongst the rocks!

No one from the house would see her. She would be as safe from Mr. Etheredge as where she was.

She slipped noiselessly down-stairs, and through the garden-door, keeping behind the hedge of Scotch roses that hid one path leading to her favourite retreat. A few rough

steps cut in the rocks, and one turn round a projecting corner, brought her to a portion of the rock that formed a rude seat high above the water.

She threw herself down, and closed her eyes, and the soft wind swept gently by, and the sun's rays fell tenderly upon her with grateful warmth, and so she fell into a delicious stupor.

In the meantime Mr. Etheredge had opened the window-door, to take a clearer view of the scene that lay stretched before him.

And the fresh wind lured him out upon the mossy turf, and the bright flowers tempted him to take a nearer peep at them. It was very pleasant after being shut up so long. Everything looked wondrously beautiful; he had never so keenly felt how beautiful was nature; never felt as he felt to-day; such a kindly recognition of the mother earth, who spreads rich treasures thus lavishly for her children. And so he wandered on until he gained the narrow path between the rocks that also led to Adriana's nook.

Slowly he stepped along.

Adriana opened her eyes. She heard the step, but it entered not into her imagination who the intruder might be, until she found herself face to face with Mr. Etheredge.

His astonishment was greater than hers.

For a moment he was tempted to believe that this was some illusion caused by his illness.

"Miss Linden!" he exclaimed, as he steadied himself against the rock.

Adriana sprang up, and would have escaped, but he stretched out his hand imploringly.

"Miss Linden, tell me,—you do not hate me?"

She made no answer, but still turned to go away. He loosed her shawl that he had grasped in order to detain her. She sprang forward, but her dress catching on the rocky projection, she turned to release it, and in so doing, she caught a glimpse of Mr. Etheredge's face.

Whiter than it was when she had seen him lying on the cottage-bed, and thinner, and he gazed at her sadly and reproachfully.

She could not bear to have that face haunting her through years to come. She stood irresolute, then she held out her hand. Mr. Etheredge grasped it.

"Let us remember each other as friends," she said. "I do not hate you now."

A deep flush passed over Mr. Etheredge's countenance.

"Miss Linden, dare I think that you might sometime give me a different answer to a question I once asked?"

"I think not," replied Adriana, slowly, and with some effort.

"Then you are not quite sure," said Mr. Etheredge, eagerly, with something of his old manner.

"I am quite sure," answered Adriana, slowly and with some effort.

"Then I must go on my way alone, and forget the few short months that gave me a knowledge of what my life might be?"

There was no reply.

"Will you answer me one question honestly, Miss Linden?"

"No—yes," said Adriana, hesitatingly.

"Why do you not hate me now?"

The blood came into Adriana's face; she could not answer. She stood motionless. Mr. Etheredge leaned against the rock, and waited.

"You promised to give me a reply. Why do you not hate me now?"

"I do not know," she replied, in a voice that could scarcely be heard.

But Mr. Etheredge heard it.

"Is that the truth?" he asked, in a low tone. "Is that the truth, Miss Linden?" he repeated. "Look at me for one moment, and tell me so, and I will believe you."

Adriana's lips moved to frame a "yes," as she met his eyes for the first time; but the "yes" died away inarticulately, for in her eyes Mr. Etheredge had read another answer.

The sun in the "only picture" came out more gorgeously than ever, and streaked the skies with all imaginable colours, and glittered on the waters, and danced on the hedges of the rocks, and sent slanting rays athwart Adriana's golden hair as she sat, a few hours later, on a footstool beside Mr. Etheredge's easy-chair.

"What brought you to Grayside?" she asked.

"Suppose I reply, Destiny?"

"No, I am not thinking of destiny now. I mean, why did you come here? where were you going?"

"Why did I come here?" began Mr. Etheredge.

And Rebecca Davis, passing through the room, and catching the words of the speaker, answered, as she disappeared through the doorway,—

"Adriana gave the doctor permission to bring thee hither."

Mr. Etheredge turned round to Adriana laughing.

"There, I can give you no better answer: you brought me here yourself. There is no other answer," he added, more seriously. "I should have come to you again. I know it.

Free-will would have brought me if destiny had not stepped in."

"Mr. Etheredge," said Adriana, after a minute's silence, "I have something to tell you; you must listen to the story of my life, you do not know how much I have been to blame. I would rather you should know it. Let me begin now, for it will take a long time to tell."

"I will not hear it," answered Mr. Etheredge; "I have read your story for myself; and I think your edition would quite spoil mine, and, besides, it would not be half so correct. I much prefer my own copy without any notes or revision. Adrie," he said, drawing her closer to him, "I trust you; what would you have more? Let there be no self-reproach for the past to embitter the happiness of the present. There are few who can look back upon the course they have run without wishing some act or deed undone. Let this, however, satisfy you, and set your heart at rest—I have found one woman in whom I have perfect faith."

"I am satisfied," murmured Adriana softly; "all is joy and peace."

(Concluded.)

THE FISH-FARMS OF THE WORLD.

PASSENGERS along the Strand who look in at the office of the Field newspaper, and observe the singular boxes filled with what appears to be some transparent peas, but which are in reality the ova of salmon and trout in the act of being hatched, look upon this artificial fecundation as another among the many instances of the cleverness of the age in which we live. In truth, however, this discovery, so new to us, is as old as the hills, and mankind for ages have waited upon nature to facilitate her operations.

In Asia, the Chinese, to whom we must look for the initiation of many so-called European ideas, have time out of mind been in the habit of collecting the impregnated eggs of fish, and of depositing them in the clear streams irrigating their rice-fields. Nay, they have even anticipated our Eccaleobion in a most ingenious manner for the purposes of pisciculture. In order to facilitate the hatching of fish eggs, they are in the habit of making a small aperture in a fowl's egg, sucking out its contents, and replacing it with fecundated fish ova. The egg is then placed under a hen for a few days, and the ova are thereby so far ripened that it is only requisite to break the egg into sun-warmed water in order to speedily produce—not a chicken, but a brood of young fishes! In China, notwithstanding its enormous population, fish is so cheap that it forms a very

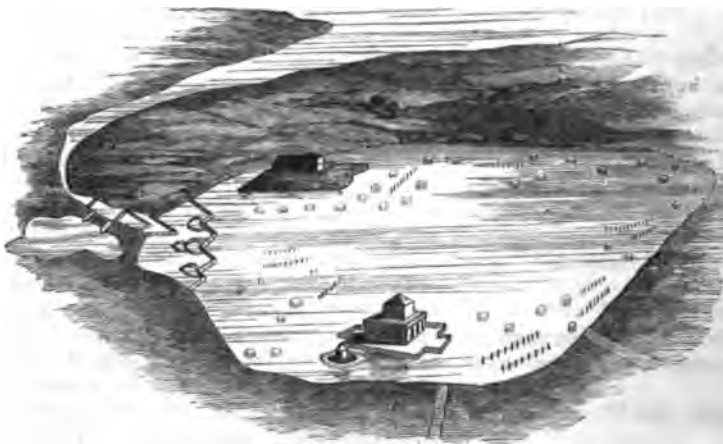
important part of the food of the people, and nothing, we are told, more astonishes the Celestial than the high price of this kind of food in England.

The art of pisciculture, indeed, may be called one of the lost arts of Europe recently revived. We cannot say that it has been utterly extinguished, inasmuch as oyster culture has been maintained from distant ages down to the present time in what is, to modern travellers, an obscure corner of Italy. "*Facilis descensus Averni*," says the old poet; and the *Avernus* of the ancients is the Lake Fusaro of the present day, where oyster culture is now carried on in the same manner as in the time of Virgil, when the gourmands of Italy kept stocks of live fish, the value of which seems astounding even in these days. Lake Fusaro, the first seat of oyster culture, is a pool of water about a league in circumference, which lies between the site of the Lucrine lake and the ruins of the town of Cumæ. The bird's-eye view given in the accompanying engraving of this lake* gives us a good idea of the method employed by the ancients to preserve the spat or spawn of the oyster. If this spawn falls upon muddy ground it is destroyed. This fact was well known to the ancient inhabitants of Italy, and in order to afford a holding-ground to the spat, they raised cone-like heaps of

placed over the oyster-beds, and as the spat or spawn was given out in a mucus-like cloud from the shells of the oysters, it was thereby intercepted, or anchored, as it were, until it had time to grow.

As it was in old time, so it is now; and it was owing to the accident of M. Costa, a Frenchman, happening to have witnessed what art was doing here for the cultivation of oysters, that we owe its introduction into France, and from that point to the rest of Europe. We are told that, fifteen years ago, there was scarcely an oyster grown in France. Now there are on the foreshores of that country upwards of 7000 fish-farms for the cultivation of oysters. We are but too apt to think that it is England alone that is making gigantic strides in the field of labour; but this example affords perhaps one of the most extraordinary instances of what can be done by an energetic or scientific worker in reaping, as it were, from, before, barren ground a good harvest of the most valuable kind. The system of oyster culture in France was practically inaugurated at the Ile de Ré, off the shore of the Lower Charente (near Rochelle). It was begun, Mr. Bertram tells us, by a man of the name of Beef, a stonemason, in 1858. This clever fellow noticed that the spat required holding-ground, and having procured a few bushels of

oysters, he laid them down upon a small portion of the foreshore that he had enclosed with a dyke, scattering his oysters in the "parc" thus enclosed among some rough stones. Whilst he was at work at his trade, the oysters went on increasing until the year 1862, when he sold forty pounds' worth. His neighbours noticed



Lake Fusaro.

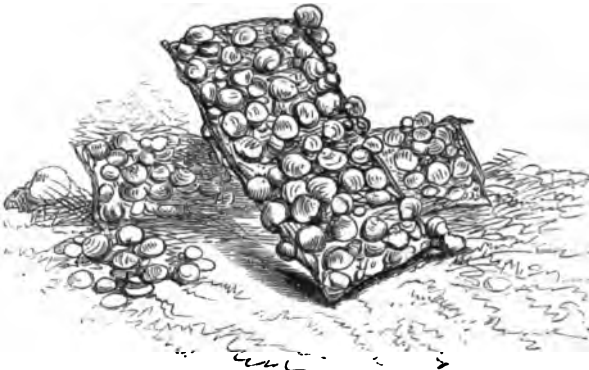
stones in the lake, which they surrounded with stakes, the dotted outlines of which are shown in the drawing. The lines of stakes again were then used—and are now, indeed—for the purpose of suspending from them fascines, or bundles of faggots. These were

what he was doing, and speedily there was a perfect rush to the sea, and now the foreshores of the island from between Point de Rivedoux and Point de Lame is one vast oyster-park cultivated by hundreds of persons. It is, indeed, one of the great industrial facts of the present age, and we have only to follow the lead of the stonemason Beef to give employment to thousands of our poor fishermen round these islands. In this country the

* The engravings in this article are kindly lent by Mr. J. G. Bertram, the author of "*The Harvest of the Sea*," published by Murray (1866), from which the chief materials of this article are drawn, and which should be read by all persons interested in the art of pisciculture.

oyster has to go through a fattening process before it reaches the table. Our natives are fed on barley-meal by the fishmonger before they are considered sufficiently plump and delicate for the London market; but in France they educate their native in a more elaborate manner. In Paris they look for colour everywhere, as well as flavour, and they get it in their green oysters. The greening of oys-

ters is a separate industry, and is carried on at Marennes, on the banks of the river Leudre, which are covered for leagues with claires, or fattening ponds. The claires are protected from the tide by water-tight embankments, fitted with flood-gates, and the oysters are allowed to lie for upwards of two years under the green scum, which is, in fact, a vegetable growth which accumulates in the stagnant water of the claires. The green oyster is the oyster *par excellence* according to the Parisian palate, just as the Milton native is the oyster to the Londoner. The claires of Marennes afford about fifty millions of green oysters per annum, yielding a revenue of two and a half millions of francs. As the oyster during the time of its growth requires to be moved from place to place, a Dr. Kimmerer has invented a tile, by means of which this process may be much facilitated. These tiles are propped up at an angle, as shown in the accompanying engraving, in order to catch the floating spat. The tile is previously coated with a composition which can be peeled off when necessary with its coating of young oysters. Thus their removal can be managed with great celerity and safety. In order to show the productive nature of oyster-beds, Mr. Bertram states that he had been informed that in the Bay of Arcachon, at Testé, one bed of 500,000 oysters increased in three years to seven millions! and that in the Ile de Ré, where they were first laid down only as a few bushels in 1858, the total crop, notwithstanding the immense supply annually gathered from them, is now estimated at 378,000,000 of oysters. Verily, we may look upon the waters and the foreshores of our islands as the Americans of the far-west look upon the limitless prairie lands,



Oyster Tiles.

from which food for countless millions of people are yet to be fed. In our own country the "happy fishing-grounds," as the oyster-farms

in the neighbourhood of Whitstable are termed, employ upwards of 3000 persons in the cultivation, &c., of the oyster-beds. All the arrangements of oyster culture are as perfect as they can be, and have been for years and years before an oyster was grown in France, with

but one exception, and that is the very important one of collecting and preserving their own spat. As much, of course, of this "flotsum," as they term it, as is produced in their own beds, and which falls upon their own ground, is useful; but the fact that it floats away with the tide and falls far off on muddy ground, where it is lost, has not hitherto been apprehended by the English oyster cultivator, as it has been by his keener French brother; hence an immense amount of spawn is lost, and the cultivators have to buy it! Some clever fellows, who know what is being done abroad, have, we hear, formed a company to purchase, or, if possible, to procure a free grant of a large portion of the foreshore near these oyster-farms, in the hope of catching the floating spat wasted from their neighbours' grounds. If they manage this, they will surely reap the benefit of their neighbours' ignorance. It will be like taking possession of waste ground surrounded by game preserves, without having to stock it with game; but of course in time the growers of the natives will take the same measures as the Frenchmen to secure their own seed.

Mussels have been cultivated for centuries in the Bay of Aiguillon, in the same manner as oysters are now cultivated: the spat of the mussel being intercepted as it floats by means of stakes driven into the mud, and interlaced with the branches of trees. It is said that this mussel stake was an accidental discovery made centuries ago by an exile from Erin, who, being wrecked on this coast, endeavoured to devise a trap for the capture of wild fowl by means of these hurdles. The stakes, he found, were speedily covered with mussels, which were much finer than those found in

the surrounding mud. From the date of that discovery—1135—mussel-farms have been cultivated here. The stakes thus interlaced are extended in lines of two hundred metres long, two lines converging in the shape of a V, the apex of which is turned towards the sea. Each fence is termed a *bouchot*, and there are five hundred of them in the bay. These fences in due season become loaded with fine mussels—so loaded, indeed, that more cannot hang upon them. “A well-peopled *bouchot* usually yields, according to the length of its sides, from 400 to 500 loads of mussels,—that is, at the rate of a load per metre. A load weighs 150 kilogrammes (about three cwt.), and sells for five francs. A single *bouchot*, therefore, bears about 60,000 or 75,000 kilogrammes annually in weight, of the value of from 20,000 to 25,000 francs. The whole harvest of these *bouchots* would therefore weigh from 30 to 35 millions of kilogrammes, which would yield a revenue of something like a million of francs.” Not only is a very large amount of nutritious food obtained by means of these mussel farms, but, what is quite as important, a plentiful supply of bait for the fishing-lines, for the want of which our own fishermen often cannot proceed to sea, and have to remain at home in enforced idleness until it can be obtained. It strikes us that the spectacle of these *bouchots* loaded with mussels should have given our French neighbours a hint which they should have applied to oyster culture, and then M. Costa need not have gone so far from home as Lake Fusaro in order to learn that spat requires good holding-ground to prevent it from perishing. But individuals as well as nations are slow to learn lessons that lie under their very noses. How is it that, with all the communication we have with France, we never heard of these mussel-farms before; and how long will it be before the information spreads to our fisher folk? If any of the residents among them would take Mr. Bertram's volume, and give readings to them during the next winter evenings, they would be doing them a practical good. Where is Mr. Jesse, that these curious means of fish culture have not been made known to the Brighton fishermen?

One of the most ancient as well as singular fish-farms, if we may so term it, is the community of Comaccio, on the Adriatic. The lagoon, which extends over a breadth of swampy ground, 150 miles in circumference, is accessible to the sea at many points. The Reno and the Volano, mouths of the Po, form the side boundaries of this great swamp, and between these a vast series of canals and pools are dyked out from the Adriatic, but with carefully constructed sluice-gates, which give

free access to its salt waters. On the 2nd of February, the year of Comaccio may be said to begin, for at that time the *montée* commences, when may be seen ascending the Reno and Volano, from the Adriatic, a great series of wisps, apparently composed of threads, but in reality young eels; and as soon as one lot enters, the rest, with a sheep-like instinct, follow their leader, and millions thus pass annually from the sea to the waters of the lagoon.

The sluices are not closed until the end of April, and the harvest of the fish does not begin until the autumn. They fatten upon a small fish termed the *aquadella*, which flourishes in the lakes and enclosures in great numbers. Although other fish, such as the mullet and the plaice, are grown, yet the eel is the great item of fish culture. The fishermen live in barracks, and observe the monkish rule of passive obedience. Each island of the lagoon may be considered a large farm, having a chief cultivator, a staff of labourers, a store-house and living house. The people term these stations farms, and the basins in which the fish are cultivated, fields. There are four hundred of these fishing stations or farms, the largest of which belong to the Pope, and the rest to private persons. The fish, when harvested, are prepared for market in several ways; a large proportion are cooked before being sent away. They are cut in junks and spitted before a large fire; others are salted and treated with vinegar; and a third portion are dried like our herrings. The fishermen, with their families, form a most interesting and isolated community. The labourers have all things in common, and the master exercises absolute control over his own dominion. The wages are small, but the whole community is maintained, together with the widow, the orphan, and the aged, out of the proceeds of the fishery. As we have said, the military discipline of each valley is alike, and most strict. None of the employed are allowed to be absent from duty without a written permission. Cut off as they are by their marshy surroundings from the rest of the world, they live a most monotonous existence, and the presence of a stranger among them creates quite a sensation. Think, good reader, of having to live upon roasted eels all the days of your life, and then imagine what life must be in these fishing farms of Comaccio!

But the most comprehensive establishment for the culture of fish of all kinds is to be found in France. The great establishment of Huningue leads the way in all matters that pertain to the new science of pisciculture. The Rhine supplies the greater portion of the water used in this great fish manufactory;

for that is really the most appropriate term to apply to the industry carried on here. The idea of the Government is to obtain eggs, and to hatch them for distribution throughout the various rivers and waters of France. In order to accomplish this, vast numbers of eggs are purchased, and other quantities are artificially gathered in the establishment itself, as we shall show. The clever Frenchman, not satisfied with collecting the spawn after it has been deposited by the fish, captures the gravid salmon, stores it until its ova is nearly ripe, and then operates upon the individual fish in the following manner. The fish is with one hand held in a tub of water, while, with the other, the operator gently presses along the abdomen; as he presses, the ova flows out in a stream from the ovapositor. In the same manner the male salmon is deprived of its milt. The operator, now in possession of eggs and fructifying principle, mixes them at his leisure, and vivification takes place in a very certain manner. In a state of nature a vast amount of spawn is lost in consequence of not coming in contact with the milt, but by this method of artificial fructification there is no such waste. The fructified eggs are then placed in long boxes filled with gravel; these are placed in a series of pyramids or steps, the water from the top boxes flowing down to those beneath. The hatching galleries form large buildings, sixty metres in length and nine metres broad, and they are stowed as full as they can hold with the hatching boxes, with which the reader is now doubtless familiar. In addition to the hatching galleries, there are other rooms devoted to the culture of the young fish in various stages of growth, and breeding-ponds on a large scale. All the better kinds of fish fitted for the table are bred here, and distributed over the country; in this manner the exhausted rivers and lakes of France will in time be replenished. Great care is taken to give the vivified eggs only to persons who know how to take due care of them, a second supply never being granted to any individual until he can give satisfactory proof that he has succeeded well with the first batch. The eggs are packed among wet moss, and in this manner travel very safely. Indeed, it is surprising how long eggs can be kept alive in this manner packed with ice. Several batches of salmon eggs have indeed survived the voyage to Australia, and young salmon are now rejoicing in the rapid Murray and other rivers, and in the next generation, no doubt, salmon will be as plentiful in the colonies at our antipodes, as we now hear sparrows are in Melbourne and other great towns. But to return to Huningue. The principal fish cultivated

there are salmon, trout, and ombre chevalier. The greatest care is taken to adapt the waters to the various fish. Thus, Rhone water, the water from the Angruben stream, and spring water arising within the grounds, are used. Mr. Bertram seems to think that this central breeding-place, although in accordance with French notions, is in fact an error; and that a separate breeding-place for each salmon river, like that at Stormontfield, would be best both for the fish and for the angler. But there is certainly loss of power and of money in this plan of distribution, *versus* the French system of concentration. The question of keeping each fish to its own water is, however, very important, as we know that with salmon they always return to it, after their sojourn in the sea, with an unerring instinct.

Huningue, although by far the largest, is only one of many such establishments in France, and the quantity of fish they save must be something astounding. It has been calculated that, out of 30,000 salmon's eggs, only five are reared for the table in the open sea; we may therefore make a shrewd guess at the amount of fish food that may be saved by artificial cultivation. When we remember that, in the rivers and seas, millions of ova perish every moment for want of the presence of the fructifying milt, and other causes, and that, even when the young fish are hatched, that the greater portion of them are eaten by the gourmands of the deep, it will no longer appear an exaggeration to anticipate that by art we may add as much food from this source alone, for the sustenance of the people, as we now produce from all the ordinary sources.

And, according to Mr. Bertram, the ignorance of man himself only too powerfully seconds nature in the destruction she allows in the deep. We are gradually, he tells us, depopulating the fishing-grounds, where for centuries we have reaped such harvests. The trawlers, with their destructive engines, are said to destroy as much as 500 tons of spawn in twenty-four hours, and we are not content unless we catch the herring when it is full of roe. If the salmon has a close time, why not the humble herring, which is the poor man's salmon? We go down to the great deep and cast in our nets in total ignorance of the breeding-time of half the fish we catch. On land, where we see what is going on among our flocks and herds, we commit no such errors; even the insignificant snipe is allowed law during his breeding season, and when man is better informed we shall, without doubt, accord it to the inhabitants of the deep.

We are glad to hear that pisciculture in England is advancing beyond the shop-windows of sporting papers, and from the character of a toy, like our ferneries, to the dignity of a practical working fact. The breeding ponds at Stormontfield are at length turning their produce into the Tay. A million fish have passed into that river, and the fisheries along its banks have, we hear, gone up considerably in value in consequence. We are informed that it is in contemplation to cultivate turtle in the same manner as fish; we certainly do not see why not. Possibly if this were done, poor mortals below the magnificent position of an alderman might be regaled with a basin of this nutritious soup, just as dirty little boys may now get pine-apples from the costermonger at a penny a slice. But these are luxuries which we fear can never reach the poor man as an article of food, but we see no reason why roach and dace, and other fish that grow rapidly, should not be reared artificially with care, and in numbers sufficient to make them common and cheap articles of food. Before parting with the luxuries which are to be met with on the tables of the better class, let us say a word about that delicate breakfast relish, the sardine. We put our trust in them because we believe them to be an Italian delight, nevertheless we cannot help having our suspicions respecting the nativity of certain full-sized specimens we hook out of its tin bath now and then, which we find, on inspection, very white in colour and certainly plebeian in flavour. Our suspicions, we regret to say, Mr. Bertram has confirmed. There were, he tells us, no less than 75,000 barrels of sprats taken in the year 1864 on the coast of Brittany, and done up as sardines. It would perhaps be as well if we were to make our own sardines instead of paying the Frenchmen for the manufacture. We have said enough to show that there is a harvest of the sea awaiting the hands of the cultivator, which is capable of yielding enormous quantities of food for all classes of the people. The foreshores of these islands, now unproductive, only require a few energetic men like Beef to turn them into productive oyster farms; in like manner, uncounted quantities of mussels may be raised after the manner of the French bouchots. And our inland rivers and lakes, our ponds and other waters, may be made breeding places. Of old great quantities of fish stocked every large piece of water, to provide food for the fast days of the church. This source of food supply has long since disappeared, and if a man catches a two-pound trout now-a-days it is considered splendid sport. But let him exercise his ingenuity in

the breeding pond, and we shall once more see our rivers teeming with fish, and the time may even come when our fellow-labourers, as of old, will have to stipulate with their masters that they shall not be surfeited with salmon.

A. W.

TWENTY THOUSAND HUSBANDS WANTED.

PRAY, Mr. Editor, are any of your young friends now looking for a wife; or, in language more correct, I should say for a young lady whom they might wish to make one? Because if so, I should advise them to invest a five-pound note or so in buying the cheap papers (as there is never any news in them I cannot call them newspapers), such as the Pantry Herald, or the Scullery Gazette. These journals only cost a penny—indeed, some only a halfpenny—and I am bold enough to bet that nearly every one of them sets forth the names or the initials of at least a dozen ladies, who announce themselves as being most desirous of a husband, and are kind enough to specify the charms of purse and person wherewith they are endowed. So you see that for his five-pound note, invested in this manner, your young friend might hear of twenty thousand charmers to select from; and no matter how fastidious or singular his taste, from such a number surely he might contrive to suit himself. Here, for instance, is a single penn'orth of announcements, which form, in business phrase, a "fairish sample of the bulk":—

Lonely One, with a little property, and twenty years of age, wants a husband to protect her. She is tall, dark, and handsome.

Water Lily, young, and remarkably pretty, thinks she ought to be married. She has a small private fortune at command.

Sarah, just twenty, and good-looking, wants an affectionate and good-tempered husband.

Eva St. Clair, in her twentieth year, dark-eyed, amiable, short, and stout, wants a home of her own.

Ada Emily Jenny, just nineteen, fair, blue-eyed, and handsome, would like to be married as early as possible.

Lucy plainly says she wants a husband. She is twenty, hazel-eyed, pretty, and highly-respectable.

Julia B., who is housekeeper to her brother, would like to be married. She is twenty-three, a blonde, rather good-looking, and would prefer a seafaring man for a husband.

Ellen, Agnes, and Dora, all pretty girls, want husbands. They are accomplished, and eighteen years of age.

Forest Maid, a pretty girl of seventeen, is not happy at home, and therefore naturally seeks happiness in the society of a husband.

Sarah Jane wants to marry a "gent." She is twenty-four, has blue eyes, and dark hair.

Lonely Orphan, with 80l. a-year, wants a husband about thirty, with 200l. a-year.

Lizzie, a young widow of twenty-seven, would not

mind marrying again. She is cheerful, amiable, and accomplished. She speaks disparagingly of the gentlemen of Kingston-on-Thames.

Lalla Rookh would dearly like to be married. She moves in first-class society, and has 500*l.* a year. She is eighteen, tall, and strikingly handsome.

Rose and Violet would like to correspond with two fair gentlemen. They are pretty, and have each 1000*l.* a year.

Clara C. C., tall, decidedly handsome, and a good dancer, wants a gentleman for a husband. She has no fortune but her beauty.

Dark, fair, short, tall, slim, stout, handsome, pretty, slender, plump, brown-eyed, blue-eyed, black-eyed, with money, without money, seventeen, eighteen, nineteen, twenty, twenty-three, twenty-four, and twenty-seven; here you have all ages, sizes, colours, fortunes and complexions, and I think that your young friend must be most difficult to please if he be not contented with one of this first batch. Indeed, as to "Lalla Rookh," who "moves in first-class society, and has 500*l.* a year," and, moreover, is "eighteen and strikingly handsome," I should fancy any bachelor would fairly jump with joy to find that she was disengaged; and, when he learnt that she "would dearly like to be married," would hardly sleep a wink till he had carried out her wish. Money is no object, or should be none, in courtship: still, just think of "Rose and Violet," blooming in their lovely prime, and with such a fortune as that they both possess! Such pretty flowers can surely never wither in their solitude, especially if it be known that they have grown on such rich soil that each of them is worth a thousand pounds a year. Were it not that I, alas! am swarthy in complexion, and unfortunately happen to possess a wife at present, I should rush to "Rose and Violet," and ask them to toss up for me; nay, two such pretty creatures, with their thousand charms a year, would almost tempt a man to make a Mormon of himself, and marry both at once.

But do not let your young friend be in any hurry to throw himself away. Like the "captain with his whiskers," first let him "cast a sly glance" at another pennyworth:—

Florence Amelia, a dark-eyed, handsome tradesman's daughter, just twenty-one, wishes to marry a young tradesman in a good way of business.

Jeannie, nineteen, pretty, of refined manners, and highly-accomplished, thinks she is quite deserving of a good husband.

Milly Rose thinks it strange she has not yet had an offer, being nineteen, hazel-eyed, handsome, and industrious.

Jessie, who is twenty-two, with blue eyes, and very dark complexion, wishes to be married to a gentleman. She is well educated, and accomplished.

Emmy, aged seventeen, the daughter of a master builder, and fond of music, would like to be engaged to be married. She is stout in figure, but very pretty.

Lizzie A., dark-eyed, seventeen, and handsome, would like to be engaged to be married in a year.

Violet wants to be married to a tall man. She is tall, and very good-looking.

Black Rose wishes to correspond with a German merchant, with a view to marriage. She is twenty-five, fair, and considered very good-looking.

Gertrude, a young lady of moderate fortune, thinks herself old enough to marry. She is nineteen, tall, dark, and handsome.

Alice Love, who is twenty-nine, tall, dark, and slender, wishes to meet with a kind husband.

Rosebud, who is seventeen and pretty, having rich golden hair, wishes to marry a tall young man, about twenty-four years of age.

Lizzie G., being twenty-eight, despairs of being married. She is of the middle height, has blue eyes, and good face and figure. She has no money.

Pauline, just seventeen, very pretty and very good, wishes to correspond with a Protestant young gentleman, with a view to marriage in about a year's time.

Charming Pauline! sweet seventeen! "very pretty" to view! and "very good," too! Where can be the gentleman who is not "Protestant" enough to protest that he is willing to marry her at once, and will die if she, hard-hearted one! postpones him for a twelvemonth? And O, poor "Lizzie G.," who, "being twenty-eight, despairs of being married!" Is the age of chivalry then really so far past that no champion will save her from wasting in despair? Twenty-eight! Why, women marry at eighty-eight, sometimes: so keep your heart up, Lizzie, some one yet may ask for it. As for money, faugh! Surely a man needs no other fortune when he marries, seeing that he hopes to get a treasure in his wife.

And, O! ye single men of England, who live at home at ease, and smoke your nasty, filthy pipes, and dare to use latch-keys, just think, you selfish brutes, of the sad fate of "Milly Rose," who, though hazel-eyed and handsome, and, what is better still, industrious, has lived to the maturely advanced age of nineteen, without even so much as ever having had an offer made to her. Poor girl! my heart bleeds for her. And were my Angelina numbered with the dear departed—but as a widower and middle-aged (sixty-six last birthday), I might find my Number Two more suitably, perhaps, in the pennyworth that follows:—

Effie Day is thirty-four, and is sure she would make a widower of forty a good wife. She has the means of furnishing a home comfortably.

Edith Mary, aged twenty-eight, wishes to correspond with a gentleman not less than thirty, with an income of about 200*l.* a year. She is good-looking, and thoroughly domestic.

C. P. F., a widow of forty-five, with a good

home, would like to marry a widower of forty-five or fifty. She is cheerful, and accomplished.

H., a blue-eyed, dark-complexioned, and very pretty girl, would like to be married to a gentleman equal to her in position and fortune. She is twenty-one, and has about 600*l.* a year.

Rosebud, a slight, fair, and pretty blonde, thinks she ought to marry, the more especially as she is a wealthy tradesman's daughter. The young men of her acquaintance are all rude and unpolished.

Martha wishes to be engaged to a tall tradesman. She is tall, plain-featured, but has a fine figure, and is thoroughly domestic.

A. A. B., a good-looking girl, just nineteen, with 300*l.* a year, would like to marry a young gentleman about five years her senior.

Lizzie (Ventnor).—The *carte de visite* is that of an intellectual and fascinating-looking young lady. She describes herself as twenty-two, a widow, and expresses a desire to marry a gentleman from ten to twenty years her senior, who has a fixed income of 700*l.* a year.

Rosetta wishes to correspond with a gentleman not over twenty-five, who has 350*l.* a year, which is the amount of her income. She is eighteen, and a handsome brunette.

E. L. B., a young widow, is desirous of meeting with a good husband. She would not object to one between forty and fifty, provided he was steady, and of industrious habits.

Alicia wants a husband with 300*l.* a year. She would object to a tradesman. She is twenty-seven, ladylike, very musical, and has comfortable pecuniary prospects.

D. E., a charming young lady of high family, who leads a solitary life in the country, wants a husband. She is pretty and fascinating, and does not want to marry a very rich man.

Favourite would like to marry a gentleman by birth, education, and conduct. She is eighteen, considered very good-looking, and has property which yields 250*l.* a year.

Mary G., who has good looks, but does not wish to speak of them, wants to be married. She has read her Bible, and knows that marriage is the destiny and honour of woman. She is twenty-three.

Catherine E. B., who has dark brown hair, and soft brown eyes, with pretty features, and nice figure, wishes to fulfil her woman's mission, and marry. She will have money.

How prettily this sweet Hebe—this soft-eyed "Catherine E. B.," describes herself as "wishing to fulfil her woman's mission," which, of course, means in plain English that she wants soon to get married. And who can help admiring dear, modest "Mary G.?" who will not speak about such worldly matters as her own "good-looks," but contents herself with simply and piously affirming (perhaps as a sly hint to the curate of her parish) that she "has read her Bible, and knows that marriage is the destiny and honour of woman."

How young men can be so selfish, not to call them irreligious, as to lead a single life while there are such wives waiting for them, is a point which I may leave for moralists to

ponder over, and which I really think that Parliament would do well to discuss. A tax upon old bachelors might somewhat remedy the evil; and in the injured name of suffering womanity I would call on Mr. Gladstone to lose no time in imposing it on Her Majesty's subjects.

H. SILVER.

ANA.

A FRENCH HERMIT.—It is very seldom that we have an opportunity of studying the life of an individual thrown entirely on his own resources, with no help from his fellow men, and living solely on the supplies furnished by nature. Six years ago, a man named Laurent was seized with the idea of going to live in a forest; he was then thirty-three years of age, and his mental and physical condition has recently attracted a good deal of attention in France, and especially in the department of the Var. It must not be supposed that this man is an idiot, or a morose-minded man, who has taken up his abode in a forest for the mere sake of getting away from his fellow-creatures; on the contrary, he converses cheerfully with any who come to see him, and is remarkable for his readiness to assist the people whose occupations lie in the forest. To those who argue with him on the life he leads, or who question him concerning the motives which induced him to adopt it, he is very communicative. To M. Mesnet he was remarkably chatty, and that gentleman has since made a report concerning him, from which it appears that, sociable as he is, he determined on living alone because men did not live in harmony together. He chooses to live by nature's work; that is to say, by contenting himself with the productions of nature without troubling himself to cultivate the ground. This kind of existence he calls the life of nature. He will accept nothing which could extenuate the misery to which he has condemned himself. He wishes to live a free life, free of cost. He will have no family: a wife, he says, weakens a man in various ways; he will have no money, because it is not the spontaneous production of nature. On the other hand, he does not suffer his mind to dwell on sensual or mystical subjects; he does not wish to imitate animals: he keeps his tub, but without being a Diogenes. His happiness is described as being without a drawback, yet for all that he is looking forward to a time when it will be heightened; this event he anticipates about Whitsuntide. By that time he will have no manufactured tools, no cotton clothing; his food will be composed solely of such herbs and seeds as nature produces in the forest, and his clothing will be made of his own hair, woven by himself, the product of six years' careful cultivation. He bears each successive crop done up in packets, and numbered, and constantly carries them in a bag suspended over his shoulders. One of his visitors delighted him greatly by showing him a simple way of making hair-cloth. He reads, and notwithstanding the happiness he enjoys in living in solitude, he does not fail to exercise his privilege in voting at elections, because, as he says, he wishes to see men happy. All men desire happiness and seek it; but probably this man is the only man living in a European country who has travelled so entirely away from the beaten track, and professes to have found it.

G. L.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER XXXV. THE TWO WIVES.

MRS. GAINSWOODE remained in town for nearly a fortnight, and during that time managed to make her way due East, in order to call on Olivine, whom, greatly to her disgust, she found "not at home."

"It is intolerably provoking," she said. "I must leave London to-morrow, and I wanted so much to see her," and Etta's thick silk dress rustled as she spoke, and the hall was filled with the perfume that seemed to pervade every plait and fold of her attire—every ribbon and scrap of lace she wore.

"Perhaps she may soon return; can I wait for her?" she went on. "I take it for granted she is really out, and not engaged?" This was interrogative.

"Yes, ma'am," answered nurse Mary. "She and Mr. Sondes have gone over to Mr. Forbes'."

"You dear, good, stupid old soul. Why could you not have said that at first?" exclaimed Etta. "I will drive on to Reach House if you think I am certain to find her there."

"You are certain to find her, ma'am. Master likes to sit looking out on the river; and Miss Olivine—Mrs. Barbour, I mean—takes her work and stays with him."

"They go to Mr. Forbes then every day, I suppose?" suggested Etta, pausing on the door step, and turning a little round to ask the question.

"Pretty well, ma'am. Master fancies the air down by the river is fresher than this," and Mary closed the brougham door upon Mrs. Gainswoode, who was by this time seated in her carriage.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated Etta to herself as she drove along the Commercial Road towards the West India Docks. "Good Lord! and these people are considered sane, and consider themselves so. How charming it must be to live even due East with such perfectly unsophisticated individuals. The garden of Eden was nothing to this!" and Mrs. Gainswoode put her feet on the opposite cushion and leaned back, while she thought with a vague wonder of Mr. Sondes' madness and Lawrence's folly.

"Why the man won't come to see me; and yet he is such an idiot as to let his wife spend

half her time mooning over crotchet and Longfellow's poems in Percy's paradise. And I am certain Percy was in love with her, over head and ears."

From which speech it will be perceived that Lawrence had adhered to his good intentions, and kept away from the pleasant but dangerous shore, where in the moonlight the waves came rippling in on the sands and the mermaids sang their songs so sweetly.

For the rest, when Etta drove through the gates that are now so seldom opened; when she alighted from her carriage and walked across the grass towards the path overlooking the river which has been so often mentioned in this story; she found not only Mr. Sondes and Olivine, but Percy Forbes and Lawrence Barbour all grouped together.

"Percy, do not flatter yourself my visit is to you," said Mrs. Gainswoode, after she had shaken hands all round, addressing herself to Mr. Forbes, and making him a little mocking courtsey as she spoke. "It is to this fair lady, who seems as difficult to catch as a *leprachaun* or a will-o'-the-wisp. I heard at Stepney Causeway you were here—heard, that is, by dint of questioning and lamentation—and so I came on in faith. Seriously, though, I have wished so much to see you," she added, turning to Olivine. "It strikes me your husband is not taking proper care of you, child; you look pale, and you look weary."

Lawrence was standing close beside Olivine at the moment, and his wife put her hand confidently in his, while she answered,

"No one can say that of you at any rate, Mrs. Gainswoode, for I never saw you look better."

"Country air, my dear. You must come and try whether it would not blow some colour even into your cheeks. If you and your uncle were to spend a month with us at Mallingford, it would do you both a world of good. What do you say, Mr. Barbour? Will you spare your wife to me for a few weeks? Mr. Gainswoode would be so delighted. If I were at all of a jealous disposition, in fact—"

"I should recommend Mrs. Barbour not to try whether you are or not," remarked Percy Forbes, filling up Etta's blank.

"Ah! she has more sense than to follow

your advice," retorted Mrs. Gainswoode. "What a delicious spot this is, Percy; what a sin it is for you to be living here all alone. I declare if I were not married, I should really feel almost inclined to take pity on you myself."

"Take pity on me now, and do not tantalise a poor wretch with the mention of a happiness he may never hope to taste."

"You are not in the least changed, I see," observed Etta. She was seated by this time, and addressed her remarks to Percy, who stood near her, from under cover of a most dainty parasol, with which she shaded her eyes from the glare of the afternoon sun.

"Nor improved, I fear," he said, in reply; "but such as I am, I remain as ever your devoted, obedient, and admiring servant."

"Mr. Forbes, allow me to express my obligations for that pretty speech," and she rose and made him another curtsy.

"And as for my poor house," went on Percy, "if you will kindly overlook that serious disadvantage of the future Mrs. Forbes' unavoidable absence, and graciously condescend to make allowances for the wretchedness of a bachelor's establishment, I should feel honoured by your permitting me to have the pleasure of taking you in to dinner."

"Good gracious! What time do you dine in this part of the world?" asked Etta, with a little affectation of horror.

"As a rule, madam, I am primitive enough to partake of my frugal meal at twelve o'clock; but to-day, in honour of my friends," and Percy made an inclination towards Mr. Sondes, Olivine, and her husband, "I deferred my usual mid-day repast for five hours."

"Well, it is a strange life," said Etta, reflectively.

"Do you mean my life, or lives in general?" he inquired.

"Both," she answered. "In particular, this seems to be a strange life for you to be leading. Had any person told me, in years gone by, Percy Forbes would ever turn 'worker,' I should have laughed the idea to scorn."

"You see the age of miracles is not past," interposed Lawrence.

"So it seems," she replied, a little significantly, and her eyes swept the quartette before her in a glance which did not escape Percy Forbes' notice.

"Can your ladyship eat before eight o'clock?" he asked.

"My ladyship will try," answered Etta. "I have never been inside your house, Percy, since the night of your ball," she went on. "Ah! what a charming ball that was. We

were all single then, and now you alone are free. It is not quite fair, Mr. Sondes, is it? He ought to be got into the cage somehow. Do you not know any pretty bird who would consent to enter into captivity with him?" and Mrs. Gainswoode turned to Olivine for a reply.

"There are no pretty birds in the Isle of Dogs, I am afraid," said Olivine, laughing; "at least, none pretty enough to satisfy Mr. Forbes. And it is, as you observe, a pity; for, pleasant as the Beach House is now, it would be twice as pleasant if it had a mistress."

"Mr. Sondes, I appeal to you for deliverance from the wiles of matchmakers," cried Percy. "Mrs. Gainswoode, I am going to tell your coachman to put up his horse."

"I will tell him if you like," said Lawrence, and before the host could prevent his intention, he was off, and appeared no more until they were all assembled in the drawing-room before dinner.

"Now I do hope," Mrs. Gainswoode was entreating, as he entered, "I do hope, Mr. Sondes, you will come down very soon to Mallingford; only think, you have never seen it yet! You shall rise when you like, go to bed when you like, walk where you like, see whom you like. I am quite serious in thinking the thorough change and perfect quiet would contribute more towards re-establishing your health than all the doctors in London. Olivine knows what a charming place it is. Now, Olivine, like a sweet little thing as you are, persuade your uncle to come to us. Don't look at your husband, look at me. Mr. Barbour can run down from Saturday till Monday in every week, if he is too much engaged in making his fortune to give us more of his society."

"I think——" began Olivine, but at that moment dinner was announced, and with a mental thanksgiving, Percy Forbes rose, and offered his arm to Mrs. Gainswoode.

"For shame," she said, with a pretty grimace, shaking a couple of fingers at him. "What are you thinking of! How can you dream of leaving a man and his wife together. Take in Mrs. Barbour. I am going to devote myself to Mr. Sondes."

Which she did to such good purpose that before dinner was half over, she had extorted a promise from that gentleman to visit Mallingford End.

"Resistless as ever," murmured Percy Forbes, holding the door open for her to pass out, "and as merciless," he added, in a still lower key.

For an instant Etta hesitated, meditating apparently some retort, but then she passed

on, bowing her head the while, as though in acknowledgment of a compliment.

"Now let us get into the open air," she said to Olivine, and the pair walked forth together across the hall, and down the steps; and so under the chestnuts, and over the grass to the walk above the river.

"It really is very sweet," Etta said, looking first towards London and then towards Greenwich, up and down the silent highway; "very sweet and very still," and they remained silent for a few minutes, both gazing on the waters, and each busy with her own thoughts.

Any person who, wandering now due east in search of Reach House, should find it just at the entrance to the Isle of Dogs, would scarcely recognise the river view on which Olivine and her companion looked forth that evening. Gone are the green banks sloping down to the Thames, gone the picturesque and irregular warehouses and factories, gone the trees and the old-fashioned edifices, gone the open wharves at Deptford, and the dilapidated buildings in Rotherhithe, over which a painter might have rejoiced in the early morning, or when the rich sunset bathed the strange quaint houses in a glory of all wonderful colours.

Gone; ah, Heaven! it is but a few years, and yet the place is changed past recognition. Where were trees and fields, are now bristling masts and huge iron-works: there used to be pretty houses and ivy-covered cottages on the island where Charles II. kept his spaniels. But the other day I was asking concerning one of those same ivy-covered cottages, with lawn sloping down to the river's brink, and behold, the place where it once stood knows it no more. There is change everywhere—the colour factory I picked my way through three years since; the experimental chamber where I sat among carmines and greens, among pots and pans, among all manner of chemical apparatus, are swept away. The barrels, the vats, the pans, the raw materials and the manufactured articles, have all been removed. A century formerly scarcely sufficed to effect the changes a few months does now. The men and the women who used to reside due East, and leavened it with a certain leaven of wealth, solidity, and respectability, have all chosen for themselves homes elsewhere. What tradesman now resides over his shop in the city? What shipbuilder, or ironfounder, or wharfinger would dream of living on the Isle of Dogs? It is all changed, the old inhabitants are gone, and the old places with them, and the scene over which the eye wanders to-day from the garden of Reach House is as unlike that on which Olivine Barbour

and Henrietta Alwyn gazed, as the present half-finished terminus of the South-Eastern Railway in Cannon Street is unlike the old churchyard and the quiet court, the sites whereof it occupies.

To the left lay, as I have said, the shore line of the Isle of Dogs, with here a house and there a factory, but with plenty of green running down towards the water and relieving the eye; to the right were the strange old buildings previously mentioned, tumble-down warehouses, eccentric wharves, jutting out unexpectedly into the river, and growing elder bushes and willows, as well as barges; beyond these were Shadwell and Wapping, with St. George's-in-the-East rising and making a point of sight in the distance; over the way Rotherhithe stood airing its dilapidated granaries, and its black wharves, in the rays of the evening sun; a little lower the masts in the ship-builders' yards at Deptford, and the glass in the windows of the chemical factories shone in the golden glory, while far far away could be seen Shooter's Hill, and those other rising grounds where the Crystal Palace now stands.

And between the north side and the south the river pursued its way peacefully, through the outskirts of the great city, past Execution Dock, over the spot where the bodies of pirates once swung opposite Blackwall—a ghastly sight to any one coming up the Thames for the first time to have for greeting—past Greenwich and Woolwich, and so away to Erith and Greenhithe to Purfleet and Grays, and thence, slackening its speed a trifle perhaps, onwards towards the sea.

"It is very sweet and still," Etta repeated; "but I cannot imagine how Percy Forbes endures such an existence."

"Lawrence's life was equally monotonous," Olivine answered.

"Yes, child; but 'was' and 'is' makes all the difference," retorted Mrs. Gainswoode.

"Mr. Forbes may marry, though," Olivine ventured to suggest.

Very sharply Mrs. Gainswoode turned round upon the speaker, with her lips half-parted, as if they had a sentence trembling for utterance upon them; but immediately she closed her mouth resolutely, and looked out upon the river once again.

"You were going to say something," Olivine suggested.

"Was I? Well, I won't say it, then. I will merely remark instead, that—that—I am sure had we been sisters my life might have proved a different one. You are so good and so innocent. Oh, God! how innocent you are!"

At the bottom of the garden which was once

Percy Forbes', there is a strong post and rail fence, over which any one standing on the walk can look down at the Thames, flowing perhaps twenty feet beneath. Against this rude parapet Mrs. Gainswoode was leaning as she spoke, and she stretched her clasped hands out beyond the wooden enclosure with such a gesture of despair that Olivine could not help but marvel at it.

"I am very sorry," she began.

"Sorry you are the pure, angelic creature you are," laughed Mrs. Gainswoode; but the laugh was forced, her tone unnatural. "If I were a man, Olivine, how I would love you—if I were your husband, how I would keep you. When you find a favourable opportunity, you can tell Lawrence Barbour, with my compliments, he is a fool, and that he will find out his folly some day. Kiss me, child, and let me go. Do you mind kissing me?" and she held Olivine to her breast for a moment, while her tears fell thick and fast over her face.

"What a simpleton I am!" she exclaimed. "No, child, I can't tell you all that is in my heart, and it could not do you any good to know a quarter of what is in it. You will come and stay with me, will you not? And if I were you I should try to get my uncle out of town, away from residing in London altogether. You understand. It would be better for him, and better for you, and better for Lawrence—Mr. Barbour. And now come back to the house, that I may tell them to get the brougham round."

"Must you go so soon?" Olivine asked, regretfully. There was a great charm about this woman, with her singular hair, with her wonderful beauty, with her dress which as she walked swept over the grass after her like a train, with her knowledge of the world—such as that knowledge was—with her easy manners, her confident address; a sort of fascination for one who had been brought up, like Olivine, in a social convent, where she had no opportunity given her of seeing other maidens and matrons, and forming a just estimate of how much of the wealth Mrs. Gainswoode flaunted was a snare and a delusion, consisting of gilding instead of gold, electro-plate instead of silver.

It was natural, considering her education, that the sparkle and the glitter, the unembarrassed manner, the quick retort, should prove attractive to both eye and ear, and cause her to regard Mrs. Gainswoode with perhaps undue admiration. The ideal of perfection in the minds of most women is usually the opposite of themselves. Female friends are rarely selected on the principle of like, liking like; rather *L'Allegro* and *L'Andante* pace side by

side along shady walks, over field-paths, across the sands when the tide is low; or talk together about the new curate and their hand-somest partners, about their next dresses, and their affianced husbands in the mornings, before visitors are admitted; or in that still more sacred and delicious hour, when their back hair being loosened their hearts are one, when the fire in the dressing-room blazes brightly, and Agatha pours her tale of woe into the ear of Jeannette, and Jeannette administers comfort, warming her pretty feet, and screening her complexion from the glowing coals the while.

Never a woman before had heartily and unjealously admired Mrs. Gainswoode, and perhaps it was for this reason that Etta felt a kind of compunction towards Olivine—a species of half-compassionate, half-contemptuous tenderness.

Further, the young wife was good, and Etta's experiences had not thrown her into close contact with much in this life which was either very good or very innocent.

Far away down in the natures of most I suppose there is some well of purity, that bubbles up to the surface rejoicingly when touched by a hand which is still perfectly unstained and unconscious of evil. Let this be as it will, however, one thing is certain, when Etta was with Olivine she always wished for the time being she had been brought up like her. Though she thought virtue wearisome, and propriety unendurable, though she could not have lived Olivine's life for a week, though she declared she knew she should never be happy in Heaven, still there came into her heart every now and then a terrible longing to be different, a sinking desire to undo the past and the years that were gone, and, beginning existence on a new plan, start with swiftness on a different road, which should not have Unrest marked on its every mile-stone, and Misery for its termination.

Pausing for a moment in her walk across the grass, with some such feelings passing through her mind, she answered,

"So soon! I have been here nearly three hours, pretty one. It was not 'so soon' the first time I ever saw you, Olivine. How well I remember that evening, and your sober little face, and your old-fashioned manner, and your fearfully candid answers."

"I was terribly rude, I recollect," Olivine replied; "but now, confess, were you not a little rude to me, also? Did not you show too plainly how completely beneath your notice you considered me. I was only a child, to be sure——"

"Good heavens! but what a child!" interrupted Mrs. Gainswoode, laughing and

plucking a leaf off the Hedgehog Holly, which she kept turning and twisting as she walked on, talking while she went. "A child who saw everything and forgot nothing; who was a great deal wiser in those days than she is now; who was as courteous as one of the old dowagers in the Faubourg St. Germain, and as stately and inaccessible as one of the blood royal. If I was not civil to you that evening, my dear, believe me it was through excess of fear."

"You left the flowers I gathered," Olivine persisted; and then, suddenly, there came a memory to both of them, and involuntarily they turned their eyes to the ground, while Etta's cheeks grew pale and Olivine's crimson.

"I really must get home now," Mrs. Gainswoode said, after a pause, and she repeated the same sentence to Mr. Sondes and Percy Forbes, who met them under the chestnut tree.

"I am sorry to have to bid you good-by, Mrs. Gainswoode," observed Lawrence, joining the group a minute later; "but it is necessary for me to go to Distaff Yard this evening."

"I will drop you there," Etta was about to suggest, but she refrained. For once in her life she had pity, and contented herself with asking after Mr. Perkins and Mrs. Perkins, and all the little Perkinsons.

"Ada is going to be married," Olivine informed her.

"No!" exclaimed Mrs. Gainswoode. "Is she really? I'd give anything to see her as a bride. Let me know when it is to take place and where. Do now, like a dear——"

"I am sorry to say I must go," Lawrence repeated, and he shook hands with Mrs. Gainswoode and departed.

"So must I," remarked Etta, looking after him, as he walked away, but still she did not go.

She stayed to have a cup of coffee, and then she began talking about Mallingsford and their neighbours. She was in high spirits, and out of her husband's hearing she quizzed the "respectabilities" to her heart's content.

Their establishments, their ideas, their pleasures, their virtues, religion, prejudices, their dinners, balls, attainments—Etta had a fling at all; at the mothers, the husbands, the sons, the daughters.

"And Mr. Gainswoode likes it," she finished. "Positively he would rather go to the lying-in-state of a lord, than to the most amusing party people in a lower rank could give. He was made for that life; but to poor me it is death,—absolutely, Mr. Sondes, it is death."

Whereupon Mr. Sondes took up the side of the county families, and said that Mrs. Gainswoode must have been singularly unfortunate in her experiences; for his part he considered

such society the best, the pleasantest, the most agreeable, a man could desire to enter.

"But then I am a woman, Mr. Sondes," said Etta; "and I can assure you, after London, a series of stiff dinner-parties, where one meets the same people over and over again, and hears about poachers, and rheumatic old women, and the new schools, and the old churches, and politics, and the members of the ministry, cannot be called amusing. It may be improving, but then I do not want to be improved; and if I did I could read the Times, and some of those light pamphlets Mr. Gainswoode is so fond of getting from his bookseller. The fact is, the country wants to be reformed. I hear a great deal of talk about amusing the working-classes, but I think if, on the contrary, some one were to amuse the upper classes, it would be much more to the purpose. You may depend upon it, the dead-aliveness of ordinary country society is the reason why no human being stays in the country who can help it. An evening from home there signifies something analogous to what an evening at the Mechanics' Institute involves to the working-man; but, however, you shall see, Olivine, when you come down, and you shall also see whether I cannot induce Mr. Gainswoode to reside more in London."

"I wonder you do not avail yourself of the opportunity of doing something new," Percy Forbes remarked. "Why do you not make the country agreeable? I suppose the country is, after all, very much like the world; there is no absolute wickedness in the world itself. The inhabitants of the earth make it wicked, and in like manner it is the dwellers in the country who are dull, not the country itself."

"Well," said Etta, as he paused, "supposing you are right, what then?"

"Why, then, how charming it would be to such a woman as yourself, for instance, to establish a new order of things. It is so rare and so delicious to find a new field of labour in the present day, any mine of success unworked, that I should really advise you to consider my suggestion. Set the fashion of making a country house pleasant and unlike a family vault. Get up a mission, print tracts, hold house-to-house meetings, preach the new doctrine of pleasure in season and out of season, and establish an order of things in stately mansions surrounded by deer parks and turnip-fields, for which generations yet unborn shall bless the sainted memory of Dame Henrietta Gainswoode."

"It is not polite to make fun of your guest, Mr. Forbes, even though she be almost self-invited," remarked Etta, flushing with anger, more perhaps at Percy's tone than at his words.

"A thousand pardons," he answered. "In my innocence I thought we were making fun of someone else."

"I shall go," she declared, rising in a fit of annoyance, either real or assumed; but Mr. Sondes interposed, and declared he was certain Mr. Forbes had not meant to vex her, that she had mistaken his meaning, that they would all be grieved and hurt if she left them in displeasure.

"Set me some terrible penance," entreated Percy; "anything so that I may earn your forgiveness for my ill-timed levity."

"Order my brougham," she said, holding out her hand in token of peace.

Percy bent gravely one knee, and kissed it.

"I thank you, most gracious princess," he said, and went straightway to do her bidding.

In utter silence Olivine contemplated this little performance; she could not have said what she disliked about the conversation and the scene, and yet she had that instinctive feeling of not being perfectly safe in Henrietta Gainswoode's society, which comes to many women long before they can put a single doubt into shape.

Vaguely it crossed her mind that perhaps the county ladies had reason for their cold formality, that possibly Mr. Gainswoode did right in keeping his wife away from London, that manners might be too easy, that a little stiffness might be better than the utter absence of all restraint. Mrs. Barbour had now her stake in the national proprieties. She owned a husband whom she should not like to see on his knees before Etta Gainswoode, or any other woman living. Poor child! she grew hot, she grew cold, she shivered, and felt uneasy, and the next minute she hated herself for being so strait-laced, when the object of her secret disapproval insisted on taking her uncle to Stepney Causeway.

"Run, and put on your bonnet, Olivine," she said, "it will be far pleasanter for Mr. Sondes than a jolting cab," and she was so good, and so kind, and so sweet all the way to their home, that Olivine kissed her twice when they parted, and agreed if "Lawrence gave her leave she would go down to Mallingford very soon."

"What an obedient wife it is," Mrs. Gainswoode said laughingly to Mr. Sondes. "How long will the submission last, do you suppose?"

"For life, I hope," he answered, and she, declaring "we shall see," drove off, leaving Olivine standing on the hall-door steps looking after the departing carriage.

"Come in, Olivine," said her uncle, and she obeyed mechanically.

After she had settled him comfortably in

his favourite chair, found him his slippers, placed the candles beside him, and brought him the book he asked for, Olivine left the drawing-room and went up to her own room.

She wanted to be alone—perfectly alone; she wanted to think over the events of the day, to make up her mind for certain whether she liked or disliked Mrs. Gainswoode, and if she disliked her, why she did so. That speech about the obedience had spoiled the effect of all Etta's kind words and considerate attentions. Why should Olivine not obey her husband? why should it not be her pleasure as well as her duty to do nothing without first consulting him and obtaining his permission? If Mrs. Gainswoode liked to laugh at her husband, ridicule his peculiarities, and make light of his kindness, was that any reason why she, Olivine, should not think Lawrence perfection?

And what could be Etta's motive for advising her to get her uncle out of town, and saying it would be better for all of them?

"I should see less of Lawrence even than I do now," thought the poor young wife, and her eyes filled full of tears at the bare idea. "And I was to tell him from her he was a fool, and that he would find out his folly some day. Does she think, I wonder, that he does not care for me, that he could never love another after her? Oh, Lawrence, Lawrence!" and the dear arms went out to meet vacancy, and then fell heavily on her lap, while the hot tears poured down her cheeks.

"I cannot think what is the matter with me to-night," she said at last; and then she bathed her eyes and face in water, deciding that she was only nervous and had no real trouble to make her cry. In the twilight she stood arguing out this point with herself—arguing she had not a present sorrow in the world, that she was as happy—now her uncle appeared getting better—as any woman could be.

"Each day Lawrence seems kinder to me than he was the day before," she thought, "and I am sure he could not have been less polite to her to-day without absolute rudeness. I have no real trouble, none in the world."

She repeated this last sentence over to herself two or three times, as if to assure her heart of its truth; but her heart was wiser and more faithful than her tongue, and would neither be satisfied nor quieted.

Coming sorrows, like coming events, have tangible bodies which throw long shadows before them, and it was one of these shadows that now lay dark, yet impalpable, across Olivine's path. She could not get rid of an uncomfortable impression that Mrs. Gainswoode's friendship would yet work evil for her; she could not imagine what Etta meant by one half her hints and speeches; she did not comprehend

her tears, her kisses, her sharpness, her kindness. She thought she would tell her husband everything that had occurred—every word which had been said. But then again she remembered he had once loved Etta, and she felt it was impossible for her to repeat the conversation which had passed between them to him. Mrs. Gainswoode was a subject on which she must keep her lips sealed. She had never meant to have even a thought secret from Lawrence, and now——

"Olivine, dearest, what are you doing here all alone in the dark," Lawrence said opening the door at this juncture, and speaking to her through the twilight.

"I have been so lonely without you all the evening," she answered a little irrelevantly, and she stretched out her arms again, this time however not to meet vacancy, and twining them round his neck, nestled her head against his breast.

Very gently Lawrence put aside her hair and touched her cheek.

"Why, you foolish child," he said, "what is the matter? what have you been fretting about?"

"Never mind that," she replied. "I am crying now, because I am so happy."

Once again he swept the hair aside from her face, kissing it tenderly. Better than she, he understood the source of her trouble; more clearly than her eyes could discern the body of that sorrow that was already throwing its shadow over them he could see its shape; but he did not say to Olivine that he suspected the cause of her grief, and Olivine, true to her determination, never in those early days mentioned Etta's name to him in connection with anything disagreeable.

Even with her arms round his neck, with his lips pressed to hers, with her tears falling on him, and his hand lovingly straying among the braids of her luxuriant hair, they were setting out that night on different paths, separate and lonely!

(To be continued.)

A DAY AT "DEAL-TOWN."

WELL do I remember the first day on which I visited Deal. It was the coldest day in the Winter of 1855; the wind was a biting northeaster. On my way there, I was turned out, to wait for some time, at the exposed station at Minster. Everything looked most uninviting, seen through the occasional flakes of snow which found it too cold to fall. As I was pacing the platform, there came alongside of me two genuine "Salts,"—British-tars; and these were the words I heard,—

"I say, Jack, you'll grow quite lopsided

there, with that thing dangling on your breast."

The "thing," was Queen Victoria's medal for good service done in the Baltic and Crimea, with many a clasp, of which Jack might be proud; and whether it were the weight of his medal, or the effect of something else, he did appear quite lopsided, as he turned on his heel, and hitting his neighbour a friendly blow in the side, replied,—

"Ah! there's no place like Deal-Town, all the world over."

There was a warmth in these hearty salutes which made me very curious to see the "Deal-Town" which had beaten Sebastopol, and which had home-charms for my sailor friend greater than those of St. Petersburg and Constantinople.

I must say, however, that, notwithstanding the praises of Jack, the first impressions of Deal will probably be very disappointing to any stranger. It consists of three long, low parallel streets, intersected by a number of smaller streets, none of which are exactly parallel to one another, but were so arranged in the days of smuggling, that a smart smuggler might easily dodge and elude any pursuer. It would be almost impossible to say which turn a man had taken who had got the start of some yards in his run. The houses are, with few exceptions, not more than two stories high, and all of them seem built upon the principle of exposing as little roof as possible to the violence of the wind. This gives them the appearance that an old hat has when its brim has been reduced by wear to the smallest dimensions. Taking up my quarters at the house of a friend, I first made inquiries respecting the place, and then the people. My friend was not able to give me much information respecting the ancient history of Deal; but what I gathered I will now note down for the reader.

Whether Julius Cæsar landed at Deal* or no, is a question which I leave to antiquaries to determine. It is enough for us to know that it seems to have risen into importance as Sandwich† declined. Perkin Warbeck landed here; Anne of Cleves landed here; and another Queen (whose memory Englishmen will always honour)—Queen Adelaide, first set foot here on British ground. When Leland wrote his "Itinerary," in the reign of Henry VIII., Deal was but "a little fishing-town, and half a mile removed from the shore." This remark has led to the supposition that he was speaking of the village of Upper Deal, and that the present town did not then exist. The parish church is dedicated to St. Leonard, a Frenchman, who

* See THE GENTLEMAN'S MAGAZINE, JUNO, 1866, vol. I., New Series, p. 891.

† See vol. xiii., Old Series, p. 721.

died A.D. 546. He was brought up at the Court of King Theodobert, where his father held high office. He took particular pleasure in visiting prisons and ministering to the prisoners. He was the "Howard" of his day. He devoted great part of his substance to the liberation of captives from slavery; in allusion to which, he is often represented in old pictures with fetters in his hand, as in the basso-relievo over the entrance of the Scuola della Carità at Venice.

There are not many ecclesiastical features or celebrated monuments in the churches at Deal. St. George's was built in the reign of Queen Anne. That "bountiful" monarch is said to have offered one of three things to the town in return for loyal services: an endowed school, a road to London, or an annual fair. The mayor of the time was a baker, and in his view, gingerbread was worth more than learning, or metropolitan inspection. He, therefore, exercised his municipal influence, and obtained the royal assent to the establishment of a fair, which in modern times has become a great nuisance.

Deal Castle, like the castles of Sandown and Walmer, was 'one of the platforms and blockhouses' built along the coast by Henry VIII. in 1539. The king himself, at much personal inconvenience, rode along the coast to hasten their completion; they are all alike, and consist of a central keep or circular tower, surrounded by four round bastions. There are numerous modern additions to them. The captain of Deal Castle is appointed by the Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports, and the present holder of the post is the Earl of Clanwilliam.

The castle of Sandown, which stood at the northern end of Deal, has recently been destroyed as useless, for the waves were rapidly undermining it. Here Colonel Hutchinson, the regicide, was for some time imprisoned. The sufferings he underwent are fully described in his "Memoirs," written by his wife, who sorely complains of her residence in "that cut-throat town of Deal," where she was obliged to lodge "at an excessive charge, walking back there at night, with horrible toil and inconvenience." Her husband, "when no other recreations were left him, diverted himself with sorting and shadowing cockle-shells, which his wife and daughter gathered for him, with as much delight as he used to take in the richest agates and onyxes he could compass, with the most artificial engravings."

The circumstance, however, which gives real importance to Deal, is its proximity to "the Downs."

The Downs form one of the largest natural harbours of refuge, being eight miles in length,

and six in width, with about 7000 acres of anchorage. The coast serves to shelter them on the W. and N.W., while from the N.E. to S.E. the Goodwin Sands form a natural breakwater.

The Downs vary in depth from four to twelve fathoms. The name is derived from the "Dunes," or sandheaps of the Goodwin and the shore. Between the Downs and Dungeness a famous action took place between Blake and Van Tromp. The admiral was on board the *James* off Bye, when the news reached him that the Dutchman was in the Channel. War had not been declared, so Blake contented himself with preparing for the worst, and then moved out of the squadron, in his own vessel, to hail the enemy; when suddenly Van Tromp met him with a broadside. Blake, with some officers, was in the cabin. The glass was smashed, and wood flew about. The Puritan looked up with his queer quaint humour: "Well, it is not very civil in Van Tromp to break my windows." There was another broadside as he spoke: so curling his black whiskers (it was the Admiral's way when in a rage) he burst out of the quarter-deck, and gave the word "Fire."

There was a smart action, in which the ships on both sides got roughly handled. Van Tromp disappeared after dusk; perhaps not vanquished, but most certainly not victor. And as he did not appear next day, Blake was considered entitled to claim the engagement as his first triumph in a general action.

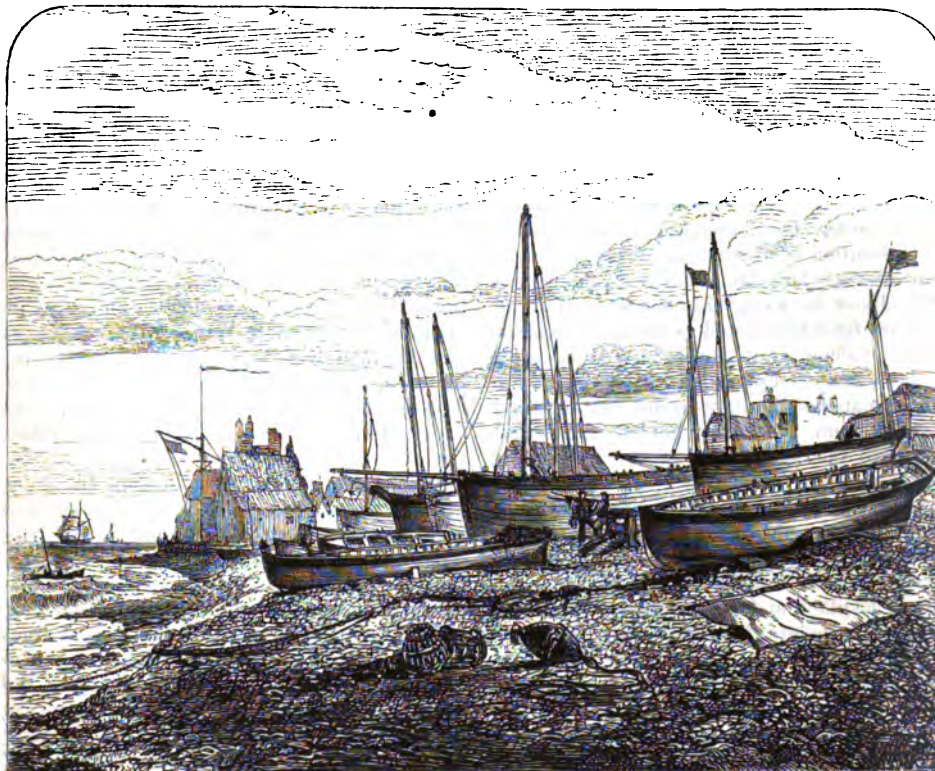
As far as I have told my story, it may have been well-known to many of my readers. There is, however, a very interesting addition to it, which may not be equally familiar to them, and they need not be ashamed of their historical ignorance, as, when the circumstance was mentioned to Lord Macaulay, it was new to him. It is, I believe, a current tradition, and has found its way into some of the historical handbooks used in our national schools. According to these authorities, Van Tromp, when he came into action, had a broom at his mast-head, significant of his bravado that he would "sweep the seas." "Ah!" said Blake, "run up my hunting-whip; if he sweeps the seas, I'll flog him out of the Channel." Up went the whip. It streamed out its thong, and was the first of British pennants, which have ever since held their own on the masts of our men-of-war.

There was another action on the same waters in A.D. 1648, when Prince Charles, afterwards Charles II., entered the Downs with a numerous fleet, and while he remained there, bombarded the town of Deal, which was

held by the Parliamentary forces under Colonel Rich.

The Downs, in modern times, have been

more celebrated for battles with the elements and storms of winds and waves, than for storm of fire and cannon : and many a gallant shi



Deal ; the Beach and Boats.*

has surrendered to her fate on the Goodwin Sands. These sands are about nine miles long, of irregular form, and varying considerably in width, from one to four miles. Their distance from the shore varies from three to seven miles. The old tradition is that they are the remains of an island called Lomea, which belonged to Godwin, Earl of Kent, and was destroyed by the sea in A.D. 1097.

Considerable doubt has been expressed upon the subject, as well as upon the legend which reports that, when Tenterden steeple was built, it was erected from the stone taken from the sea-wall of the Goodwin, which so weakened

the island that the very next storm submerge it. And hence "Tenterden steeple" was said to be "the cause of the Goodwin Sands," tale regarded as so absurd, that it is generally accounted fabulous, and even given as a proverbial instance of a *non sequitur*. Be that as it may, Sir Charles Lyell, on geologic rather than traditional grounds, maintains that the Sands are the remains of an island for they rest on blue clay, and in certain places the depth of water close to them is very great.

Various attempts have been made to lessen the dangers connected with them, but no better safeguard has yet been found than the floating light-ships at the two sand-heads. Many an underwriter at Lloyd's is still destined to be troubled with the same fears as the merchant of Venice—

When they think of shallows and of flats,
And see their wealthy Andrew (clipper) docked in safety,
Veiling her high-top lower than her ribs,
To kiss her burial.

* The boats shown in our engraving are not ideal but real portraits ; those who know Deal well will recognise in the centre the Tiger, the largest lugger belonging to the place ; she is chiefly used for taking out cables and anchors to vessels in difficulties. The boat immediately beyond her, with the curious prow, is used for recovering anchors : of the two boats in the foreground, the one is the six-oared galley, and the other the pilot galley. The only liberty that we have taken with our illustration is to omit the head of an iron pier in the distance, which interferes with the unity of the subject.

But just as great times make great men, so great dangers make brave men; and these very perils of the deep, which line our shores, have served to create a race of hardy, skilful pilots, and noble seamen, keen of eye, strong of hand, and fearless at heart.

There are few among them who might not appropriate the epitaph of George Philpott in Deal churchyard—

Full many lives he saved with his undaunted crew;
He put his trust in Providence, and cared not how
it blew.

These men are generally called "Hovellers," and there has been considerable doubt as to the derivation of the term. I am sorry to observe that Mr. Murray, in his excellent "Handbook for Kent," has one which I think is rather far-fetched, and is certainly not accepted "along Deal beach." "Hovellers," he says, is a corruption for "Hobblers," the ancient name of the light-armed cavalry; and as each man rode his "hobby" (or small horse), so the light boats of the Deal boatmen are their "hobbies." I think this is putting the saddle on the wrong horse. A friend of mine, one of the pilots, gave me, as I cannot but think, a much more sensible derivation. He said that he had been in every port in England and Wales, and he found this name ("hovellers") in use only from the South Foreland to Dungeness, but that throughout Wales there was a very similar word constantly employed, "obelers." The same class of boatmen were called "obelers;" their boats "obling boats;" and the money they received for serving ships "an oble." This "oble" (the original form of "hovel") he took to be the old Celtic word for the payment or fee of a boatman. He added at the same time that at Sandwich the prevailing title was "muggers," because, there, nothing was done without a mug of beer. The pilot's testimony was further confirmed by the statement of a Cornish gentleman, who informed me that the boatmen who ferried persons from the mainland of Cornwall, to visit the Island of St. Michael's Mount, were also called "obelers," and their occupation "obling."

I might narrate many a tale of gallant daring performed by the brave "hovellers" of Deal. There is one, however, which has always struck me as peculiarly characteristic of the race. It combines a touch of feeling and tenderness with an intrepidity of daring which is very remarkable.

A ship was on the Goodwin. She was stranded at the end of one of the long channels which very frequently intersect the shifting sands. The Deal lugger made for her. As she neared, the man at the helm (one of a famous clan, "the Trotts,") looked at his

watch. He saw at a glance that there was just barely time to reach the vessel, attach a hawser, and tow her down the well-known channel. He also knew that if he could not do the work in time, there would not be tide enough to allow of himself and his men returning in safety. There were, however, lives on board that stranded ship to be rescued; there was a chance for them; and therefore he risked his own to save theirs. He put his boat across the surf, made for the wreck, took her in tow, brought her across the fatal bar of sand just in time before the water fell. He looked round; he saw that all was right—that his own lugger danced over the deep waves, and that the ship followed. No sooner was the moment of peril passed, then he let go his helm, dropped on his knees, burst into tears, and thanked God. His comrades were astonished, and said, "What now? The danger is passed." "To be sure," said he; "in danger never be afraid: when it is over then you may think."

Only a few months since, during the gales of last February, a somewhat similar feat was performed by a man of the name of William Spears and his companions. A large ship was stranded on what is called the outside of the Goodwin. The men saw that they had to compete in a race with a boat from another port, aided by a steam-tug. The Deal men have an inborn antipathy to the helps of modern science, and therefore they naturally disliked the idea of "the steamer being there first." There were two ways of getting at the ship—one round the sands, the other across them;—one comparatively easy, the other most dangerous. Spears put it to his men, "Shall we go across the sands? It is the only way of being there first." "What about the boat?" said they. "If she strikes, she is lost." "Lads, the boat is mine. If we are all agreed, here she goes. Hands up!" All hands were up. Away they went across the surf, in the teeth of the wind, where none but such as they could have looked at it. They won their race, saved the ship, got her off, with a cargo worth 150,000*l*. Who is so cold-hearted as to grudge these noble fellows a "good hovel?" J. M. N.

THE RECORD OFFICE.

JUST looming back from Fleet Street, and overshadowing the dilapidated tenements of Sergeants' Inn, as an old Norman donjon or castle-keep might the red-tiled, red-bricked humble cottages beneath its ruined walls, rises a handsome Gothic building, half-completed. Thousands of people, as they catch a momentary glimpse of it up Fetter

Lane, ask themselves, what can that building be, erected in so strange a place, by the side of so narrow a thoroughfare, and contiguous to so dingy and squalid a neighbourhood? What can it be? We will answer the question. It is the grand Repository of our national muniments, the Treasury of that vast accumulation of public documents which has been growing up for the last eight centuries—it is, in a word, the Record Office, and very curious is its history, or rather the history of what it contains.

But what is a Record?

Well, the true definition of the term it is not easy to give. Lawyers have long been puzzling their brains to invent a correct definition, but it has been either too narrow or too elastic. The best way of settling the matter for the reader is to give him some idea of what the Record Office contains, or will contain when our vast and valuable collection of national documents is gathered together, and properly housed under its roof.

The committee of the House of Commons appointed early in the last century to view the Cottonian Library, and such of the public Records of the kingdom as they thought proper, in a report, dated May 9th, 1732, state that a table had been compiled, and that the documents had been classed as follows:—"Records of the High Court of Chancery, of the Court of King's Bench, and Common Pleas, of the Court of Exchequer, and of the Duchy of Lancaster." This table, though very imperfect, serves to show the extensive signification which was then given to the word Record. In 1800, Mr. Luders, acting in aid of the select committee of the House of Commons, then appointed to inquire into the state of the public Records, systematically arranged them into classes as they severally and respectively related to:—1. The King, Royal Family and Household; 2. The Royal Councils; 3. The Royal Prerogative; 4. The Royal Revenues; 5. Courts of Justice; 6. Universities, Colleges, Schools; 7. Alienation of Private Property. In the year 1837 the late Record Commissioners, in their observations on the report of the select committee of the House of Commons, state that the public Records are composed of four great classes:—1. Independent Records relating to many subjects, persons, and places, but altogether comprising only one great whole: of this kind are Domesday Book, the Taxation of Pope Nicholas and the Valor Ecclesiasticus of King Henry VIII.; 2. Series of enrolments, comprising upon one roll (consisting of many membranes united the one to the other so as to form a continuous roll) great varieties of separate and distinct entries classed

together, either according to their formal character, as the Close, the Patent, and the Charter Rolls,—or according to their subject-matter, as the Liberate, the Oblata, the Norman, and the Gascon Rolls; 3. Records containing entries of judicial proceedings in which each subject-matter has a distinct roll: and the several rolls of a particular term or other period are all bound together at the top, the ends hanging loose; and, 4. Separate documents, such as Letters, Inquisitions, Commissions, Privy Seals, and all the other various descriptions of formal instruments. Lastly, the Public Records Act of 1839, after vesting in the Master of the Rolls the public Records deposited in the several places or offices therein particularly named, provides that the word Records shall be taken to mean "all rolls, records, writs, books, proceedings, decrees, bills, warrants, papers, and documents whatsoever of a public nature" belonging to Her Majesty or then deposited under the charge and superintendence of the Master of the Rolls.

It is not exactly known how early the custom of inrolling on rolls of parchment was introduced into England, but it has been suggested that it was subsequent to the Conquest. Records, however, in the form of rolls are of extreme antiquity. The papyri found in Herculaneum are in rolls; the Holy Scriptures were written on rolls, and the Jews to this day read in their synagogues from rolls. We find in Ezra (chap. vi.) the following:—"Then Darius the king make a decree, and search was made in the House of the Rolls, where the treasures were laid up in Babylon. And there was found at Achmetha, in the palace that is in the province of the Medes, a roll, and therein was a record thus written," &c. We further find in Ezekiel (ch. ii. 9): "And when I looked, behold, an hand was sent unto me; and, lo, a roll of a book was therein."

Whether the roll or book form is the most convenient for use is still considered to be a question yet to be determined. But unquestionably the latter form affords the greater facility for search, and the Domesday Book has been justly mentioned as evidence that the book form is likewise good for preservation.

The public Records of Great Britain are said to excel all others in age, beauty, correctness and authority. From them is to be obtained the history of the laws, constitution, and politics of the kingdom. They contain the deeds to the chief landed estates of the kingdom, the history of the nobility, the courts of revenue, trade, and commerce; negotiations and treaties; county histories; the rise and progress of the public depart-

ments, army, and navy. So valuable are they indeed that the greatest importance appears to have been attached to them by the Sovereign and Parliament; and from the earliest times down to a very late period they were under their special protection and direction. Anciently the Exchequer, the Chancery, and the sovereign court of judicature, then styled *Curia Regis*, followed the King from town to town, and the Records were kept at the Court or place of the occasional residence of the King, which accounts for their being scattered in castles, &c. The Exchequer and Chancery, formerly one court, were separated, it is conjectured, about the end of the reign of Richard I. The Court of Common Pleas was severed from the *Curia Regis* by Magna Charta and by the Great Charter of Henry III., and appointed to be stationary. Henry III. also ordained that there should be three judgment seats—that of Common Pleas, King's Bench, and of Chancery,—in the great hall at Westminster. The judges in olden times used to keep their records chiefly in their treasuries, in or near their respective courts; in process of time, however, these documents grew too bulky, and the treasury of the Exchequer ultimately received them, when it came to be considered the final depository of the Records of the courts. Edward I. has the reputation of being the first monarch who established a home for them; and we find that Adam de Osgodeby was appointed keeper of the Rolls at the King's Chancery, at the Wardrobe in the Tower of London, October 1st, 1295. Again, by a writ, 1305, the treasurer and chamberlains of the Exchequer were commanded to deliver out of the Treasury to the Comptroller of the Wardrobe, by indenture between them, all the Papal privileges granted to the King and his ancestors, that the same might be conveyed to the Tower, and there kept under seal by Adam de Osgodeby, Clerk Keeper of the Rolls of the King's Chancery, the ancient title of the Master of the Rolls. Edward II. directed the treasurer, barons, and chamberlains of the Exchequer to employ proper persons to superintend, methodise and digest all the rolls, books, and other writings then remaining in the Exchequer and in the Tower of London, declaring that "they had not been disposed in such a manner as they ought to have been for the public service." On the third of December, 1322, the same king commanded that a calendar of the bulls, charters, and other writings preserved in the Treasury, the Wardrobe, and elsewhere should be made; and on the 24th of July the same year, he authorised Robert de Hoton and Thomas de Sibthorpe, to search and arrange all his muniments in

his castles of Pontefract, Tutbury, and Tunbridge and such as lately came into the custody of the Warden of the Tower of London, and such as were in the house of the Friars, preachers in the city of London." Queen Elizabeth in 1567, being informed of the confused and perilous state of the records of Parliament and Chancery, gave orders for rooms to be prepared in the Tower to receive them, which was soon after done; and during the same reign an office for preserving the state papers was first established, and a keeper and registrar appointed. James I. directed these papers, then kept in boxes, &c., to be formed into a library.

We will now refer briefly to the parliamentary committees which have been appointed to inquire into the management of the records. In 1703 a committee of the House of Lords was named, to take into consideration the best method of keeping records in offices, and how they were kept, as well as of ways to remedy what should be found amiss. This committee was revived at various intervals until 1719, when, for the first time, their report was printed in an octavo volume. In 1731, when the fire happened at Ashburnham House, Dean's Yard, Westminster, which destroyed part of the Cottonian Library, a committee of the House of Commons was appointed to view the said library, as also such of the public Records of the kingdom as they should think fit, and to report their condition, together with what they thought should be done. In 1764 a commission was issued for arranging, digesting, and indexing the valuable documents at the State Paper Office, which continued till 1800, when it was revoked, and a regular establishment formed as a branch or library of the Secretaries of State. In the early part of 1800 the condition of the public Records was again brought under the consideration of the House of Commons, and thereupon a select committee was appointed "to inquire into the state of the Public Records of Great Britain, and of such other public instruments, rolls, books, and papers as they should think proper, and to report to the House the nature and condition thereof, together with what they should judge fit to be done for the better arrangement, preservation, and more convenient use of the same, the House agreeing to provide whatever extraordinary expenses might be incurred." In 1806 another commission was issued under the royal sign manual, in which it is stated "that considerable progress had been made." Certain of the sub-commissioners, too, employed to search for charters and statutes in England, extended their researches to Ireland, and after inspecting most of the Record Offices there, delivered to the

Lord-lieutenant a written report of their contents, condition, arrangement, and future preservation.

From this time till 1837 several new commissions were issued, and latterly annual reports were prepared. During the thirty-seven years of their management of the public records, however, the Commissioners directed their attention more to printing the Records than to their care and future preservation; but the affairs of their office having fallen into disorder, a select committee of the House of Commons was appointed "to inquire into the management of the Record Commission, and the present state of the Records of the United Kingdom," the result of which was that the Commission was dissolved.

On its expiration, the direction of the Record Office was placed in the hands of Lord Langdale, Master of the Rolls, who was also one of the Record Commissioners; the Record service, which hitherto had been provisional, became permanent, and the officers of the Record Office of the Tower, Rolls' Chapel and Chapter-House, became part of the new establishment. The great desideratum, however, was one general repository. It seems extraordinary that for so many centuries, notwithstanding all the solicitude of the sovereigns and of Parliament, no well-considered plan had been formed for the proper care of the public Records. Although keepers were formerly nominated, the chief point with them was the fees, together with agency business connected therewith. If the Records fell into confusion, or were mutilated, so they might remain; the consequence was, they gradually became inaccessible to the public, and were finally entirely neglected. When one place became overcrowded, portions of these valuable documents were sent to another, the keeper of which, considering they were merely warehoused with him, took no interest in them. Or they were sometimes deposited in the most convenient places adjacent to the court to which they respectively belonged, unsuited for inspection; the searches were hurriedly made, the Records misplaced. This, gradually increasing, they eventually became useless to the public, and consequently neglected; and in the course of time it was hardly, indeed positively not, known to what courts they belonged: they became, in fact, miscellaneous. In the report of the select committee of the House of Commons of 1836, the miscellaneous Records of the King's Remembrancer are spoken of as being in 600 sacks. They were all in a most filthy state, and for that reason scarcely legible; and if a document required as important evidence was known to exist somewhere in that collection,

the labour and disgusting nature of the search can be better conceived than described. The sheds of the King's Mews contained 4,136 cubic feet of national records, abandoned in the most neglected state. Besides the accumulated dust of centuries, all were found to be hopelessly damp; some were in a state of inseparable adhesion to the stone walls; there were numerous fragments which had only just escaped entire consumption by vermin, and many were in the last stage of putrefaction. Decay and damp had rendered a large quantity so fragile as hardly to admit of their being touched; others, particularly those in the form of rolls, were so coagulated together, that they could not be uncoiled. Six or seven perfect skeletons of rats were found imbedded in them, and bones of these vermin were generally distributed throughout the mass. Besides furnishing a charnel-house for the dead, a dog was employed, during the first removal of these national records, in hunting the live rats, which were thus disturbed, from their nests. What has already been said of these State Papers is equally applicable to other Records. In 1843 eight waggon-loads of documents of all kinds, from the Plea side of the Queen's Bench alone, mixed and in great disorder, were transferred to the custody of the Master of the Rolls.

Dust, damp, and vermin, however, were not the only perils to which these precious documents became exposed. In 1381 the rebels of Essex and Kent took the Records of the Apprentices of the Law out of the Temple Church, and destroyed them. On the 20th of December, 1621, a fire broke out in the office of the Six Clerks of the Court of Chancery, in which many bills, answers, and other pleadings, depositions and decrees, patent rolls, warrants, and other records were entirely consumed. Some of the Privy Council Books were destroyed by a fire at the palace of Whitehall, in 1619. In the reign of Charles II. the Chirographer's Office in the Temple was burnt down, when many valuable documents were destroyed. The Lord Treasurer's Remembrancer's Office, which was in Ivy Lane, City, at the time of the great fire of London, was consumed, and part of the Memoranda and Originalia fell a sacrifice to the flames. We have already alluded to the fire at Ashburnham House in 1731, which irreparably damaged a portion of the Cottonian Library. The Duchy of Lancaster Records suffered from a fire in Gray's Inn. The Records of the Augmentation Office were thrown into confusion, and probably some lost, when the Houses of Parliament were destroyed in 1834, and in 1838 the King's Silver Office in the Temple was burnt down, when the King's

Silver Books were greatly injured. Were a fire to break out in the Rolls' Buildings, Chancery Lane, at the present moment, a vast mass of important parchments would be irrecoverably lost to the nation. There they lie, huddled together in non-fireproof chambers, waiting to be received into the towering building on the other side of the chapel, which is to be their final repository.

And a noble repository it is, that fine greystone Gothic building! When finished, when it has received its wings, when its finely-proportioned tower rises high above its lofty roof, it will be one of the noblest architectural monuments of London, a fitting mausoleum for the Records of past ages. But still more perfect are its internal arrangements, whether as regards the preservation of the documents committed to the custody of the Master of the Rolls, or the convenience of the public in examining them. Long galleries stretch one after the other, story upon story, throughout the whole length of the edifice, and on either side are mysterious-looking shelves, containing mysterious-looking boxes, or small chambers which resemble large iron safes more than anything else. In these secure chambers, which are all fire-proof, the precious muniments of the nation are kept, classed and calendared. Thousands of rolls of sheepskins, some thirty feet long; thousands of books of parchments, neatly bound together, and thousands of skins simply folded up, lie here, all tabulated, and known, and easily accessible. Thanks to the indefatigable and intelligent exertions of Mr. Duffus Hardy, the deputy-keeper, order has been evoked out of chaos. From the Chapter-house, Westminster, from the Carlton Ride, from the Wardrobe in the Tower, waggon-loads of Records have been brought, looking more like a heap of rubbish or old rags than precious documents, so dirty, damp, worm-eaten, and almost illegible were they; yet by the care and skill of the deputy-keeper and his assistants, they have been cleansed, arranged, and made ready for public use. At present, any one who desires to search the Records may do so by paying a small fee; but it is understood that the proceeds of the Record Office are not to be regarded as revenue. A convenient room is set aside on the right of the entrance-hall, and here the required documents are brought to the searcher.

The material on which the records are written is generally parchment, which, until the reign of Elizabeth, is clean and well-prepared. From that date the parchment gradually deteriorates, and the worst specimens, to the disgrace of the present age be it said, are furnished in the reigns of George IV. and

William IV. The earliest record written on paper is of the time of Edward II., and forms one of a series, entitled, "*Papirus magistri Johannis Guicardi contra-rotulatoris Magnæ Costumæ in castro Burdegalis, anno domini M^o.ccc^o.viii^o.*" The handwriting of the Courts, commonly called court-hand, which had reached its perfection at the commencement of the fourteenth century, differs materially from that employed in chartularies and monastic writings. As printing extended, it relaxed into all the opposites of uniformity, clearness, legibility, and beauty which it once possessed. The ink, too, lost its ancient indelibility; and, like the parchment, both handwriting and ink are the lowest in character in later times; with the care which it has already received, the venerable Domesday Book will outlive its degenerate descendants.

All the great series of our Records, except those of Parliament, are written in Latin, the spelling of which is much abbreviated. During the Commonwealth English was substituted, but soon after the Restoration, Latin was restored, and the Records of the courts continued to be thus kept till the reign of George II. In certain branches of the Exchequer, Latin remained in use until the abolition of the offices in very recent times. Many of the statutes, from Edward I. to Henry V., and the principal part of the Rolls of Parliament, are written in Norman French. Petitions to Parliament were presented in Norman French till the reign of Richard II., whose renunciation of the crown is said to have been read before the estates of the realm at Westminster, first in Latin and then in English. After this period we find English often employed in transactions between the people and the government.

HAROLD KING.

WAIT ON.

"THEY tell me that he loves me—but as yet
Nought he has said could make me guess his love,
Unless it be that he is always kind;
(But such in truth a loving brother is;)
So kind and watchful in his every act,
That now and then my heart would fancy more
Than he, in his unselfish kindness, meant.

Wait on,' they tell me; but the adage old
Of hope deferred *will* prey upon my heart;
And oftentimes I rest my weary head
Upon my hands, and let my fancy rove
In pleasant dreams of future faith and love,
And try and gather from his last farewell
Some little tenderness of voice and tone
That my fond heart might construe into *love*.
'Tis very hard to feel when he is near
That every loving act and gentle word
Is all unstudied, and not meant for me
More than for others.—Oh, my heart will burst,



Will burst with its own fulness—full of love
 For him, and yet I ne'er can tell him so."
 Thus thought the maiden as she sat, and
 still
 The feeling uppermost in all her thoughts
 Would not be rested; till it found its vent
 In words, and thus she thought and softly
 sang:

"Love is bitter, love is sweet,
 Bitter when it might be sweet,

When we ne'er can ascertain
 Whether we are loved again.

"Is love bitter? Love is sweet,
 If heart to heart responsive beat:
 Sweetest love, that feels no pain,
 Knowing 'tis beloved again."

Her song was ended—little did she know
 That the same song was being sung by him,
 And her own thoughts re-echoed in his
 breast.

C. E. I.

ON A RIVER IN CHINA.

ALTHOUGH so much has been written and so many people have generalised on China and the Chinese, very little is really known by western nations of them as they are, of the manner in which they pass their daily lives, of the every-day occurrences in a Chinese city, of the ordinary routine of life of this strange people. Volumes of pictures and illustrations have been published pretending to show all this, and the "Outer Barbarian," as the foreigner to the Chinese popularly but erroneously fancies himself to be called by the children of the "Flowery Land" (a poetical, but unfortunately incorrect, or rather unused name), believes himself "quite up" on China. These illustrations certainly have a sort of resemblance to the originals, but at the same time they have none at all. That is, a person already acquainted with the race and their habits would recognise what was intended to be represented, but to a stranger the idea conveyed would be erroneous. Who ever saw a spark of vivacity in the sleepy, stolid, half-idiotic faces presented to them as the portraits of the celestial originals? And yet these originals are a merry, lively set of men, shrewd in business, keen in driving a bargain, perfect diplomats in all they do, never throwing away a chance of gaining a cash, sharp in retort, of sprightly humour, having a fine sense of the ludicrous. Where is the dirt, the noise, and hubbub of the over-crowded market streets teeming with life? It is yet all unknown to us. Sir John Davis, Williams, Milne, and others have endeavoured to render us familiar with such scenes, but have failed; they have not said enough on the subject. And John Chinaman, as we call him, and popularly imagine him to be, is still a myth. He and his manners and customs have yet to be told of. From the gorgeous work of Allom down to the trumpery pictures in Le Breton's "China,"—the one representing scenery and the other life,—all is unreal and, in the former splendid volumes, in many instances apocryphal. Even the illustrations in [Archdeacon Cobbold's clever little book, the "Chinese Drawn by Themselves," are not the faithful portraiture they seem. The fact is, that the Chinaman has no knowledge of drawing or perspective, and consequently cannot represent himself on paper. His own idea of himself is the most ridiculous of all that can be imagined. Were he to try and caricature himself, his family, manners, customs, houses, &c., &c., he could not succeed better than he does at present with no such intention.

Foreigners are not aware of this slight failing, and copy these things, religiously believing they *must* be correct. Until quite recently, competent artists have not resorted to this distant country for the purpose of recording their impressions on paper; these few have only gone as the correspondents of journals, and have of course occupied themselves with views most intimately connected with passing events, captures of cities, city gates, guard-houses, English men of war, landing of foreign troops, encampments of foreign soldiery, uninteresting bays and harbours in the far north, and such like. There are but very few domestic scenes or sketches of every-day life.

Having passed many years among this curious people, living among them, and transacting business with them, visiting them in their "hongs" (mercantile establishments), and thus in a manner becoming familiarised with their sayings and doings, aided moreover by some knowledge of the local vernaculars, I have endeavoured in the following sketch to convey some slight idea of the daily aspect of Chinese life.

Let us take the river Min, and the city of Foochowfoo, the prettiest of the open ports of China, as the subject of our ramble, and the month of May for the time. At daylight the steamer, which has probably been lying at anchor for the previous night under the "White Dogs" islets, stands in for the entrance of the beautiful river Min, on which Foochowfoo stands some thirty miles inland. The pilot-boat, conspicuous by the initial letter in its large white sail, and by its red-and-white flag, soon glides gracefully alongside, and the pilot carefully works the steamer over the wide-spread sand and mud banks which stretch across the entrance in every direction, and render the navigation of great difficulty. A long lazy swell lifts the vessel gently on her course, opening up more distinctly every instant the curious, clearly defined cone of "Sharp Peak," and the wild tumbling range of mountains, or rather lofty hills, which gird the coast. We are soon under the Peak in smooth water, very likely seeing at anchor some fine large clipper ship, inward bound for a cargo of tea, and waiting for the tide to serve. The beauty of the Min, which has gained the name of the Rhine of China, does not develop itself here, but higher up the river contracts, and the lofty ragged hills creep down to the water's edge. Here we pass some heavily laden outward-bound merchantman, tugged along and kept in its proper channel by numerous sampans. These sampans are curious little boats with overlapping mat-coverings, which in fine weather

can be drawn one over the other in the centre of the boat, but when wet, or during the summer heats, can be stretched along from stern to stern. They are usually kept beautifully clean. Far better off, indeed, are they in that respect than the owners. The boat people generally number four or five; two men, (one of them sometimes a venerable remnant of antiquity), a boy, and a girl. Behind, and in charge of the large oar, which acts as tiller and screw, is the presiding genius, usually the mother of the crew, an aged female of dirty aspect, unengaging appearance, and scanty wardrobe. In fact the same clothing apparently does duty indifferently for both sexes. It consists of loose blue cotton trousers and jacket in various stages of decay, with here and there a small bright patch of blue showing how often the rest of the costume must have been washed and used to obtain its present dirty milk-and-water hue. A ragged queue about ten inches long, eked out by an old bit of string or cord, and rusted in colour by constant exposure to all sorts of weather, is twisted round the boatman's head, unshaved for perhaps a week, and covered with a mangy-looking scrub of bristles. The old lady having first stiffened her grizzled locks by drawing them through gummy pine-shavings, brushes them back *à la chinoise*, and arranges them in a stiff knob behind, binding them up with a red cord, and ornamenting the whole with a few long silver bodkins, or hair-pins, and frequently with natural flowers, a pretty mode much in favour with the Foochow fair sex. The old man occasionally indulges in a wispy beard or moustache, which looks as if a touch of "thine incomparable oil, Macassar," would prove of the greatest service. The boat is rowed by the rowers, who stand on the half-deck with their faces towards the bows of the boat; the oar is a long, often crooked, pole, with the blade attached to it by two bands of rattan. Grasping the little crosspiece forming the handle of the oar, the boatman pushes against it, urging the boat forward, and beating time on the deck with a loud stamp of one foot, occasionally vociferating a sort of monotonous sing-song common to most Eastern nations, the solo part being sung by one or other of the men indifferently; then one or two others begin whining the refrain, which is finally taken up in full chorus by the rest. After carefully skirting the edge of a wide-spreading and treacherous sandbank, the steamer passes the village of Quantow on the right hand, where usually lie the Cantonese lorchas and many of the native coasting craft. Seen in the early morning, it makes a very pretty view, the smoke of the wood fires curling in a light

fleecy cloud over the houses, nestling down in a little inlet of the river between two low hills covered with a growth of the tall graceful bamboo, its slender leaves yet unparched by the summer heat, and rustling in the light breeze. Here and there, growing out from between black boulders, spring up strange fantastic-looking trees, flinging abroad their gnarled branches, and shadowing with their young foliage of every hue of green the little red Joss-houses of the simple fishermen, erected for the worship of the several deities of the sea, and which stand below perched on some rock commanding an extensive view. In the miniature harbour in front lie anchored several junks, from the sides of one or the other of which bursts forth ever and anon a stream of white smoke, followed by a thundering report as the junkmen fire their morning guns. Leaving this, we enter a sort of gorge between the lofty banks, which is about the prettiest part of the river, at least from the mouth to the anchorage. There are many far more lovely spots beyond. The hills are in many places cultivated in terraces up to the very summits, principally growing sweet potatoes. This terrace cultivation has been denied by some writers, but the fact remains the same; and not only are sweet potatoes so grown, but we have seen the whole sides of lofty hills terraced for the cultivation of rice, a stupendous undertaking, than which nothing more shows the patient industry of the Chinese; for rice requires a constant supply of water; this has to be pumped up by manual or, rather, pedal, labour, and during the season the creaking of these water-wheels resounds without intermission night and day.

Soon we pass the Mingan fort, a picturesque "bit" for an artist, useless as a means of defence on account of the ruinous state of its walls, and the honeycombing of the old cast-iron guns, left lying uncared for in the open, just as they rotted down through the wooden carriages, or rather stands. However, although of no account as a fortress, as it is called, it charms the eye as we pass it, the sun, yet young, shining on its grey or brown old walls and crumbling embrasures, to which the small-leaved Chinese ivy clings in masses, here and there a little stunted tree or shrub finding a precarious existence in the mouldering mortar between the bricks. Amid this sombre colouring shine out a few gaudy triangular flags, white, with a red vandyked border, and a few characters in black denoting the corps which owns them, and which flags seem to form the only garrison of the place. A flight of old stone steps goes down to the edge of the swift river; at the bottom a few sampans are anchored and perhaps a

mandarin junk, gorgeous with paint and silken banners on their long slender tapering staffs. Huge bows of red cotton cloth are bound round the muzzles of the guns, in the mouth of each of which is the snow-white tompion. A few coolie-looking men are idling up and down the steps, or lounging about on the battlements; we only know them to be soldiers by their wearing scrubby filthy turbans of red and blue cotton cloth, and white jackets with red borders, front and back having a large black circle, in the centre of which is written the character "Yung," popularly translated "brave." Although the character *does* mean brave among many other meanings, in *this* instance it means militiaman; it is a mistake to imagine that the regular soldiery have it.

A little higher up on the south side of the river is a curious formation on the rock called the "Mandarin's Boot;" the sandy rock has here fallen off in flakes from the steep hill-side, leaving behind it a large patch which has a very strong resemblance to the black satin boots worn by mandarins.

Here and there in commanding positions on either side of the river are gun-batteries, which the Chinese must consider impregnable, if we may judge from their shape. They face down the river, and consist of a simple platform of stonework, with squat, massy white-washed pillars, about five feet high, and four feet apart, studding the outer edge, and forming, or intended to form, the embrasures for the guns, of which, by a slight oversight, there never seem to be any. There is usually a guard-shed, which affords shelter to some half-dozen ragamuffins, who pass the day smoking their water-pipes, fleeing one another, card-playing, gambling, and making entomological collections from their garments. Beyond this row of stumpy pillars there is nothing in the way of defence; no sides to the battery, no glacis, no magazines.

Continuing up the river, we shortly after open "Pagoda" Island, as it is called from a small ruinous pagoda which crowns the summit. The river here divides in two, one branch taking the south side, and one the north of the large island which faces Foochow, and which is usually called Nantai. It is about fifteen to eighteen miles long, by three broad. The north branch of the river is the one used, and off Pagoda Island the ships anchor. At the commencement of the tea season the sight here amply repays a visit, for a fleet of the most magnificent merchantmen in the world, commanded by most skilful officers, here lie at anchor, empty, but *ready for sea*, waiting eagerly for their precious freights of tea, shipped with the most marvellous rapidity,

and then straining every mast, sail, and rope to reach their goal: the officers ceaselessly watching and availing themselves of every puff of wind or current, never missing a chance of adding a mile to their course, and each striving for one or other of the honours of being the first ship home, or of making the quickest passage. Slowly the steamer ranges up among the shipping, and, taking up her berth, the chain cable rattles through the hawse-holes, and we are at anchor.

While we are waiting for a sampan to come up (it does not take long) and continue up to Foochow, let us take a look at Pagoda Island. Small, rising like a rock out of the water, it *was* an island; but within the last few years the sand has silted up between it and the mainland, and the channel behind has gradually closed up. The island is crowned by its ruined pagoda of seven stories, the only ascent being by the outside, which is rather nervous work; the top storey has fallen in, or rather to pieces, and an old tree grows out of the ruins. The rest of the island is strewn over with enormous black boulders, toppling one over the other in the most apparently insecure manner, but happily safe. One instance however did occur here of a gentleman having built a bungalow for himself just underneath one of these stones, which stone having become loosened from some cause or other, the ponderous mass slid slowly down; only a few feet, it is true, but yet sufficient to demolish one of the walls of the house, and to intrude a huge corner into the drawing-room, whence it had to be chiselled out piecemeal. Such accidents are, however, fortunately of the rarest.

On the island are a few large stores for the convenience of ships; and on the mainland close at hand is a small village, which forms the sink, as it were, of Foochow, and is the nest of all the "rowdies" and bad characters who assemble there. There is this advantage about such a place as this, namely, that Foochow itself, in consequence, is kept in a great measure free from such pests, and is hence one of the quietest and most tranquil of the Treaty Ports.

By this time the sampans will be swarming round the steamer; in fact they are sometimes a perfect nuisance, hanging about her for hours after the passengers have left; and they are held in great dislike by the masters, in consequence of the touters and crimps making use of them to smuggle themselves on board, and fill the minds of the crews with wild ideas of better berths in other ships, more pay, less work, &c., &c., thus making them discontented and disobedient to order. So much trouble is caused by them, indeed,

that these boats are sometimes entirely tabooed.

We remember a ludicrous incident occurring on such an occasion, when, being on board a steamer alongside which no sampan was allowed to come, and being ignorant of this order, we had hailed a boat, which in due course came up. The mate, seeing it, and not knowing the circumstances, took it for a crimp's boat, and quietly getting up a large bucket of water, dashed it over the chattering crew. Their frantic rage as, drenched by the unused and abhorred element on which they passed their lives, they grinned and cursed every one and everything, was most laughable. These sampans are of the same sort as those we have already met with, but interspersed with them are perhaps two or three house-boats, as they are called, which are far superior. They are the property of the foreign firms at Foochow, almost each of which owns one, flying its house or distinguishing flag. Many of them are most comfortable, and even luxurious: a large boat with spacious cabin, glass windows, and venetian curtains, broad covered seats, sometimes a table, and with crews of eight, ten, or even twelve men. They carry a great quantity of sail.

Let us enter a house-boat, kindly placed at our disposal by one of the firms, and continue our voyage up the river. The tide has turned, and is in our favour, as is also the breeze. Our luggage is safely stowed under the half-deck, the mast has been set up, and the sail is ready for hoisting; a farewell to our courteous captain, and we have shoved off. Some of the crew propel the boat through the water with their usual stamping and droning accompaniment; the others, with much shouting, have succeeded in getting up the fore and main sail, and the broad boat is now drawing rapidly ahead, the water hissing and bubbling under her flat bottom. As she heels over to the breeze, the rowers lay aside their oars and retire to the back of the wooden house, as the cabin is called, where they lie about basking in the sun, leaving perhaps one man in the fore part to watch the sail. So we glide gently and swiftly along, and it is most enjoyable lounging on the soft cushions, letting the pale-blue smoke of a good cheroot curl lazily out of one's mouth, and watching the gently receding and well-cultivated shores, a light breeze playing through the partly open venetians. So far preferable to the clanking of the screw of the steamer, or being victim to the effect of an adverse tide, when, sitting in the cabin, the unfortunate traveller sees the banks on either side almost stationary, and is mainly occupied in urging to further

exertions some ten boatmen, who are shouting a monotonous "time-keeping" tune, stamping heavily with one foot each time they move the body forward. Stunned by the noise, it is with no pleasurable emotions he contemplates this stamping and plunging of these ten pairs of dirty legs, some of them, it is true, well shaped, but the greater part deformed by swollen muscles and varicose veins. Moreover, going *against* tide, he is likely to spend some seven hours *en route*, while on the other hand, the "with-the-tide" does it in two hours and a half; and this is happily our case. So we rustle along, leaving behind us every now and then some sampan or inferior boat, and the head of old Kooshan looms (sometimes) out of his cloudy frame, and allows us to see what he is like; but mostly he is shy, and shrouds himself in an impenetrable veil of fog and mist.

The land on the south side is generally low-lying, and on the north side it trends upwards towards Kooshan. Presently we pass a huge wood junk bound for Ningpo; and these vessels are so curious, and the ingenuity displayed in their stowage so great, that we may be pardoned a word or two on the subject. Ningpo, with which so much of the trade in wood in connection with Foochow takes place, is situated some three hundred miles up the coast, behind the Ohusan Islands. Enormous quantities of wood are sent there every year, almost all in poles, used for building masts for junks and fishing-boats, &c. The junks which carry this wood make a special trade of it, and are usually called Ningpo wood junks; the hulls are painted white with a few black streaks, and light-coloured mat or cotton cloth sails. They are of great breadth, nearly flat-bottomed, and standing very high out of the water when unladen. This and their great strength of construction will be explained by their process of taking cargo.

The Chinese have always been considered a curious people, and some author has written an amusing chapter on their peculiarity of reversing all western modes: wearing white for mourning; old men flying kites, while young ones look on (a mistake, by the way), playing shuttlecock with the feet, presenting a coffin as the most suitable offering to a sick parent, reading books backwards, printing by rubbing the paper on the types, instead of stamping the types on the paper, the old folks doing the courtship, while the young ones are ignored, and so forth; but he has omitted one point of difference, which will strike the reader as somewhat strange: the Chinese agent of the wood junk puts the cargo *outside*, and leaves the hold empty. We have

been over these junks, several of them of great size, and can vouch for the fact. The natives use them as floats, and ingeniously bind the poles of wood to the two sides of the vessel with rattan ropes, trebling it, as it were, in width, and loading the decks with as much timber as they can, leaving space for the working of the sails. The hold remains empty, and acts as a buoy or float to the immense cargo. Thus these vessels will in one voyage carry more wood than an European vessel of double tonnage could take in two.

We soon round under the point of Kooshan, making the half-way Pagoda, a small and elegantly-formed obelisk, which stands out well in the river, and forms a prominent landmark. Near this spot is the sunken wall laid down by the Chinese authorities in years gone by to prevent the ascent to Foochow of the fire-wheel ships of the red-bristled barbarians, as they then dared to call us to our faces. This wall has most disastrously carried out the then wishes of the mandarins, although not at all in the manner desired by them; for the blocks of stone and the rubbish which they then insanely threw into the Min have formed a sort of wall on which the sand of the river has silted up with each returning tide, until, burying the stones beneath, a wide-spreading bank forks out across the river, blocking it up to all but vessels of the very lightest draught. Year after year the inexorable sand extends its bounds; spit follows spit, bank rises after bank, ton after ton of mud ballast is heaved into the river from the trading junks; on every side the needy fisherman, struggling for his daily bread, plants in the river his line of bamboo poles as far as he can from the bank, and stretches on them his nets; the sand rises around these poles at first in tiny ledges, but gathering rapidity of expansion as they gain bulk, the water shallows, the sand rises, the dust comes, the *ground* hardens. The husbandman, equally needy with the fisherman, obtains possession, lays soil, and soon the patch is green with a rising crop. Thus this once fine river, which for centuries has served as a highway for fleets of junks carrying on a large coasting trade, is now becoming so shallow that even the little gunboats of her Majesty's fleet have to avail themselves of the highest tides to get up and down the river between Foochowfoo and the anchorage.

Added to this, a minor evil, although unhappily it has been attended more than once by fatal consequences, has arisen in the freshets, or chowchow water, as it is called, which abound in this river, and are caused by the constant shifting of the artificial sand-

banks, and the rapid swirl of the waters through the holes and narrow crannies left between. People bathing and seamen falling overboard in the harbour have been sucked down by these little whirlpools, and only cast up again to the surface far from the spot where they sank, and of course with life extinct; in some cases the bodies have even disappeared altogether.

Turning another angle in the river, we pass between two wide-spreading "stretches" of paddy fields, dotted here and there with little villages, clustered together under and among groups of ancient wide-spreading Chinese banyans, or nestling against the sides of some of the low-lying hills, bespattered, as it were, with boulders and masses of rock, blackened with age, interspersed with clumps of dark fir and home-like olive-trees, with their deep green glossy leaves and straight stems. Here and there a dusky sturdy native—with tattered blue jacket girt round his waist by perhaps his turban, his head bristling with a fortnight's growth of hair, shielded from the heat of the midday sun by a wide-spreading mat hat, his white or blue cotton trousers tucked up high on his sinewy legs,—wallows along the muddy bank, gaining a precarious existence by the produce of his researches after fresh-water shell-fish, occasionally finding a prize in some waif or stray, an old box maybe, or a hat, a basket, a bit of old matting soaked by water—a pole, anything in fact; for here in China truly may it be said that all is grist that comes to the mill. Heaps of filth and garbage that the most indigent *chiffonnier* of the Quartier Latin would pass with disdain, is eagerly turned over half-a-dozen times by as many of his Chinese *confères* each of whom will find something for which he can obtain money or money's worth.

Further, as we pass some ruddy-looking country-girl, her glossy black hair decked with natural flowers, trudging along the bank humming some country song, and guiding before her some ungainly buffalo of truculent aspect, with muddy and mud-coloured hide, his fierce-looking little eyes glaring out from under his shaggy brows and coarse backward-spreading horns.

On the north, the basin in which Foochow lies opens to the view a noble area some twenty miles across, hemmed in by lofty bold-looking hills. Conspicuous among them old Kooshan rears his bald head some three thousand feet above the level of the sea; sinking a little, the ridge stretches along the northern arc, and rises into the Peling range, the remarkable "Nipple Hill" pointing out the great pass to the highlands lying beyond, the nearest tea-growing district to Foochow.

The western hills lie far on the horizon, showing up ever and anon in some grand-looking mountain, and terminates abruptly with the precipitous crown of peaks called the Lover's Leap, or the Five Tigers.

Between this and Kooshan the river bifurcates around the island of Nantai, on which lies the foreign settlement; and on the north side of the main branch is the fair "city of banyans," as Foochow is called, like a jewel in its setting,—a pearl among emeralds; for around it stretch on every side, from the ancient moats to the mountain foot, the paddy-fields, over which the shoots of the young rice crop spread a flowing carpet of tender green, charming and soothing the eye, which aches from the bright glare of the sun. Soon we see before us the outlying craft of the great squadron usually trading at Foochow; and in a few minutes we are flying through the ranks of vast junks, creaking and straining as the swift flood tide drives them taut up to their massy coir cables. Hugging near into the Nantai shore, we pass the foreign mercantile establishments, here and there at first, then more frequently, until at length they form nearly a continuous line, many of them noble edifices. These are nearly all the mere business houses, the private residences of the owners dotting the hill-side above. We struggle along through the maze of lofty hulls and swarming sampans, until, turning the nose of our comfortable house-boat in shore, we bring up at the landing-place of one of the foreign establishments, and close to the celebrated bridge of Foochowfoo.

CAMBALU.

A LEGEND OF CORPUS.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

"AND have you ordered your gyp to come to my rooms when the 'bus calls?" I said to my friend Wilkins, who had come to wish me good-bye; "you have not much time."

"Yes, it will be here in a minute, and upon my word I shall be uncommonly glad to get out of Cambridge: the courts look like damp cellars, and I have not seen a soul pass through them all the afternoon, except the doctor, to see you, poor old fellow,—and what did he say?"

"Well, you know, he made me undo my waistcoat, laid one finger on my rib, which he tapped with another finger. 'Sounds very dead; and now take a long breath,' says he, holding down his head to listen. 'Ah!' he added, when that horrid sort of stitch caught my breath half way, 'you have a touch of pleurisy, and must be very careful.'—'Can't I wrap up, and get up to London?' I said; 'there's not a soul going to stop this Christ-

mas. I shall die of ennui.'—'Well,' said the doctor, 'I know it will be slow enough, but travelling in a fog like this, with your lungs in their highly inflammatory state, would be certain death; you had better turn into bed at once. Any fire in your bed-room?'—'No, not even a fireplace; I shall have my bed brought in here.'—'Very good idea,' he said; 'where is your bed-maker?'—'In Jones's gyp-room, I expect. Didn't you hear something break just now underneath? You can generally tell where Mother Car is by those sort of noises, you know; men call her Juggernaut's Car, because she crushes everything that comes in her way; besides, you know, she ain't unlike an Indian idol in the face, colour on the nose put on so thick.' Just as I had finished, and the doctor was giggling, trying to be as convivial as I could, though upon my word, Wilkins, I could have sobbed, if I didn't think it would hurt my side, in comes Mrs. Car.

"'So this is the old lady,' said the doctor.

"'Which it is,' said she, 'and begging your pardon, if so be as you are the doctor, I should like to know what you thinks of him, sir; for, as I said just now to Betsy (that's my help, as does number two staircase), Betsy, says I, if my second floor ain't a sickening just as did Mr. Avis the senior wrangler, who kept in his room, and never would wear flannel shirts, and died honoured by all, being the promise of his college, and leaving me his bath and china, my name ain't Car, nor yours Betsy.'

"After the old hag was winded, she shut up, and we told her to have Betsy up, and bring in the bed, as you see it here.

"'Ah!' said she, 'if you don't look the very moral of poor Mr. Avis, with the same pale face, and red spot on your cheek, lying in the same bed, in the same place, who left me that keepsake of a bath, which being lent to number three, ground floor, Old Court, was inadvertently shot by a saloon pistol, and leaked ever since, number three being no gentleman.'

"Now have not I a pleasant prospect for Christmas-day? Every one down and this old wretch telling me most horrid stories. Still it is more cheery here than in my bed-room. Just poke the fire."

Wilkins got up, and poked the fire.

"Oh! old fellow," he said, "I'm awfully sorry for you; keep you pecker up; I shall be back the day after Christmas, and then I shall come and read Paley in your room. But here is Edwards to say the 'bus is here. Good-bye, good-bye."

As my friend left me, I felt more desolate than I had ever before felt in my life. I was far

too distant from home to think of returning for the few days I could spare from reading for my degree, so had accepted an invitation to London, where I was to have escorted two pretty cousins to all sorts of concerts and balls. I had looked forward to my visit with great pleasure, and it was a bitter disappointment. My relations lived in Cornwall, so it was quite out of the question that they could come down to me. The weather was such as is only to be seen in Cambridge; the thick fog choked up the courts, which seemed to contain the thick damp air like boxes; all the rooms were empty, and there were no lights burning to give a look of life to the ivy-covered court. The grass plot was covered with dusty patches of thawing snow, and the university bells, which were ringing for Christmas, came like a muffled peal ringing for a funeral through the thick atmosphere. The kitchens were shut up after one o'clock, and the head cook was to be seen, for the only time in the year, clad in ordinary apparel. The streets were full of men, looking like a degenerate class of university men. The same short, shooting and long Noah's Ark coats, the same boating hats and ribbons; as Wilkins said, it was like a terrible dream: you crossed the street over and over again, believing that you saw a friend, but immediately recoiled back again when you found it was but his gyp in his old things. The time of the university was passed, gyps and shop-boys were the ruling power, and the unfortunate university man who remained up during Christmas, was withered by the contemptuous glance of the servants and shop boys, who looked upon him as an intruder, or anyhow as a man without a friend, and therefore to be despised.

The streets, lit by the lamps, which had to be lit before three o'clock, looked sad enough, but some of the colleges were terrible. King's College Chapel, with its four corner towers, looking like some hideous mastodon or other antediluvian animal, lying on its back, with its four legs lifted up into the misty air, and the screen running along the streets like ghastly skeletons of mysterious beasts that the huge animal now lying supine on his back had devoured, and was vainly endeavouring to digest.

The big Court of Trinity was sad beyond description, vast, damp, and mysterious. The fountain in the middle trickled with a terrible monotony, only broken by an occasional drip of snow water from its roof, and a large icicle hung and dripped from the nose of the king above the gate. But the hideous climax of desolation was on the Bridge of Sighs which joins the new court to the old buildings of

St. John's. Large masses of ice floated slowly along the river, and the cold evening air sighed in the iron framework, and made the passer-by gather his coat tighter round him, and quicken his pace, shuddering at the terrible gloom of the grim black buildings, dripping corbels, dark mysterious river, and the abomination of desolation around him.

Perhaps the most cheerful college room in the university that Christmas-eve was mine, sad and desolate though it appeared to me. The fire burnt brightly, and the mustard-plaster which Mrs. Car had put on my chest helped to keep me warm. The doctor had said that I must not be left alone. Mrs. Car had a party at her house, to which several bed-makers and my washerwoman had been asked. I hear it went off very cheerfully, as my illness caused a pleasing topic of conversation.

"A delicate man was Mr. Maitland always, and to think of him a rowing yesterday, which to me is madness, seeing instead of putting on great coats on that p'isonous river, they strips as eels without their skins. An inflammation at this time in those rooms, always damp, is most dangerous, and he too in face the moral of poor Mr. Avis." This led to all the college funerals that any of the party remembered being talked of. Mrs. Car began with poor Avis. "Raving to the last," she said, "poor senior wrangler, that $X=g-g$, and such like un-Christian remarks, to which I said, 'And oh, sir, to think as you be a dying;' to which he said, and I still shudders as I think of it,—'Therefore $MX=BI$, quod erat digestrandum,'* them is the very words; and he died seeming content like, that being so proved."

Of course I did not hear any of this, but Betsy the help, who came into my room directly after the tea was over, full of the exciting topics that had been discussed, repeated them all for my edification.

Betsy was to sit up with me, and as I could not sleep, I encouraged her gossip, which amused me.

"And who else died here, Betsy?" I said.

"Oh, many a one, sir. Mr. Baker, number two, took p'ison, so at least Mr. Cannon the coal porter avers, but lor, sir! none of 'em had such a tale as I had, but I did not tell it, seeing bed-makers take precedence over helps, and it was not my turn when I had to come to you, sir."

"What was it, Betsy?" I said, feeling almost inclined to laugh at the little demure woman sitting bolt upright opposite to me, her face drawn up with a look of importance and mystery I had never noticed before.

* Betsy must have meant "demonstrandum."



See page 640.

"Well, sir," she said, and though I shall give the story nearly word for word as she gave it me, I shall simplify some of the sentences which were somewhat involved, and not inflict Betsy's H's and omissions on my reader.

"Well, sir, I must tell you, though only a help myself, my family for three generations have been connected with this college, my mother being college washerwoman, and my

grandmother before, and a better one for getting up surplices there never was, at least so my poor mother used to say. It is many years ago now since my grandmother was bed-maker here; I remember her as a child, an old woman, clean and most respectable to look at, as all our family ever were, sitting in the chimney-corner at home, she was then nearly ninety, and had been pensioned off fifteen years, but had as good a memory as ever, and

many was the tale she used to tell me about the gents she did for. Of course you know, sir, college isn't now as it was then. The room we are sitting in was part of the Master's old house, and that is the reason why the fireplace is covered over with that curious oak-carving. This room, so my grandmother used to say, was one of the bedrooms; through that panneling across the staircase was a door, leading to a long passage, which the Master in old times used when he wanted to go to the college-library, which you know has been pulled down.

"Well, sir, when my grandfather was first made bed-maker, Dr. A. was master,—a great scholar by all reports, but one who bore his head rather too high.

"The young gentleman did not like him, no more than did the college-servants; for the smallest faults gentlemen used to be sent down, and servants dismissed. Among those most liked by the servants and the young gentlemen in general, was a Mr. Bond, as handsome a man, my grandmother declared, as ever came up,—over six feet two, with black curly hair, an eye like a hawk, and a laugh that did one good to hear.

"The college servants would have done anything for him, as he spent his money like a prince, gave suppers, and never asked about perquisites, and had a cheery word for everyone; and that is, after all, what they like better than anything.

"There was nothing Mr. Bond couldn't do. He kept two horses, hunted in pink, rowed better than anyone else, sang songs of his own writing, and made love; and this leads to the sad part of my story.

"Well, sir, never being at lectures, and giving wine parties, when the noise used to be so great that it could be heard in the street, was not the way to make him a favourite with the Fellows and Master. If he was loved by servants and young gentlemen, he was hated by the tutors and Master, the latter especially; for one night after having gated several gentlemen, his door was screwed up, and painted pea-green. Who did it, no one for certain knew; but the Master and everyone believed it to be Mr. Bond.

"Dr. A. had a daughter, the loveliest girl ever seen; grandmother used never to tire of talking of her blue eyes, bright golden hair, and tall slight figure; Miss Dorothy was her name.

"Her mother had died when she was a child, and the poor young lady had a solitary time of it from all accounts. The doctor was too much taken up with his books to give much time to his daughter, and too proud (for he was well born) to let her associate much with

the other young ladies in the town; and so the poor girl lived a dreamy solitary life, always looking out of the window into the court-yard, or wandering listlessly about the old home, exploring all its corners and passages.

"There was no college chapel in those days, the young gentlemen used to go to St. Bennet's Church. The Master had a high pew there for his family, which was generally only occupied by Miss Dorothy, who used to come (as grandmother would say) fluttering in by herself like a pretty bird, and hide her blushing face behind the red curtains, for all the young men could not help looking at her as she came in, she was so pretty, and what is more, she knew it.

"Mr. Bond, from all accounts, was not a very religious young gentleman, but not one single chapel did he ever miss, and this, I believe, saved him from being sent down on several occasions, when he got into some mad scrape. The bed-makers used to say that he went to look at Miss Dorothy, but when they first spoke to each other they did not know, though sure it is they used to meet each other. I daresay, sir, you will wonder how my grandmother came to know as much as she did; but you see, sir, there was a great deal of talk at the time, and when Miss Dorothy was taken ill, my mother acted as nurse, it being vacation time, and so won the sweet young lady's confidence, that she used to tell her everything, and seemed happier talking to her about the sad story than at any other time.

"I told you, sir, that across the landing there was a private passage to the library; the key was kept in the Master's study, and no one was allowed to use it but he.

"The first time Mr. Bond ever met Miss Dorothy was when the Master's door was screwed up. The master sent for Mr. Bond, suspecting him, though unable to prove anything against him. The young lady and gentleman met on the staircase. Miss Dorothy had often noticed Mr. Bond from her window, and seems, sir, to have taken such a fancy to him, that every hunting morning, which was Wednesday and Friday, she was at the window to see him walk through the court, looking like a prince in his red coat, and get on his splendid black horse, Eagle. I remember the name, for when my father started his donkey and cart to take the clean linen home, my grandmother begged him to call it Eagle too.

"Miss Dorothy, as I said before, was timid as a bird, and very shy, when she met Mr. Bond on the staircase. Trying to get quickly out of his way, she would have fallen, being tripped up by the stair-cloth, if he had not put out his hand and caught her.

"This was the first time that a word had passed between them, and it was only an expression of regret at her clumsiness on the one side, and pleasure on the other that he had been able to save her from a fall. Still this meeting soon led to others.

"Miss Dorothy used to ride. Mr. Bond met her first as if by accident, but in time met her every day, seeing her groom handsomely each time not to reveal that his young mistress had any other companion than himself. For some time these rides went on well enough, till one day who should they meet but the Master himself. He was driving with the provost of King's in a close carriage, and pretended not to recognise the couple.

"However, when he got back he sent for the groom, and dismissed him on the spot. Then he sent for Mr. Bond. Miss Dorothy was coming crying and pale as death out of her father's study when she met him.

"'Bless you, my darling,' he said, as she passed him. 'It is all my own fault; cheer up; I ought to have spoken to your father before; he can't object to me as a son-in-law. I am rich and well-born, so don't cry, my pet.' Then he went into the study, and she into her room.

"The Master was white with fury when Mr. Bond entered the room.

"'Sir,' he said, 'you are no gentleman; you are a disgrace to the university. I shall expel you.'

"'And what for?' asked Mr. Bond, doing his best to restrain his passion at the insulting tones of the old man.

"'What for, sir? why, for insulting me: it was you who fastened up my door, you who dared to ride with my daughter.'

"'The first of those charges you are not in a position to prove, sir,' said Mr. Bond, quietly; 'and the second, I fancy, would hardly be deemed a reasonable cause for expulsion by the university authorities, who must ratify your sentence.' There was truth in this, and the Master knew it. 'But,' continued Mr. Bond, 'I humbly beg your pardon. I have acted most wrongly; I should have spoken to you before. Your daughter loves me: may I make her my wife? and indeed, sir, you shall never repent having committed such a jewel into my keeping. For God's sake, sir, forgive us. You were a young man once, indeed, indeed——'

"'Quiet, young man!' shouted the Master, who had set his mind on Miss Dorothy marrying a distant cousin, a nobleman who was then undergraduate at Trinity, and had shown her considerable attention. 'Quiet. I care not for the honour you would bestow on me; leave me, sir, and never let me hear

of either of you two speaking to each other again, or it will be the worse for both of you.'

"Mr. Bond left him in a towering passion. 'You have no right to separate us, nor shall you, by heaven, sir! I am in a position to support a wife, and your child is of age. Good-bye for the present, sir!'

"'Send Miss Dorothy here,' said the Master, as the butler returned from showing Mr. Bond out. The young lady came, blushing and crying.

"'Oh, dear father, forgive us both; he loves me so much, and he is so good and noble; we did not intend to keep it secret from you any longer; do, dear good father,—it will break his heart and mine too.'

"'Child,' said the old man, savagely, 'get up at once, and no more folly. You shall never speak to Mr. Bond again. Promise me never to see him again.'

"'Oh, father, I dare not promise you that. God knows I would do anything else to please you, but it would be death to me and to him also. Oh! have pity, he loves me.'

"'Loves you, fool!' said the Master, 'don't flatter yourself; a man so devoid of principle as he is has told many a girl the same story; he has been making a fool of you for lack of better amusement. I despise the man. Get up!' Here he laid his hands roughly on her shoulders. 'Go, little fool.' She rose to leave the room, pale as a statue, without saying another word. 'Stop,' he cried, as she reached the door. 'Child, swear never to speak to that bad young man again.'

"'Never, father!' cried the girl, her eyes flashing with passion. 'You have no cause to speak evil of Mr. Bond. He is good and noble, and I love him. I will not promise you this.' Without waiting for an answer, she sailed out of the room.

"But her self-possession did not last long; she ran up-stairs, and threw herself on her bed (in this very room, sir), where, when her maid came to find her, she was still crying as if her heart would break.

"'Oh, miss,' said Nancy, as she came in, 'what is the matter? you a-crying your eyes out, and the Master furious. And, oh! I'm ashamed to tell you what he has told me to do, it is cruel like; you are not to leave the house all the week till Tuesday, when you are to go to your aunt in Wales.'

"'So I am a prisoner, am I? and you are to be my gaoler. My father is kind and considerate. Get me some tea.'

"Then Miss Dorothy got up, set her things straight, and determined not to show her sorrow to her maid; but Nancy told my mother it was no good, the poor child went on

terrible about her father and Mr. Bond, and never got a wink of sleep all the night.

"Next morning she thought she would try once more to overcome her father's resolution, but he was incensed at her display of temper the evening before, and refused to see her.

"Miss Dorothy was allowed to go into the little patch of garden where the stables used to stand. Next morning when she went out to get a breath of air, and to look at her horse, as was her custom, she found the groom who had been dismissed packing up his things to leave.

"'Oh, I am sorry you are going to leave, Williams, and I am glad I have met you to say good-bye. Here's a little present for you.'

"Williams touched his hat as he took the sovereign. 'Bless your pretty face, miss, don't care about me. Mr. Bond's taken me on to look after his hunters, and miss,' (here he lowered his voice to a whisper, though there was none within hearing), 'my new master bade me give you this 'ere, and I am not to go till I has an answer, "No," says he, "not if your old master blows your brains out."' "

"Dorothy took it trembling up into her room; it was only a few lines beseeching her for the love of heaven to let him see her once more. She had once told him, he wrote, that she had discovered a way from her father's house to the college library; as she was forbidden to leave the house, would she meet him there, it was their only chance.

"She took a pen, and wrote a line promising to be there the moment the bells ceased to ring for evening service. As the bells ceased ringing, Miss Dorothy left her room, and went to the study, the key was in its old position, and she took it. As she passed by the window, she saw her father crossing the court-yard in his surplice. It was some time before the passage door would open, at last the latch lifted, and, hardly daring to breathe, she walked to the library door. Not daring to open it at first, she knelt down and listened, the place was as still as death. In a few seconds time she heard the door open and a heavy footstep on the floor, then a voice humming a familiar air.

"Without waiting longer she timidly turned the key and entered the room. What passed between the two I never heard, but the interview was interrupted by the sound of some one on the stairs. Miss Dorothy started.

"'We shall be detected, George,' she said, Still he held her.

"'Promise, love,' he said, 'or I shall die.'

"'Yes, I promise; God forgive me,' answered she. Then she closed the library door, and ran back to her room. Nancy was

there arranging a dress, and started as her young mistress entered, she looked so lovely, with her cheeks still flushing with the hot kiss her lover had imprinted on them, and the excitement of the meeting.

"As the clock struck nine, Miss Dorothy stole down-stairs, the hall door was open, and she was soon out of the college gates. There was no gas in the courts and streets in those days, and the porters who saw her hurry across the court, took her for one of the bed-makers. Wrapping her cloak round her, for it was a cold November night, she hurried along the street, nor did she stop till she reached the end of Parker's Piece, where a fly with two horses was waiting.

"Williams the groom was there, but no one else.

"'He should have been here before, miss; clocks are striking quarter past. Get in, miss, you will catch your death of cold.'

"'No, thank you, Williams, I shall see him sooner if I stop here. Oh, dear! I wish I had not come. It is too late to go back?'

"'Go back! why, bless you, miss, he will be here in a minute. Look there, ain't that him? No, he was to have come alone.'

"'Oh yes, alone,' said she, shivering and beginning to cry. 'How wicked I am.'

"Quiet, miss, for heaven's sake. Get into the fly; it's the proctors, I can see their bands, you will be suspected.'

"She sprang in, and Williams lowered the shutters. The proctors were there in a minute; they had seen a woman's dress, and were suspicious.

"'Who have you there?' one asked, as he came up.

"'A lady, sir, if you have no objection.'

"'Any one else?' asked the other, 'no member of the university too, I hope; my man, it is a suspicious place, please to open the door.'

"The door was opened, and they looked in. Miss Dorothy sat back, and pulled the veil over her face. The moon was shining brightly, and in the proctor she recognised Mr. Hanly the senior fellow of Corpus, who had once paid her great attentions, and who might have won her heart if she had not met Mr. Bond.

"'I beg your pardon, madam,' he said, raising his hat, but not recognising her. 'You must forgive the liberty I have taken, but we are forced to be very careful.' Then he closed the door, and walked off.

"'What's the next move, miss? I fear som'uts up,' said Williams, looking in as the clock struck eleven. 'No doubt he's gated, and can't get out. When did you see him last?'

"'About six o'clock,' said the poor young

lady, sobbing. 'Oh, Williams, he can't have deceived me!'

"Bless ye, no, miss, he ain't one of that sort. Why, miss, I knows for certain he'd die for you: still, it's precious queer. Says he to me at three this afternoon, 'let the fly be ready.' Says I, 'Yes, sir; but shall I see you before night?'" "Yes," says he, "I'm just a going to say a few words to your dear young missus, and then I shall see you." But he never came, so I follers former orders, and comes up here. But, dear heart, cheer up, them great gates is shut, and the porters won't let him out. But what had we better do now, miss?"

"Oh, take me back, take me back!" she cried. 'Oh! I wish I had never come. I will ask my father to forgive me; he spoke unjustly and cruelly of George, still I am very wicked. Oh, drive me back!'

"If I were you, miss," said Williams, 'I should not go back to college; there's no cause, as I sees, that the Master should know anything about it. He thinks you safe a-bed, next morning you slips in with bed-makers, and no harm comes of it.'

"O Williams, but then where can I sleep to-night?"

"This question puzzled him, and he scratched his head in silence. At last he said, 'Well, miss, s'pose you sleeps in this 'ere vehicle; I'll keep watch on the box; eh, miss?'

"Oh, no, Williams, you know you would die of cold. I must go back; perhaps he will forgive me.'

"Williams went to fasten some piece of harness preparatory to starting; in a minute he returned, and lowering the window, looked in again.

"Bless you, miss, what a fool I was not to think of it afore: why, miss, you see if you goes back it must be through the porter's lodge, as the other entrance shuts early. A deal of gents may be in the court. You will not like to go by yourself; s'pose you come to my sister's, eh?"

"Oh, no, Williams; I should die if I met anyone in the court. Thank you for thinking of Mrs. Giffard; she was my nurse, and I know would have pity on me.'

"Well, sir, you know my grandmother's name was Giffard, and she was sister to Williams, he being my mother's uncle. Mother said she was then only ten years old, but remembered the night Miss Dorothy came to our house.

"She and her father and mother slept in the same room. They had been in bed about two hours when they were awoke by a knocking at the door. My grandfather sprung up, and looked out of the window.

"Why, bless me, wife,' he said, 'if there ain't that brother of yours. What on earth is up now? Coming in a minute, lad,' he said, as George again thundered at the door, 'you'll wake the whole street.'

"Grandfather threw his wife's shawl over his shoulders, and ran down-stairs. In less than a minute he was back again. 'For Heaven's sake, old lady, get up; here's a pretty go, poor beautiful young creature, and perished with cold.' Then he turned round to my mother, who was sitting up wondering in bed, and told her to go to sleep. This my mother pretended to do, but was far too excited and curious to do more than close her eyes. Her father and mother were soon both down-stairs, and the sound of a tinder-box being struck, and a fire lit, soon reached her ears. In another hour's time her father returned alone to bed, and in the next room she heard her mother trying to pacify some one who was sobbing loud enough for her to hear through the partition. After a time all was quiet again, and she did not wake till her father rose; he was one of the buttery-men at Trinity.

"Then she got out of bed and listened, there was more crying in the next room; she went to the bed-room door, and looked out, and saw a tall young lady, very beautiful and pale as snow, pass hurriedly along the passage, followed by my grandmother.

"Mother says she never saw a lily of the valley without thinking of Miss Dorothy, as she looked then, so frail and trembling, with her white face bent down.

"The Master had discovered his daughter's flight, and was beside himself with passion. Grandmother knew this the night before, and was not so much surprised that Miss Dorothy had come to her house at that late hour as she would otherwise have been. She was Mr. Bond's bed-maker, and going to his rooms about chapel-time, she had noticed his portmanteau locked and lying on his bed, but had seen nothing of him. He had not slept in college, and no one knew anything about his whereabouts. There was nothing else talked of in college but the disappearance of Mr. Bond. That Miss A. had intended to run away with him, thanks to the discreetness of my grandfather and the Master's servants, was never generally known: at last, like all other wonders, it ceased to interest any one. All knew Mr. Bond was a mad young gentleman, and cared for no one: what more likely than he should have betaken himself to his home in the north for a week's change, and had not cared to consult the college authorities on the subject? Still to Miss Dorothy, my grandmother, and others, there seemed some mys-

tery which they could not fathom. Nancy, the lady's maid, who slept in a little room out of her mistress's, had sat up till past three, waiting for her return. Twice in the middle of the night she started up, hearing something like a cry of distress coming seemingly from the college library. At first she thought it only a dream, for she was anxious and nervous about her mistress, but the next time she felt that it was more than a dream, and woke one of the maids, who sat up the rest of the night, sir, by this very same fire here, sir; but there was no more sound, so Nancy believed it to be a dream, till what was discovered afterwards proved it to be no fancy. Well, sir, I need not tell you that the Master was furious about Miss Dorothy; at first he threatened to turn her out into the streets, but his pride prevented him doing this, as all the university would have known his disgrace, so he wrote off to his sister in Wales, begging her at once to come and take her back with her, and in the meantime strictly forbade her to leave the house. At the time of which I am speaking, the Master's house ran along the west side of the old college library, and there were two small oak-panelled rooms at the end of the east corridor, which were separated from the rest of the house. In these rooms Miss Dorothy was confined; they were well suited for the purpose, for there was but one means of escape, and that was actually through the Master's study, which had a door opening on to the further end of the passage.

"Poor child! she was miserable indeed, and Nancy her maid hardly liked to leave her alone for a minute, she was so low and nervous. One evening, Nancy had to go out into the town, and Miss Dorothy was left alone.

"It was getting dusk, and the solitude of the dark old room frightened her. It seems that the library was connected with her bedroom by means of a small door opening in the panel. This door was not visible from the library, as it was covered by another thicker door, which was covered with books, and was not distinguishable from the rest of the walls. Miss Dorothy had noticed the door in her room, a door which had not been used for years, and of the existence of which I believe the Master himself was not aware. As she wandered about the room, feeling too nervous to sit still, her eyes fell upon an old-fashioned key lying in the corner of an oak cupboard. Taking it in her hand, she determined to try the door on the opposite wall that she had watched the morning before.

"Grandmother happened to be that evening in the housekeeper's room, when suddenly she heard a piercing cry,—a cry, she says, she can never forget, so full of horror was it.

"She started to her feet, and just at that minute Nancy dashed into the room. 'Oh! did you hear it?' she cried. 'Come with me, come with me.' All three started off, pale as death, and met the Master, who had heard the scream, hurrying in the same direction. They opened the door, Mrs. Brown the housekeeper bearing a light. On the floor, pale and rigid as marble, lay Miss Dorothy, the door in the panel open, and just in front of her, and across her feet, lay Mr. Bond, his hands stretched out and clenched, rigid and cold as a statue, as if to embrace her, his once handsome eyes staring lustreless out of their sockets, and the marks of corruption already on his beautiful face.

"Miss Dorothy was taken back to her old room here, but only survived her shock two days.

"An inquest was held on the body of Mr. Bond, and the verdict returned was accidental death. It seems that the poor young gentleman, knowing that as an undergraduate he had no right in the library, after Miss Dorothy had left him, seeing one of the bookshelves swing back, had retired behind it. It was the librarian who was entering, the shelves of the door were empty, and he filled them with the large volumes that lay on the table, and then left the room.

"When the room was empty Mr. Bond no doubt tried to leave his hiding place, but the door closed with a hasp, and the heavy books that had been placed on the shelves rendered all his attempts to force it open vain, and what is more, excluded the air, for the doctors all agreed that the cause of death was suffocation. "The door the young lady opened corresponded with the door in the bookcase, and when the double doors were closed there was just room for a man to stand up between them. The body, which was in a standing position, fell down at the wretched lady's feet as she opened the door in the panel.

"And this, sir, is the story as my grandmother used to tell it, and many were those among the servants who rejoiced when the old library was pulled down; unearthly noises and screams, it was said, were often heard there, and indeed, sir, there were several who declared that they had seen Miss Dorothy herself more than once in her shroud, kneeling and lifting up a skeleton hand before the door which had made a living tomb for her love."

As Betsy finished her story I looked round my room, and a shiver ran through me; nor could I sleep one wink, thinking of the sweet young lady who died in the very room where I was lying, and never shall I forget that Christmas-eve and Betsy's tale.

RANDOLPH PIGOTT.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVI. AT MALLINGFORD.



HE autumnal tints were on the trees surrounding Mallingford End, when Olivine and her uncle made their appearance at Mr. Gainswoode's residence.

Many circumstances had conspired to delay their departure from London, and not the least of these was Olivine's reluctance to accept Etta's invitation unless her husband went with her.

She was but a young wife, and very fond, moreover, of the man into

whose hands she had elected to cast her lot, and accordingly she waited and waited, hoping each day that Lawrence would relent and go with them, or otherwise desire her to write to Etta, declining the invitation altogether.

No such thing, however: Lawrence, on the contrary, recommended her to go and have it over.

"If your uncle did not mean to avail himself of Mrs. Gainswoode's kindness, he ought to have said so," remarked the young man, a little bitterly; "and although I cannot leave town, there is no earthly reason, so far as I can see, that you, who have no business of any kind to attend to, should shut yourself up all the summer in Stepney Causeway."

"But, Lawrence, why cannot you come?" she asked, timidly.

"Why did we return from France?" he demanded, by way of reply. "Because you wanted to be near your uncle; because I wanted to be near my work. Some one must see to things. Be assured I do not intend to let the business go to rack and ruin if I can help it."

"Still, from Saturday till Monday," she ventured to suggest.

"My dear child," he answered; "from Saturday till Monday I want rest, and it would be no rest to me to go to Mallingford.

Besides, if I went to the Gainswoodes', I must go to my father's; and if I once began to run down to one place and another, I should never have a Sunday free. It is all very well to talk of change and variety; but to a man who has been hard at business all the week there is no change or variety equal to lying on the sofa in one's own house for the whole of an afternoon, and never speaking a syllable to a human being."

"Poor Lawrence!" said Olivine, pityingly, "I will never ask you to go anywhere again, and I will not go to Mallingford now, myself."

"You silly little thing!" he exclaimed; "if I cannot visit, is that any reason you should not visit either? Because I want to rest on Sundays, is that any reason why you should stay at home for ever. No, no; you must not be so whimsical as all that comes to: you have accepted Mrs. Gainswoode's invitation, and it does not do to change and veer about like a weathercock. It will only be for a fortnight, and I shall manage capitally while you are away."

"You do not mind my being away; you would not care if I stayed away altogether," said Olivine, in a pet; and then she stood still, alarmed at the sound of the first reproachful words she had ever uttered to her husband.

As for Lawrence, he looked straight in her face, marvelling for a moment whether she were merely jesting, merely wanting him to contradict her; but when he saw there was no jesting in the matter, that out of the fulness of her heart his wife had spoken, he answered,

"God help men! how are they to please women? If they do not wish their wives to leave home they are brutes; if they put no obstacles in the way they are indifferent. How am I to please you, Olivine? only tell me, and I will try to do it."

"I don't want to be pleased," she answered; and the next instant she was kissing him, and begging to be forgiven.

"Say you are sorry to lose me, Lawrence," she whispered, "and I will not mind about anything; only—only, sometimes I fancy you would not miss me—if I were to be away for months and months, and I cannot bear it—I cannot," and she covered her face with her hands, and stood silent, while Lawrence de-

clared he should like to have her with him every hour in the day; that he should miss her more than he could tell; that home would not be home to him where she was not; that he loved her more than anyone on earth.

"If I were as jealous as you are, Olivine," he added, lightly, "I should make your life a misery to you. As it is, sometimes I think I am very badly treated, never having you all to myself when I come home in the evenings. I often envy men who have homes of their own, and no one to come between their wives and themselves."

"Hush—hush, pray hush!" she said, her face changing as though with the effect of some sudden pain.

"Well, will you 'hush,' then, too, you silly little puss?" he bargained. "Will you remember there are two sides to every question, and that a man has his feelings just as well as a woman, though he may not make such a fuss about them?"

"Yes," she agreed; and then at once, after the fashion of all her sex, she returned to the forbidden subject with, "But, Lawrence, I do see so little of you. It is business, business, business from Monday morning till Saturday night."

"Quite true, dear," replied Lawrence; "if you wanted to get rid of business you ought to have married a man who had not to work for his living. If I were an earl I should probably talk as little of Goodman's Fields as I do now of Buckingham Palace."

"Do not ridicule me," she entreated, "merely because I say we see little of each other, and that—that—it vexes me."

She was pathetic, for her heart was full; persistent, because she felt they were drifting away, he from her, and, spite of all her efforts, she from him. Useless though the movement might be, she could not help instinctively putting out her little hand, and trying to keep the bark of his life beside her own for ever.

But that was precisely the kind of attempt most likely to irritate such a man as Lawrence. That he did not love her passionately he knew; and for her even to intimate that she suspected this also, was simply pouring vinegar into the already open wound.

That he did love her tenderly, compassionately, and, to the best of his ability, faithfully, he believed; that he had fought out a battle with his own heart since his marriage,—that he had resisted temptation,—that he was even then striving to keep himself out of the way of temptation, he was perfectly well aware; and it provoked him to hear what he considered his wife's foolish fancies, to listen to her reproaches, as he mentally called them, when it was

utterly impossible for her to understand him, or his feelings, or his troubles, or his projects.

One thing, however, he was resolved on—namely, that Olivine should not become exacting, and accordingly he placed her in an easy chair, and sitting down himself near her—a rare piece of indolence for Lawrence in the middle of the day—began to talk to his wife gravely and determinedly.

"It may save us both a vast amount of pain hereafter," he said, "if I can make you comprehend my exact position now. Do not look vexed, pet. I am not going to say a word to annoy you." (She was so young, and she looked so pretty, that Lawrence felt constrained to utter this sentence, though it had certainly never entered into his programme to do so.) "When you married me, you married a poor man; and being a poor man, I must work for my wife and myself like any other labourer."

"Oh! Lawrence," she cried, "uncle could never—"

"Your uncle, child, would never have given you to me, had he not thought it was in me to work as hard for my living as any man he ever knew. He trusted me, and I am not going to disappoint that trust. You would not love me if I neglected my duties for the sake of staying constantly at home with you."

"I did not mean constantly," she explained, "only sometimes."

"Well, but at what times, when I can be with you, am I ever away? Do I visit?—do I go to any place of amusement?—do I even take a walk without you?"

"No!" she agreed. "Don't—don't go on like that!" she entreated. "I did not intend to complain, Lawrence. I cannot imagine what made me say what I did. It was foolish of me, and wicked, for you are so good to me—too good," and she took his hand, and rubbed it up and down against her cheek, and prayed him to cease "explaining." "For I know all about it," finished the young creature he had married. "I know how hard you work; and it was a shame for me to speak as I did, and I am sorry—so sorry."

"I came to London poor," he went on, unheeding her request, "and I am comparatively poor still. When the day comes that I can see a competence without labour, I dare say I shall be able to idle as well as anyone; but until then I must be busy, and I am confident my wife will not try to make my path harder for me than it is."

"I would make it all grass under your feet if I could," she answered.

"And you will not fret me and yourself

because it is impossible I should always be at your side?"

"I will try not;" and then with a little sob she added, "have patience with me, Lawrence. My uncle and I were always so much together, that I thought perhaps we might be the same."

"He had not his way to make," her husband replied; "I have. That is the root of the whole matter. Are you sorry you married a poor man, Olivine? If you are, it is too late for you to repent now."

"Sorry!" She repeated the word after him in a sort of wonder. "If I could marry you fifty times I would, to show you whether I am sorry or not. But perhaps if you were single, you would not marry me. Is that what you mean?—is that it?"

"Now, Olivine!" He held up his finger, warning her off this forbidden ground.

"I won't be foolish again," she answered; "only say once you are not sorry, that you are not tired of me, that you do not want me to go to Mallingford to be rid of me—because, Lawrence, I do love you so much! And when I am here all alone, I have nothing to do but think about you, and fancy all sorts of horrors; whilst you have your business, and your workmen, and your letters, and your accounts to occupy you."

It was the old story of the chapter and the book, the verse and the poem. She was but a chapter in his life to him—but a verse of the long ballad—while to her he was book and poem; she was part to him—he was the whole to her; and with a dim perception of this truth, with a partial consciousness that it was a terrible thing for one human being to love another as much as Olivine loved him—vainly, he drew her close to him, and murmuring,—

"Poor child, poor darling," gave her what assurance of love she wanted—answered all her petition as she had desired.

"So that is all settled," he said at last; "and you will not delay your visit any longer?"

"No," she replied; "the sooner we go, the sooner I shall be back. I have heard of girls at school counting the days to vacation. I think I shall count the days while I am at school, till I come home to you."

At which speech Lawrence laughed, and declared she was spoiling him: a statement that Mrs. Gainswoode repeated more than once while Olivine remained at Mallingford.

"You are a great deal too fond of your husband, Olivine," she said; "and what is worse, you let him see you are. Take my advice, and do not make so much fuss about him. Let him imagine you have something else to think about occasionally. Make be-

lieve, at all events, that he is not always in your mind."

"Oh! I could not do that," Olivine answered; whereupon Mrs. Gainswoode replied,—

"Take your own way, then; but you will hereafter repent not following my advice. Unless I am greatly mistaken in him, Lawrence Barbour is not the man to like a wife any the better because she is devoted to him. What is had cheaply is rarely prized highly."

"By what right, Mrs. Gainswoode, do you speak in that way of my husband?" inquired Olivine, a little irritated.

"My dear, is there any law to prevent my speaking out my mind about your husband, if I choose?" asked Etta in return. "He is a very excellent young man, and I know nothing against him—nothing, I assure you; nothing, upon my word."

And with a laugh which sounded slightly mocking, Mrs. Gainswoode retired from the contest, merely remarking to Mr. Sondes that she never in her life saw such a pair of turtle-doves as Olivine and Mr. Barbour. "To an old married woman like myself, it is quite amusing to notice the way Olivine watches the opening of the post-bag, and the reams of letters she writes to him every day. And such a correspondent as he is! Scarcely a morning passes without a *billet-doux*. Really it is delightful to see a man and wife so much attached to one another."

"Yes, I think they are very much attached," Mr. Sondes answered quietly; but he could not help wondering what in the world Etta meant, and once or twice it crossed his mind that Mrs. Gainswoode was laughing in her sleeve at Lawrence and Olivine, and himself into the bargain, and he felt certain the lady was playing a double game with her own husband. For all of which reasons Mr. Sondes rather regretted his visit to Mallingford, and began to wish the Alwyn acquaintance had been allowed to drop.

But Mr. Gainswoode was courteous beyond measure to his guests. That gentleman approved of Olivine, and thought her taste in pictures wonderful; she never wearied in trotting about after him, and would stand listening for half-an-hour at a time while he discoursed to her about the astonishing perspectives and the miraculous foreshortenings exhibited on his walls.

"If she were an artist, my love, she could not be more interested," remarked Mr. Gainswoode to his wife; whereupon that lady enquired whether it had never occurred to him Olivine was much more interested in Mallingford End than in the curiosities it contained—in the rooms, and the galleries and the grounds where Lawrence had passed his

earlier years, than in the most delicate piece of china in his collection.

"My opinion of Mrs. Barbour is, that she proves a good listener, because she never hears a word you say," finished Etta, who was beginning to feel really jealous of Olivine. She did not approve of the manner of those ladies, who had always been a little shy towards her, when they called on Lawrence's wife. Instinctively she felt that were Olivine mistresses of Mallingsford instead of herself, society would express itself infinitely obliged to Providence for the exchange. There was something about Olivine to which the grand dowagers and the stately matrons took kindly. Mr. Sondes also, who had come of good family, was treated by the country people with a consideration Etta had never seen them evince towards her husband; and the enjoyment Olivine took out of the house and grounds was such as appeared perfectly inexplicable to a woman who detested the country and could see no beauty in the changing seasons—no difference, as she said, between one "stupid old tree and another."

"And I do not think it is quite polite," observed Mrs. Gainswoode, on another occasion, "the way Mrs. Barbour is continually walking over to the Clay Farm. For my part, I imagined she was coming to visit me, not her father-in-law; but if she has no idea of ordinary civility, I cannot help it."

"Well, my dear, you need not speak as if it were my fault," answered Mr. Gainswoode; "it was not I who asked her to come here."

"No; but now she is here you make such a fuss about her," grumbled his wife; which remark, implying a certain amount of jealousy on the part of the beautiful Henrietta, gratified the owner of Mallingsford not a little.

The matrimonial ball lay at Etta's feet in those days, and she was not slow about kicking it in whatever direction she desired. Mr. Gainswoode was so charmed at the prospect of an heir being born, that he forebore to cross his wife in anything; and as for Etta, she had turned over a new leaf, and forebore likewise to cross her husband.

One day it had come upon her like a revelation, that if she did not play her cards well, the results of the game might prove a very small settlement in case she was left a widow. A remark of her father's first induced her thoughts to roam in this direction, and once the subject did enter her mind she gave it mature consideration.

To a great extent she was dependent on her husband. The settlements he had made were not munificent. She had nothing to expect from her father. Altogether, Mr. Gainswoode

was the person for her to conciliate, and Etta began to conciliate him accordingly.

Up to this point their married life had been at intervals stormy. Occasionally Etta had tried for the mastery—had evinced temper—had run counter to her husband's wishes out of the spirit of sheer opposition.

In many a similar union this species of warfare is waged for a time. There are passages of arms, there are guerilla descents on the enemy at unexpected periods, and at unguarded points; there is a fighting of the ground inch by inch, until the weaker of the contending powers, either longing for peace or following the dictates of prudence, cries "truce;" after which ensues a submission that means as often as not, eventual victory.

Etta's temper was so peculiar, so uncertain, so naturally bad, so domineering, both from constitution and long exercise of power, that it cost her many a struggle to assume even for an object the rôle of a dutiful and obedient wife.

How many a sharp answer she bit back—how many a sarcasm she refrained from uttering—how diligently she guarded her manner to refrain from giving offence, no one excepting herself ever imagined.

Mr. Gainswoode attributed the change partly to the alteration in her father's circumstances, partly to gratitude for his own forbearance and consideration in the matter, and greatly to the pleasure he imagined she felt at the probability of their having a son to inherit Mallingsford.

"The future mother ranks higher than the present wife" was Etta's secret feeling on this subject; but, as has been said, she refrained from uttering her thoughts, and the home of the Gainswoodes was therefore the household of peace.

"You can do me such a kindness, Mr. Sondes," she said to that gentleman the day after his arrival at Mallingsford. "When you are talking to my husband about poor papa's misfortunes, speak as if you pitied him, will you?—as if he had been sinned against, certainly not sinning. I know you never were greatly in love with his way of conducting business; but you will not throw stones at him now he is down. For my sake do not say what is thought in the commercial world about the private transfer of Mallingsford. We did it for the best, you may be quite sure of that; and but for some most unfortunate speculations it would have carried us through. You may imagine, however, in what an unpleasant position this disaster has placed me. Poor papa! I do not know what is to become of him—I do not, indeed," and Etta looked very sadly over the country as she spoke, and

leaned a little more heavily on Mr. Sondes' arm than was necessary, considering he was only recovering from a bad illness, and she as strong, and hearty, as a woman need desire to be.

"How did you know, Mrs. Gainswoode, that I never approved of your father's mode of conducting business?" asked Mr. Sondes, at once striking back to the portion of her sentence which had impressed him, and not pleasantly.

"Oh! a little bird told me," she answered, colouring and laughing at the same time.

"I am afraid it was a very foolish bird," he said, gravely. "I thought Lawrence Barbour had more sense than to go tattling between Stepney and Hereford Street."

"Now, pray, Mr. Sondes, do not jump to conclusions. Mr. Barbour never tattled; he never told me what you thought or said on any subject. He was reserve itself. He was honour personified; you believe me?" she went on, earnestly.

Mr. Sondes looked in her face for a moment steadily, and he knew she was telling him a falsehood.

"Of course I cannot question your word," he answered; "and equally, as a matter of course, I shall say nothing calculated either to injure your father, or to annoy Mr. Gainswoode; but it is impossible for me to state I think Mr. Alwyn was sinned against. I do not think so; and for that reason I shall not express any opinion of the kind."

"You are frank, Mr. Sondes," she remarked.

"I am true," he replied; and there ensued a moment's silence.

Then Etta said, "I suppose there is no strict honesty to be looked for in any business; not even in that of an adulterator."

"Is it necessary for us to discuss business matters at all, Mrs. Gainswoode?" asked her guest, with the most imperturbable composure; "you have told me what your wishes are, and I am happy it chances to be in my power to oblige you: shall we let the subject drop here? I have never been much accustomed to converse on such topics with a lady."

"That strikes me as a mistake," answered Etta, composedly; "you cannot tell how much wiser many women are than most men; but, however," she added, "it shall be as you wish, and I am your debtor for life."

Which finale compelled Mr. Sondes to hope that she would not consider herself indebted to him for so small a kindness, but rather afford him some future opportunity of serving her more effectually.

It is rather hard upon the rougher sex that they have to utter these petty speeches, which

are usually received by ladies *au pied de la lettre*, and which the utterers oftentimes have to carry out literally.

Many a word thus spoken in haste has been repented of by men, wise and discreet, at their leisure. Not once, nor twice, but a dozen times during his stay at Mallingford, Mr. Sondes anathematised his own weakness in falling into the little trap that Etta had laid for him.

"She is no fit companion for my little girl," he decided over and over again. "And Lawrence ought never to be thrown in contact with her. Deuce take the woman! what is there about that coarse hair, and those snake's ringlets, and that singular face which makes a man almost forget where he is standing when she is talking to him. I wish I had been governed by my first impressions, and kept Mrs. Gainswoode at arm's-length; but it would be so hard never to give Olivine a chance of mixing in society, and the people here are so kind to her, and admire her so much."

This was the bait! When once Olivine was married, Mr. Sondes did not desire she should remain shut up in the old house at Stepney; but wanted her to take her place in the world and see a little good society.

"I wish Barbour had Mallingford instead of its present owner," Lord Lallard said to Mr. Sondes, on one occasion, "and that your niece were mistress there. The Alwyns may be all very well, and so may Mr. Gainswoode; but still we have our preferences, and Barbour has wanted so hard and been so brave about defying prejudice, that I think he deserves to have the old place back again."

"Ah! my lord," was the reply, "it would take a princely income to keep up Mallingford End as it ought to be maintained. No greater misfortune can befall a man than to be the owner of a place beyond his means."

"Except marrying a bad wife, I suppose you mean?" laughed his lordship. "Well, matrimonially, Barbour has done admirably; at one time, I confess, I was afraid he might have chosen differently, and worse."

"Nevertheless, Mrs. Gainswoode is a very charming woman," remarked Mr. Sondes.

"I have not the slightest doubt but that Delilah was a very charming woman too," answered Lord Lallard, drily; and then, by mutual consent, the conversation was turned to other subjects—to the season, to the country, to the autumnal tints on tree, and shrub, and hedge; to London, to Mr. Sondes' health, to the place down near Grays he said he had some intention of buying, to the Clay Farm, and the man who lived there all alone.

That man was the greatest trouble of her life to Olivine about this period. Her heart

ached for the old father, who sat there reading, with very powerful spectacles, books on her-aldry, which he held with a shaking hand.

She would have liked to carry him back to town with her; she would have asked no better than to devote her young life to him, and her uncle, and Lawrence. Was not he Lawrence's father? ought they not to try to make the end of his days happier? How could she ever forget that desolate home? that comfortless house? that poor, poverty-stricken establishment?

"Lawrence is getting too great a man to come and see me now, I suppose?" said Mr. Barbour, querulously. "He is growing rich, and can only tolerate those who are rich also. There was a time when he would not have visited the Alwyns, when he would not have let you cross their threshold; but that is all an old story, like the tale of how I was once owner of Mallingsford, where Gainswoode, the jeweller's son, is now lording it as if he belonged to one of the best of our county families."

"Mr. Gainswoode a jeweller's son!" repeated Olivine, in amazement.

"Yes; a pawnbroker's son, if you prefer it. His father was one of those goldsmiths, or silversmiths, or whatever they are called, that lend money to noblemen or gentlemen at an usurious interest. He left his son an enormous fortune, and, as the father had doubtless some taste in knick-knacks, and some knowledge of good paintings, the son has inherited the family talent. It is a nice connexion, child; there was a time when a gentleman would as soon have thought of sitting down to table with a sweep as with such a man as that; but the manners and customs of the world are changing, and we—we are growing obsolete."

When Mr. Barbour spoke of "we" in this tone, he always referred to the righteous twenty among the upper ten thousand, who had not gone after strange gods, nor caused their sons and daughters to pass through the fire to Moloch, and amongst whom he was one of the principal saints.

Somehow, after these interviews, Olivine, though she had good blood in her veins, and a pretty fortune of her own to boot, always crept back to Mallingsford with a feeling that Lawrence had conferred a favour, and stooped from his high estate when he married her.

Those individuals who, tracing their descent back to some illiterate baron, or rough-and-ready chieftain of the good old times of misery, when might was right, but right of itself never was might, firmly believe that God made the earth and all that therein is for them and theirs, have an agreeable way of making other

people think that by getting on in the world they are running counter to Heaven's high decree, and committing the unpardonable sin, when they purchase the ground from the cumberers thereof, and dress, and till, and cultivate it for their own use.

Some feeling of this kind Olivine could not avoid expressing on one occasion to Mrs. Gainswoode, who replied—not without a keen relish and enjoyment—

"And Mr. Barbour's grandmother was a drysalter's daughter, pretty one; whence the relationship with the Perkins', and your husband's business proclivities. Birth never mates with wealth in this country, you understand; of course, great people never marry for money, never did. Blood never needs the help of bone—to adopt a very graceful Irishism—and sovereigns are not as almighty here as dollars in America. You would never imagine, to hear Mr. Barbour talk, he had a drop of blood in his body of other than the orthodox colour; but it is true nevertheless that there was once a drysalter's daughter mistress of Mallingsford End—the last heiress who cast her gold into the empty treasury of a decaying race."

"How much happier people are who live quietly, and do not trouble themselves about such things," Olivine remarked, with a sigh.

"About what things, child? About money, and birth, and position, do you mean? How much happier, then, to be dead at once, if the stakes of the social game are to be taken off the board and nothing played for except domestic happiness."

"I should ask for nothing more, at all events," returned Olivine.

"You will think differently as the years go by," was the answer: "you will find money is power, and power enjoyment."

"Do not talk in that way," Olivine entreated, "or you will make me imagine you are mercenary."

At which speech Etta laughed gleefully, and declared that, as usual, Olivine's ideas were "delicious," and her simplicity "charming."

(To be continued.)

FOOTPRINTS OF THOMAS GRAY.

THOUGH Slough is, as all must own, a most unattractive country town, yet it forms the centre of a district which all around is classic, and even hallowed, ground. Did not Herschel make his first great discoveries in astronomy while residing at that old-fashioned red-bricked mansion on your left as you pass down the high road to Eton? Did not Milton write his "L'Allegro" at Horton, not three miles distant to the north? is not Cooper's Hill, standing on the high ground that rises

just across the Thames, consecrated by the muse of Denham? Did not Edmund Burke and Edmund Waller live at Beaconsfield? and

is not Stoke, with its fair village church, scarce two miles to the north-west, the spot above all others most thoroughly immortalised



Stoke Poges Church.

with English readers as the very self-same "Country Churchyard," which inspired the poet Gray with his elegy?

I propose asking my readers to accompany me on a pilgrimage to Stoke Poges, as the village is called; it will not occupy us, going and returning, more than half one of these bright June days.

Stoke Poges, as the county historians tell us, is so named from the fact of Amicia de Stoke, an heiress, having brought the manor in marriage to one Robert Poges, a knight of the shire in the 12th century. His granddaughter and heir, Egidia, marrying Sir John Molyneux, a member of the household of Edward III., the estate passed into the possession of this family, who had a licence from the king to fortify and embattle a mansion here. The manor of Stoke Poges subsequently descended through female heirs to the house of Hastings, Earls of Huntingdon, one of whom rebuilt the manor early in the reign of Elizabeth. It next came into the hands of Sir Edward Coke, attorney-general

to Queen Elizabeth, who entertained her majesty here in a most sumptuous and costly manner, and whose only daughter was Lady Hatton.*

But we will not weary our readers with a genealogical tree, or a long table of the descent of the manor; it is sufficient to say that, in 1647, Stoke House was for a short time the residence of the unfortunate King Charles, when he was a prisoner in the power of the army. Not long after the death of Lord Purbeck, which happened in 1656, the manor of Stoke was sold by his heirs to John

* Gray supposed that the Lord Chancellor Hatton was once the owner of Stoke House, and he has told, in oft-quoted lines, how—

"Full oft within the spacious walls,
When he had fifty winters o'er him,
My grave lord-keeper led the brawls;
The seals and maces danced before him.
His bushy beard, and shoe-strings green,
His high-crown'd hat and satin doublet,
Moved the stout heart of England's queen,
Though Pope and Spaniard could not trouble it."

But Sir Harris Nicolas showed, in his well-known "Life of Hatton," that the Lord Keeper never resided at Stoke. When Gray wrote his "Long Story," Lady Cobham was the owner of the manor-house.

Gayer, Esq., elder brother of Sir Robert Gayer, K.B., who afterwards possessed it. It was purchased of the Gayers, about the year 1720, by Edward Halsay, Esq., one of the representatives of the town of Buckingham, whose daughter Anne married Lord Cobham. Stoke House and the manor were sold by her heirs to William Penn, Esq., chief proprietor of Pennsylvania, and now, having passed in succession through the hands of the Penn and Labouchere families, the estate of Stoke Park is the property, by purchase, of a London accountant, named Coleman, who resides at the great house built by Wyatt, in the classic style, a century ago, about two hundred yards from the site of the old manor-house, immortalised by Gray in his "Long Story."

In Britain's isle, no matter where,
An ancient pile of building stands;
The Huntingdons and Hattons there
Employed the power of fairy hands
To raise the ceilings' fretted height,
Each panel in achievements clothing,
Rich windows that exclude the light,
And passages that lead to nothing.

Of the old manor-house only a portion remains, and that is in a dilapidated and almost untenable condition. It is used only as a brew-house, and comprises one wing of the old mansion, showing externally the tall gable, half covered with ivy, and the handsome, quaintly arranged, carved brick chimney-shafts rising above it; whilst, internally, there is sufficient evidence remaining to show its original splendour and ancient hospitality. In the kitchen, the wide fireplace with its heraldic devices is still to be seen, and in a small room on the second floor there are some rude paintings, also heraldic, on the plastered walls, with the initials, E.B., together with some quaint inscriptions, such as "Feare the Lorde," "Obey the Prince," "Love thine Enemies," "Beware of pride," "Speke the trueth," "Beware of mallice," and the like. The old building was once on a time a fine brick mansion, with those projecting wings and deeply embayed windows and oriels, which form the chief characteristics of the architecture of the Elizabethan era. It occupied a somewhat low, sheltered situation, in the midst of an extensive and richly-wooded park; and the deep colour of the bricks standing out from the bright foliage of the stately old trees with which the house was surrounded, tends to produce a most striking and picturesque effect.

The house that Gray occupied at Stoke was not the old manor, but a far less pretentious edifice, which in his day bore the modest name of West End Cottage. Of late years it has

been altered and added to so extensively that, from a cottage, it has passed into the category of mansions, and is now owned by a wealthy ironmaster, Mr. Darby.

The study of Gray, however, a summer-house or grotto, in which he used to sit in summer, and a walnut-tree, planted by the poet's own hand, still remain, so as to localise his memory. It was not here that he spent his childhood or boyhood, or his vacations when at Cambridge; but, after his father's death, which happened about two months subsequent to his return from a foreign tour, which he made in company with Horace Walpole, his mother retired from London with as much of her fortune as she could save from her husband's reckless extravagance, and, accompanied by a maiden sister, took up her quarters with another sister, Mrs. Rogers, at Stoke; and from this date henceforth the poet appears to have had little or no other aim in life except to comfort the declining years of his only surviving parent. She died in 1753, and her tomb lies in the peaceful churchyard under the east window of the church which is shown in our engraving.

It was while resident here that Gray composed his ode "On a Distant Prospect of Eton College," the first English production of his pen which appeared in print, commencing with the lines

Ye distant spires, ye antique tow'rs
That crown the watery glade;
Where grateful science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade.

Here, also, he penned his "Hymn to Adversity," which was first given to the world in Dodsley's Miscellany; and here he commenced, and certainly resumed, and probably completed, the immortal work which was destined to give him an eternity of fame, his "Elegy written in a Country Churchyard."

It has often been said by writers, from Dr. Gregory downwards, that this poem owes its popularity entirely to its subject, and that the public would have received the "Elegy" quite as warmly if it had been written in prose. We may fairly demur to any such criticism. It is to the double fact, that the subject is one which comes nearly home to the heart of Englishmen, who love the parochial system and the places where their father's bones repose, and also that the subject is treated by Gray in a key-note thoroughly in harmony with the tender and touching associations which cluster around the English village church, that we must ascribe the sudden and permanent popularity which has been accorded to the poem in question.

And here, perhaps, we may as well devote a few lines to the pretensions put forward

by other country churchyards to the distinction of having originally suggested the "Elegy" to Gray. Of these Grandchester near Cambridge, and Upton, about half way between Slough and Windsor, assert their respective pretensions with the greatest confidence, though others have occasionally put in a more modest, though not more doubtful, claim.

Mitford, it is well-known, has argued strongly in favour of Grandchester, but I must own that the weight of evidence, both internal and external, seems to me strongly opposed to his view. There are those, too, who believe that the little Norman church of Upton, long in ruins, but recently restored, is the prototype of the church which Gray celebrated in his "Elegy;" but although we must own that something may be said in favour of the ivy-mantled tower, surrounded by yews, yet that is the only feature peculiar to Upton; and it must be remarked that the spire which surmounts the church of Stoke is a modern addition to the tower, and not a hundred years old; so that ivy-mantled tower will harmonise as well with Stoke as with Upton, while the former can point to its "spreading elms," shown in our illustration, which Upton cannot.

The truth is, that Gray, a solitary and melancholy man, may have drawn the images in his "Elegy" from various sources; but there can be no reasonable doubt that Stoke, his parish church, his favourite haunt, and his residence during the vacation, was the place where, often lingering, he composed the lines that will render his name immortal. At Stoke we have in perfection "the rugged elms, the yew-trees' shade;" and when we reflect that the "Elegy," long laid aside, was resumed upon the death of the poet's aunt, who is buried in the churchyard, we cannot help thinking that this place is more immediately associated with the labours of the poet than any other. But this assertion of the right of Stoke to be considered the churchyard in which the "Elegy" was written is of no great consequence, farther than that the faith in the genuineness of our classical associations should be preserved, if possible, without the stain of scepticism.

RALPH DE PEVEREL.

THE REASON.

LADY, I see your eyes that glance my way;
I mark your radiant beauty as you move;
I know that at a word which I might say,
Love would be met by love.

Why is it that I leave that word unsaid?
Why am I gravest to your brightest smiles?
And wherefore do I turn a listless head
Deaf to your queenly wiles?

I know how many seek you, whom the spell
Of your fair face draws all resistless on:
How your soft-syllabled "No" has oft to tell
You are not lightly won.

I know that these you chill, and me you seek,—
Me, not more worthy: me, so stern and still;
Nor am I silent from a fear to speak,
Or from divided will.

Nor deem it is in malice that I wait
Until that it might please me to repay
Love with the largess of myself—so late
From willing proud delay.

No, no. 'Twere basest treason even in thought,
To thy high soul, that should not stoop to sue;
To thee, to whom all lowly I have sought
To render homage due.

Lady, I have no love to give. Ere now
'Tis given, to one with face as fair as thine:
Few years had pass'd upon her ivory brow
When all her heart was mine.

Do I not claim her? *She is claim'd*:—and I
Am happy, though sometimes mine eyes be dim;—
She whom God lent of His great charity
Hath now return'd to Him. W. J. L.

THE LAST LOVE-EPIISODE IN THE LIFE OF A PHILOSOPHER.

THE Independence of the United States of America had been conclusively acknowledged and ratified by the Treaty of Peace of September 3, 1783; and, under the able direction of Benjamin Franklin, ambassador from the new Republic to the Court of Versailles, the diplomatic and commercial relations of the United States with France had been successfully established by Treaty, in consonance with the views and wishes of Congress.

Philadelphia ardently desired the return of her famed fellow-citizen who had displayed so much prudence and skill in effecting the great objects of his mission. He, no less anxious to return to America, never wholly free from the fear that his declining health might detain him in France, perhaps to close his life there, and, withal, that his most ardent prayer was to be spared to end his days in his native land among his fellow-citizens, and surrounded by his grandchildren—he yet seemed to seek a pleasurable excuse for the delay of his departure, under the influence of a sentiment which had less concern in the settlement of such collateral details as yet remained for adjustment, than the American philosopher had, perhaps, deemed possible, or cared even to acknowledge to himself at that period of his life.

During the latter part of his embassy to the French Court, he had taken up his residence at Passy, near Auteuil, in the environs of Paris.

In the latter charming village dwelt the

widow of Helvetius.* The relict of Helvetius was a most amiable and gifted woman. She reckoned among her friends the most distinguished men of letters of the period, by whom she was never otherwise designated than as "The good lady of Auteuil."

Although she had passed that term of female life which has been so arbitrarily assigned as the climacteric to the fascinating powers of the fair sex, the widow of Helvetius was another exception to that questionable rule; and still most fascinating, both by the grace of her manners, and the attractions of her person. The gentleness of her disposition, the charming versatility of her intellect, together with the prudent deportment which had distinguished her throughout a life of considerable trial, and had placed her beyond the reach of all reproach, invested her, as it were, with an aureole of feminine grace and purity, to which all who came within the atmosphere of her intercourse paid homage of admiration and respect.

Strange as it may at first appear, when the then respective ages of the "good lady of Auteuil" and of Benjamin Franklin are considered, the American philosopher found the charm of her society too irresistible not to make a permanent alliance with her a serious subject of his thoughts; and in so much, at length, that he believed it desirable for his happiness.

On her part, the amiable widow had not the most remote presentiment of such a design; and always received Franklin as a friend who entertained no other sentiments towards her than those he had expressed, and as one in whose near society she would have esteemed herself happy to live.

Between Passy and Auteuil, a frequent intercourse of visits had for some time been established. Once in every week Madame Helvetius dined at Franklin's house, in company with the Abbé de Laroche, the physician Cabanis, who resided under her roof, and Morellet, another esteemed friend, but less frequent guest. Franklin, on the other hand, dined much more frequently at the house of the charming widow, where he often passed the whole evening, but had never yet paid her a morning visit.

* Helvetius (Claude Adrian), who had acquired an European notoriety by his celebrated work, "De l'Esprit," had early displayed many proofs of genius; but until the appearance of that work, in the forty-third year of his age, had never before published anything. It was condemned for its freedom of opinion by the Parliament of Paris, but his biographers make no mention of his recantation of the principles it put forth. He, nevertheless, persisted in its publication; and, to avoid the consequences, came to England in 1764. He subsequently repaired to Berlin at the invitation of the "Philosopher of Sans Souci," whose Court was ever open to the great thinkers of his time. On his return to France he led a retired life at Auteuil, and died 1771. His other works of note are "Le Bonheur," a poem, and "De l'Homme," 2 vols. 8vo., published after his death.

The intercourse with Franklin was most cordial on all sides. The simplicity of his manners, his noble sense of right, and duty, which revealed itself in the most trivial things; his affability, the purity of his soul, his cheerfulness, and his delightful power of narration, were inexhaustible themes for admiration to Morellet.

Such in society was the man who had contributed so much to the elevation of his country to a free and independent state, and whom mankind has to thank for one of the most important discoveries of his time.

One morning, contrary to his usual custom, Franklin left his apartment at a very early hour, and summoned the young man who officiated as his valet and general servant, by his usual appellation of "Dick! Dick! I am going to Auteuil, get thee ready to come with me."

Dick, a born American, had served with some distinction in the War of Independence under Washington. On the reduction of the army, he left his immediate service about the person of that general to take service with Benjamin Franklin, to whom he became greatly attached. Richard, or Dick, as he was familiarly called by Franklin, was no servant of the common order. Trusty, and devoted from impulse and from principle, he was as good a Christian from faith as he was American by birth and feeling. He accompanied his master everywhere, and when not making the necessary preparations for Franklin's philosophical experiments, or engaged in other immediate duties, he was a diligent reader of his Bible. Like most young men of a genial tone of feeling, when conscious of the genuine rectitude of their principles, he was somewhat of an enthusiast, and never more so than when the opportunity presented itself to speak of the land of his birth, or when the merits of his master were the subject of discourse.

In his spare moments he was fond of enlightening the minds of the other servants on the effects of electricity, or of explaining to the simple peasants of Auteuil the great advantages of the lightning-conductor, invented by his master, Benjamin Franklin.*

No sooner was Richard called, than he made his appearance, and almost in less time than it

* The experiments by which he established the scientific fact that electricity and lightning are the same, are, as described by himself, singularly interesting. He made a kite of a silk handkerchief, and sent it up into the air, with an ordinary key fastened to the end of a hempen string, by which he held the kite in his hand. His son watched with him the results. Clouds came and passed, and at length lightning came. It agitated the hempen cord, and emitted sparks from the key, which gave him a slight electrical shock. Thus was the discovery made: the identity of lightning with electricity was clearly manifested, and Franklin was so overcome by his feelings at the discovery, that he said he could willingly at that moment have died.

took his master to communicate his intention, the gold-headed cane, hat, and gloves of the philosopher were handed to him, and, without further delay, master and man were upon their way to Auteuil.

Under the already glowing rays of a mid-June morning sun, that had begun somewhat to embrown the meadows, and lit-up copse, cornfield, and vineyard with a dazzling flood of summer light, the travellers found the heat even at that hour oppressive, and quitting the high road, the paved *chaussée* of which reflected oppressively both the light and heat, pursued their way by side paths now become familiar to them, where they were screened at frequent and agreeable intervals by the friendly shade of trees. The philosopher walking slowly in front, evinced by nothing in his manner how much he was in reality concerned to reach the end of his journey with more expedition, while his servant following behind could scarcely suppress a feeling of impatience at the slowness of his master's pace.

Franklin found Madame Helvetius in her *salle de réception*, which looked out upon the beautiful garden of her house, from which close, and up to the very sill of the window, near which she had been seated, the thick foliage of a lime-tree spread its cool and refreshing verdure.

"So early a visitor, my worthy Dr. Franklin!" said the charming hostess, as she rose to receive him. "I hope it may be no unpleasant intelligence that you have to impart to me, and which has set you astir at so unusual an hour?"

"Not in the least, Madame Helvetius," replied Franklin. "I am come thus early to relate to you a circumstance that occurred to me last night."

"Ah! then, my dear friend, how charming it is of you. You are come to relate to me some pleasant little story?"

"Well, you shall judge for yourself, dear madame. You will perhaps recollect our conversation of last evening, and how I endeavoured by the most cogent arguments to make you sensible that you ought no longer to lead thus a single life, but should marry again?"

"Oh, heavens! my dear friend, why revert to such a subject! Let us rather speak on some other."

"Is it then possible, Madame Helvetius, that you have not perceived the regret I feel in regard to the strange persistence with which you still persevere in your truth towards your deceased husband, which is not only without any reasonable ground of excuse, but perfectly futile?"

"At another time we will talk of that—at another time, dear friend!" interposed Madame Helvetius, with a simultaneous motion of her hand towards Franklin's white head, as though she would have smoothed down his grey locks.

"Well," resumed Franklin, "after our conversation of last night, I returned home, went to bed, and dreamed—that I was dead. Shortly I found myself in that Paradise where the souls of the departed enjoy imperishable happiness and repose. The gate-keeper of that Eden asked me whether I was desirous to see any of the spirits of the blessed; and I made reply that I much desired to be led where the philosophers were wont to meet. 'There are two,' replied the guardian, 'who much frequent a spot close by. They are most intimate neighbours, and take much pleasure in each other's society.' 'Who are they?' said I. 'Socrates and Helvetius,' was the guardian's reply. 'I have an equal esteem for both of them; but lead me first to Helvetius, for though I speak French, I am not a master of the Greek language.' Helvetius received me in the most friendly manner. He questioned me eagerly upon the present state of religious matters in France, and on the political subjects which most engaged the attention of Europe. But I, who had imagined he would have been more anxious to be informed upon matters that concerned him more nearly, and surprised that he made no inquiries about you, interrupted him at length in his interrogatories, and exclaimed, 'But, good heaven! have you no desire to know how fares your old faithful friend and partner in life, Madame Helvetius?—she who still loves you with such affectionate constancy! Scarcely an hour since I was in her house at Auteuil, and had the most convincing evidence of the undiminished interest and devotion with which she regards you, and cherishes your memory.'

"'Ah!' said he—'you speak of my former matrimonial felicity. We must learn to forget those things here, if we would be happy. For many years I thought of nothing else, she was constantly before my mind, and even here I felt desolate. But at length I have found a consolation for the loss of her society. I have married another charming woman, and it would have been impossible to find one who resembled more my first wife, than her on whom my choice has fallen. She is not so handsome, it is true, as was my former spouse; but she is gifted with as much feeling, and intellect; and loves me tenderly. She has, indeed, no thought but to please me, and to render me happy. Stay awhile with me, and you shall soon behold her.'

"Upon this I resumed. 'I perceive very clearly that your first wife is infinitely more true and constant than you are. Since your death, she has had several very advantageous offers of marriage, but she refused them all. I will candidly confess to you, that—I loved her myself with the most intense affection; but she remained cold and insensible to all my intreaties, all my arguments; in fact, she refused my hand from love for you!'

"'I am exceedingly sorry to hear that she was so unreasonable, and pity her inconsiderate wilfulness; for she was indeed a most excellent, and truly loveable woman.'

"At these words, Madame Helvetius made her appearance; and in her I recognised—imagine, only, who I saw before me? No other person than Madame Franklin! my old faithful American friend and wife! On the instant I laid claim to her as belonging to me—but, in a cold and somewhat repulsive tone, she said: 'For forty years and four months, nearly half a century, I was your wife. Rest satisfied with that. I have here formed another alliance, which will endure for ever.' Deeply chagrined to be rejected in so cold a manner by my departed wife, I immediately resolved to quit such ungrateful spirits. I longed to return to our planet, and behold once more the sun, and *you!* Say, shall we not avenge ourselves for such inconstancy?'

But the charming widow of Auteuil was by no means disposed to avenge in such a manner the faithlessness of the spirits which the American philosopher's brain had so vividly impressed upon him in his dream. Her determination to remain single had long been an unalterable resolve. Had such not been the case, it may be readily believed she would have hesitated before she rejected an offer that conferred with it so much honour, and which had she accepted, would have bestowed upon her a name equally celebrated in two quarters of the globe.

As they sate opposite to each other at the open window, it was not without a certain degree of emotion that she gazed on the earnest, truthful countenance of him who spoke to her so frankly, and, with a cheerful hopefulness of soul at once so tender, so affectionate! She appreciated at their full value the high esteem, and the sincere friendship, of which he had given her proof so incontestable in the solicitation for her hand. Neither in his manner, nor his words had Benjamin Franklin made himself ridiculous. There was nothing of the love-sick dotard in his demeanour. Before her sat a sage, who spoke deeply impressed with the conviction that, in all the circumstances, and in every stage of life, no partner was so desirable and indispen-

sible as a wife who was fitted to embellish our existence, to give two-fold increase to our happiness, to alleviate the cares and sweeten the bitter anxieties which are our inevitable fate, however highly or lowly cast; and, if destined to survive her husband, to make his death-bed one of peaceful resignation.

On the previous evening, in discourse with Madame Helvetius, Franklin had, indeed, purposely adverted to, and eventually dwelt with much earnestness upon, the propriety of her entering again the marriage state; but in doing so, whether from timidity or forethought, he had expressed his opinion in a general point of view only, without in the least permitting his own personal sentiments towards her to betray themselves. Nor in truth, during that conversation, whether from less vanity than most of her sex, or a less share of that innate perspicuity in matters of the heart, which most women possess, she had not in the remotest degree detected the deep interest he felt in the counsel he advised with such tranquil yet earnest eloquence.

But now, the amiable widow's eyes became suffused with tears; she leaned her arm on the window-cushion, and buried her face in her hand.

"Come, then," exclaimed Franklin, after a short silence, "come, then, charming lady of Auteuil, let us both avenge ourselves."

"Wist! listen! my dear friend, listen!" said Madame Helvetius in a low tone, and in an attitude of attention. "Do not speak, for I hear voices in discourse close to us."

Both gently rose from their seats, and putting aside as gently the foliage of the lime-tree branch that obstructed somewhat their hearing and view of what was passing in the garden beneath, they beheld there, seated on a stone bench immediately under the window, Franklin's valet, Dick, in close discourse with Annette, the daughter of Madame Helvetius' gardener, a young maiden of seventeen, and a by no means unattractive specimen of those dark-eyed daughters of France, frequently to be met with among the peasant girls of the environs of Paris, whose rustic beauty is not a little enhanced by the charm of a costume at once simple and picturesque.

Between the leaves of the lime-tree both Franklin and Madame Helvetius remarked that the heads of the two young people were so closely inclined to each other, that the fair hair of the American almost touched the black braided tresses of the maiden of Auteuil.

"Let me go, Monsieur Richard!" said the damsel, the light-olive complexion of her sunny cheeks suffused the while with a richer blush of red. "If madame knew that you

were following me so, she would be sure to discharge me from her service. Let me go, I beseech you. Oh! I must go! There, don't you hear? I think my father called me to water his peas. Yes, and besides, I have not yet made the cheese for madame, nor yet skimmed the last night's milk!"

Nevertheless, Annette rose not from the bench on which she was seated. But that might be accounted for by the circumstance that Richard, though without the least effort to detain her, had put his arm round her slender waist, doubtless to prevent her escaping.

On witnessing so much undue familiarity on the part of his servant, Franklin evinced great uneasiness, and from a sentiment of virtuous indignation his cheek became crimson red. He was about to speak in anger to the thoughtless young couple, when Madame Helvetius, putting her small white hand over his mouth, compelled him to silence, and to listen further.

"You will not understand me, Annette," was Richard's reply to the maiden. "What I say to you, I would as openly say in the presence of Madame Helvetius and Monsieur Franklin. Go, call your father, if you will, and I will speak before him. It is far from my thoughts to wrong you in your virtue; but in all sincerity I would marry you."

The young girl inclined her pretty head in silence, and as though her inmost heart responded in sympathy to the frank avowal of the young man's sentiments towards her, the slight motion made by the neat little foot that mechanically rubbed up the gravel path on which it rested, brought her somewhat yet closer to Richard. No further reply from her was needed.

"Well, then," continued the young man, "we will be married. I will open my mind to Monsieur Franklin. He will speak to Madame Helvetius, and then both will arrange matters with your father."

"Are you really in earnest, Richard? You wish to marry me?"

"In all truth and earnest I mean it, dear Annette. We will go to America, and you will see that it is the finest country in the whole world. Monsieur Franklin will give us some land, which I will cultivate. We shall be free there, and live content and happy. Oh, my dear Annette! if you but knew my magnificent native land! how gloriously the sun rises above our forests, you would long, as ardently as I do, to be there; and the sooner the better, for I am sure you will learn to love it as I do. Compared to the grandeur of our rivers, your Seine and Rhone are mere insignificant brooklets; and

in any one of our lakes you might sink all Paris, and not a vestige of it would be seen. Say but the word, Annette, and before Monsieur Franklin leaves the house, all may be settled."

"How?" said the maiden; her dark, soft eyes expanding with an expression of astonishment, and her whole countenance breathing, as it were, the doubt and curiosity which Richard's description of his native land had awakened in her simple mind; above all, at hearing of lakes in which all Paris would disappear, without leaving a trace of it. "Are there, then, such grand and beautiful things in your country?"

"Yes, Annette, indeed; and God knows that I speak the truth."

"And is there then also, there, a duck-pond, like here at Auteuil?"

"What! the duck-pond of Auteuil? That little pool of water you pass by at the entrance of the village—that mere ditch planted round with sickly trees, and full of nothing else but frogs and toads?"

"Yes, yes," resumed the village lass, withdrawing herself gently from Richard's circling arm. A duck-pond like here, in Auteuil?"

"But, Annette! how can you then think of that duck-pond? You surely do not love me; and there is some young man in the village whom you like better than me."

"No, Richard. But the duck-pond of Auteuil is more to my taste than your great lakes in which you seem to have a fancy to put all Paris; and then your rivers, as compared to which the Seine, my loved, beautiful Seine, the river of my native land, is but an insignificant brooklet! Richard, I will be your wife; but you must remain in Auteuil!"

"What, Annette? You would have me leave Monsieur Franklin? Have me abandon for ever my native land? That would be as though you would have me desert from the flag of my country! You would surely never require such a sacrifice from me, Annette? Reflect only a little that my country has need of all her citizens, however humble their station. That England, which could not crush us out, may again become our enemy. Good heaven! what would Monsieur Franklin say to such a thing, were I to tell him I would not return with him to America? Annette! I love you; I would willingly lay down my life for you, if my country had no call for it. Annette! my beloved Annette! there is yet something greater, something higher than love, than happiness; and that is the duty which we owe to the land that gave us birth. But you—you are not so situated. What can withhold you? France has no need of you, a humble maiden. You

can leave your native land, and your absence would never be remarked; you, whose name is perhaps not known beyond Auteuil, and who never can render any service to your country."

"You are in error, Richard!" replied the maiden, rising from the seat, and assuming a graceful dignity of attitude that struck Richard with astonishment, as, with the spontaneous impulse of all her genial nature, she exclaimed, "I, too, love my country,—our beautiful France! And I will that my children, should it please God that I have any, shall love it too, as I do! Have you never heard in your America of that maiden of France, the humble village-girl of Domremy, who delivered our land, too, from the yoke of those proud English, against whom you have fought? Duty, you say, calls you back to America. My happiness binds me to France. You love your lakes, your rivers, your forests; I love the duck-pond of Auteuil, on whose banks I was born. As a child, I sported by that pond-side; and those sickly trees, of which you spoke with such contempt, were witnesses to the pleasures of my youth. Adieu, Monsieur Richard! Fare ye well! I must go water my father's peas, make the cheese for Madame Helvetius, and skim last night's milk."

With the native grace of her countrywomen, she curtsied slightly and slowly to her dumb-stricken and bewildered American lover; then, turning from the spot in visible emotion, and eyes suffused with irrepressible tears, she hastened to the kitchen-garden, where her father had been engaged all the morning with his watering-pot.

"My dear friend," said Madame Helvetius to Franklin, "*you* are a more valuable citizen than Richard; at least *you* are more useful to and needed by your country than he. Will you—can you resolve to give up your America entirely? Will you end your days in France near the duck-pond of Auteuil, far away from your great rivers, your immense lakes, your sun that rises so gloriously over your virgin forests? I, for my part—I think like Annette. I prefer the little insignificant duck-pond of Auteuil to that new world that you have contributed so much to enfranchise. Your narrative of the dream is as charming as it was ingenious," she added; "but, my dear friend, what say you to the little narrative we have just heard together?"

Franklin spoke not. After a short pause, in which he seemed to be collecting himself, he raised the hand of the woman he loved to his lips, kissed it with respectful tenderness, and immediately sought the apartment of the physician Cabanis, who was to prescribe for

him the regimen he was to follow during the long voyage across the Atlantic, in alleviation of the suffering he always experienced on the passage.

A few days afterwards, he embarked with Richard at Havre for America, and, as is more generally known as matter of history, upon his return to Philadelphia was elected Governor of that State, and shortly afterwards President of the United States of America.

Annette left neither the duck-pond of Auteuil nor France. But, after the lapse of twelvemonths, she married one of her neighbours, who, in 1789, joined the army, and was accompanied by her on the march to the frontiers. Under the Empire, Annette played a brilliant rôle; and her husband fell gloriously on the field of honour in 1812.

As far as relates to Madame Helvetius, "the good lady of Auteuil" proved herself constant both to her predilection for that quiet village and her resolution to remain a widow. Her house was still the favourite resort of the most distinguished men of the day. Benjamin Franklin had for successors Turgot, Garat, Destüt-Tracy, and Bernardin de Saint Pierre.* When Bonaparte, then First Consul, was walking one day with her in her garden, she said to him, "General, you do not know how happy one can live on a small patch of this globe of scarcely three acres!" Those were truthful words from the lips of a woman who had rejected the hand of Benjamin Franklin, and preferred to live and die in a modest retirement, in which, sustained throughout by the noble impulses of a kindly heart and gifted intellect, the love of her country was, next to that of God, the constant aspiration of her gentle soul. R. P.

A RAID.

To horse, to horse, my merry men! and never draw the rein
Until the white foam gleams amid each horse's tossing mane:
It is the tender gloaming when we mount beside the door,
The stars will shine across the hills ere our long ride be o'er,
And morning sunshine welcome us, as wearily we win
The castle walls, and slowly drive the English cattle in!

To horse, to horse, my men, I say! and strike the rowels deep.
The way lies o'er the heather, and the fells are cold and steep;
Look heedfully to belt and band or ever forth ye fare,
And breathe a Paternoster if ye reckon aught of prayer.
Ho! Janet, bring the stirrup-cup and pour the nut-brown ale;
And keep a stout heart, lassie,—only lily leaves are pale.

* The author of the beautiful story of "Paul and Virginia."



The men of stout Northumberland must soundly sleep
to-night,
To dream, perchance, of other raids or bloody Border
fight;
The Warden of the Marches must hold carouse at home,
While stealthily we sweep along as rolls the Solway
foam.
Foul fall the man who stirs to-night upon the Border
side!
To say us nay, or bar our way, as through the Dales we

And should the fœmen meet us, then the English dogs
will learn
Our swords are true, as stark they lie unsharpened mid
the fern;
And maidens weep in Otterburn, at many an ingle
nook,
For lovers who will walk with them no more beside the
brook;
And many an English moss-trooper will sadly rue the
day,
And many a household's hearth smoke and life shall be

And homeward in the morning we shall ride with light-
some word,
And goad the weary cattle on with point of lance and
sword,
Then tend our horses as the men who ride the moors
should do,
And greet our wives and children with a careless kiss
or two,
And fill a can, and drain it down, and pray, whate'er
betide,
Heaven spare us all another day—another raid to
ride!

H. SAVILE CLARKE.

MADAME DE LA GUETTE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGARET BEAUFORT,"
"MADAME COTTIN," "MY AUNT KATE'S
MANUSCRIPT," &c., &c.

IN NINE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER I.

"It is not an extraordinary thing to find histories of men, who, by their heroic deeds or eminent virtues, hand down their memories to posterity, or who rise or fall according to the caprices of fortune; but there are few women who care to reveal the history of their lives. I, however, am of the minority."

Such are the introductory lines to some curious autobiographical memoirs of a French lady, who, though almost unknown, scarcely ever mentioned, and not much thought about, played no inconsiderable part in those times when the little Italian Cardinal bled Parisian pockets to fill his own coffers; when Henrietta Maria of England was forced to lie in bed at the Louvre, because, through the stinginess of Mazarin, she was allowed no fire on the winter mornings of 1649, and when Anne of Austria trembled in her shoes at the footsteps of the intriguing churchman, who, so says historical scandal, had succeeded the melancholy Louis XIII. and handsome, fascinating Buckingham in the possession of her hand and heart.

These memoirs have two characteristics; they are essentially true, and they are unaffectedly simple. The incidents recorded, though not contained in any other memoirs of the time, bear unmistakable marks of veracity, and the historical circumstances which surround each event are stated with correctness and precision. They are likewise written with the most *naïve* simplicity; nothing is concealed, nothing exaggerated. The writer sticks to her point and goes on straightforwardly, without pausing to think what effect she is producing, or what opinions she may be raising as to the different parts she played in the scenes she depicts. Madame de la Guette was a heroine, political and domestic. To the courage, prudence, largeness

of mind, strength of character, and calm intrepidity of a man, she united the gentle tenderness, quick-sightedness, power of endurance and devotion of a woman. Whilst she delighted in riding, hunting, shooting—even in handling the foils,—all which she acknowledges with a half-shamefacedness, as if she had often been bullied on that score, she also scrupulously fulfilled the duties of a most faithful wife, an affectionate, devoted mother, a kind and considerate mistress. If she was a *femme vaillante*, she was likewise a *femme forte*; and if moderns sneer and say in fashionable phraseology, "she was only a strong-minded woman," I answer that she was, despite her penchant for swords, horses, and guns, too feminine, too truly modest, too thoroughly the gentlewoman to rank amongst those ladies to whom, in these days, such an epithet is applied.

Catherine de la Guette, *née* Meurdrac, was born on the 20th of February, 1613, at Mandres en Brie. Her father, Vincent Meurdrac, came of old and honourable family, belonging to the *ancienne noblesse* of Normandy, formerly settled at Cotentin. He was a clever man, well-educated, and more enlightened than most French country gentlemen of the age; he was sought after by many, even princes, for his general knowledge and learning.

Madame Meurdrac was a Parisian, not noble, but her father had a seat in Parliament, and the family of Dauvet might be termed highly respectable. Contrary to the custom which prevailed amongst the higher classes in France at that period, Madame Meurdrac did not put out her infant daughter to nurse, but suckled her herself; "for which," says Catherine, "I have returned her a million thanks, because I am satisfied this is the reason why I have a much better constitution and fewer infirmities than most women." The child was early taught to be useful and thrifty in household matters, her mother requiring a strict account from her of the manner in which she performed each little duty. At the age of twelve she was sent to Paris to an uncle on her mother's side, to be "polished up a little, and to get rid of her rusticity." She had masters in every branch of study and accomplishment proper to a young lady of that time; and after making the most of these advantages, she returned home a fairly educated and accomplished girl, even in the fastidious eyes of her father. But she had fancies for other things besides mere womanly lore, or the pretty arts peculiar to the softer sex. "My tastes were always warlike," she proclaims, and so the young lady coaxed her father to engage a fencing-master for her, which indul-

gence she duly appreciated. "I was never happier than when handling the foils, and became very expert in the art of fencing." Two young gentlemen friends who were intimate with the Meurdracs used to humour the young votary of the sword, and accept her challenges; politeness towards her ladyship made them content themselves with only parrying her thrusts, but she "got warmed with the sport, and seldom left off until she had given them two or three hard hits," to the great amusement of old Meurdrac, who loved to watch this youngest and favourite child. The sword was not the only weapon which Mademoiselle Catherine handled skilfully: with guns and pistols she was "no bad shot."

Catherine's only sister had married M. de Vibrac, the governor of the Château de Groebois, near Mandres, belonging to the Duc d'Angoulême. The Duchess (Charlotte de Montmorency) took a great fancy to our heroine, and it was in her *salons* that Catherine made her first public appearance in society. Her father's one thought at this period was getting her married, and several very eligible *partis* quickly came forward as suitors for her hand, Meurdrac having announced his intention of settling a handsome fortune upon his daughter. Suitors for her hand were not wanting, but something else was, and it rested with Catherine herself. She had no inclination for marriage; on the contrary she showed a great repugnance to changing her state of maidenhood for the cares of a wife and mother. She implored her parents to refrain from pressing the matter; she was quite happy and contented to be their darling for ever, and she treated all her lovers with chilling contempt. But the time drew near when this haughty little beauty was destined, *bon gré mal gré*, to yield her heart captive, and to find her master.

There lived in the plains of Brie a certain Jean Marius, sieur de La Guette, brave, handsome, and of a generous, open disposition; a gentleman, a distinguished officer, and much respected in the neighbourhood. He was well off, and had just returned from the campaign in Lorraine with laurels. One fault alone marred his other virtues; he had a hot temper when roused, and this in the eyes of old Meurdrac, who could be a perfect fury himself, was a crime. One day Catherine went with her mother to pay their respects to Madame d'Angoulême. In the Duchess's boudoir was an extremely handsome young man in uniform, whose looks at Mademoiselle Meurdrac were of undisguised admiration. He made an equal impression on the young lady; her curiosity was roused, she asked her sister who he was, and was told "that he was a gentleman in

high favour with the Duke, and much thought of amongst his fellows." Catherine went home that day "less calm and fancy free" than she had set out in the morning, though she scarcely knew what caused her pulses to beat so quickly, or the strange flutter at her heart. "I knew afterwards," she says, "what it all meant, for I loved him well enough to marry him." La Guette was in a similar plight. The fine eyes of Mademoiselle de Meurdrac had met his own ardent gaze and pierced the warrior to the heart. From that moment he resolved to go in and win. He was a man with whom to will was to do, and he lost no time in paying court to the governor of Groebois, and obtaining an introduction to the Maison Meurdrac. His first visit was well-received, though between him and the lady of his love there passed no word save the ordinary greeting. "But," says she, "love was stirring strongly in us both, and his visits became frequent." Very soon he declared his attachment to her, and so eloquently that "she was much embarrassed;" she did not say him No, and it was agreed that he should speak to her father.

However, war broke out again, and La Guette was obliged to rejoin his regiment before he could find an opportunity of opening his suit to M. Meurdrac, who was not the most accessible of persons, and required a little *ménagement*. Catherine was piqued at this fancied dilatoriness on the part of her lover, and she jealously observes, "He loved me dearly, but war was his chief passion." His absence weighed much upon Catherine's spirits; she had no one to whom she could confide her sorrows, and her cheeks soon became food for the worm we wot of. It was tantalising, also, at this time to see her three most intimate friends all marry and leave the country with their husbands. At last a source of consolation opened to her, and that was the sympathy and friendship of a young widow lady; they condoled and comforted one another, and wept together over the husband who was not, and the one who was to be. Catherine dreaded more than everything that the state of her heart should be discovered, but the widow was a discreet woman, for a wonder, and kept her friend's counsel. Of M. de La Guette she speaks as being in even a more pitiable frame of mind, because, "two deities were striving for mastery in his heart, Love and War;" the one whispering of future glory and fame, the other recalling him to the side of his fair mistress. But Mars prevailed, and he did not quit his post of duty until the campaign had terminated. Perhaps after all, this fidelity to his profession did not lessen her regard for him, for she remarks that "a man without

some sort of reputation is like a body without a soul, and men without heart [*i.e.*, devotion to their calling] are unworthy to live." Meanwhile the lovers corresponded very regularly, the widow-friend acting as post-mistress.

At last M. de la Guette returned, and immediately sought an interview with M. Meurdrac, and made his formal proposals for Catherine's hand. Meurdrac declined, saying his word was passed to another gentleman for his daughter. Whereupon La Guette burst forth into one of his terrific passions; he stormed, he swore, he threatened: the old man was immovable. Their angry voices and high words reached the ears of the mother and daughter, who awaited in trembling the result of the conference. Presently La Guette appeared, still in a towering rage. He had been refused, but, *pardieu*, he would be revenged,—he would kill the whole house of Meurdrac, beginning with Catherine herself. Madame Meurdrac wept and tried to soothe him with a promise that she would plead his cause with her husband. But Catherine maintained a dead silence and composed mien. "His rage and blustering did not frighten her in the least," and perhaps she thought his threats a strange mode of expressing his love. Being somewhat appeased by Madame Meurdrac, and feeling rather ashamed of the exhibition he had made of himself before his beloved one, he made hasty adieux and returned home to Sassy. They continued their clandestine correspondence, but for some time did not meet.

CHAPTER II.

THIS state of things was unbearable; La Guette's patience became exhausted, and his love grew stronger. One day he presented himself before old Meurdrac with a pistol in his hand.

"Monsieur, either give me your daughter or kill me!"

Meurdrac at first was dumfounded; then his old dislike to the man before him loosed his tongue, and he bade him begone, for, by heaven, he should never have his daughter to wife. The most that could be obtained from the obdurate old fellow was a quarter of an hour's interview with Mademoiselle. Even those precious moments—made good use of by the lovers—were broken in upon by M. Meurdrac.

"Here," he cried, "is a gentleman who has got a fancy for you; but I won't listen to his proposals, and I forbid your loving him. Monsieur," turning to La Guette, "you may take your leave now of the present company, and never return. I wish you good morning."

The young cavalier bade his mistress a passionate farewell, mounted his horse, and "went off," she says, "like a thunderbolt." Shortly afterwards he was ordered to join his regiment in Lorraine, to the infinite satisfaction of Meurdrac Père, and Catherine received an invitation to visit her sister at Grosebois. The Duchesse d'Angoulême and her daughter-in-law, the Comtesse d'Alais, were then living at the château, and Catherine was admitted daily to their society; she hunted with them in the morning, danced and sang with them in the evening, and was the *enfant gâté* of the house.

All this while the lovers corresponded through the widow. But M. Meurdrac's mind still ran on getting his daughter married before the return of La Guette, and another *ruse* was tried to settle matters, and wean her from her absent "luyver." Catherine was suddenly recalled home by her father, and the following day conveyed to the convent at Gercey,* under pretence of witnessing a *prise d'habit*.† Mademoiselle had no fancy for convents, as may be supposed, and a suspicion crossed her mind as to whether her father might not intend to make a nun of her. But the good Abbess, having still a small spice of worldliness left beneath her austere garb, had willingly lent her house for the purposes of a little match-making.

"When does the ceremony commence?" asked Catherine of a *tourrière*‡ on entering, seeing none of the usual preparations for such an event.

"What ceremony do you mean, mademoiselle?"

"The clothing of that young lady."

The sister stared with surprise, when, before she could answer, in walked three gentlemen, evidently friends of M. Meurdrac, and greeted them cordially. From that moment Catherine smelt a rat, and was well on her guard.

They heard mass in the chapel, and then returned to the parlour, where the chaplain presided over a well-appointed table, and the Lady Abbess beamed on her guests from behind her grating. "She was generous and graceful in all she did," remarks Catherine, *en passant*. Dinner over, M. Meurdrac led his daughter into the garden.

"Did you notice the young man who sat next to you at dinner?" he asked,—the individual had paid her pointed attention,— "because I intend him to be your husband, and desire you will receive him favourably."

* A Benedictine abbey in the diocese of Meaux, founded by the brother of St. Louis and his wife,—formerly of the Augustinian rule.

† The taking the habit—or "clothing" of a nun.

‡ A kind of lay sister or portress.

He will be here directly. Do just as I bid you."

Upon which he retired, and the suitor immediately appeared upon the scene, "all in a tremble, I believe," relates the fair lady; "for I know my eyes were flashing with anger. He paid me his compliments in a very confused manner, and got very little satisfaction out of me. I told him I did not approve of his suit, and that he might take himself off as fast as he possibly could, for his addresses displeased me."

"I am the most unhappy of men," said the discomfited suitor.

"Quite true," was Mademoiselle's reply; "for if you persist in remaining here, I will be the death of you."

"Well," said old Meurdrac, as they returned home in the evening, "how do you like him? You will be very happy. He is an only son, is very rich, and will love you devotedly. I long to see you settled. Will you not consent?"

Catherine shivered in her shoes at these words, and begged she might not be forced to marry, but remain at home, where she was very happy.

"You are a fool!" said the father, "and don't know what is best for you. I give you one week to make up your mind to the marriage." Madame Meurdrac, however, interfered, and procured a respite.

La Guette, being duly informed of all that had passed, immediately obtained leave of absence, and returned to Sassy with the full intention of obtaining his bride by fair means or foul. The first failed as completely as ever with old Meurdrac, even though La Guette got the Duc d'Angoulême to back his suit. A secret marriage was resolved on, a dispensation obtained, the curé of Grosbois was bought over to publish the banns and perform the ceremony, and Madame Meurdrac consented to wink at the whole concern. The day, or rather the night, and hour were fixed, and, whilst her father slept peacefully in his bed, his daughter slipped out quietly, attended only by her maid, across to the church which stood opposite, where M. de la Guette, her brother-in-law, and six gentlemen friends awaited her. At two o'clock a.m. the nuptial benediction was pronounced and the Mass said. When it was over, her husband conducted his bride home, and then took a hasty departure with his friends, fearing a discovery. Looking back upon this escapade, she observes: "It was an act of disobedience I would never advise to any one, and for which I have asked pardon of Almighty God from the bottom of my heart."

(To be continued.)

"MABEL."

SAY, shall I tell you what my darling's like
If I am able?

Her name is Amabel—I call her May,
And sometimes Mabel.

She's like a princess in a fairy tale
Or poem olden,

With odd attractive eyes, and wavy hair
That's nearly golden.

Her hands are delicate, and small, and white,
And very skilful;

She's sometimes reasonable—sometimes kind,
But oft'ner wilful.

She plays like St. Cecilia, (when she likes,)
But she's capricious;

To hear her sing the "Jewel Song from Faust"
Is most delicious!

Longfellow's "Trust her not, she's fooling thee!"
Reminds me of her;

They say she glories in that fatal pow'r
Which makes all love her.

What matters all they say? I am bewitch'd,
And cannot lose her;

I would she were more real; but "who begs
Must not be chooser."

So she is still my darling. All my hopes
Are centred in her;

And I am waiting—waiting for the time
When I may win her!

"THE HERO OF STILTON;" AND STILTON CHEESE.

ON an April day, nearly a century and a quarter ago,—or, to be more precise, on Monday, April 29, 1745,—the ordinary bustle of the seventy-one miles of the Great North Road that lie between the metropolis of London and the little town of Stilton in Huntingdonshire, was increased to an extraordinary degree by the many thousands of persons, who, in carriages, on foot, and on horseback, had congregated at various points along the route to watch the rapid career of a horseman who had wagered to perform a "Ride," which, up to that time, was unprecedented. The horseman was none other than Mr. Cooper Thornhill, the landlord of the Bell Inn at Stilton, a man who was well known to the travelling public, not only for his own agreeable manners, but also for the delicious cheeses that he vended; and who had, moreover, acquired considerable fame from having ridden faster and farther in a shorter space of time than most of his contemporaries who had attempted similar equestrian feats. But his present ride on this particular April day was to eclipse all its predecessors; for he had wagered that, between sunrise and sunset, he would ride from Stilton to London, back again from London to Stilton, and back again once more from

Stilton to London, a distance in all of 213 miles, in the space of fifteen hours. Such a ride was considered to be impracticable; but, if accomplished, it would be the most expeditious on record, and many thousand pounds were dependent upon its result. Naturally enough, therefore, its progress during that April day was watched with keen interest; and the many hundreds of travellers who passed up and down that road of great traffic—the quality in their own carriages, the poorer sort in the stage-waggon, the packmen bolstered up in their saddle-bags, and, from this, called “bagmen” (a name which still cleaves to the class of commercial travellers), and those who could afford it, in the stage-coaches, that, setting out from Stilton at six in the morning, contrived to reach the Red Lion Inn in Aldersgate Street, London, at seven in the afternoon,—all these people, as they journeyed slowly and steadily along the Great North Road, would be able to share the pleasurable excitement of the crowds of spectators who waited throughout the day to catch a glimpse of Cooper Thornhill, as, with persistent pluck and endurance, he thrice galloped by, riding a crop-tailed horse, and dressed in jockey cap, harlequin jacket, buckskin breeches, and black leather top-boots.

Cooper Thornhill won his match with ease; and accomplished the last mile considerably within the stipulated time, bringing his extraordinary feat to its conclusion by riding into the yard of the Queen's Arms Inn at Shoreditch with some three hours of the fifteen to spare. His winnings, according to the terms of his wager, amounted to 590 guineas, exclusive of bets; and considerable sums of money changed hands upon the event. “Cooper Thornhill's Ride,” as it was called, established his fame, and has handed his name down to posterity as “The Stilton Hero,” under which title, a poem (now very scarce) was published in London, 1745, descriptive of his equestrian feat. A print of him was also published, representing him engaged in his ride, of which it also gave this description:—“He set out from his house in Stilton at four in the morning, came to the Queen's Arms against Shoreditch Church in three hours and fifty-two minutes; returned to Stilton again in four hours and twelve minutes; came back to London again in four hours and thirteen minutes, for a wager of 500 guineas. He was allowed fifteen hours to perform it in, which is 213 miles, and he did it in twelve hours and seventeen minutes. It is reckoned the greatest performance of the kind ever yet known. Several thousand pounds were laid upon the affair, and the roads for many miles were lined with people to see him pass and repass.”

This is copied in Chambers's “Book of Days,” vol. i. p. 561, where a fac-simile of the woodcut is also given, together with the following:—“Mr. Cooper Thornhill is spoken of in the ‘Memoirs of a Banking House,’ by Sir William Forbes (Edin. 1860), as a man carrying on a large business as a corn-factor, and as ‘much respected for his gentlemanly manners, and generally brought to table by his guests.’” This is all that is mentioned by Mr. Chambers concerning Cooper (not Cowper) Thornhill; and no reference is made as to his connection with Stilton cheese. Indeed, though he was so famous a person in his day, yet very little is recorded of him in print. It may, therefore, interest some readers if I slightly supplement the scanty details of the Stilton Hero's life, by putting together a few facts collected by me during the past sixteen years in the immediate neighbourhood of the spot where Cooper Thornhill lived and died. For this purpose, I have consulted parochial registers, monumental inscriptions, wills, deeds, and private papers, not forgetting those “oldest inhabitants,” who are the connecting links of oral information and tradition between ourselves and a generation from whom we seem to be removed by far more than a century of years.

Some few items of information I have already used in my above description of the ride. The amount of the wager, stated at 590 guineas, differs from that of 500 guineas mentioned in the foregoing quotation from the printed portrait; but I take my account from the contemporary manuscript of Mr. Bowles, a veterinary surgeon, who also states that Cooper Thornhill performed the ride “with apparent ease,” and gives the time of its performance as follows:—

		H. M. S.
From Stilton to London . .	71 miles	3 52 59
From London to Stilton . .	71 „	3 50 57
From Stilton to London . .	71 „	3 49 50
	213 „	11 33 46

This account also disagrees with the published version; though (with the trifling exception of fifty instead of fifty-six seconds in the last part of the ride) it exactly tallies with another contemporary manuscript which was in the possession of the late Mr. Worthington, of the Angel Inn, Stilton, who had purchased Cooper Thornhill's property; and in this latter manuscript it is stated that the ride was performed on a Monday. According to this version, it will be seen that he kept up a pace of rather more than eighteen miles an hour, stoppages included. Notwithstanding the enormous traffic along the road, yet its state in that pre-Mac-Adamite era was very bad;

and I have been told by those who were engaged in the stables at the Stilton and Alconbury inns, that not a day passed without horses being brought home with broken legs from slipping among the large stones and clinkers with which the road was strewn. But on either side of the road was a wide strip of grass, and portions of the road were over unenclosed commons,* so that Cooper Thornhill would be able to gallop over turf for the greater portion of his ride. The first portion of his ride from Stilton would be along a part of that Roman road to which the Saxon name of Ermine Street (*Eormen Street*) was given, and past the farm called "Ermine Farm," and the old inn the Crown and Woolpack, which also is duly marked and mentioned on the Ordnance map. From here a mile of the road is now called "Conington Lane," from its being, comparatively, a lane as regards its width with the other portions of the road,—the late Mr. Heathcote, of Conington Castle, having enclosed those side-pieces of turf along which Cooper Thornhill had galloped. The late Mr. Jenkins, landlord of the Conington Lane Inn, the Crown and Woolpack, contracted for the horsing of the coaches that passed up and down the road. They were forty-four in number, and their ten-mile stage had to be performed in an hour. Mr. Jenkins † told me that few horses were serviceable for this coach work after a twelve-months' use; their two hours a day of exhausting labour told more rapidly upon them in a year than the plodding round of agricultural work would tell on a cart-horse in his whole lifetime. From which an obvious moral might be gleaned by poor humanity. How it fared with Cooper Thornhill's horses, I know not; and I have been unable to discover how many horses he rode in his famous ride. Not to mention Osbaldiston's celebrated match, as being more recent, and not a ride along the Great North Road, we may call to mind Dick Turpin's famous "Black Bess" ride over the same ground, and also that of "Swift Nick" Nevison. These two heroes of the road are said by tradition to have beaten Cooper Thornhill; having accomplished the 200 miles between London and York, in the space of ten hours. But what authority besides "tradition" there is for this statement,

* Called in Huntingdonshire "fields," e.g., Sawtre-field, Gidding-field.

† His son-in-law, Mr. T. Perceval, is the landlord of that famous inn, the Haycock, at Wansford, "in England," so far as which people sometimes posted in their first day from London. Mr. Perceval is well known to hunting men for the mounts he has given them, and the horses he has sold them. In February last, the Paris correspondent of the Daily Telegraph, in his account of a visit to the Emperor's stables, said, that the best horse in the stables, and the Emperor's chief favourite, was "a grand weight-carrying hunter," purchased from Wansford, and named "Perceval," after its former owner.

I know not. There was a trotting-match, Feb. 14, 1798, along a part of this road, by a landlord, Mr. Gilbert, of the Saracen's Head, Bridge Street, Peterborough, who, for a considerable wager, trotted his famous horse "Dare Devil" from Peterborough Bridge, through Stilton, to the tenth milestone, and back again, accomplishing, "with great ease," the distance of twenty miles in fifty-seven minutes. He had wagered to do the distance in an hour, and the odds were greatly against him.

One of Cooper Thornhill's equestrian feats that has been handed down to us is this:—He rode to Kimbolton, a distance of twelve miles, to see the races. He was mounted on a certain mare, and was not only in time to see the Cup run for, but was also in time to enter her for the same. Whether this is in accordance with the strict rules of the Turf, I know not; but the story adds, that he won the Cup on this mare.

Another story is, that he dined with some gentlemen guests at his own inn, the Stilton Bell, and that they asked him who, in his opinion, would be the winner of the Stamford Cup at the races that afternoon. He replied that he would tell them at supper-time; and kept his word by joining them at supper-time, and showing them the cup of which he himself had been the winner, having, immediately after dinner, ridden off to Stamford, won his race, and got back to Stilton in time for supper. Another version of this story was told to me, in which Lincoln was substituted for Stamford. Perhaps all three stories are versions of one and the same achievement, and Cooper Thornhill may already be passing into a mythic hero, like his contemporary Rob Roy, whose enormous "putting-stone" is duly shown by the Celtic guide to the Saxon tourist at Bunawe.

And now we turn from the Stilton Hero's equestrian fame to his equal fame as the alleged introducer to the public of the world-famed "Stilton Cheese." Huntingdonshire lacks a county history. With the exception of the description in Brayley's "Beauties of England and Wales," we have no more extended modern notice of the county than can be met with in directories, topographies, gazetteers, itineraries, and railway guides; but in all these works, without exception, the credit of introducing the Stilton cheese is given to Cooper Thornhill. In a matter pertaining to an article of manufacture that has borne the name of Stilton throughout the civilised world, it is worth inquiring with some degree of nicety whether or no we must assign the earliest popularity of this famous cheese to the medium of Cooper Thornhill. The works

of the gazetteer class are usually content with mentioning his name, without attaching to it any date, as though they took it for granted that every reader would be well acquainted with the life and times of so notable a person. Of a different class, however, is the author of the carefully-written work, "The History of Huntingdon," written and published in 1824, by "R. C." (whose modest incognito I trust I am not rudely disclosing), Mr. Robert Carruthers, who was then a master in the Huntingdon grammar school. In his "Chronicle of the County," under the date of 1720, he says, "About this time, Stilton cheese was first made in this county. Cooper Thornhill, of the Bell Inn, selling great quantities, and wanting more than could be had in Stilton, sent a person into Leicestershire to instruct some of his relations in the art of making it, from whence it has been erroneously conjectured that Stilton cheese was first made at Little Dalby, in that county." It is probably from this statement that the compiler of "Craven's Directory for Huntingdonshire"—the only other work that ventures to assign any date to the introduction of Stilton cheese—has substantially given the same account, although Thornton is misprinted for Thornhill. It is possible that Mr. Carruthers may have obtained his date of 1720 from a rare work, "A Tour through the whole Island of Great Britain, by a Gentleman, 1725;" the author of which, being on his way from Wansford to Huntingdon, says, "Coming south from hence, we passed Stilton, a town famous for cheese, which is called our English Parmesan, and is brought to table with the mites or maggots round it so thick that they bring a spoon with them for you to eat the mites with as you do the cheese." As this work was published in 1725, and Stilton was "famous for cheese" when the author visited it, we may confidently say that Stilton cheese must have been known as early as 1720, although we have no proof that it was first made at that time, or even that it was made in the county. And Cooper Thornhill's claims to having been its introducer must vanish into thin air; for the "inexorable logic" of dates is against him; and, if he sold cheeses in 1720, he must have done so when he was fifteen years old. With the exception of the date of his famous ride, no other special date has hitherto been published in connection with his life. Those that I now adduce, will, therefore, be a new contribution towards a memoir of that once well-known character.

In the first place, I am unable to trace his connection with Stilton to an earlier date than 1737, when I find the following entry in the parish register:—

A^o 1737. Baptized, Dec. 25, Frances, daughter of Cooper and Mary Thornhill.

This was his eldest child: he had probably been married in the parish where his wife had lived, and perhaps had established himself as landlord of the Bell at Stilton prior to his marriage. But this is mere conjecture; and I have been unable to ascertain the exact date of his tenancy of the Bell. His wife was his senior by two years. By her he had six children, viz., one son, Joseph (baptised April 5, 1739; died Nov. 26, 1739), and five daughters, Frances, Ann, Mary, Elizabeth, and Susanna. His wife, Mary, died July 10, 1752, and was buried in Stilton churchyard, July 13. On May 25, 1754, Cooper Thornhill was married, by licence, at Stilton Church, by P. Phelps, curate, to his second wife, Orme Bayley, by whom he had no family. On March 4, 1759, Cooper Thornhill was buried in Stilton churchyard. His widow and four daughters (by his former wife) survived him: his daughter Frances would appear to have been already dead. Cooper Thornhill's tomb is seven paces in advance of the east window of the chancel; it is a large stone, lying flat upon the ground, and unprotected with railings. This has given "the lads of the village" an opportunity to establish a slide upon the stone; and their hob-nails have nearly scraped away the deeply-cut inscription. The middle portion is entirely obliterated; but the lettering of the two ends can still be deciphered, although, before many years have passed, they also will probably have been scratched out. I had some difficulty in making out the following:—

HERE LYETH THE BODY OF

MARY, THE WIFE OF

COOPER THORNHILL,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE THE 10TH JULY, 1752,

AGED 49 YEARS.

Then follow six lines, which, as far as I can make out from the end letters, would appear to be descriptive of the virtues of the deceased. We may, therefore, conclude that Cooper Thornhill himself laid down the stone, and left room on the lower portion for his own *in memoriam*. It is not yet obliterated, and runs as follows:—

HERE ALSO LYETH THE BODY OF Y^e LATE

COOPER THORNHILL,

WHO DEPARTED THIS LIFE MARCH VI., 1759,

AGED 54 YEARS.

The "VI." is probably an error, as the entry in the register is "Buryd: 1759. Mar. 4. Cooper Thornhill."

Whether or no he occupied the Bell till the time of his death, is another point on which I have not been able to gain certain information. Some "old inhabitants" have told me that their impression is, that he gave up the Bell, and removed across the road to the Angel Inn, where he died. But this belief may have arisen from his purchase of the Angel Inn, and his probable intention to remove to it when he had rebuilt it. The Bell and the Angel faced each other, and were the two chief inns in a small town that was already so well supplied in that way, that "Drunken Barnaby," when he visited Stilton in 1648, noted it for this particular,—

—sed benignum
Monstrat viatori signum.

Yet with Inns so well provided,
Guests are pleas'd when they have try'd it.

(As Brathwait does not mention anything about the famous Stilton cheese, we may pretty confidently assign its introduction to the period between 1648 and 1720.) The cause for the numerous inns in this place arose from its forming the first night's stage from London. Those travellers who did not stop at Alconbury Hill, or push on as far as Wansford, slept at Stilton. Thus Lord Byron slept here on one of his journeys, and dates a note to Murray, Oct. 3, 1813, sending him a correction to the proof of "The Giaour," and saying:—

Will you adopt this correction? and pray accept a Stilton cheese for your trouble.

P.S. I leave this to your discretion; if any one thinks the old line a good one, and the cheese a bad one, don't accept of either.

As Cooper Thornhill became a man of substance, he was anxious to establish himself in an estate of his own; and it was in 1743, two years before his famous ride, that he purchased the Angel Inn and other adjacent property. I have seen the original deed of purchase, in which he is described as "Inn-holder;" and he was also "Post-master" of the place. In later deeds he is described as "Merchant," in reference to his large business as a corn-factor. In all the accounts of his ride he is described as of the Bell Inn; and one great reason for preventing his at once removing across the road to the Angel, was, that with the exception of the small portion of the building that formed "the tap," he took down the ancient structure, in which one room, called "the King's Chamber," is mentioned in deeds of the time of Charles I., and replaced it by an entirely new building. He projected an inn that should even surpass the Bell in size and long extent of frontage; but, either from lack of funds or the interruption of

death, his original design was never completed, and only the first half of the building was erected. This was used as an inn, so long as coaches ran along the road; and is now, like the majority of the inns on the north road, converted into a private house. As to the Bell, one portion still preserves its old sign, and is occupied as an inn, but its other part has been cut up into three tenements. Nevertheless, although new doors and modern windows have been introduced, and the mullioned windows have been rudely dealt with, this fine old inn, with its long frontage and many gables, is still a picturesque specimen of the domestic architecture of the Elizabethan period. Its ponderous projecting sign, with its complicated mass of twisted iron-work, is a specially noteworthy feature in the view of its exterior.

Brayley (1808) records of Cooper Thornhill, that "he had a corn-rick of the value of 800*l.* at Stilton, which, though placed on high stones, was found to have the whole inside eaten through by rats and mice when intended to be threshed." The compiler of "Cook's Topography," who wrote his work soon after Brayley's was published, speaks of "the celebrated Cooper Thornhill, of equestrian celebrity; but *still more* famed through the destruction of his large corn-rick by rats and mice." (p. 93.) Such is fame! In addition to the Angel Inn, Cooper Thornhill purchased land in the parish of Stilton and the adjoining parish of Caldecote (at the point where that parish crosses the north road). His will is dated Feb. 28, 1759, when he lay upon his death-bed; and it was proved at London, March 9, 1759, by his two daughters, Ann and Mary Thornhill. I have seen the will; and from this it appears that the property that he left was valued at 8,159*l.* 18*s.* 9*d.*; but, chiefly through his building speculations, he had also left debts that amounted in the aggregate to 6043*l.* 8*s.* 9*d.*; so that, when these were duly discharged, there remained the sum of 2116*l.* 10*s.* to divide among his widow and children. The latest trace that I find of the family is from a deed of his daughter Ann, dated 1768, from which it appears that she was living at Stilton as a spinster, that her three sisters were married, and that her mother-in-law, Orme Thornhill, was dead.

I have already said that Cooper Thornhill must not be credited—as he always is credited—with having introduced the Stilton cheese to Stilton, as that town is shown to have been famous for its "English Parmesan" as early as 1725. It is certain, however, that he took advantage of Stilton's caseous fame, and must have greatly increased his income by trading in these cheeses. I believe, that at no time,

either then or in recent days, were Stilton cheeses made either at Stilton or anywhere else in the county of Huntingdonshire; and I also believe that I am correct in saying (and I say this after many years of inquiry and research on the subject) that the nearest place to Stilton at which these cheeses have ever been made is Warmington, in Northamptonshire, on the borders of Huntingdonshire, a village distant about five miles and a half from Stilton, as the crow flies. Here I have seen them made by the landlady of the inn, who had previously been accustomed to make them in Leicestershire. Cooper Thornhill is said (in Marshall's "Agriculture") to have sold the cheese at half-a-crown per lb. At the time when the Great Northern Railway was opened, and the coaches ceased to run on the York road, the cheese was sold at the Bell and Angel at Stilton at fifteen pence per lb. Since then, no Stilton cheese could be purchased in Stilton "for love or money," except during one brief period of two months, about three years ago, when the chief shop-keeper in Stilton offered a few Stilton cheeses for sale,—an experiment which proved unsuccessful, and has not been repeated. A Mrs. Pick, of Withcote Lodge, Leicestershire (who died May 14, 1856, at the great age of ninety-six), was a maker of Stilton cheeses; and it has been asserted that her parents not only supplied Cooper Thornhill with his cheeses, but were the original makers of the far-famed delicacy. It is also said that the secret of the manufacture was for some time confined to their family, and that they were under an engagement to sell to Cooper Thornhill all the cheeses that they could make. It is possible that the parents of this Mrs. Pick, born in 1740, may have invented the world-famed Stilton cheese; though, if so, they would appear to have struck out the happy idea when they were but in their youth. Probably we shall never know who was the real originator or originatrix of the luxury.

It must have been about the year 1737, when Pope wrote that Horatian satire in which he introduces the country mouse as entertaining the town mouse :—

He brought him bacon (nothing lean),
 Pudding that might have pleas'd a Dean;
 Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
 But wish'd it Stilton for his sake.

Coupling this with the previous mention of its fame in 1720, we arrive at a very respectable antiquity for the Stilton cheese. The fat pasture lands in the counties of Leicester and Lincoln may, for some time, have somewhat confined to that district the manufacture of this cheese, the chief secret in which

was attributed as much to the richness of the milk as to any other peculiarity. It was made of the whole of the morning's milk, and the cream of the evening's milk. A single cheese required nine gallons of new milk, and the cream from two or three gallons, the cream being warmed before it was mixed with the milk. The rennet was made of a lamb's instead of a calve's stomach, and, in addition to the salt, a lemon stuck full of cloves was put into the jar. When the rennet had been warmed to the temperature of new milk, it was placed among the rest of the milk. When it became curd, the curd was not broken, but placed carefully in a canvas strainer; and in a few hours it was sufficiently firm to be sliced. The slices were then placed in a tin-plate cylinder, ten inches high and twenty-five inches round, without top or bottom, having the sides pierced with holes to let out the whey. Between each slice of curd was placed a sprinkling of salt, and the layers of curd were placed alternately, so as to cross each other. When the cylinder was quite filled, a piece of board was placed over the top, and the cylinder was rapidly turned over, and another piece of board placed over the other end. It was then rapidly turned over and over every two or three hours during that day, and two or three times the next day. If, in three or four days, it seemed sufficiently firm, it was taken out of the cylinder, and tightly wrapped in a thin piece of calico that had been damped in boiling water. This cloth was tightly fastened round it, and kept on it until the cheese was perfectly dry. It was then placed in a room before a large fire, and was turned two or three times a day. The dampness of its surface, if not properly attended to, generated maggots; and, from the account already quoted from the tourist of 1726, it would seem that it used to be brought to table covered with maggots, which were considered as a leading feature in the delicacy, and were eaten by the help of spoons. The alternate layers of curd assisted to produce the mouldiness that was considered to be one of the essentials of the cheese, its other characteristics being richness and brittleness, with softness. A cheese takes eighteen months before it is fit for table, which is one of the causes that keeps up its selling price. Its great enemies are the mites,* and, for the preservation of a cheese against their ravages many recipes have been given, such as painting the outside with fresh butter or vinegar, keeping it in something so as to exclude the

* A witty poem will be found in Hone's "Table Book," III., 179, on Stilton cheese, described from a geographical point of view; with full particulars of its "Stiltonites," the mites, their wine-drinking and drunkenness in Rotten Row, their undermining of Stilton's massive walls, &c.

air, or wrapping it in a moist napkin. Dr. Augustus Voelcker has given the analysis of the properties of Stilton cheese:—water, 32·18; butter (pure fatty matters), 37·36; casein (containing nitrogen), 24·31; milk, sugar, and extractive matters, 2·22; mineral matters (salt and ash), 3·93.

In Cooper Thornhill's time, and up to the end of the coaching days, Stilton cheeses might be seen piled on either side of the street at Stilton to attract purchasers. They have always been highly appreciated; perhaps by none more so than "poor" Richard Wilson, who is said to have painted his "Ceyx and Alcyone" for a pot of porter and the remains of a Stilton cheese. Yet not even he, with all his weakness for the delicacy, would ever have thought of that peculiar art-criticism wherewith the pure and unadulterated Cockney, of whom Coleridge tells us, passed his opinion on the famous "Ariadne" of Dännecker. He only noted the blue spots and stains on its white marble surface; and happy memories of bygone dinners thronged upon his contracted mind, as he gazed upon the statue and murmured, "How very like Stilton cheese!"

CUTHBERT BEDE.

A SUNDAY A CENTURY AGO.

AN old brown leather-covered book, the leaves yellow, the writing scarcely legible, from time and decay: evidently an old, neglected MS. To the fire or to my private shelf? Which?

These were my reflections as I looked over the papers of my late uncle, the rector of a Somersetshire village.

I liked the look of the book and decided for the shelf; and I had my reward, for I found in the crabbed characters a simple story, evidently written towards the close of the writer's life. This story I now transcribe into a more modern style.

"He'll be fit for nothing," said my father; "an awkward boppy who holds his awl and cuts his food with his left hand."

So said my father, and so, alas! I felt. I was awkward. I was fifteen; thick-set, strong, but terribly clumsy. I could not make a collar, nor sew a pair of blinkers, nor stuff a saddle, nor do anything that I ought to be able to do. My fingers seemed to have no mechanical feeling in them. I was awkward, and I knew it, and all knew it.

I was good-tempered; could write fairly, and read anything; but I was awkward with my limbs; they seemed to have wills of their own; and yet I could dance as easily and lightly as any of my neighbours' sons.

"I don't know what he's fit for," said my father to the rector of the parish. "I've set him to carpentering, and he cut his finger nearly off with an axe; then he went to the smith, and burnt his hands till he was laid up for a month. It's all of no use; he spoils me more good leather in a week than his earnings pay for in a month. Why cannot he, like other Christians, use his hands as the good God meant him to? There! Look at him now, cutting that back strap for the squire with his left hand."

I heard him; the knife slipped, and the long strip of leather was divided in a moment and utterly spoiled.

"There now! look at that. A piece out of the very middle of the skin, and his finger gashed into the bargain."

The rector endeavoured to soothe my father's anger, while I bandaged my finger.

"You'd better let him come up for that vase, Mr. Walters; I should like a case to fit it, for it's very fragile, as all that old Italian glass is; and line it with the softest leather, please."

And so I went with the rector to bring back the vase, taking two chamois leathers to bring it in.

We reached the house, and I waited in the passage while he went to fetch it. He came back with a large vase, tenderly wrapped in the leathers. Alas! At that moment there came from the room, against the door of which I was standing, the sound of a voice singing. A voice that thrilled me through—a voice I hear now as I write these lines—so, clear, so sweet, so pure, it was as if an angel had revealed itself to me.

I trembled, and forgot the precious burden in my hands; it dropped to the ground and was shattered to pieces.

How shall I describe the rector's rage? I fear he said something for which he would have blushed in his calmer moments, and she came out.

She who had the angel-voice—his niece—came out, and I saw her. I forgot the disaster, and stood speechlessly gazing at her face.

"You awkward scoundrel! look at your work. Thirty pounds! Fifty pounds! An invaluable treasure gone irreparably in a moment. Why don't you speak? Why did you drop it?"

"Drop it," I said, waking up. "Drop what?" And then it flashed upon me again, and I stammered out, "She sang!"

"And if she did sing, was there any occasion to drop my beautiful vase, you doubly stupid blockhead? There, go out of the house, do, before you do any further mischief, and

tell your father to horsewhip you for a stupid dolt."

I said nothing, did nothing, but only looked at her face, and went shambling away, a changed and altered being. There was a world where horse-collars and horse-shoes, tenons and mortices, right-hands or left, entered not. That world I had seen; I had breathed its air and heard its voices.

My father heard of my misfortune, and laid the strap across my shoulders without hesitation, for in my young days boys were boys till eighteen or nineteen years old. I bore it patiently, uncomplainingly.

"What is he fit for?" every one would ask, and no one could answer, not even myself.

I wandered about the rectory in the summer evenings and heard her sing; I tried hard to get the old gardener to let me help him carry the watering pots, and when I succeeded, felt, as I entered the rector's garden, that I was entering a paradise. Oh happy months, when, after the horrible labours of the weary day, I used to follow the old gardener, and hear her sing. My old withered heart beats fuller and freer when the memory comes back to me now.

Alas! alas! my awkwardness again banished me. She met me one evening in the garden, as I was coming along the path with my cans full of water, and spoke to me, and said,

"You're the boy that broke the vase, aren't you?"

I did not, could not reply; my strength forsook me. I dropped my cans on the ground, where they upset and flooded away in a moment some seeds on which the rector set most especial store.

"How awkward, to be sure!" she exclaimed. "And how angry uncle will be."

I turned and fled, and from that time the rectory gate was closed against me.

I led a miserably unhappy life for the next three years; I had only one consolation during the whole of that weary time. I saw her at church and heard her sing there. I could hear nothing else when she sang, clear and distinct, above the confused, nasal sounds that came from the voices of others—hers alone pure, sweet, and good. It was a blessed time. I would not miss a Sunday's service in church for all that might offer. Three good miles every Sunday there and back did I heavily plod to hear her, and feel well rewarded. I shared her joys and heaviness. I knew when she was happy, when oppressed; as a mother knows the tones of her child's voice, to the minutest shade of difference, so I could tell when her heart was light and when sad.

One Sunday she sang as I had never yet

heard her, not loudly, but so tenderly, so lovingly; I knew the change had come—she loved; it thrilled in her voice; and at the evening service he was there. I saw him. A soldier, I knew, by his bearing, with cruel, hard, grey eyes; and she sang, I knew it. I detected a tremble and gratitude in the notes. I felt she was to suffer, as I had suffered; not that I sang. I had no voice. A harsh guttural sound was all I could give utterance to. I could whistle like a bird, and often and often have I lain for hours in the shade of a tree and joined the concerts of the woods.

One day I was whistling, as was my wont, as I went through the street, when I was tapped on the shoulder by an old man, the cobbler of the next parish. I knew him from his coming to my father for leather occasionally.

"Sam, where did you learn that?"

"Learn what?"

"That tune."

"At church."

"You've a good ear, Sam."

"I've nothing else good, but I can whistle anything."

"Can you whistle me the Morning Hymn?"

I did so.

"Good; very good. Know anything of music, Sam?"

"Nothing."

"Like to?"

"I'd give all I have in the world to be able to play anything. My soul's full of music. I can't sing a note, but I could play anything if I were taught."

"So you shall, Sam, my boy. Come home with me. Carry these skins, and you shall begin at once."

I went home with him, and found that he was one of the players in the choir of his parish, his instrument being the violoncello. I took my first lesson, and from that time commenced a new life. Evening after evening, and sometimes during the day, I wandered over to his little shop, and while he sat, stitch, stitch, at the boots and shoes, I played over and over again all the music I could get from the church.

"You've a beautiful fingering, Sam, my boy, beautiful, and though it does look a little awkward to see you bowing away with your left, it makes no difference to you. You ought to be a fine player, Sam."

I was enthusiastic, but I was poor. I wanted an instrument of my own, but I had no money, and I earned none—I could earn none. My parents thought, and perhaps rightly, that if they found me food and clothing, I was well provided for,

and so for some twelve months I used the old cobbler's instrument, improving daily. It was strange that the limbs and fingers,

so rigid and stiff for every other impulse should, under the influence of sound, move with such precision, ease, and exactness.



(See page 672.)

"Sam, my boy," said the cobbler, one day, "you shall have an instrument, and your father shall buy it for you, or the whole parish shall cry shame upon him."

"But he don't know a word of this," I said.

"Never mind, Sam, my boy, he shall be glad to know of it;" and he told me his plans.

At certain times it was customary for the choirs of neighbouring churches to help each other, and it was arranged that the choir of our parish should play and sing on the next

Sunday morning at his parish church, and that he and his choir should come over to our parish for the evening service.

"And you, Sam," said he, "shall take my place in your own church; and, please God, you do as well there as you've done here, it will be the proudest day I shall know, Sam, my boy, and your father and mother will say so, too."

How I practised, morning, noon, and night, for the great day; how the old man darkly hinted at a prodigy that was to be forthcoming at the festival; and then the day itself,

with its events—all is as vivid before me as if it were but yesterday.

The evening came; and there, in the dimly-lit gallery I sat waiting, with my master beside me.

"Sam, my boy," said my master, "it's a great risk; it's getting very full. There's the squire and my lady just come in. Keep your eyes on your book and feel what you're playing, and think you're in the little shop; I've brought a bit of leather to help you," and he put a piece of that black leather that has a peculiar acid scent in front of me. The scent of it revived me; the memory of the many hours I had spent there came back to me at once, and I felt as calm as if I were indeed there.

She came at last, and service began. Oh! that night! Shall I ever forget its pleasures?—the wondering looks of the friends and neighbours who came and found in me, the despised, awkward, left-handed saddler's apprentice, the prodigy of which they had heard rumours. Oh, it was glorious! The first few strokes of my bow gave me confidence, and I did well, and knew it, through the hymn, through the chants, and on to the anthem before the sermon. That was to be the gem of the evening; it was Handel's then new anthem, "I know that my Redeemer liveth."

It began—harsh, inharmonious, out of tune—I know not why or how; but as it progressed, a spell seemed upon all but her and myself; one by one the instruments ceased and were silent; one by one the voices died away and were lost, and she and I alone, bound together and driven on by an irresistible impulse, went through the anthem; one soul, one spirit seemed to animate both. The whole congregation listened breathless as to an angel; and she, self-absorbed, and like one in a trance, sang, filling me with a delicious sense of peace and exultation, the like of which I have never known since.

It came to an end at last, and with the last triumphant note I fell forward on the desk in a swoon.

When I recovered I found myself at home in my own room, with the rector, the doctor, and my parents there, and heard the doctor say,

"I told you he would, my dear madam; I knew he would."

"Thank God!" murmured my mother. "My dear boy, how we have feared for you."

What a difference! I was courted and made much of. "Genius!" and "Very clever!" and "delightful talent!" such were the expressions I now heard, instead of "stupid!" "awkward!" and "unfit for anything!"

My father bought a fine instrument; and I was the hero of the village for months.

It was some days after that Sunday that I ventured to ask about the rector's niece.

"My dear boy," said my mother; "the like was never heard. We saw you there and wondered what you were doing; but as soon as we saw you with the bow, we knew you must be the person there'd been so much talk about; and then, when the anthem came, and we all left off singing and they all left off playing, and only you and Miss Cecilia kept on, we were all in tears. I saw even the rector crying; and, poor girl, she seemed as if in a dream, and so did you; it was dreadful for me to see you with your eyes fixed on her, watching her so eagerly. And then to look at her, staring up at the stained glass window as if she could see through it, miles and miles away into the sky. Oh, I'm sure, the like never was; and then, when you fell down, I screamed, and your father ran up and carried you down and brought you home in Farmer Slade's four-wheeler."

After this I had an invitation to go up to the rectory, and there, in the long winter evenings, we used to sit; and while I played, she sang. Oh, those happy times! when she loved me, but only as a dear friend; and I loved her as I never had loved before or could love again. I do not know the kind of love I had for her. I was but a little older than she was, but I felt as a father might feel to his daughter; a sweet tenderness and love that made me pitiful to her. I knew she loved a man unworthy of her, and I think, at times, she felt this herself, and knew I felt it.

I was perfectly free of the rector's house at last, and we used to find in our music a means of converse that our tongues could never have known. Ah, me—those days! Gone! Alas! they are gone.

She left us at last, and in a few years her motherless child came back in her place, and as I again sit in the old rectory parlour, years and years after my first visit, with her daughter beside me singing—but, alas! not with her mother's voice—all the old memories flood back upon me, and I feel a grateful, calm joy in the openly-shown respect and affection of the daughter of her whom I loved so silently, so tenderly, and so long.

I sit in the old seat in the church now and play; and, once in the year, the old anthem; but the voice is gone that filled the old church as with a glory that day. I feel, as the sounds swell out, and the strings vibrate under my withered fingers, I am but waiting to be near her under the old yew tree outside, and it may be, nearer to her still in the longed-for future.

"FRAXINUS."

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVII. IN PERCY'S STUDY.

"LIFE is a good deal like champagne: all very well when you first take the cork out of the bottle, but horribly flat after it has been any time opened;" and Percy Forbes—for it was he who made this profound remark to himself—laid down the Times, poked his fire from the top, as though he had been a woman, and, standing on the hearth-rug, discoursed to his own heart about many things.

It was not the first time by any means that he had felt weary and faint-spirited. Oftener than he would have liked to confess he had latterly felt this dreadful dissatisfaction, this utter languor, this mental sickness, which is worse to bear than any physical pain, overpowering him.

There were dark hours when it seemed to his imagination that he was running a race, at the end of which no prizes were to be awarded,—that he was travelling a road, at the termination whereof lay no pleasant haven of rest and happiness—that he had started for a life-walk, in the course of which he need not look either for pleasure or profit; that, through all the years to come, no happiness might be his; that his future existence was to be all work and no play, all school and no holiday; that, in a sentence, as he mentally summed the matter up, he had passed into a world where the wine was tasteless and the cigars bad.

And yet, having most of his life still to live, it behoved him to make the best he could of the matter. Whether all the sparkle had passed away, or excitement still lay in the wine-cup, he had no choice left but to drain the goblet to the very last drop. It was inevitable, and there is no philosophy equal to that of accepting the inevitable cheerfully. Percy Forbes knew this as well as anybody; but yet he could not help occasionally setting down the glass, and looking at its contents, before swallowing the draught.

Sometime or other most people have had to take a mixture which does not, at first, seem intensely disagreeable. For a day or two the doctor's orders are followed, the prescription is duly made up, and the dose regularly taken; but by degrees the medicine becomes unendurable. It is not so bad for once, or twice, or thrice: after that human nature begins to

rebel. "Better the disease than such a cure," is the sufferer's cry; "better death than such a life!" echoes the weary worker.

It is not the bitterness of the cup; it is not the severity of the labour; it is rather the perpetual recurrence of the medicine in the one case—the utter longing for change, the perfect detestation of a monotonous round of employment, conducing to no apparently satisfactory result, in the other.

There are not many lives perhaps that would seem worth the living, if looked at with the same eyes as Percy Forbes brought to bear on the matter. His champagne had sparkled so brightly; he had floated so lightly along a river of pink, bubbling, flashing excitement, that the *vin ordinaire* of everyday existence—wholesome enough though it might be, appeared to him unendurably flat, unbearably monotonous. He had taken the cork out so early in the day, that before the mid-day repast arrived, the whole beverage of life had lost its true flavour; he had enjoyed, he had idled, he had eaten his cake, he had quaffed deep of the cup of pleasure, and now the spirit was evaporated, the enjoyment over, the pleasure a sensation which he firmly believed he could never more experience.

He was often sick and weary of his existence, and he had rarely felt more sick and weary than on the especial evening of which I am speaking.

The months had passed by from the time of Olivine's marriage, and it was winter once again.

Never a winter in his remembrance had seemed so long, so cold, so dreary to Percy Forbes as that.

Business was not good; the weather was intolerable; the loneliness of Reach House something hardly to be imagined, and certainly not to be described. His lot was marked out and settled for him at last; he had no hope now of anything beyond making a sufficient income—perhaps in time of growing comparatively rich. The result of his Race for Wealth was decided. More money it was still competent for him to gain; but money's worth, the happiness all men picture to themselves, promise to their own souls, he could never now expect

That dream was over; the foam-bell had disappeared from the surface of the waters; the bubble had burst,—the rainbow had disappeared. The plains of life were free for him to traverse, but the sunshine of old lay across them no longer. There were roses, but they were scentless—fruits, but they were tasteless—wine, but it had lost its flavour. Well! every created being must come to an hour like this, when he feels there is nothing pleasant to the palate, or grateful to the sense, or agreeable to the ear, or refreshing to the heart; when man delights him not, and woman charms him still less; when he is sick of the dream of existence, and weary of the characters he sees crossing and recrossing the stage; when he hates the players and the plot; when he feels for a certainty that the crowns are tinsel, that the jewellery is sham, the scenery canvas, the heroines painted, the heroes padded, the dialogue unreal, the tragedy a farce, and the farce a serio-comic tragedy.

Existence does not seem on the whole desirable at such periods. The feast of life is not particularly well worth sitting out if the appetite fail after the first course. If to-day be wearily monotonous, and to-morrow promise no improvement, why should we desire to see the morrow dawn? What charm has the ball if we know the partner we once looked for is certain not to be present? Why should we labour for money when the thing for which we desired money has eluded our grasp? Who has not, at some time or other, said all this and felt all this, and then turned him to pleasure and to labour again when the fit was exhausted,—when the dark hour had passed away?

And yet, if such hours were not of rare occurrence in Percy's life, if they came more frequently in the course of his day than in the days of his fellows, who shall assert that it was because he was more discontented?

What did the man's life hold of happiness or of hope? Had his education fitted him for the monotonous existence he was leading? Was it likely a person who had at one time lived solely for pleasure should at any period ever live solely for business—live, that is, in his soul? His body was one thing, his heart another.

After all, going into business is very like going into a new house. It may not just at first, it is true, precisely meet the whole of a man's requirements; but there is still, nevertheless, the charm of novelty about it.

The furniture may not be arranged in due order, the pictures cannot be hung in a moment, the gardens are not planted in a day, the new conservatory has still to be built, it is a question where the grand-piano is to take

up its final position, the easy-chairs have not yet fitted themselves into their appropriate corners; but after all, when the day arrives, when every item is settled as it ought to be, do you think the rooms seem as perfect as the in-coming tenant fancied they could be made? do you imagine the house ever appears quite as desirable a residence as it once promised to become?

There is such scope for imagination in the first act of taking possession; the mind plans, furnishes, decorates, enjoys, in that dreamland where no natural laws interfere, to hinder the work of the builder, to mar the designs of the architect. There stands the house for fancy to beautify as it will; there lies the ground to be planted and divided, for walks to be cut through, for gardens to be formed in;—and behold! before ever a curtain is hung; before the rosewood and the damask, the mirrors and the carpets, appear actually on the scene, the rooms look as no upholsterer could hope to leave them.

Never an hour's work has labourer or surveyor done about the place; not a shilling of capital has been expended, and yet see!—the trees grow, and the flowers spring, and the walks wind away through the shrubberies, and lead up to the summit of that distant hill; deer are lying in the park, cattle browse in the pleasant fields, the gates swing wide, and the honeysuckle creeps up the walls of the porter's lodge. Through the hedge, neatly trimmed and kept, that divides the flower-garden from the paddock, roses grow, and passion-flowers twine. Out of a bare common,—out of an empty house,—the mind of man can create a paradise. If some trifle in the situation, in the way the land slopes to the south or west happen to strike his fancy, Eden itself could not have been a fairer dwelling-place than the dream-Eden that can be conjured up with the sunlight streaming across barren moors, or the evening shadows stealing through the deserted rooms of a lonely house.

True, yet typical, friends; though sad, still underneath the sadness lies the germ of an eternal hope. If the hand may never perfect here what the mind is capable of conceiving—if the ideal of beauty and of happiness be far above everything which mortality can touch while it is mortal except in spirit, may we not feel confident that, although here man is unable to perfect his ideal, still that hereafter he will wake to find the dreams of his life were the realities thereof? that it was when he stood without in the cold, battling with the troubles of earth, his soul darkened by its shadows, his mind fettered by the flesh, he saw phantoms face to face, and through a

glass dimly, the glory, and the beauty, and the happiness of the Eternal Land?

Dreams, you will say, mocking me back; dreams for the poet to sing of, for the idle to amuse themselves with, but out of place in the mind of a man like Percy Forbes, or in a chapter concerning him; but, ah! are not all men sometimes poets at heart? are not all human beings idle mentally to the extent of dreaming dreams, and seeing visions now and then?

The acknowledgment of disappointment; of life having been wasted; of mistakes having been made; of sorrow, remorse, misery;—what are these things but the reverse of the shield?

The dream must have preceded the waking; the imaginary happiness the real grief; and the man who is capable of suffering, must consciously or unconsciously have been capable likewise of a visionary enjoyment. The prince in his palace may be able to tell of his aspirations as well as of his failure; but the man plodding over ledgers, labouring on the business treadmill, driving bargains, calculating ways and means, can have felt aspirations just as well as the prince, though possibly he will remain dumb, so far as the language of the heart is concerned, till the string of his tongue is loosed by the hand of death.

There is not a man of whom mention has been made throughout all the preceding pages that could have found words in which to clothe the secrets of his inner life; but yet, after his own fashion, each one of them felt—and feeling was the employment Percy Forbes often selected when no more pressing occupation presented itself.

He was a disappointed man and a lonely. He had imagined great things were to be done in business; and, after all, he found it dull, plodding work. It was mere living, and living in some moods appears an awfully prosaic sort of proceeding. He had built his ships, he had reared his palaces, he had amassed a fortune mentally, when he first took possession of his new house!

The years had come since then, and the years were gone; and still it was men setting to their labour; men earning their wages; orders being received; orders being executed; hard work all the week; a Sunday of utter rest;—the same house, the same views, the same routine of employment, the same rising and dressing, the same lying down and taking slumber; the same life, only with the hope out of it; the dream-castle built, but with the light imagination had cast over the edifice faded; the enchantment of distance dispelled the sunshine of fancy gleaming on wall and battlement, on vane and pinnacle;—no more, no more!

When he was in the house, Percy abode in the lower apartments but little; rather preferring to occupy three rooms on the first-floor, that, communicating each with the other, were specially convenient for the habitation of a person filling the position in which Mr. Forbes was placed.

If any of my readers should ever chance to pass inside the walls of Reach House, he will, on ascending the staircase, have no difficulty in discovering the apartments where this man spent so many hours of his life.

Opposite the head of the staircase is his dressing-room (now vacant); and the wide balcony from which he used to watch the river gliding away, and the vessels bound for foreign shores dropping down the Thames, all sails shining in the early morning sun, runs along the entire front of the house, outside dressing-room and bed-chamber; and a great chamber at the north end, with which apartment, however, our story has no concern.

Beside the dressing-room, therefore, lay his bed-chamber, and at the back of the latter was his study, which had a door communicating with the lobby at the head of the stairs. This study had a window commanding a view of the ship-yard, and of everything which was going on there, and from his bath-room, behind the study, he could still see the tall masts and the great hulks of the vessels lying so high above the river, and stranded, as it were, in the dry dock.

It was a nice suite of apartments for a business man—snug, convenient, compact. Often when the city offices were closed, when the steamers had ceased plying, when the great heart of the modern Babylon was throbbing quietly in the darkness, when the lamps were bright, and along the shore were lights, and at the prow of every vessel there hung lanterns, glittering like glow-worms through the night, Percy Forbes was wont to sit in the balcony, smoking, while he thought out his difficulties or perfected his plans.

Long after the servants were asleep, he, the sole watcher in that house, used to keep his vigil, thinking his thoughts, mourning his dead hopes, in the solemn stillness.

And when the weather was too inclement for this, when the snow lay on the ground, and the trees were bare, and the river rough and its waters angry, he would retire to his study, and there, beside the fire, preach sermons to himself about the uselessness of regret, the expediency of contentment; and the end of the sermon always found him more down-hearted, more discontented than the beginning.

Standing, looking down upon the blazing coals he is not so young as he was when we

first met him in Hyde Park. Perhaps that fact had something to do with his dissatisfaction. When a man is close on five-and-thirty he can scarcely be expected to have the same elastic spirits as at five-and-twenty. The flavour of the wine is to a great extent gone; it can never taste like nectar again, at all events. The years to come never look so inviting to a man as to a youth; and this man had worked during the interval between his first visit to Stepney and the days when we find him a resident there. He had worked, and work leaves its traces in scars that may be and are, oftentimes, honourable, but which still cannot be called aught but scars, nevertheless. Altogether, Percy Forbes is not so handsome or so distinguished-looking, or so light-hearted as he was in that time, lying now far back in this story, when he first made his way into it. His walk is not quite the same as formerly; his talk is certainly different; his thoughts are different likewise, and his feelings and wishes more changed than all. He is gentlemanly as ever, but the little airs of dandyism are departed; a little of the polish has been rubbed off his manners; his address has lost some of its elegant leisureliness; he has mixed little with men whose ways have been made smooth for them, and much with men whose business it is to make smooth the roads along which others drive in carriages. He has been with labour, and it is the tendency of labour to harden those whom it touches, strengthening them likewise. He has not always had time to consider externals; he has been among people who consider it waste of precious minutes to attend much to externals at all; and for all these reasons, and because, in addition, he has thought, and has felt, and has suffered much, Percy Forbes is not quite the same man that he was when he came to Beach House, and took up his abode in the Isle of Dogs.

He is a man whom Mr. Sondes likes much better than he at one time ever thought to like what he was pleased to call "a fashionable popinjay." On Mr. Sondes Percy's thoughts at last settled, and he was just trying to make up his mind as to whether or no he should call the next day in Stepney Causeway, when the door of his study gently opened, and Mr. Sondes entered unannounced.

"I make no apology for intruding," remarked the new comer.

"You find me very busy—doing nothing," answered Percy, and the two shook hands.

"A man may be very busy doing nothing, if he does that thoroughly," was Mr. Sondes' reply; after which he sat down, and began to tell Percy about the state of the weather and the difficulty of procuring a cab, and a few

other such interesting matters, that ended at last in the very direct question,—

"Why have you not been round to see us, Forbes, for a week or more?"

"There has been a good deal to do here," Percy answered. "Every day I seem to have more and more to attend to."

"And there will go on being more and more, till you will have to drop us altogether, I suppose——"

"I hope not," Percy interrupted; but he turned to the fire as he spoke, and there came a look into his face, the meaning of which Mr. Sondes understood perfectly.

"So I am compelled to come and see you," proceeded the older man; "for there are many matters which I wish to talk over with you. But, first of all, let me ask you one question. Do you remember the promise you made me one night at Grays?"

"Perfectly," was the reply.

"Do you repent it?"

"No," Percy answered.

"If you do, I will absolve you from it."

"I have no wish to be absolved. Were the time to come over again, I would give you the same promise cheerfully and willingly as I gave it then."

"Hereafter it might place you in a painful position."

"Had you thought the sunshine could last for ever—had you not been afraid of storms and breakers—you would never have asked me to give it," the younger man answered, with a kind of constraint on him; and he turned towards the fire again.

"True," said Mr. Sondes; and there was silence for a moment, during the continuance of which each was busy following out his own separate train of thought.

Suddenly, Percy broke the stillness by inquiring—"I hope you are better, sir. I trust your health is now really improving?"

"Have you forgotten what I told you?" asked Mr. Sondes, in reply.

"No; but I thought—I hoped—Doctors are not infallible; and even apparently incurable diseases have ere now found a physician able and willing to heal."

"Mine has not, at any rate," answered the other. And once again there ensued a dead silence.

It was curious to see how these two men fenced with the subject that lay next to the hearts of both.

Two women would have rushed into the matter open-mouthed: would have talked and wept, and wept and explained; and then taken comfort, and wept and talked again. But the pair I am speaking of followed the usual masculine course, and kept as far as possible away from

the question on which both desired to touch. Round their quarry they described gradually decreasing circles, and then commenced, walking round the widest of these circles first.

At length, however, Mr. Sondes reached the very centre-point of the business; and when he had done so, he said, abruptly,—

"Forbes, you and Lawrence have quarrelled—"

"And if we have?" Percy answered, facing about, and feeling the hour had come at last.

"Then I should like to know what the quarrel has been about," Mr. Sondes finished.

"He said I took too much on me—and perhaps he was right. When one man unasked undertakes to advise another, he may fairly be accused of meddling. I did meddle in Lawrence Barbour's concerns—and got snubbed for my pains. I do not blame him—I might have been no more patient than he, had our respective positions been reversed. But I had not any intention of ceasing to visit at your house in consequence of our disagreement. It is not that which has kept me away."

"Then what has kept you away?" inquired Mr. Sondes.

"Mrs. Gainswoode," was the reply. "Beyond all women who ever lived, I think I dislike that woman; and had your niece married me instead of Barbour, I would no more have opened my doors to admit Etta Alwyn, than I would open them now to admit the plague."

"You speak strongly," said Mr. Sondes.

"I feel strongly," answered Percy Forbes. "I knew her before you or Barbour knew her: I consider her a bad, designing woman, and one whose companionship can do no good to any person."

"Water and oil cannot mix," suggested Mr. Sondes, deprecatingly.

"True; but still, contact with oil spoils water," answered Percy, and he laughed; but his laugh was not hearty, and the face Mr. Sondes looked into was the face almost of an old and soured man.

"Forbes, has it ever occurred to you," began Mr. Sondes—

"Has what ever occurred to me?" demanded the other in return. "If there is anything you want to know, sir," he went on, speaking hurriedly, "you must ask me plain questions, and desire me to give you plain answers. I will not guess at your wishes, nor conjecture your desires."

"There was a time when I did not like you, Forbes," began Mr. Sondes, a little indirectly, as perhaps the reader may consider,—"when I thought you a fop, a butterfly, when I would not have had you danc-

ling about my house for any consideration, and—"

"I know all that," Percy interposed; "you only saw the gay shell, and you did not then imagine what a poor, humble, incapable creature had it for a covering. You thought me God knows what, that first day I ever crossed your threshold—a swindler, a swell-mobman, an area-sneak, perhaps, or something equally respectable."

"Nay, nay," broke in Mr. Sondes.

"But I say, yea," persisted Percy; "you had found a *rara avis*, free from all the sins and follies that disfigured me,—a nightingale all gray, without a handsome feather anywhere,—and the impression the cockatoo, as you considered me, made on your mind was therefore unfavourable in the extreme. Is there any need for me to go on? We went over all this ground a year since, did we not? You found the snail but a plodding, stupid fellow, after all; you confessed your nightingale fell short of perfection. I told you then all I had to tell against Lawrence Barbour, and still you elected to give your niece to him."

"She was fond of him," suggested Mr. Sondes.

"And so were you," retorted Percy, almost fiercely; he had been thinking over the matter before his visitor came in, and every turn of it was fresh in his mind—"So were you,—the business man liked his immense application; the clever man liked his extraordinary ability; the recluse admired his steadiness. What chance had I against him? If you had given me your niece, you would never have liked me as you like him."

"And yet I trust you further than I trust him, Forbes."

"Simply because I have no pecuniary interest in your concerns," returned the younger man. "If I speak plainly to-night, it is because I have been thinking about my own life till I am almost mad. I shall never have a wife to gladden my home. You have doomed me to go on alone—alone. The best thing I could do would be to emigrate. I wish to God I had emigrated when I first thought of doing so! I am sick of this existence. The monotony is unendurable, the loneliness insupportable!"

And having said his say, Percy Forbes laid his arm on the mantelshelf and his head upon it, sullenly and wearily. He could speak out his mind at any rate, if Lawrence failed to do so; and Mr. Sondes had come to that state of health, mental and bodily, when it seems pleasant to hear any one utter every word his heart has in it, when reserve assumes the form of a vice instead of a virtue; when self-restraint and a constitutional constraint are

pear faults to mourn over, rather than gifts to admire.

All this passed, more swiftly than I can write it, through Mr. Sondes' mind; and he rose, and laying his hand on Percy's shoulder, said, with a tremor in his voice,—

"Forbes, you would not have married a woman who did not love you?"

"I would have made her love me," Percy answered. "I would have loved her so much, she could not have helped giving me back some portion in time. But what is the use of talking about all that now?" he added. "It is all past and gone; the story is written—the book closed—the song sung; your niece is married, and I am—not going to make an idiot of myself again," he finished, abruptly.

For a moment there was silence, which Percy broke by pulling a cigar out of his case, and cutting the end deliberately off it, remarking, as he did so,—

"I am not certain that there is not more comfort to be had out of a cigar than out of a wife. Now, Mr. Sondes, you wanted to know something. You came here to-night to talk to me. I am sane again, and ready to listen to all you may have to tell."

"I should like to tell you first how sorry I am——"

"Don't, then," interrupted Percy. "I am one of those men whom sympathy does not suit—with whose mental constitution pity does not agree. It is bad for me even to be sorry for myself. Forget my folly and my disappointment, and trust me with your present anxiety, if you will."

"It is natural I should be anxious," replied Mr. Sondes. "I am a dying man, Forbes, and——"

"So are we all," remarked Percy, parenthetically.

"Yes; but I have a specific disease, remember; and that fact I shall not be able to keep much longer from the knowledge of Olive and her husband."

"I consider it most undesirable that you should keep it from them at all," observed Percy; "and, what is more, I have always thought so."

"There are reasons," answered Mr. Sondes.

"I never knew a sick man yet who did not think he had weighty reasons for secrecy," persisted Percy; "but the reasons were generally none the better for that. However," he went on, "I do not wish to argue the matter with, or to press disagreeable disclosures on, you. In my opinion, your chance of recovery would be much greater were you to take your niece and Barbour into your confidence, as you have taken me. But then I am

no doctor. I only know what I should do under similar circumstances."

"You do not," retorted Mr. Sondes; "a person in sound health can never tell what he would do if he had a mortal disease—just as a man who is not put in the way of temptation cannot tell how he might act were he in circumstances of danger."

"Your simile tells against yourself," answered Percy, coolly. "The man who is not in temptation would best be able to tell his fellow standing on the brink, of the peril of his position; and, in like manner, the healthy see that half the secrecy and scruples of the sick are merely the fancies of disease. However, as I said before, I am no doctor; and though I shall be very glad when Barbour knows all about the nature of your illness, I am not going to give him a hint on the subject."

"If Barbour knew that my life was absolutely hanging on a straw, he would at once begin calculating how soon he could hope to fill my shoes."

"What a comfortable idea you seem to have about Barbour's disinterestedness," observed Percy.

"I think I understand human nature pretty well," said Mr. Sondes.

"I always notice people who understand human nature, never believe there is any good side to it," was Mr. Forbes' commentary on this statement.

"Had we better talk this matter over some future time?" asked his visitor. "It seems to me you are not much inclined to discuss it."

"Frankly, I am not," replied Percy. "Barbour is no favourite of mine; but still I do not believe him to be mercenary, and there is something treacherous to my mind in the idea of imputing such a confoundedly sordid nature to a man behind his back. He is able and willing to work. I think, and have always thought, that, as regards money matters, your niece is perfectly safe in his hands."

"And, as regards other matters, Forbes?"

"He has behaved as well as any person could," answered Percy. "He has kept himself out of the way; he has not gone to Hereford Street when she was there. If you put him in the way of temptation, is that his fault? If you throw him in the way of as false a woman and as heartless a flirt as ever breathed, and give him no chance of escaping from her toils, is he to blame whatever happens? Is he—Mr. Sondes, I put it to your own common sense——"

"Then you think he is still fond of her? You believe there is danger in the association?"

Percy Forbes took the cigar from his mouth, and holding it between the first and second fingers of his right hand, looked at the person who asked this question, in almost incredulous amazement; there was that expression in his face which caused Mr. Sondes somewhat angrily to demand an answer.

"My God!" exclaimed the younger man; "how can you have lived all your life not to know that as well as I do? If any one else had made such a speech, I should have thought he was trying to make game of me. Do you think he ever ceased being fond of her? Do you think he is a stick or a stone, that he can go on avoiding her for ever? There is your peril, Mr. Sondes. It is not a money-danger—not a misfortune, which can be averted by settlements or wills, or making him dependent on his wife. Help him, for heaven's sake, to help himself; and keep that woman away from Stepney Causeway, as Barbour has been trying to keep himself away from Hereford Street. And beyond all things, Mr. Sondes, don't be angry with him—because he is only human. He did not deceive you—he deceived himself; and if you can only have patience, he will some day love Olivine far better than he ever loved Etta Alwyn."

Like one stunned, Mr. Sondes sat quiet, while this torrent of words poured over him.

It was the horror which had been stealing towards him, clothed with a tangible body—it was the dread made manifest—the terror put into shape.

"What have I done?" he muttered, in a dull, stupid kind of way. "What have I done?" And so he maundered on for a minute or two—till, stretching out his hands towards Percy, in a kind of mute appeal for help, he cried—"Oh, Forbes! the pain!" And next moment he was writhing in agony on the floor.

(To be continued.)

MARGARET, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

AMONG the female worthies of the seventeenth century, most persons who have had the good fortune to read the autobiography of Margaret, Marchioness (afterwards Duchess) of Newcastle, will feel disposed to accord to that lady a very distinguished place. In an age of great public and private laxity, she kept the even tenor of her way in the most exalted position, excellent alike in her capacity as daughter, sister, wife, and mother; while in her writings, both in prose and poetry, she has shown the world that, without talents of the very highest order, she could adorn her high station with the graces of a

cultivated taste and educated mind, and even in a gloomy period of sorrow, privation, and danger, she could influence those around her, no less by her example than by precept, in favour of all that was noble and generous in itself, and sustain the spirits and hopes of her lord, when exile and ruin stared him in the face.

The records of her life are scanty enough. They consist of two small volumes, printed by the late Sir Egerton Brydges, at his private press at Lee Priory, Kent; the one consisting of thirty-six and the other of only twenty-five pages; and of one work no more than twenty-five copies were printed: both of them are exceedingly rare, and we presume that we might seek in vain for the original MSS. among either the library of the Cavendishes at Chatsworth, or that of the Duke of Newcastle at Clumber. The one volume is entitled "A True Relation of the Birth, Breeding, and Life of Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle, Written by Herself" and the other, "Select Poems, by Margaret Cavendish, Duchess of Newcastle." Sir E. Brydges tells us in his "advertisement" to the former, that it is taken "from the duchess's folio volume entitled, 'Nature's Pictures drawn by Fancy's Pencil,' which volume," he adds, "is accompanied by the celebrated, very rare, and exquisite print of the duke and his family, by Diepenbeck." This work, which was published in 1656, and "was printed by J. Martin and J. Allestrye at the Bell, in St. Paul's Church-yard," professes to contain "several feigned Stories of Natural Descriptions, as Comical, Tragical, and Tragi-Comical, Poetical, Romantical, Philosophical, and Historical, both in Prose and Verse, some all Verse, some all Prose, some mixt, partly Prose and partly Verse; also there are some Morals and some Dialogues; but," naively adds the title-page, "they are as the Advantage Loaves of Bread to a Baker's Dozen; and a true story at the latter End, wherein there is no feigning."

The duchess was the youngest of eight children, three sons and five daughters, of Sir Charles Lucas—or, as she calls him, one "Master" Lucas—of St. John's, near Colchester, Essex, and sister of the first Lord Lucas, and also of that celebrated loyalist, Sir Charles Lucas, whose memory is immortalised in the pages of Clarendon. She was born about the year 1620, and in 1645 became—as she was particularly anxious to have it recorded*—the second wife of William

* "I writ it . . . lest after ages should mistake in not knowing I was daughter to one Master Lucas . . . and second wife to the Lord Marquis of Newcastle; for my Lord having had two wives, I might easily have been mistaken, especially if I should die and my Lord marry again." It is curious that this "mistake" was made afterwards, in spite of her Grace's minuteness on the point. See the "Memoirs of Charles Lucas" in the "Notes and Queries" (1881).

Cavendish, second Marquis, and first Duke, of Newcastle, of the creation of 1664.

Her husband, who is well known as the author of a large and valuable work on "Horses and Horsemanship," was elevated to the peerage in 1620 as Baron Ogle and Viscount Mansfield, and advanced to the dignity of Baron Cavendish and Earl of Newcastle in 1628. He was greatly celebrated as a Royalist general during the Commonwealth, and in his services for the restoration of the monarchy he sustained immense losses. For his devotion to the royal cause he was rewarded with the Marquisate of Newcastle in 1643, and subsequently promoted to the Dukedom, as above stated, a title which became extinct in 1680.

The duchess tells us that she was an infant when her father died, soon after his return to England from exile, whither he had been sent by the displeasure of Queen Elizabeth and her favourite, Lord Cobham, on account of having "unfortunately killed one Mr. Brooks in a single duel;" that as for her breeding, it was "according to her birth and the nature of her sex;" and it appears that the family were brought up, as she says, "virtuously, modestly, civilly, honourably, and in honest principles, not running riot, but living orderly." Like a true woman, she adds, "my mother did not only delight to see us neat and cleanly, fine and gay, but rich and costly, maintaining us to the height of her estate, but not beyond it." And to do the mother justice, it must be added that she seems to have been a model of sensible matrons, "buying with ready money, and not on the score," and, although she might have increased her daughters' fortunes by thrift and sparing, yet choosing to bestow her money on her children, their "breeding," their "honest pleasures," and "harmless delights."

Lady Lucas, adds her daughter, was particularly careful to bring up her children under the influence, not of fear, but of love; "she would not suffer her servants to be rude before us, or to domineer over us, which all vulgar servants are apt to do." And, as a proof of the well-ordered nature of her household, she continues, "Neither would my mother suffer the vulgar serving men to be in the nursery among the nursemaids, lest their rude love-making might do unseemly actions, or speak unhandsome words, in the presence of her children." For tutors, adds the duchess, "although we had all kinds of virtues,* as singing, dancing, playing of music, reading, writing, working, and the like, yet we were not kept strictly thereto; they were rather for formality than benefit; for my mother

cared not so much for our dancing and fiddling, singing, and prating of several languages, as that we should be bred virtuously."

Of her Grace's brothers, two, she says, were "excellent soldiers and martial discipliniers, being practised therein;" the one, Sir Thomas Lucas, commanded a troop of horse in Holland; while the other, Sir Charles Lucas—the same of whom we have already made mention—having served under his brother, and gained experience abroad, showed great signs of future ability in his profession.* Her eldest brother, Lord Lucas, married a "virtuous and beautiful lady," one of the Nevilles of the Abergavenny family, by whom he was the ancestor of the present holder of the Barony of Lucas, the mother of Earl Cowper, in whose superior honours the title must ultimately merge. Margaret Lucas's sisters married respectively Sir Peter Killebrew, Sir William Walter, and Sir Edmund Pye.

The duchess gives next a few paragraphs, curious as exhibiting a rare picture of family affection and harmony, and also as showing the custom of the gentry of the higher class, even then, to pass the winter in London. She says: "Most of my sisters lived with my mother, especially when she was at her country house—living most commonly at London half the year, which is the metropolitan city of England; but when they were at London, they were dispersed into several houses of their own; yet for the most part they met every day, feasting each other like Job's children." As to their recreations, when in town for the season, the duchess writes, "Their custom was in winter-time to go sometimes to plays, or to ride in their coaches about the streets to see the concourse and recourse of people; and in the spring-time to visit the Spring Garden, Hyde Park, and the like places; and sometimes they would have music and sup in barges upon the water. These harmless recreations they would pass their time away with; for, I observed, they did seldom make visits, nor never went abroad with strangers, but only themselves in a flock together, agreeing so well that there seemed but one mind amongst them; and not only my own brothers and sisters agreed so, but my brothers and sisters-in-law, and their children, although but young, had the like agreeable natures and affectionable dispositions; for my best remembrance I do not know that they ever did fall out, or had any angry or unkind disputes."

This happy family party, however, was

* As the Duchess says, he was the author of "A Treatise of the Arts of War," but "by reason it was in characters, and the key thereof lost, we cannot as yet understand anything therein, at least not so as to divulge it." See an account of Sir C. Lucas in Clarendon's "History of the Rebellion."

* *ἀρεταί, excellencies.* See Arist. Ethics, *passim*.

sadly broken up and scattered by the breaking out of the civil war between King Charles and his Parliament; an "unnatural war," as the

duchess styles it, which "came like a whirlwind, and felled down our houses, where some in the wars were cruast to death, as my



Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle.

youngest brother Sir Charles Lucas, and my brother Sir Thomas Lucas; for though my brother Sir Thomas did not die immediately of his wounds, yet a wound he received on his head in Ireland shortened his life."

The duchess was now rapidly rising into womanhood, and it appears from her autobiography, that she conceived a strong desire to become one of the Maids of Honour to the Queen, Henrietta Maria, who was then with the Court at Oxford. "Hearing the queen had not the same number that she was used to have, I wooed and won my mother to let me go." It appears that this step, though agreeable to her mother, did not suit the wishes of her sisters and brothers, who thought that her inexperience of the world and bashfulness of manner, would lead her to do herself less than fair justice. Nor were these fears entirely groundless; for she pleads guilty to having been so bashful as to be willing to be thought dull, and even a fool,

rather than do anything which might even seem to be forward, or after the fashion of the "fast" young ladies of the age. Once admitted, however, into the privileged circle of the Court, her mother very sensibly urged her to persevere in her duties there, rather than to return to "my sister Pye, with whom I often lived when she was in London."

It was fortunate for Margaret Lucas that she had a mother to listen to, and that she had the sense to follow that mother's advice. "My mother said it would be a great disgrace for me to return out of the Court so soon after I was placed; so I continued almost two years, until such time as I was married from thence." It appears that the Marquis of Newcastle, to use her own simple and touching words, "did approve of those bashful fears which many condemned, and would choose such a wife as he might bring to his own humours, and not such an one as was wedded to self-conceit, or one that had been tempered

to the humours of another; for which he wooed me for his wife. And though I did dread marriage, and shunned men's companies as much as I could, yet I could not, nor had not the power to refuse him, by reason my affections were fixed on him, and he was the only person I ever was in love with."

Both her husband's and her mother's family were great sufferers in the civil wars; and one of the saddest blows was inflicted on Margaret Lucas by the death of her excellent mother, consequent upon what she thought to be the ruin of her house and of the throne as well. "My mother," she says, most touchingly, "lived to see the ruin of her children, and then died; my brother, Sir Thomas Lucas, soon after; my brother, Sir Charles Lucas, after him, being shot to death* for his loyal service. . . . My eldest sister died somewhat before my mother, her death being, as I believe, hastened thro' grief of her only daughter, on which she died."

The next scene in Margaret Lucas's life is exile. She had been married but a year or two, when her "Lord" was forced to exchange the palace and broad acres of the Cavendishes for a residence in sorry lodgings in Paris, Rotterdam, and finally at Antwerp, where it appears that he and his faithful partner and friend were glad to accept the offers of the tradesmen to give them credit, where they could not pay ready money for the necessities of life. Here, too, her woman's wit did not desert her: she came over to England, and hearing that the marquis's estate was about to be sold, subject to an allowance to the wife of the owner, she busied herself to get a grant out of some portion of his large property (which she estimates in her "Life of the Duke of Newcastle" at 20,000*l.* a-year, or about 150,000*l.* of our present money): with this end in view, she tells us, went repeatedly to Drury House and Goldsmiths' Hall, but in vain: the Parliament men had stern and inflexible hearts, and "she made the more haste to return to her Lord, with whom," she adds, "I had rather be as a poor beggar than to be mistress of the world absented from him. But patience hath armed us," she quaintly concludes, "and finds us Fortune-proof."

In early life, it appears, she had written for her private amusement, *inter alia*, a little book called "The World's Olio," and during the year and a half that she spent in London, in the fruitless effort to recover a portion of her husband's or her mother's property,

* He fell side by side with Sir George Lisle, at Colchester, in the cause of King Charles I. They were shot in the open space behind Colchester Castle, just under the north wall; and to this day it is a local tradition that the grass will not grow on the spot where their blood fell to the ground.

she tells us that she penned a "Book of Poems," and a little book called "My Philosophical Fancies;" from the latter of which we will give some extracts presently. And this, indeed, must have been a very natural solace to her in her months and years of trouble and distress, and her pen must have been to her *laborum dulce lenimen*; for, as she tells us, she was "from childhood given to contemplation, more addicted to solitariness than to society, to melancholy rather than mirth."

To judge from the autobiographic memoir from which we have already quoted so largely, it is clear that the duchess was of a tender and sensitive disposition, and possessed a timorous and over-scrupulous conscience. Bent on all that was of good report, honest, pure, and sincere, and as clear as the daylight itself, she is perpetually showing an amount of self-suspicion and distrust which, to say the least, is but little in keeping with her bold and resolute conduct, when brought face to face with danger and distress. But there are riddles in the female heart which it is not given, perhaps, to any man to solve, and the character of Margaret Lucas, in this respect at least, is one such enigma.

"It is clear," says Sir Egerton Brydges, "from her prefaces, that the major part of her works was composed during a period of sorrow. If her Grace's pen was rather too frequently indulged, it is a strange want of candour, and I may add, a want of feeling, too, that would strive to raise a laugh at amusements so innocent and virtuous, under the pressure of undeserved and patriotic misfortune. The truth is, that considerable as is the alloy of absurd passages in many of her compositions, there are few of them in which there are not many proofs of an active, reflective, and original turn of mind. Though her manners are stated by her to have been marked by the extreme of reserve, still her imagination was quick, copious, and sometimes even beautiful; yet her taste appears to have been uncultivated at the best, and perhaps originally defective. Nothing that I have yet read of hers is touched by pathos, which, indeed, does not seem to have been an ingredient of her mind. On the contrary, we are too frequently shocked by expressions and images of extraordinary coarseness, all the more extraordinary as flowing from a female of high rank, and brought up in the atmosphere of courts."

It may be interesting to our readers to know that upon the Restoration, peace and affluence once more shone upon this noble and worthy pair, whose sufferings were crowned at length by their restoration also to the en-

joyment of the long-lost domains of the duke's vast hereditary property. The old abbey of Welbeck once more opened its gates to its former lord and master, and the castles of the North again welcomed their chieftain, whose maternal ancestors, of the baronial house of Ogle, had ruled over them for centuries in Northumberland, with feudal sway that more than rivalled the Percies in splendour. But advancing years had now made the duke desirous rather of repose than of a life spent in courts and pageants, to say nothing of extravagance and dissipation; and his duchess, the loving and faithful companion of his fallen fortunes, though far younger in years, had gained experience from her trials, and was but little disposed in consequence to quit the quiet luxury of rural grandeur and the leafy bowers of Nottinghamshire, so soothing to her melancholy and contemplative disposition, for the tinsel splendour of the court at Whitehall, or our palace of St. James'. To such a pair we may easily imagine that the noisy and intoxicated revelry of a profligate court would have been far more painful and distasteful than all the wants of their late calm and retired, though chilling, poverty. They therefore refused to be present at Charles's levees and to become inmates of his palace, choosing rather to devote themselves to the sober pleasures of a country life, not wholly divorced from literature and the arts. This solitary state and isolated magnificence, so congenial to the tastes of the duchess and her "Lord," seems to have afforded an infinite supply of contemptuous jests to the talented and accomplished mob of dissolute wits, who crowded round Charles II., and worshipped the rising, or rather risen, sun of royalty. These silly insects, buzzing in the artificial sunshine of the royal presence, probably thought that persons like the Duke and Duchess of Newcastle—who, in virtue of their high rank and enormous wealth, had the power to mix, if they pleased, in the busy scenes of courts and cabinets, and yet could prefer the charms of nature and the joys of a country life—were fit only to become the butts of their ridicule. And it is more than probable that the memory of these witticisms at their expense may not wholly have faded away before the earlier years of Horace Walpole,* who caught up the mantle of these oracles of wisdom, and condescended to speak in tones of sneering pity of the character and

amusements of Margaret, Duchess of Newcastle.

But assuredly, we may be pardoned for asking,—pace Horatii Walpole,—whether any phase of life can show more virtuous and amiable qualities than a voluntary resort to such innocent rural enjoyments, combined with the consolations and pleasures of literature, on the part of persons who have had more than their fair share of tossing on the billows of the ocean of life? To us it would rather seem that, after the enjoyment of all the privileges of high rank and a princely fortune, the spirit which refuses to be broken, or irretrievably bent, by the stern gripe of poverty, by expulsion from home, kindred, and friends, and by the frowns and scorn of the world, is a truly noble spirit, whether it be in the breast of a man or of a woman. And she who, under the blight and the gloom of such reverses, could create a kingdom of her own within her mind, shows an intellectual energy to which few women indeed can lay claim, and which all the Horace Walpoles in the world ought not to be allowed to defraud of the praise that is her due.

Still we must not be led so far by our admiration for the duchess's personal character as not to subject her writings to just but candid criticism. Margaret Cavendish had talents, as well as virtues, which raised her above the multitude, even higher in proportion than her rank. Her mental powers, by the aid of a little more arrangement, more scholar-like polish, and even a moderate exercise of maturer judgment, might easily have given birth to writings, on which posterity would have set the highest store. She fell short of this point of merit. She wanted the primary qualities of real genius. She was neither sublime nor pathetic. She was true to nature, and to her own genuine, artless feelings; but higher she could not rise. She had none of that power of seizing on the combination of circumstances, of touching by a few single strokes those chords which, through the force of association in our ideas, call up at once whole pictures into being before the eyes of our minds. She wanted true taste; she knew not what to obtrude on her readers, and what to leave out. She pours out all her feelings, genuine and excellent in their way, with an undistinguishing hand, and mixes up the serious, the colloquial, and sometimes even

* Horace Walpole, in his "Royal and Noble Authors," sneeringly remarks, that "her Grace's literary labours have drawn down less applause than her domestic virtues: nor can it be denied that she wrote too much to be expected to write well, had her taste or judgment been greatly superior to what we find them. That she displayed poetical talent, however, when it was not clouded by obscure conceits, or warped by a witless effort to engraft the massy trunk of

philosophy on the slender wilding of poesy, will be seen from her poem entitled 'The Pastime and Recreation of the Queen of Fairies, in Fairy-land, the Centre of the Earth.'" In a foot note in the extract from the above poem it is affirmed that "there must have been some affectation about her Grace's person as well as writings; for Granger describes a portrait of her at Welbeck, attired in a theatrical habit, which she usually wore."

the vulgar, after a manner which cannot be defended by her warmest admirers.

And yet, though we must own that the duchess was deficient in a cultivated judgment, that her knowledge was more multifarious than exact, and that her powers of fancy and sentiment were more vigorous than her powers of reasoning, we cannot but admire that ardent ambition which, in her Grace, as in most other persons, is rarely found except in combination with marked superiority of intellect. "I fear," writes the duchess, "that my ambition inclines to vain-glory, for I am very ambitious: yet it is neither for beauty, wit, titles, wealth, or power, but as they are steps to raise me to the summit of Fancy's Tower, which is to live by remembrance in after ages." In spite of her strong ambition on this head, it is to be feared that her Grace's fond desire has not hitherto been gratified. Her virtues, personal and literary merits, are known but to few—for quarto volumes, we fear, are not read by the many;—but pleased indeed shall we be if, in our own humble way, we have contributed, though in ever so slight a degree, to give effect to the "ambition" of Margaret Cavendish, and assisted her to make her name "live by remembrance in after ages."

Her "*Nature's Pictures drawn by Fancy's pencil*" are a collection of what she calls her "*feigned stories*" in verse and prose, designed to "present virtue, the Muses leading her, and the Graces attending her, likewise to defend Innocency, and to help the distressed and lament the unfortunate, and to show that Vice is seldom crowned with good fortune." As she says, half-apologetically, in her "address to the reader," "these pieces are not all limbed alike, for some are done with oil-colours of Poetry, others in watery colours of Prose, some upon the dark grounds of Tragedy, and some upon light grounds of Comedy." The verse consists of a series of tales told by men and women sitting round a winter fire; and we fear that, although many of them are good and excellent, a few of them savour more of the style of Boccaccio than we should have expected from a lady, whom the Cambridge dons compared to Diana on the score of chastity. However, we suppose that some allowance must be made for the manners of the age. Some of the songs interspersed with these stories are very good in their way; and to judge from MS. marginal notes, in the duchess's own handwriting, she was largely helped in their composition by "my Lord." Her prose compositions occupy ten books, of which the last is styled "*The She [Anchoret]*," which represents the conversations of all kinds of persons with a sort

of fairy, the only child of a pious and excellent widower, and made the medium of teaching her hearers lessons of wisdom on all kinds of physical and moral subjects.

So rare is the work entitled "*Nature's Pictures*," that it is scarcely ever met with, even in an imperfect condition; indeed, the copy in the British Museum (fol. 1656) wants the rare print of the Duke and his family alluded to above, and is likewise deficient in the four last leaves. The only known perfect copy was in the Grenville Library.

The drift of her "*Nature's Pictures*" may be gathered from the following random list of subjects:—"The Discreet Virgin," "The Loving Ouckold," "The Converts in Marriage," "The Three Woovers," "The Matrimonial Agreement," "Of two Ladies' Different Humours," "The Drunken Poet," "Love's Cure," "The Tale of the Ladye in Elyzium, &c.," and "The Tobacconist," which last we make no apology for reprinting here at full length:—

THE TOBACCONIST.

There were two maides talking of husbands, for that for the most part is the theme of their discourse, and the subject of their thoughts.

Said the one to the other, "I would not marry a man that takes tobacco, for anything."

Said the second, "Then it is likely you will have a fool for your husband, for tobacco is able to make a fool a wise man; for though it doth not always work to wise effects, by reason some fools are beyond all improvement, yet it never failes where any improvement is to be made."

"Why," said the first, "how doth it worke such wise effects?"

Said the second, "It composes the mind, it busies the thoughts, it attracts all outward objects to the mindes view, it settles and retents the senses, it cheeres the understanding, strengthens the judgement, spyes out Errors; it evaporates follies, it heates Ambition, it comforts sorrow, it abates passions, it excites to noble actions; it digests conceptions, it enlarges knowledge, it elevates imaginations, it creates phancies, it quickens wit, and it makes reason Pleader, and truth Judge in all disputes or Controversies betwixt Right and Wrong."

Said the first, "It makes the breath stinke."

Said the second, "You mistake; it will make a stinking breath sweet."

"It is a beastly smell," said the first.

Said the second, "Civet is a beastly smell, and that you will thrust your nose to, although it be an excrement, and, for anything we know, so is Ambergreece, when tobacco is a sweet and pleasant, wholesome and medicinable hearb."

The list of the Duchess's works in the Catalogue of the British Museum includes, besides the books already mentioned, "*Philosophical Fancies*" (12mo., 1653), "*Poems and Fancies*" (fol., 1653), "*The World's Olio*" (fol., 1655), "*Philosophical and Physical Opinions*" (fol., 1655), "*Playes*" (fol., 1662), "*The Life of William, Duke of Newcastle*" (fol., 1667), and the same in Latin (fol., 1668), "*Plays never before printed*"

(fol., 1668), "The Grounds of Natural Philosophy" (fol., 1668). Her praises are to be found in a folio volume, entitled "Letters and Poems in Honour of the Incomparable Princess, Margaret, Dutchess of Newcastle, printed in the Savoy in 1676." These letters, some in English, some in French, and some in Latin, bear the signatures of a variety of learned bodies and personages, including the Vice-Chancellor and Senate of the University of Cambridge, the Master and Fellows of St. John's College, Cambridge, the Master (Bishop Pearson) and Fellows of Trinity College, Mr. Kenelm Digby, Dr. T. Barlow, of Queen's College, Oxford, Thomas Hobbes, Dr. John Fell, the Bishop of Rochester (Dr. John Dolbin), the Lord Berkeley, and Lord Bul-lingbrooke (*sic*). They are all couched in a strain of the most fulsome flattery. One of those from Trinity College, Cambridge, concludes with calling the Duchess "Margaret the First, Princess of Philosophers. Who hath dispelled Errors, appeased differences of opinion, and restored Peace to Learning's Commonwealth." And another, from the University of Cambridge, sums up her merits in a single Virgilian line:—

O soror, o doctum quæ sola es Fœmina nomen;

and somewhat sportively suggests that she is, after all, but a Marchioness in breeches, for so we should be profane enough to translate these words, "An virili veste induta Marchionissa annos fortasse aliquot, idque Athenis, inter Philosophos delituisti?" And when they came to try their hands at verse, half the dons of Cambridge seem to have gone into ecstatic raptures about her joint wit and beauty. One fellow of King's College profanely declares that she is fit to compare only with the Blessed Virgin Mary, while another, in a more truly classic style, compares her and her books to Niobe and her children:—

Natorum numero Niobe non provocet illam,
Nec specie, Niobes quæ Dea stravit opes;
Bis septem e gravido, ceu Jupiter, illa cerebro
Pignora dat, (decuit sic peperisse Deam);
Pignora ceu speculo totum referentia mundum,
Non nisi cum mundo pignora digna mori.

It only remains to add that the Duchess died in London on one of the last days of the year 1673, and was buried on the 7th of January following in Westminster Abbey, where the Duke raised a handsome monument to her memory. Though married at so early an age, her union with the Duke was issueless. The Duke, her husband, followed her to the grave just three years later, having died on Christmas-day, 1676, and he too lies buried by her side in the Abbey of Westminster.

E. WATFORD.

STAGE THUNDER.

It must have been an early task of the theatrical machinist to devise a method of simulating the sounds of rain, and wind, and tempest. Audiences have always suffered themselves to be impressed by storm-effects, however inadequately represented. Thunder and lightning, like Mr. Puff's favourite expedient of a clock striking, have seldom failed to "beget an awful attention in the audience." Shakspeare himself, though he reprobated the groundlings who, for the most part, were "capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb-shows and noise," was fond of enlisting the strife of the elements in the service of his plays; probably following the example of elder dramatists in his frequent recourse to the functionary behind the scenes, whose duty it was to "ride on the whirlwind and direct the storm." Thus the "Tempest" and "Macbeth" both open with thunder and lightning; there is "loud weather" in the "Winter's Tale;" there is thunder in the "First Part of King Henry the Sixth," when *La Pucelle* invokes the fiends to aid her enterprise; thunder and lightning in the "Second Part of King Henry the Sixth," when *Margery Jourdain* conjures up the Spirit; thunder and lightning in "Julius Caesar"; a sea storm in "Pericles," and a marvellous hurricane in "King Lear." The post-Shaksperian play-wrights introduced storms into their dramas with a frequency that drew upon them Pope's memorable rebuke in the "Dunciad."

Now turn to different sports (the Goddess cries)
And learn, my sons, the wondrous power of noise.
To move, to raise, to ravish every heart
With Shakspeare's nature or with Jonson's art
Let others aim; 'tis yours to shake the soul
With thunder rumbling from the mustard-bowl.

Further esteemed stage tricks being censured in the subsequent lines,—

With horns and trumpets now to madness swell;
Now sink in sorrow with a tolling bell!
Such happy arts attention can command
When fancy flags and sense is at a stand!

A note to Warburton's edition of the "Dunciad" explains that the old ways of making thunder and mustard by means of grinding and pounding in a bowl, were the same, but that of late the noise had been more advantageously represented by troughs of wood with stops in them; doubt being expressed as to whether this was the improved thunder of which Mr. Dennis claimed to be the inventor. In our days John Dennis is more remembered by the well-known story about his thunder, and by the stupid virulence of his attacks upon the great men of his epoch than by any-

thing else. His thunder first made itself heard on the production, at Drury Lane, in 1709, of his "Appius and Virginia," a dull tragedy, which not even the combined talents of Booth, Wilks, and Betterton (in the last season of that great actor's performance) could keep alive for longer than four nights. But although the play died, the thunder survived, a favourite appliance of the theatre; and upon its peals resounding on a later occasion,—some say at a performance of "Macbeth"; others, at the production of a play of a rival author,—Dennis, who was present, rose from his seat in a violent passion, exclaiming with an oath,—“See how these villains use me! They will not let my play run, and yet they steal my thunder!” The “Dunciad” did not appear until nearly twenty years after the performance of Mr. Dennis’s tragedy. Pope either purposely ignored the merits and method of Mr. Dennis’s thunder, or did not really know that the old mustard-bowl style of storm had gone out of fashion.

When De Loutherbourg, who was for a time scene-painter at Drury Lane under Mr. Garrick’s management, opened his dioramic exhibition, which he called the “Eidophusicon,” we learn that the imitation of thunder with which he accompanied some of his pictures was very natural and grand. A large sheet of thin copper was suspended by a chain, and being shaken by one of the lower corners, produced the sound as of a distant rumbling, seemingly below the horizon; and as the clouds rolled over the scene, approaching nearer and nearer, the thunder increased, peal by peal, “until,” says an enthusiastic eye-witness, “following rapidly the lightning’s zigzag flash, which was admirably vivid and sudden, it burst in a tremendous crash immediately overhead.” Tubes charged with peas, and gradually turned and returned on end, represented the fall and patter of hail and rain; and two hoops, covered with silk tightly strained, tambourine fashion, and pressed against each other with a quick motion, emitted hollow whistling sounds in imitation of gusts of wind.

Appliances something similar to these are still in use at the modern theatres when a storm has to be represented. The noise of storm has been simulated, however, by other methods: notably by rolling to and fro a large empty cask on the floor of the room above the ceiling of the theatre; a plan rather calculated to excite the anxiety of the spectators lest the thunder should come down bodily, crashing through the roof into the pit. Another ingenious device, once adopted at the Edinburgh Theatre, brought with it rather ludicrous results. The manager, bent on improv-

ing the tone and volume of his storms, procured a parcel of nine-pound cannon-balls; these were placed in a strong wheel-barrow, and ledges being placed here and there along the back of the stage, a carpenter was instructed to wheel the loaded barrow to and fro over the ledges. The play was “Lear,” and the rumbling upon the hollow stage as the heavy barrow jolted along its uneven path, did duty efficiently as the storm in the third act. Unfortunately, however, while the King was braving in front of the scene the pelting of the pitiless storm at the back, the carpenter-thunderer’s foot slipped, and down he fell, wheel-barrow, cannon-balls, and all. Straightway the nine-pounders came rolling quickly and noisily down the slope of the stage, gathering force as they rolled, struck down the scene, laying it flat, and made their way towards the footlights and the orchestra, amidst the amusement and surprise of the audience, and the amazement and alarm of the *Lear* of the night. He had been prepared for the thunder, but not for the thunder-bolts, which rolled towards him from all directions, compelling him to skip about to avoid them, with activity singularly inappropriate to his years, until he was said to resemble a dancer accomplishing the feat known as the egg-hornpipe. Presently, too, the musicians had to scale with their instruments the spiked partition dividing them from the pit; the cannon-balls were upon them dropping heavily into the orchestra; there was real reason for their consternation. Meanwhile, at the back of the stage lay prostrate beside his barrow, the innocent invoker of the tempest he could not allay: not at all hurt, but very much frightened and bewildered.

After this catastrophe the cannon-ball and wheel-barrow style of storm was abandoned in favour of safer and more approved patterns.

DUTTON COOK.

AN IDYLL OF THE HAYFIELD.

I LINGERED in the field of hay
To help her o’er the stile,
But loth she was to come away,
And like a very child at play
She toyed awhile.

Then, deeming she was left alone,
With dainty, slender fork,
She tossed the grass but lately mown,
Humming sweet airs in tender tone,
And plied her work.

Till, seeing that I lingered near,
“For me you wait,” she said,
“Long have I kept you loitering here,”
Then, with the smile I held so dear,
Received my aid.



The setting sun was bathed in light—

"Ah! maiden fair," I cried,
 "Say, shall my future thus be bright,
 Or passed in gloom of deepest night?
 Thou must decide."

She flushed with pain, "Dost thou not know,
 And didst thou never see
 That nought is left me to bestow?—
 My troth was plighted long ago,
 I am not free!"

"I cannot wish we had not met,"
 With quivering lip I sighed,
 "My love concerns thee not—and yet
 I will not ask thee to forget."
 She ne'er replied.

E'er summer's leaves were tinged with red
 A shadow o'er her fell,
 For he my darling should have wed
 With one he dearer deemed had fled.
 She breathed, "'Tis well!"

On wings of vengeful passion borne
I flew to dry her tear.
"No longer, maiden, weep forlorn,
Repay the traitor with thy scorn—
Revenge is near!"

"Think not I mourn," she blushing said,
"The love I did not prize!"

Then in confusion drooped her head,—
A sweeter vengeance I had read
In those dear eyes.

F. E. C.

MADAME DE LA GUETTE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGARET BEAUFORT,"
"MADAME COTTIN," "MY AUNT KATE'S
MANUSCRIPT," &c., &c.

IN NINE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER III.

FOR a fortnight the secret was kept from M. Meurdrac, during which time Catherine managed a few stolen and hasty interviews with her husband; then a rumour reached her father's ears that La Guette meant to carry her off, and without further ado or ceremony, Catherine was shut up a close prisoner in her room. But La Guette understood the use of a rope and balcony too well to refrain from visiting his wife every evening, consoling and urging her to fly with him; at first she would not consent, but feeling she had taken a wrong step, dreading her father's anger, torn by her love for La Guette and harassed by fresh offers of marriage, she was nearly distracted and poor La Guette likewise. Tired at last with living a bachelor's life and yet having a wife, he posted off to his friend and patron the Duc d'Angoulême.

"Monseigneur," said he, "I am a married man, and yet have got no wife;" then he told him all, and begged him to make things straight with M. Meurdrac. In a week's time the Duke summoned M. Meurdrac to his presence, and began by expressing his surprise to hear that the marriage between Mademoiselle Meurdrac and M. de La Guette had not taken place. The old man declared he could not consent to it.

"Mon ami," replied the Duke, "the thing is already done; your daughter is married, and La Guette is your son-in-law."

His rage was terrific. He vowed vengeance against the offenders, and quite forgot the Duke's presence, who was a rather amused spectator of the scene. La Guette meanwhile was in a room close by, awaiting the result of the interview between his choleric father-in-law and his illustrious patron. Presently he received a message from the Duke to hasten with all speed to Mandres and carry off his wife before Meurdrac returned home. La Guette galloped off to Mandres, tucked Madame

Catherine safely on a pillion behind him, and never drew rein until they had arrived at his own house at Sussy. When M. Meurdrac reached home, his first question was, "Where is Mademoiselle?" "Gone off with M. de la Guette," was the answer; and for his pains the valet received a box on the ears which felled him to the ground. Madame Meurdrac then rushed forward and endeavoured to stem the torrent of wrath, but she was soon thankful to escape to her chamber without damage.

The young couple, in spite of parental rage, contrived to make themselves very happy together. Catherine was warmly welcomed by her husband's friends; and the young bride, whose romantic marriage became the talk of the neighbourhood, was all the rage. But the first joys of wedded life were curtailed by the departure of her husband for the German Campaign. He was away for some time and was fain to console himself with her portrait, which she sent him. His manner of receiving it is amusing. He invited his brother officers to drink Madame's health, and he turned her portrait with the face to the town as soon as the enemy's guns began to fire; in which, says she, "they did well, for the original has never turned her back on danger."

In 1836, Madame de la Guette's eldest son was born. The news of this event hastened her husband's return. When he first saw the child he laid his sword upon the infant, and blessing it said, "May'st thou be one day a distinguished officer and a brave man!" How fully this soldier in embryo realised his father's hopes, will be seen in the future.

Just after the birth of little Louis, the old Duchesse d'Angoulême fell ill of the malady which eventually proved fatal. She had long been troubled at the estrangement, which still existed, between the La Guettes and M. Meurdrac, for she had a sincere regard for them all, and she set her heart upon effecting a reconciliation before she died. She summoned the old man to Grosebois.

"I have a favour to ask of you."

"Madame, you have only to command, for me to obey."

"Be reconciled to your daughter, and forgive both her and her husband."

Meurdrac's stubborn spirit rebelled. He had vowed never to see either his child or his hated son-in-law again. Then other thoughts crossed his mind. He was broken, and getting in years; he loved and revered the Duchess as an old and constant friend; he remembered his sprightly beautiful Catherine, the "Rose of la Brie," and he yearned to take her once more to his heart. He bowed his head, and replied, "It shall be done as your Highness wishes; I know not how to refuse

you;" and the morrow was fixed for the peace-making. In spite of the deep feeling and agitation which all must have experienced, Catherine cannot resist from throwing a spice of the ludicrous into the picture she draws of the scene. "The reconciliation," she says, "took place in the room which is called the 'King's chamber,' in presence of M. le Duc, the Comte and Comtesse d'Alais, his son and daughter-in-law, and other persons of quality. I was stationed with my husband in a small ante-room, and was conducted the first into my father's presence. As soon as I saw him I rushed forward, and throwing myself at his feet I embraced his knees, shedding many tears, which told all in my favour, for he raised me up and kissed me, saying, with tears in his eyes, 'I forgive you.' Then my husband came in, and M. le Duc, presenting him to my father, said, 'Here is your son-in-law, who is very sorry for having offended you.' His Highness put his hand on my husband's shoulder, to force him to bend lower than was his wont, but he kept stiff and upright, and would only make his accustomed military salute. However, we ended by all embracing each other, and trying to look as pleased as possible. As soon as we had expressed our gratitude to M. d'Angoulême, I ran to the dear Princess's room, and knelt down beside her bed. 'Madame,' said I, 'you have done a good work, for which God will most certainly reward you. I am at your feet, Madame, to return you a thousand thanks.' She bade me rise. 'I am very glad,' said she, 'that it is done, for I am very fond of you; pray for me, for I feel I shall never get up from this bed of sickness.'* I bade her farewell, lest I should weary her, and went to my sister's apartments, where I found my father, and all our friends who had been present at our reconciliation."

Meanwhile, to conclude this half-pathetic, half-comic scene in the drama, La Guette was in another part of the castle lashing himself into a rage, and swearing like mad because his friends had been teasing him about his father-in-law. It seems that the good man, though slow to bow his stubborn pate at the orders of M. le Duc, had every intention of paying respect and attention to M. Meurdrac, and seeing as much as he could of M. Meurdrac. Some of his friends, knowing well the warm tempers of both gentlemen, now advised him to keep clear of his wife's parent. This was sufficient to set La Guette off in one of his furies, being, as she says, "one of the most passionate men that ever lived."

"Go," cried he to his servant, "and bid

your mistress come here that I may shoot her."

The man ran off in a great fright to Madame de la Guette with this loving message. "Pleasant news!" replied she, and with an unmoved countenance, sought her husband. On the way she met the Duke.

"*Par la corbeille*," said he, with his favourite oath, "here is your husband gone raving mad. Where are you going?"

"To be shot by him, Monseigneur."

"Don't go," replied the Duke; "not a hundred men could make him listen to reason just now."

"Ah!" said the sturdy wife; "I know a secret that will bring him to his senses."

She found La Guette on horseback, surrounded by people who were trying in vain to mollify the Turk.

"Dismount, Sir Knight," said Catherine, going up to him boldly; "I have something to say to you, and we will talk about shooting me afterwards." Down got my gentleman, listened to what his wife whispered in his ear, and to the astonishment of the spectators remounted and rode off in the best of humours; "in which," she adds, "I still found him on my return home." What that magic whisper was she does not tell; perhaps a short quotation from the verb *to love*; but certain it is that henceforth there was no more talk of pistols or shooting her from that day till the one on which she bemoaned his loss with all the passionateness of her early love; though she had yet much sorrow to bear on his account, from a different cause, as we shall see presently.

The kind old Duchesse d'Angoulême died a fortnight after she had effected this peace-making, and Madame de la Guette felt her death very deeply.

The next event on record is the public baptism of her infant son, who was held at the font with a child of the Princesse de Conti, a niece of the Grand Condé. Following the same order as she does in her autobiography, I will here mention that she had in all ten children, five girls and five boys, who grew up to be "good and honourable persons," for which she thanks God. Only four lived to grow up; two sons were officers in the service of the States-General, one daughter entered a convent in France, and another went to live with her eldest brother and his wife in Holland.

The death of her mother was her first sorrow, and it was also a great grief to her husband; for he loved and revered the old lady, who had always favoured his suit for her daughter's hand. Catherine's sorrow was, like all those great but rare emotions which

* The Duchess died in Paris, in August, 1694.

she showed, *passionné*. A strange fancy seized her, that she would cut off her mother's head and embalm it, and she was with difficulty prevented from accomplishing this purpose.

Their intercourse with her father had never been very cordial, notwithstanding the scene at Grosbois, and the coldness with which old Meurdrac received his son-in-law's visit of condolence ended in a violent dispute. On a future occasion, when it came to a legal settlement about the share Catherine was to receive of her mother's fortune, Meurdrac threw the plates and dishes at La Guette's head, who retaliated by drawing his sword. Catherine rushed to the rescue, and it all ended in a general make-up, which this time was at least genuine, and lasting.

For several years Madame de la Guette was, as she expresses it, "nearly always husbandless," for La Guette served through the campaign in Italy, begun by Richelieu in 1630. She devoted herself during his absence to the care of her children and all those domestic duties which she never willingly at any time of her life neglected. She was much sought after and visited by the best society in the neighbourhood, and it was at this period of her life that she met Madame de Sévigné, then Mademoiselle de Chantal, in the flower of her early youth and beauty, at the house of their mutual friend Madame de Coulanges. Madame de Sévigné, years later,* alludes to this time: "Did not I tell you," writes she, "that I dined the other day at Suzy [Sussy]. . . . I was enchanted to see again the house where I passed *ma belle jeunesse*. I had no rheumatism in those days!" "She was one of those," says Madame de la Guette, "whose greatest pleasure is to serve others, for she was kindness itself."

There are no very remarkable incidents related in the memoirs until the year 1649, when the siege of Paris converted the surrounding country into a scene of war and bloodshed. Madame de la Guette tells us very prettily of her husband's return from the Italian campaign; how one day she had a presentiment he would arrive that evening, and yearning for the time to come, her sister and niece proposed, to divert her mind, that they should don some old uniforms, hunt in the park, and receive their friends to dinner *en costume*. How, when her husband did really arrive, and he cast his eyes round the room in search for her, a handsome young cavalier came forward, and saluting him, said, "Monsieur, if you are in want of a volunteer in your troop, I am ready to serve under you;" the recognition, and the "*belles choses*" he

said to her form a nice little picture of their domestic life. And then comes her first jealous fit, because La Guette paid, in her estimation, too many visits to a certain lady in the neighbourhood, but which all ended in smoke after a satisfactory *entendu* with him.

In the little town of Sussy she was truly beloved. Her charity, good sense, and genial kindness were daily felt and appreciated. All troubles, difficulties, and disputes were submitted to her for advice and judgment, and it was a common saying amongst her townspeople that they "had only to lay the matter before Madame de la Guette to get it settled."

After the battle of Nordlingen, in August 1645, a distinguished visitor arrived at Sussy in the person of the Comte de Marchin,* the commanding officer under whom M. de la Guette served, and who was destined to have a great deal of influence over their family in the future. Her intercourse with this clever and eminent man is mentioned by Madame de la Guette as having been one of her greatest pleasures. "When the household had retired to rest," she relates, "M. de Marsin, my husband, and I, used to sit up talking together very pleasantly. This was a great privilege to me, for he was a very clever man, and used often to converse on very important subjects."

Marchin conceived a sincere regard for her, and thought so highly of her opinion that he one day told her he would never marry any one but of her choosing, and that from her hands he would take a peasant to wife. After a few weeks spent in this social intercourse, Marchin departed for Catalonia, where he was ordered to take command of the army, accompanied by M. de la Guette. Catherine was likewise called upon to part from her eldest and best-loved boy, Louis, who went with them to make his first campaign, though only ten years old. "So much," writes his mother, "did I wish he should grow up a brave man that I forced him to go in spite of my tender love." Boy-warriors were no uncommon sight in those days when all France was sword in hand.

With the siege of Paris began troublous times for Madame de la Guette. Her various adventures with the marauding parties from both royal and Frondist troops are too numerous and lengthy to relate. One little episode will give us an idea of the times and scenes in which she lived, and then we shall come to events of more importance. Rondel, Comte de Grancy, was encamped near Sussy with some regiments of horse. One day some of

* Or Marsin, as she calls him, and as he is often named in history. He is that celebrated Belgian General who followed the fortunes of the great Condé, and afterwards served in Holland with Charles II. of England, and the Dukes of York and Gloucester.

* In 1676; letter dated July 22.

the men came there to forage, and immediately that the inhabitants saw the soldiers scaling the walls, for the gates were closed, they all threw down their arms, which they had seized on first hearing of their approach, and fled, some to the church, others to Madame de la Guette's. "I had," she says, "more than two hundred women and girls belonging to our townspeople, who had always been such swaggers! Soon afterwards about twenty troopers came to my door, demanding admission. Anyone else would have been frightened, for nobody escaped in those days, but I went with a smiling face, and caused the door to be opened. All the troopers immediately made me a military salute, and one of them said, 'Madame, I have come from M. Tiffon to mount guard over your house, and point it out to our men, who are about to be quartered in the village.' 'I don't know who M. Tiffon is,' I replied, 'but I shall remember his kindness as long as I live.'"

The royal trooper mounted guard over her house, whilst the rest went plundering and pillaging in every direction; even women who had not time to save themselves were outraged. On the following day an officer called on her, to whom she complained of the shameful conduct of the soldiers, and the inconvenience it had caused her. She bade him demand that the women should be allowed to return to their homes unmolested, for that her house was so full she had been obliged to give up her own bedroom and sleep in the kitchen with a number of the inhabitants who dared not go to their homes for fear of being plundered by the way. It ended in a soldier, who had committed an outrage on a woman, being shot as an example to the rest. Those were stirring times. Often she was roused up at night by the trumpet sounding an alarm, and they waited in fear and trembling the arrival of the enemy; nor was it till peace was proclaimed and the Parisians reconciled with the King that they could go to bed at night in any security.

CHAPTER IV.

A MISFORTUNE befell M. de la Guette just as he was starting home from Catalonia, on leave of absence, to look after his family and property. A valet whom he had trusted implicitly robbed him of nearly every *sou*, and his son narrowly escaped being murdered by the rascal and his associates; it was with difficulty he managed to scrape enough together to take him home; "a state of things" remarks his wife, "to which I was accustomed; for men of honour get nothing in the army save reputation, which in my opinion is the best thing they can possess." La Guette

brought despatches for the Prince de Condé. It was just at the moment when that Prince, who "knew better how to gain battles than to win hearts," was playing *le petit roi* before Paris to the great disgust and rage of Anne of Austria and Mazarin; grasping at every office and aggregating to himself every sort of power. And he had received his summons to assist at the council where it was determined to arrest him, with his brother and the Duc de Longueville. Condé had for long contemplated a rupture with the Court, and was probably then in correspondence on the subject with his great adherent and friend De Marchin.

After delivering the letters, La Guette returned to Sussy for the christening of a child born just before his return. Even that little social rejoicing was interrupted. Being assembled at dinner in Madame's chamber, as was the custom, a commotion was heard outside, cries of "Monsieur, fly and save yourself!" and a servant rushed in with a face of alarm saying that word had just been brought him by a friend from Paris that the Princes de Condé, de Conti, and the Duc de Longueville "were arrested; and knowing his master had conveyed despatches to Condé only the day before, he feared lest some might be found on the Prince which would implicate the bearer. La Guette quieted their fears, and declared his intention of riding off to Paris directly dinner was over and presenting himself at Court. This bold stroke had the desired effect of lulling any suspicions which might have been attached to him on account of Condé, and though for four days he did not think it prudent to leave Paris or attempt to communicate with his wife, he returned at last all safe and sound, and remained at home during the captivity of the Princes.†

During this year old M. Meurdrac died, "a true Christian and Catholic," and was buried in the abbey of Geroy, which he had richly endowed. In her expressions of grief at his death all recollections of the past are forgotten by her, and she remembers only his virtues and his love. His fortune, which was considerable, she divided "very amicably," she says, with her elder sister, Madame de Vibrac, who "was a very sensible person, and I had a great deal of respect for her." The old house at Mandres fell to Catherine's share.

Whilst still mourning for her father, she received a letter from M. de Marchin, who was yet a prisoner at Perpignan—being implicated with Condé—reminding her of her promise to look out for a wife for him, as he wished to marry as soon as he was released. Catherine

† Jan. 18, 1650.

set to work, and soon cast her eyes on a certain Mademoiselle de Clermont d'Entraques,* young, noble, rich, beautiful, and virtuous, "good enough for the first lord in the land, and much sought after in marriage." The whole account of this little bit of matchmaking is told with such zest, and is so amusing, that I cannot resist giving it. Madame de la Guette opened the negotiation with Madame de Clermont through a mutual friend, and matters were well *en train* when General Marchin wrote, announcing he was free and on his way to Paris. He came straight to Sussy, and immediately engaged Madame de la Guette in private conversation, telling her that he was appointed viceroy and commander-in-chief in Catalonia, and had only a fortnight's leave of absence in which to settle all his affairs. Catherine told him of the marriage she was negotiating for him, and they all agreed to start for Paris directly after dinner. The General took up his quarters at the Hôtel de Condé, whilst the La Guettes found lodgings at the Petit Bourbon. On the morrow Catherine called upon Madame de Clermont, and as the intended fiancés had never met, it was necessary to plan an interview; "because," says the little woman, with the memory of her own youth fresh in mind, "when people marry it is necessary they should suit one another." It was settled they should meet that evening at the house of M. Guiot, the king's secretary, and a great friend of the Clermonts.

"Now," said Madame de la Guette to the General, when she communicated to him the arrangement, "you are not to appear as if you came there on purpose to see Mademoiselle, but as if you wanted to see *me*." Marchin went off in high glee to bathe, coiffer, and perfume himself, and after dinner Catherine repaired to M. Guiot's, and found Mademoiselle de Clermont *en grande toilette*, and looking lovely as a summer flower; in the narrator's words, "as if her mirror had told her she would not let M. de Marchin escape her fascination." Presently, two gentlemen were announced for Madame de la Guette, and her husband, with the General—dressed for the occasion, as a man *comme il faut* should be who wishes to make an impression on a beautiful woman—entered. After saluting their host and hostess, Marchin turned to Catherine, and told her that he and her husband had been hunting for her everywhere and did not know where she had gone.

"If I were in his place, Madame," said he, laughingly, "I should demand a strict account of your doings."

* Marie de Balzac; second daughter of Henri de Balzac, Marquis de Clermont d'Entraques, &c.

"Monsieur," replied she, "they are so honest and upright that he knows it would not be worth the trouble."

When this little *badinage* and bye-play was over, the General took a chair next to Mademoiselle de Clermont, and entered into conversation with her. Now, some mischievous persons, who were desirous of preventing the match, had told her that Marchin was ugly, deformed, and maimed in one arm; the gentleman who sat by her talking so agreeably was tall, well-made, and handsome. Where was the deformed suitor she expected to meet? At last the General spoke of the wonderful memory of the young king, and how, when released from prison, he had gone to pay his respects to his majesty, Louis, who had not seen him for years, directly exclaimed before his name was announced, "Ha! voilà Marchin!" At the word Marchin, Mademoiselle blushed deeply, and the lovely colour which suffused her cheeks only added to her beauty.

"*L'affaire va bien*," said Madame de la Guette, to herself. "She blushes!"

"Are you satisfied with my choice for you?" she asked the General, as they returned home. "More so than I could have thought possible," was the answer.

"Then, to-morrow I will ascertain whether you have made as favourable an impression."

The result of the inquiry was satisfactory, but Madame de Clermont still hung back; another suitor had been proposed, noble, and richer than Marchin. Madame de la Guette hastened off, and put the question straight to Madame de Clermont to fix the day for the wedding, urging that the General was ordered back to Catalonia without loss of time.

"Well, let him go, and on his return we will see about it," was the answer.

"I knew where the shoe pinched," says Catherine, and replied, "It is no longer a question of seeing, but of doing. Your honour is engaged; you have allowed things to go too far to draw back. M. de Marchin is as worthy of your daughter as the highest in the land."

She gained her point, and was desired to tell the General that the marriage might take place within a week, but Madame de Clermont begged that M. de Marchin would ask the Prince de Condé to make his proposals for him.

Madame de la Guette communicated the message to the General, who directly sought the Prince.

"Monseigneur, you have thought of marrying me for some time past, will you do me the honour of proposing for a young lady in my name?"

"Who is she?"

"Mademoiselle de Clermont d'Entraignes, Monseigneur."

"What! the great friend of my sister, Madame de Longueville?"

"The same."

"Indeed! you are lucky! She is one of the best matches in France. Who pointed her out to you?"

"Madame de la Gnette."

"Then you are under the greatest obligations to that lady. Will your proposals be well received?"

"Without doubt, Monseigneur; Madame de Clermont only awaits a visit from your Highness."

"I will be with her to-morrow."

The Prince paid his visit, formally presented the General before a goodly company assembled, and the affair was considered as settled. The wedding went off splendidly; twelve select guests were invited, including Madame de la Gnette, and the King sent his own private band to play during the banquet. When it was over, the ladies conducted Madame de Marchin to her chamber; the Duc de Montanzier introduced the newly-made husband to his bride, and then the whole company retired. Here ended a *Marriage à la Mode* in France during the seventeenth century. Let me not, however, forget to add that Madame de la Gnette paid her wedding visit to the bride and bridegroom in bed the next morning.

(To be continued.)

FOLK-LORE OF BARROWS.

ANTIQUARIES have been busy, during the last two or three summers, among the grave mounds and stone circles that dot the moors of Yorkshire and Northumberland, and have made some interesting discoveries. Urns of various shapes and sizes, flint weapons, brooches and pins of bone and of staghorn, and strings of jet beads, the most valued ornaments of some "primæval" beauty, have again seen the light, after an imprisonment of long ages; and speculation has been busy concerning the races whose remains have thus been disclosed, their funeral rites, and methods of interment.

No subject with which an antiquary can busy himself is more suggestive, or more calculated to excite the imagination: and a true antiquary should not only possess the faculty of picturing the past to himself in a lively fashion, but should be something of a poet into the bargain. The solitary mound, o'ergrown with fern and heather, and the circle of gray stones, far away from human habitation, and surrounded by hills and moors un-

changed since the British hunter swept across them in the "storm of chase," take us at once back into the regions of a past, so remote, and differing so greatly from all existing habits and beliefs, that it seems scarcely to belong to the same world as our own. There is something "eerie" and mysterious about all such relics; and it is scarcely to be wondered at that they should, in so many instances, be associated with local folk-lore and tradition; or that stories should be told of strange sights and portents which have attended their opening.

The exploration of a barrow is not a little interesting and exciting; and although we can hope for no such marvellous glimpse into the past as sometimes attends the opening of an Eastern or an Etruscan sepulchre—where, as the unwonted light streams into the tomb, the dead is disclosed, with his golden armour about him, his pictured vases, and all the appliances of his old daily life—it is with high-strung nerves that we watch the strokes of the axe laying open the heart of the work, and gather at last the relics that would tell their tale so clearly, if we had only a sure key to their language. But barrow openers have their difficulties and their dangers. It is not always easy to find labourers who will venture to attack the "old men's houses," as the high tumuli are sometimes called in Cornwall; and whoever breaks into them is certain, according to a widely spread piece of folk-lore, to do at least as much mischief as an unhappy whistler at sea.

Many years since, we were staying at a vicarage on the north coast of Cornwall, where a wide stretch of moor, overlooking the sea, is sprinkled with ancient barrows. Getting labourers with some difficulty, we attacked one of the largest; but the work was begun late in the day, and we left off without much advance at nightfall. The next morning was clear and bright; but toward midday, as we were setting off for the moor, the sky darkened, and a thunder-storm broke fiercely round us. "This is the work of the 'old men,'" said the vicar. "I am afraid we shall not be in time to see them uncover the *kistvaen*" (the stone chest usually found toward the centre of the Cornish barrows)—and as he spoke the workmen appeared, bringing with them a rude urn which they had just taken from it. A still more curious coincidence attended the opening by Sir Richard Hoare of one of the largest barrows on the Wiltshire downs. Two skeletons, a bronze dagger, flint arrow-heads, and numerous ornaments were found in it; and during the excavation a tremendous storm of thunder and lightning burst over the downs, compelling the whole

party to take refuge within the hollow of the tumulus itself. It was somewhat daring to seek such a shelter; but perhaps the tenants of the mound were appeased by the "verse-craft" of the poet Bowles, who was present, and who indited the following lines within the "shadow of the tomb":—

"Let me, let me sleep again,"—
Thus, methought, in feeble strain
Plained from his disturbed bed,
The spirit of the mighty dead.—
"O'er my mouldered ashes cold
Many a century slow hath rolled;
Many a race hath disappeared
Since my giant form I reared;
Since my flinted arrow flew,
Since my battle-horn I blew,
Since my brazen dagger's pride
Glittered on my warlike side,
Which, transported o'er the wave,
Kings of distant ocean gave.
Ne'er hath glared the eye of day
My death-bed secrets to betray,
Since, with muttered Celtic rhyme,
The white-haired Druid bard sublime,
'Mid the stillness of the night
Waked the sad and solemn rite—
The rite of death,—and o'er my bones
Were piled the monumental stones."

It is not storm alone, however, that the disturbers of such barrows have to fear. The dragon that, according to old Teutonic tradition, guarded the golden hoards of gods and heroes, has still his representative in Cornwall and Devonshire, where cairns and tumuli are in some places called "treasure hills" and "guinea rocks." Fiery dragons have been seen "flying and lighting on them;" and their "hoards" are not easily seized, even by the most daring. At the moment of uncovering the urn which is supposed to contain the treasure, a mysterious faintness comes over the operator, and if he allow it to overpower him, the gold within the tomb will certainly be conveyed away. Nor is this all. Witness the following "tale of certain strange barrows at Challacombe, next neighbour unto Exmoor," told in Westcote's "View of Devon in 1630":—

"A daily labouring man by the work of his hand and sweat of his brow having gotten a little money, was desirous to have a place to rest himself in old age, and therefore bestowed it on some acres of waste land, and began to build a house thereon, near, or not far from, one of these burrows, named Broaken-burrow, whence he fetched stones and earth to further his work: and having pierced into the bowels of the hillock, he found therein a little place, as it had been a large oven, fairly, strongly, and closely walled up: which comforted him much, hoping that some great good would befall him, and that there might be some trea-

sure there hidden to maintain him more liberally and with less labour in his old years: wherewith encouraged, he plies his work earnestly until he had broken a hole through this wall, in the cavity whereof he espied an earthen pot, which caused him to multiply his strokes until he might make the orifice thereof large enough to take out the pot, which his earnest desire made not long a-doing. But as he thrust in his arm and fastened his hand thereon, he suddenly heard, or seemed to hear, the noise of the trampling or treading of horses coming towards him, which caused him to forbear and arise from the place, fearing the comers would take his purchase from him (for he assured himself it was treasure); but looking about every way to see what company this was, he saw neither horse nor man in view. To the pot again he goes, and had the like success a second time; and yet, looking all about, could ken nothing. At the third time he brings it away, and therein only a few ashes and bones, as if they had been of children, or the like. But the man, whether by the fear, which yet he denied, or other cause which I cannot comprehend, in very short time after lost senses both of sight and hearing, and in less than three months consuming, died. He was in all his lifetime accounted an honest man; and he constantly reported this, divers times, to men of good quality, with protestations to the truth thereof, even to his death."

Sometimes the tenant of the tomb himself appears to protest against the troublers of his rest. As a hind was cutting turfs on the side of Ternavie, a remarkable tumulus at Dunning, in Perthshire, he was suddenly appalled by the vision of an old man, who rose from the opening he had made, and, after demanding, with an angry countenance and voice, why he was "firing" (unroofing) his house over his head, as suddenly vanished. The "Ghost's Knowe," a cairn at Craigengelt, near Stirling, was so called from a similar apparition; and in two extraordinary instances—one in Flintshire, where a chieftain in golden armour was said to appear in the twilight on the summit of his cairn, and another in Fife, where an undefined spectre sometimes showed itself on Norrie's Law, near Largo, a tumulus which, according to tradition, covered the chief of a great army, laid therein with his horse, and armed in massive silver—the ghosts and the local tradition have been found trustworthy witnesses. A golden corselet now in the British Museum was found in the Welsh cairn; and a wandering hawker, who frequented the Norrie's Law district, excited by the stories he heard, broke into the tumulus "under cloud of night," and found so much

silver "armour" that he had to revisit the mound night after night before it could all be conveyed away. Happily, he dropped some pieces in his haste and fear, and these, many years afterwards, led to the discovery of the whole proceeding. The hawkers must have been sufficiently bold and strong-minded; but if conscience has anything to do with the matter, we may be sure that he suffered more from "terrors of the night" than the Laird of Glencaird in Kirkcudbrightshire, when, with his two sons, denounced by Claverhouse for harbouring certain Covenanters, he lay concealed for some time within the tomb-chamber of the "White Cairn," one of many which rise on high up the dreary moorlands of Galloway.

In all these cases it is clear that the old northern belief that the dead was not altogether unconscious within his tomb, and that he could sometimes show himself to the living, had not been altogether extinguished. The cairn of huge stones, or the great earthen barrow were, there is every reason to believe, raised not only as memorials, but to restrain, as far as they might, their tenants from "making night hideous" by revisiting the haunts of the living. The Pyramids themselves, it has been suggested, may have been erected with (in part) some such object. Many instances of portents at cairns and tomb-mounds, illustrating the belief of our Scandinavian ancestors (for Norsemen and Teutons had both a share in forming this present England), are to be found in the Icelandic sagas. We content ourselves with one from the "Story of Burnt Njal," so excellently translated by Dr. Dasent. Gunnar, of Lithend, the very type of a noble Norseman, had fallen under the treacherous attacks of his enemies; and then "they cast a cairn over him, and made him sit upright in the cairn":—

"Now this token happened at Lithend, that the neat-herd and the serving-maid were driving cattle by Gunnar's Cairn. They thought that he was merry, and that he was singing inside the cairn. They went home and told Rannveig, Gunnar's mother, of this token; but she bade them go their way and tell Njal.

"Then they went over to Bergthor's knoll, and told Njal, and he made them tell it three times over.

"After that he had a long talk all alone with Skarphedinn; and Skarphedinn took his weapons, and goes with them to Lithend.

"Now those two, Skarphedinn and Hogni, were out of doors one evening by Gunnar's Cairn on the south side. The moon and stars were shining clear and bright, but every now

and then the clouds drove over them. Then all at once they thought they saw the cairn standing open, and lo! Gunnar had turned himself in the cairn, and looked at the moon. They thought they saw four lights burning in the cairn, and none of them threw a shadow. They saw that Gunnar was merry, and he wore a joyful face. He sang a song, and so loud, that it might have been heard though they had been further off. . . After that the cairn was shut up again.

"'Would'st thou believe these tokens if Njal or I told them to thee?' says Skarphedinn.

"'I would believe them,' he says, 'if Njal told them, for it is said he never lies.'

"'Such tokens as these mean much,' says Skarphedinn, 'when he shows himself to us—he who would sooner die than yield to his foes; and see how he has taught us what we ought to do!'"

RICHARD J. KING.

A CHAPTER IN NATURAL HISTORY.

AN observant friend of mine who has resided much at Constantinople, has sent me the following interesting account of those birds which fly in flocks along the Bosphorus, and which the French call "*les ames damnées*," from their restless disposition. He says:—

"There is a bird here which has often excited my surprise and curiosity, and which appears to be peculiar to the place. Every day there are to be seen numerous flocks of birds, not quite so large as pigeons, with dark backs and white bellies, flying up and down the Bosphorus with great rapidity. When they arrive either at the Black Sea, or the sea of Marmora, they again wheel round, and return up the channel, and this course they continue without a moment's intermission the whole of the day. They are never seen to alight either on land or water; they never for a moment deviate from their course or slack their speed. They are never known to search for or to take any food, and no visible cause can be imagined for the restless instinct by which they are possessed. The French call them '*les ames damnées*,' and certainly, if being allowed no station or repose be included in this idea, it is not a bad one. They fly very near the surface of the water, and if a boat meets a flock of them transversely, they rise a few feet out of the line; it divides them like a wedge. Their flight is remarkably silent, and although so numerous, and so close, the movements of their wings are scarcely ever to be heard; they are so abundant in this particular spot that I have counted fifteen large flocks in my passage from Pera to Therapia, a distance of seven miles. I have

often wished to shoot one and examine it, but the Turks have such a tender and conscientious regard for every animal but *man*, that no person is permitted to kill any bird upon the Bosphorus without incurring their displeasure. It has been called the 'Alcyon Voyageur,' to distinguish it from the 'Halcyon' of the ancients, which was supposed to have its nest on the waters. It is certainly a species of Alcedo, but which of them I cannot determine."

I have to state, in continuing this account of these celebrated birds, that I have taken some pains to ascertain from persons who have long resided at Constantinople, on what spots they are supposed to roost, but have never been able to procure any satisfactory answers to my questions on this subject. It is to be regretted that more is not known of the history of these very interesting birds, which have excited very general curiosity from those who have frequented the shores of the Bosphorus.

The next bird I propose to notice is the eider-duck (*Anas mollissima*) to whose soft down I am indebted for many a good night's repose in cold weather. This valuable down is provided by nature for the clothing of the bird in the inclement countries in which it is generally found. As it lives generally out at sea, it is able to endure the severity of the northern regions, such as Greenland and Spitzbergen. It is also found through Arctic America. Audubon states that he found eider-ducks in abundance on the bleak and wintry coast of Labrador, nesting and laying their eggs from April to the end of May. Their eggs were from six to ten, of a dull greenish-white. The nest was usually placed under the shelter of a low prostrate branch of a fir-tree, and sometimes several were made under the same bush within a foot or two of each other. The nest is composed of seaweed and moss, and the down is only added when the duck begins to sit on her eggs; this and the eggs are taken away, when the duck lays a few more, and adds her down to them. If these are removed she will lay two or three more eggs, but having exhausted her stock of down, the male will then supply the necessary quantity. Should the last eggs be removed, the duck never again returns to the same spot. The down, it need not be mentioned, is very valuable, and one company has sold as much as 900*l.* worth in one season.

But there is another celebrated duck which I believe is only to be found in North America. It is the canvass-back duck, and well-known as a delicacy to the epicures of that country. These birds assemble by thousands in a flock,

and rising suddenly on the wing, produce a noise like thunder. During the day they are dispersed about in search of food, but towards evening collect together, and coming into the creeks and river inlets, ride, as it were, at anchor, with their heads under their wings asleep; sentinels, however, appear awake, and raise an alarm on the least appearance of danger. They feed on a weed called seawrack; but Mr. Featherstonhaugh, in his canoe voyage on the Minnesota River, says that they also feed on the wild rice that is in abundance on its banks. It is only in severe frosty weather that they can be exported in an eatable state to this country, and I have purchased them from a poulterer at Brighton. Their excellence on the table has not been over-rated.

I cannot help noticing here the bottle-tit, one of my favourite little birds of this country, not only from the beautiful structure of its nest, which is most elegantly domed, with a small side opening, but also from the indefatigable way in which the parent birds provide for their numerous offspring, which follow their parents till the return of spring. It has always been a pleasing occupation of mine, when in the country, to watch the proceedings of this family of diminutive birds. The parent birds have a peculiar call which is well understood by their young ones, and as they rapidly flit from tree to tree in search of insects, not one remains behind. At night they all cluster together, forming a little feathery ball to keep each other warm, sometimes on the branch of a well-sheltered fir-tree, or under the eaves of some hay-rick. Should cold weather set in after the young are hatched, I have known a feather fixed at the top of the hole or entrance to the nest, acting as if it had a hinge, in this way keeping out the cold wind. When it is considered that these beautiful nests frequently contain ten or twelve young ones, it may be imagined how actively the parent birds must be employed in collecting insects for them, so that from my own observation I have ascertained that little more than a minute passes without an entrance or an exit taking place all day long. Such is the warmth of the nest that some thousands of feathers have been counted which had been deposited in it, and I have known a common cigar-box filled with the contents of one nest.

With the exception of that of the golden-crested wren, the egg of the bottle-tit is the smallest of any British bird, and it is surprising how the parent birds contrive to feed each of their newly hatched and numerous young ones, enveloped, as they must be, in such a mass of feathers.

EDWARD JESSE.

SCIPIO'S DIVE.

"THAT's a queer-looking ring you have on," I said to my friend Gerald Marston, as we sat smoking in his little snugery a few weeks after his marriage. "Looks old, too."

"I shouldn't be surprised if it did. Have you noticed it?" and he took it off and handed it to me.

It did look old: it was an amethyst, heavily set in solid gold, with a sphynx trampling on a man, and some Egyptian symbols engraved on it. The stone was a good deal scratched and worn, and the ring bent a little out of shape.

"What does it mean?" I asked. "What do the symbols stand for? Do you know?"

"The sphynx means the king, and the man means his foe, on whom he is trampling after the manner of kings of his date. The legend is, 'Good God, Lord of the World.'"

"And how came you by it? Took it from some mummied Pharaoh's fingers?"

"Not exactly. It's rather a long story, but if you're inclined to hear it I'll call Scipio, get the glasses filled, and tell you it."

He called Scipio, a stout intelligent-looking negro, who was the major-domo of the establishment, told him to get a fresh bottle, and then said to him—

"I am going to tell my friend about this ring, and how you saw Old Nick."

"Yes, massa, I thought I see the debil himself that time, anyhow, I did. That very good story, massa, anyhow. If massa 'd only let me stay, I'd freshen up his memory a bit, perhaps."

I joined in the request, and the black sat down in a corner of the room, grinning from ear to ear.

"You know of course," began my friend, "how I went out to Egypt to make my fortune, when I found that there were more engineers here than profitable work to employ them; and you know, also, that I was then engaged to your cousin Kate. Well, I was pretty successful. In two months I got an appointment to superintend the erection and working of some large irrigation works. The owner was an old Turk who had served the Government, made some money, and proposed to make more by this scheme. It took some little time and some little trouble to get the machinery that came from England fitted up so as to enable us to commence operations; and if it hadn't been for 'Scipio Africanus' (as we christened him) it would have taken as long again. The people out there have no idea of work. They don't do half as much in a week as a navvy does here in a day. The

proprietor left everything to me, and I left all the labour to Scipio."

"Dat's true, massa. You left it to dis child, and dis child showed the black men how to work. He made them fly round; he did so, massa!" And Scipio chuckled in his corner.

"Scipio did; persuading some and beating others, he used to get something like a fair day's work out of them. We had been at it some two years, digging and trenching to get the water to our machinery, when one day the old Turk came down to see how we were getting on, and told me he was going to have a pleasure-trip on the sea—of course the Red Sea. I asked him to let me go; and so it was arranged that, as we should be all ready in another week, the people should have a couple of days' holiday, and we should go and recruit a little. We ran down by the rail to Suez, and then took a boat to take us down for a trip. Of course you never sailed on the Red Sea; but I can assure you it's not the most unpleasant sensation in the world to glide along over its waters. Here and there the water is clear enough to see in that dazzling light the bottom some six or eight fathoms deep, and deliciously cool and inviting it looks. We sailed about for the two days, and on the evening of the second returned to Suez. Here, as ill-luck would have it, some mismanagement on the part of the boatmen as we landed turned us all into the water, fortunately without danger or more hurt than a wetting.

"We were congratulating ourselves and cursing the boatmen, when the old Turk exclaimed with an expression of despair,—

"Allah is great; but I have lost it! Allah is great!"

"Lost what?" said I.

"My preserver, my fortune, my ring and chain."

"I soon found out that the old man had lost a heavy gold chain, and with it an iron ring which he believed to possess most fabulous virtues. He had had it all his life; it was his father's and his father's father's before him; and his luck was gone, he said; while he had it he could not help being fortunate: but now he was doomed to misfortune and, accursed; he had lost his talisman. I could hardly help laughing at this fuss over an old iron ring; but I found in a day or two that it was no laughing matter. We went home, and day after day the old fellow did nothing but, in his quiet way, curse the boatmen and bewail his loss, with a perpetual chorus of 'Allah is great! Allah is good!'

"The loss became known, and the fellahs about refused to work. In vain I consoled the Turk; he had but one reply—that it was

lost, and that Allah was great. I didn't know what to do, the work was within a few days of completion, and he would give no orders, pay no money, think of nothing but his loss, perfectly indifferent to all else. I waited on him day after day till I was weary of my life; for I depended on the money I should get on the completion of this work to pay for a share which Bevington had offered me, since I'd been out there, in a capital engineer's business; and I also wanted to get home for another reason which you may guess; two years and a half is a long time, you know, to wait. Well, as I said, I didn't know what to do; I couldn't leave, and I couldn't stay unless he altered his ways.

"One day during this time, Scipio there came to me to talk over what was to be done.

"What'll massa give me if I get dat ring back again?"

"Give," said I; "I'd give anything."

"Give promise of Englishman to take me home?" said Scipio.

"Yes, willingly."

"Then, massa, you take me to old gentleman, and if he promise to let me have the girl dat makes him coffee, I'll get the darn old ting."

"Get it; how?"

"I'll dive under the water for it."

"By Jove! and so you shall, Scipio."

"Dat's dis child," broke in Scipio.

"I took him up to the house, and told the old man our plan, and he began to hope, made promise of half he possessed, 'And the gal dat makes him coffee?' said Scipio. Any number of girls, all if he liked. So we agreed, and getting a few camels, prepared for the expedition, the old man insisting on going too.

"We reached the place where we landed; as nearly as we could tell, and then commenced our labours, at least Scipio commenced his."

"Yes, he did," was chanted from the corner; "Scipio did dat same."

"The plan was to get a boat and row over the course till we came to the spot where we were upset, and there Scipio took a couple of stones in his hands and dived down; the water was about eighteen feet deep, I should think, and you could see almost to the bottom. Well, we kept moving the boat about, and Scipio kept diving till it began to get dark—he must have gone down some twenty times I should think."

"Dat is so, massa; twenty-two times dat blessed day dis child made hole in de water."

"Of course after dark it was useless to continue; so we made ourselves comfortable for the night, and went at it again in the morning; and now, Scipio, you can tell the rest."

"Well, massa," said Scipio, drawing his chair nearer to mine at every word or two, "I went down again next day, and second time I see something glittering like, but I was too spent to see what it was, so I dropped the stones, and came up, and, says I, 'Massa, I see something; you keep the boat jist where she is, and I go down again presently. So dis time I find two great stones to take me down quick, and give me some time to look about me. Well, massa, dis time I dive right on to it, jist close by a black rock. I was jist a-going to catch him with my toe, massa, when the black rock changed into de debil, and opened his eyes—dere no mistake—I drop dem stones and up I come like sky-rocket, and tumble into de boat. By Golly, massa, I thought I see de debil, and he not nice to see down in eighteen feet of water, and he lashing at you wid his tail, and he hit me, too, and bring de blood."

"He came into the boat," said my friend, "looking as pale as his colour would let him, and with the blood streaming from a sort of cut in his thigh, crying, 'Massa, massa, I see de debil! I no go down any more. Don't wonder the old gentleman wants his ring when de debil wants it too.' I got him at last to describe what he had seen, and evidently beside the chain he had seen something, what I could not tell. From his description, I made out that it was something black on the top, white underneath, and had a long lash with a sting at the end of it. I asked him how big. As big as the boat, and as wide, and the tail as long as twice the oars. I tried to think what monster of the deep this might be; that it was rather a dangerous monster, the blood flowing from his thigh showed clearly. At last, I remembered having read that Le Vaillant, a French traveller, had seen in his second voyage to Africa a fish that was thirty feet wide and twenty-five feet long. Now, was it possible that this might be some descendant of this kind of flat fish? I determined to have a look, and undressed for that purpose."

"You did, massa; I tink I never see more bully man than massa dat time," I said. "Ah, massa, don't go! let the darned old ring and chain go; don't go to de debil for such trumphy tings as dat."

"However, I went, and after the first smart of opening my eyes under the water was over, could clearly see the chain, and, close to it, one of the ugliest specimens of the fish tribe I had ever seen. It didn't see me for about a second, and then lashed out at me with its long whip-like tail. I saw the motion commence at the root just in time, and, dropping the stones, came up at the double double, if



there is such a pace. I got into the boat, and, dressing myself, proceeded to consider the best thing to be done. There was the chain on which hung all my hopes, but guarded by a worse dragon than ever was found prowling round the apples of the Hesperides. I finally resolved that the dragon should be killed, and arranged accordingly. I loaded all the fire-arms we had with the heaviest charges they would bear—that is, two large

bore rifles used for rhinoceros shooting, with a double charge of powder and two iron bolts each, and four horse-pistols, almost to the muzzle; and then, taking one rifle myself and giving one to Scipio, I armed two men with a pair of pistols each; the others I made lift a large stone, about two hundred weight, on to the stern of the boat and to keep her balanced. We all, except the rowers, went to the head. When all was prepared, I pointed the muzzles

perpendicular to the water at about nine inches from the surface, and gave the word 'Ready! fire!' Down went the stone, down went the bullets, and then we waited for the smoke to clear away, and watched the water intently. Presently a red blot rose to the surface, and slowly diffused itself through the water. We had hit him, it was certain. Another charge, this time without the stone. We loaded. 'Ready again? Fire!' And then, after a few minutes, saw three red patches slowly rising and dispersing as before. We waited about half-an-hour, and then I asked Scipio to go down again. He refused."

"You see I didn't know dat de debil was dead. You see, massa, dat wasn't sure."

"Well, he wouldn't, so I would; and down I went through the water, which was coloured a pale pink, and I saw the thing was as dead as could be, with four thin lines of reddish fluid rising through the water from the wounds, and the tail—that awful whip—lying inert and useless. I didn't care to go too near, and I couldn't see the chain. So I came up, and we let go the boat's anchor, with a couple of daggers tied to the flukes, and dragged for him. We soon caught him, and rowed slowly to the shore, pulling the weight after us; and when the water was too shallow for the boat, we threw the rope ashore, and pulled away, and at last landed our prize. It was a most horrible-looking wretch—one of the skate kind. A fellow who has seen the tail, and is up in that sort of thing, calls it a fine specimen of the 'Raia Myliobatis.' Fine or not, it was a beast, and I don't wonder at Scipio's mistake. Scipio, however, was quite agreeable to pull away with a will at the tail that had given him such an ugly cut; but I pulled his ear, and told him that now the devil was gone he must get the chain up; and sending him off with the boat, he managed to find it at the fourth dive, and brought it up between his toes."

"Dat's so, massa. Dis ere foot bring dat chain up."

"The old fellow, when he got his chain and ring back, embraced me, embraced Scipio, swore by the Prophet he was our slave for ever, and acted like a man possessed; and then we went home rejoicing. He quite regained his spirits and energies, and in less than a month all was done: the machinery worked splendidly, and the land was under water in less than ten days. The old Turk gave Scipio his wife, whose curry you took such a liking to at dinner: he gave me, too, just twice the sum I had bargained for, and enabled me to come home here and make those arrangements I spoke of."

"But the ring, my dear boy; the ring!"

"Oh! ah! the ring. I forgot. We cut open the stomach of the monster, and there, mixed up with broken shells, and fish-bones, and gravel, we found this ring, which, of course, I appropriated to my own especial use. It might have been one of the rings that was worn by a pursuing prince when Israel fled, or it might have been the ring of Polycrates, tyrant of Samos, for all that I know. How it came there I can't tell any more than you can; but there it was—and here it is. And now, if you like, we'll go and taste Kate's coffee."

FRAXINUS.

TO A. PETÖFI.

THE splendid sun awaking from the East,
And to the West descending in its fall,
From its benignant rising to its rest
Looks with an equal light and love on all.

So genius, glory-circled at its birth,
And marching like a lamp of heaven on high
Bathes with celestial radiance all the earth
Which mirrors back that radiance to the sky.

Is not the Sun a mind—the mind a Sun
Whose course no hand can stay—no fetters bind?
Do not high thoughts like fiery lightnings run,
Brighten and blaze and beam from mind to mind?

So when thy Magyar star, on Magyarland,
Petöfi! rose to its supernal throne,
As from a fire-cross lifted by God's hand
The rays shone forth and shine as first they shone!

It was no meteor; for a meteor writes
No golden hues of glory, read from far;
But an eternal light amidst heaven's lights,
And grouped with central stars—a central star.
JOHN BOWRING.

SONGS FROM PETÖFI.

WHAT boots it with the plough to trace
Sharp furrows in the field's bare face?
If 'tis not sown with fruitful seed,
'Twill bring forth nought but weed on weed.

Thine eyes, dear maid, have rent my heart
With fissures deep in every part,
As yonder field is furrowed now
In all directions by the plough.

And yet it all hath been in vain,
Nought issues forth but grief and pain;
The seed of love within it sown,
And roses 'stead of thorns will blow.

EDGAR A. BOWRING.

THE corn is ripe already,
The sun's heat so intense is;
Next Monday morning early
The reaper's work commences.

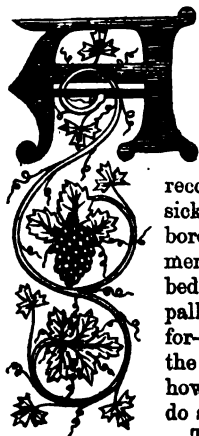
And ripen'd in my heart's glow
My love with fruit is laden;
O! haste to reap the harvest,
My own sweet darling maiden!

EDGAR A. BOWRING.

THE RACE FOR WEALTH.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "GEORGE GEITH," "MAXWELL DREWITT," &c.

CHAPTER XXXVIII. OPINIONS MEDICAL AND OTHERWISE.



S Percy Forbes thought in the after time about that night when Mr. Sondes' mortal malady took a visible form before him, and tried to recollect how he raised the sick man from the floor, and bore him into the next apartment, and laid him on the bed, and administered such palliatives as his visitor prayed for—Memory refused to repeat the scene for him, no matter how earnestly he wooed her to do so.

There are some incidents—trivial, useless, to our thinking, to remember—which the mind will persist in depicting over and over again; whilst others—as to how our strength and our will sufficed to serve a man; how we spoke under the influence of strong agitation; what we said when moved either by grief or by joy; in what words we expressed our sympathy or our disapproval—we can no more recall than we can the look of our own faces in childhood, the tones of our voices in the days that are now so far away.

In these matters the jade Memory, when we think we are most sure of her compliance with our desires, plays us false. She slips and slides away; she is a jilt—a torment; to our thinking a trifter, who discourses to us about the small troubles of our lives, and can never be got to stand still and answer sensibly when we would discourse to her concerning weightier matters.

There are hours fully spent, and abundantly occupied at the time, which yet to our subsequent ideas seem blanks, leaves lost out of the book of existence, simply because Memory will furnish us with nothing beyond the very vaguest summary of events that have been crowded into them.

Such an hour the one following Mr. Sondes' attack appeared to Percy Forbes. He could never, as I have said before, give a perfectly clear account even to himself of how he occu-

pied the minutes as they fled by. Vaguely, perhaps, he understood the road of his life took a turn at that point (a man can feel the sweep of the curve even though he be travelling by express), but of the accessories, of the trees and the houses, the grass, the flowers, the bare common, the weary hill, the dusty thoroughfare, and the flints, and the stones, and the sharp gravel, he took no heed, even unconsciously.

The road took a turn abruptly, and the end drew a little nearer, and the probable aspect of the end changed—that was all!

Well as he was able, Percy alleviated the agony of that terrible attack. He sent a messenger off, for a great West-end doctor, skilled in the particular disease which had, as he knew, selected Olivine's uncle for a victim whom it delighted to honour with constant marks of attention and remembrance; he despatched a note to Lawrence, begging him to "come round" directly he returned home; he stayed beside the man in his hour of mortal agony, and as he stayed and watched, with the windows flung wide—though it was a cold raw winter's night—he thought about how this complaint had brought them together; how it had been the tie between him and Mr. Sondes.

For it was the tie. One day when Percy Forbes chanced to be passing through a street, once very familiar to him but which he now seldom traversed, he met Mr. Sondes coming out of the house of that great doctor of whom mention has just been made,—met him so suddenly that the older man had no time to put on his mask; met him so fully face to face that the one countenance asked and the other answered without a word being uttered on either side.

Straight out from the presence-chamber into the street Mr. Sondes had walked—from that apartment furnished with the inevitable furniture, tenanted by that inevitable individual who for the time being represented Fate—he came from hearing of death and darkness into light and sunshine.

But the horror lay across his face still, and Percy Forbes perceived it. A physician who sees a score of patients every day may not think it peculiarly distressing to intimate to one of them there can be no cure; but it is

everything to the man who thus hears his doom.

After all, it is the shipwreck of his vessel—his vessel, and the only one he owns; it is the closing of his theatre; the announcement of his bankruptcy; the end of his days here to that solitary individual.

The nineteen may live, and the twentieth is but an unit; the many go to their work and to their pleasure,—what matters the one who is left for execution? He has had his toy, and Time has broken it; of what more avail can the pieces, broken and scattered, prove to him or to any of his fellows?

"You have heard bad news, I fear?" Percy said, with Mr. Sondes' arm drawn through his, with Mr. Sondes staggering alongside him.

"Yes," was the answer; and then the sick man told him all he had just listened to from lips that rarely pronounced an erroneous opinion. "I prayed for the truth, and I have heard it," he went on; "and now I have heard it, I find the truth as hard to bear as my neighbours."

But Percy was hopeful; the mere fact of a disease being incurable did not, in his eyes, render it fatal. Doctors, moreover, always made the worst of things; if they did not, what would be the use of them?

"It is far easier to live than to die, Mr. Sondes," finished Percy; "and far pleasanter. In twelve months' time you will be laughing at all this, and wondering you were ever affected by such old women's tales."

"Old women's tales are pathetic, when there is an eternal truth underlying the story," was the reply; "and doctors' words affect a man when he understands clearly that they are his death-warrant."

But still Percy refused to be convinced. Under the sunshine he talked hopefully; under the sunshine Mr. Sondes felt his spirits improve, his hopes revive.

That was the tie which first drew the pair together; and as the days went by, Percy came fully to understand how much the fact of two people knowing something which is not known by the remainder of the world goes to make friends out of the most unlikely materials. Mr. Sondes never told any one else exactly how he was; if he suddenly paused in the middle of a sentence, or if his laugh stopped abruptly, Percy ~~Perce~~ knew the why and the wherefore of the pause and the sadness, guessed the thought which was passing through his mind, understood that in the noontide he was thinking of night, in the light of the darkness.

They had never been more than mere ordinary acquaintances until Percy learned that

Mr. Sondes was suffering from a terrible disease, and that for his disease there could be found no cure; but from the time he met the sick man coming out from judgment, with his face white and his hand shaking like the hand of one palsied, they made rapid strides into friendship.

Not that he could keep back the disease, or give the sufferer relief; but HE KNEW, and there is a strange and subtle sense of something almost like security in touching occasionally the hand of any individual who is acquainted with the nature of our trouble.

He could talk freely to Percy; tell him of his fears for Olivine, his vague plans for her better security after his death. During the time when Lawrence and his wife were abroad, many and many a conversation did the twain hold in the garden at Reach House, and in the library where Lawrence had been received on the occasion of his first visit to Stepney Causeway.

Bitter enough and sad enough were those conversations at times; but still they served to draw the two men closer together, and to make Mr. Sondes at length almost love the individual whom he had at one period absolutely disliked.

All this ground Percy reviewed as he stood, with the keen night air blowing into the apartment, waiting for Lawrence, listening for the doctor.

"What will Olivine do? what will she say?" was the refrain of every mental sentence he uttered to himself.

"Am I to tell Barbour the nature of your attack or not?" he asked Mr. Sondes at last, when he heard the outer bell ring, and knew that one or other of the expected visitors had arrived.

"You may tell him," the sick man answered, and he turned his face and buried it in his pillow, while Percy went downstairs to meet the new comer. There could be no use in attempting concealment any longer. He had played his game in secrecy so long as secrecy was possible; now he might throw down his cards, and let the world see them, for the game was virtually over.

"I happened to be finishing some experiments at Distaff Yard," Lawrence began, "and did not get your note till my return home. What is it?" He was standing in the hall, busy stamping the snow off his feet and shaking the flakes from his clothes as he spoke, and did not look up until Percy asked him if it were snowing.

"Snowing? I should think it was! Flakes as big as penny pieces, and a wind which cuts you through and through. What is the matter with Mr. Sondes?"

"A sudden attack," Percy answered. "I have sent for a doctor. Would you like some brandy, Barbour?—you seem so cold."

"Thank you, yes. I cannot afford time to be laid up. What doctor have you sent for? Reddy?"

"No, I did not think there was any use in troubling with him. One of the men is gone for Sherfield."

"The deuce he is!" Lawrence set the glass of brandy down again untasted, and turned to look in Percy's face. "What in the name of heaven made you send for Sherfield?" he inquired.

"Because Mr. Sondes has consulted him before."

"Oh!" he exclaimed, and after a pause added, "and now perhaps, as you know so much, you know also why he consulted him?"

"Because he wanted advice, I suppose," returned Percy, a little nettled at Lawrence's tone, "and because Sherfield is considered the best opinion in London about some cases."

"What cases?" enquired Lawrence.

"You had better ask him when he comes," answered Percy; and he was turning away, but Lawrence caught his arm.

"Don't let us quarrel about the matter, old fellow," he said. "It seems as though you have been taken into confidence to my exclusion. But that cannot be helped now. I suppose I was not worthy of trust," he added, with a bitter laugh, and Percy could not help feeling his anger was natural.

"I never could see the necessity for mystery about the matter," he remarked; "but sick people will take their own way, oftentimes to their own hurt."

"Ay, and healthy people, too," acquiesced Lawrence, and he passed up the staircase, and walked through Percy's study, into the bedroom where Mr. Sondes lay.

"I should like to have Olivine near me," the sick man said. "Send for her, will you, Lawrence? Does she know I am ill?"

"No," Lawrence answered. "I did not like to tell her. She and Mrs. Gainswoode were talking together over the fire when I got back from the factory, and it seemed to me useless to say anything about your illness until I knew exactly what had happened."

"Let her come," Mr. Sondes remarked, and then, but not until then, Lawrence realised how ill the speaker must be. A few hours before, and he would no more have thought of suffering Olivine to venture out on such a night than he would have thought of bidding her row a wherry across the Thames. Now, however, the lesser evil was swallowed up in

the greater—her comfort in his yearning agony.

"I will go for her," Lawrence said, and Mr. Sondes uttered no word of dissent. He only lay still, while the wind blew cold and keen through the open window, and the snow fell more swiftly and in larger flakes on to the balcony, thinking of the approaching time when they should still be talking together in the firelight, while he was without in the cold; when they should still be pursuing the round of daily life, with its pleasures, its pains, its hopes, its disappointments, while he was wrapped in that slumber from which all the din of earth, its pomps and vanities, its successes, its trumpet-calls to fame, to struggle, to endurance, may never wake the sleeper.

Before Olivine and Lawrence returned, Dr. Sherfield arrived, saw the patient, wrote a prescription, and shrugged his shoulders when at length he and Percy stood together in one of the lower rooms.

"It is quite possible he may get over this attack," observed the great doctor, standing before the fire Percy had caused to be lighted when Mr. Sondes first mentioned his wish that Olivine should be sent for, and stretching out first one hand and then the other over the blaze. "It is quite possible. There is nothing so far as I see to prevent his doing so."

"But the next, doctor?" suggested Percy.

"When the next comes you need not send for me," was the reply; and Dr. Sherfield changed the programme of his entertainment by withdrawing his hands from the blaze, and putting his feet alternately on the fender, while he looked into the leaping flame and smiled, as though he and the fire had some pleasant secret in common between them.

It was a way the great man had, this of being able to disengage his mind from the patient up-stairs, and allowing it to travel off after some exquisite case reported in "The Lancet," or a wonderful cure which he intended to put in the next chapter of his marvellous work on medicine.

He could come down from a sick room, and in two minutes forget as utterly all about patient and death, pain and suffering, sorrow and bereavement, as though such things had no place in this prosaic, work-a-day world.

Some people were so unreasonable as to object to this as to a fault, while others maintained that all the time he appeared to be off on his mental travels, he was really giving his intensest consideration to the case.

Both opinions were wrong, however. Dr. Sherfield's indifference was not assumed, neither could it justly be considered a fault. Is a man to give his heart as well as his mind,

his pity as well as his skill, to lacerate his feelings as well as to write out a prescription, for twenty-one shillings current coin of the realm? Is it possible for any one to go on being "very sorry" for sufferer after sufferer, very sorry, that is, to the length of making the sufferer's troubles his? Shall a doctor be expected to go on declaring he is interested beyond all power of expression in case after case, as monthly nurses affirm they delight in the physical and mental peculiarities of each new baby which they swathe, and subject to tortures and indignities unutterable?

Each individual thinks his own disease, like his own sorrow, the worst and the most remarkable that ever was endured by poor humanity; and if it were not for the little drawback of expense, would keep a doctor to study its idiosyncrasies. If one of the multitude have but a touch of bronchitis, he is confident nobody ever before had bronchitis in precisely the same form, and is angry with his long-suffering medical attendant, who tells him the attack is nothing to signify.

But suppose the medical attendant catch a cold, what then? The happy possessor of a bronchial affection pooh-poohs his affliction, and thinks that doctors do not endure illness with one half the resignation of their patients.

All of which goes to prove at once that there is no load so easy to bear as the pack which another man carries on his back, and that there was no earthly reason why Dr. Sherfield should make the ailments of the men and the women for whom he prescribed, his own.

"You might as rationally, madam, expect me to be laid up with small-pox if I went into a house where the disease was raging," he remarked, on one occasion, to a female malcontent. "I cure where I can; I palliate where cure is impossible; but I do not undertake to bemoan myself, and sit in sackcloth and ashes over every hopeless case, or to mourn for seven days when, in the ordinary course of nature, some one whom I have seen once, perhaps for ten minutes, departs this life."

The ordinary course of nature! that was the thing; Dr. Sherfield considered the ordinary course of nature disease at any period of existence, at any age.

The man had to die; what, therefore, was the use of making a fuss about it? With Mr. Sondes, the question was not of life or death, but simply for how long a time death could be averted, life, hanging on a thread, sustained.

The man had to die; it was appointed to him that he must do so at some period sooner or later. Science had declared cure was impossible; therefore skill, like the Levite, passed by on the other side. Could struggling with the inevitable do any good? could

bringing a doctor all the way from one of the streets off Piccadilly in such wretched weather, to so detestable a neighbourhood, through streets that were enough to give any one the horrors, compass any desirable end? No. For which reason Dr. Sherfield begged Percy not to send for him again in case of any fresh attack.

If a prawn were to turn round and address a remonstrance to the cook about to pop it into boiling water, naturally, the cook would feel surprise, and possibly indignation.

Now, to Mr. Sherfield, his patients were all prawns; some were to be cast back into the sea of life; others were to die. He had strong opinions on this subject, and felt little hesitation about expressing them; but if any one finds fault with him for this, I pray that person to remember a disinterested, unbiassed judgment is worth a hundred, warped and twisted. Truth is truth, and, therefore, wholesome, let its taste be never so bitter, its flavour never so unpleasant. Percy Forbes, standing at the end of the mantelshelf, and looking in the face of the great man, who confessed his skill had found its limits, felt that the honest sour, hard though it might be to swallow, was preferable to the lying sweets of many a more complaisant doctor. And yet, all the time, his heart was hungering for some word of comfort, for some hopeful sentence which he could repeat to her over whom his soul was crying, in tenderest expression, "Olivine, Olivine!"

"You will not be able to remove him for some weeks," remarked Dr. Sherfield, returning from the mental excursion in which he had been indulging himself—to the Isle of Dogs and the patient he had been seduced thither to see. "And if he have, as he hinted, worldly affairs to settle, I should suggest that the sooner he arranges those kind of matters, the better for him and all parties concerned. Has he a large family?"

"Never was married," answered Percy.

"Indeed! I fancied he was a widower; now what can have given me that impression?"

"He has a niece," Percy remarked; "if he mentioned her at all to you, he would be certain to speak of her as his child."

"That was it," said Dr. Sherfield, nodding to the fire as though satisfied. "Is she single?"

"No; married," replied Mr. Forbes, and there was a tone in his voice which made the doctor turn his eyes from the fire and fasten them on his face.

"It will be rather inconvenient for you to have a sick man thrown on your hands after this fashion," suggested Dr. Sherfield, who had taken a liking to Percy, just as the house

surgeon at St. George's had taken a liking to him the day he and Lawrence Barbour became acquainted.

"I shall leave the place to them till Mr. Sondes is able to be removed," answered the master of Reach House, hurriedly. "A bachelor, you know," he added next moment, "can make shift anywhere."

"And who will take charge of the invalid?" asked Dr. Sherfield.

"His niece Mrs. Barbour, and her husband."

"It is very kind of you, I am sure," remarked the physician, and he resumed his contemplation of the fire, only to be diverted from that occupation next moment by the entrance of Olivine, who, dazzled by the light, did not at first perceive the doctor, and advanced towards Percy with her hands stretched out, just as her uncle had extended his, not four hours before, asking for help as he had done.

"Oh! Mr. Forbes, what is it? How good you are. Where can I find him?"

She could not see when she began her sentence, because she was blinded by the light; she could not see when she concluded it, because her eyes were full of tears, tears that would brim over and roll fast down her cheeks. "And Mrs. Gainswoode insisted on coming too," she added, "and I am so sorry; but Mr. Forbes, I could not help it."

"This is Mrs. Barbour, doctor," Percy interrupted; he had one of Olivine's hands in his, and forced her to turn and notice Dr. Sherfield before proceeding further with her speech.

"And how is my uncle?" she said, fastening at once on the physician, who seemed to her at that moment the incarnation of hope and help, and air and sunshine. "You will be able to cure him; he is not very ill; he will soon be well?" in answer to which Dr. Sherfield, who had at first commenced with a stiff bow and an increased conviction she was much more friendly with Mr. Forbes than he saw any occasion for, took the hand Percy had released, and answered, "My dear young lady, we must hope for the best; there is no doubt but that with your good nursing, he will recover from this attack, but his illness cannot fail to prove tedious; you will not be so impatient if I tell you this at once."

"No, oh no!"

"And he must not be agitated."

"He is accustomed to me," she said, softly.

"Accustomed! I should think he was," remarked Mrs. Gainswoode, who joined the group at this juncture; "you will kill yourself, child, if you go on as you have been doing lately. Now let me help you; I am a

capital nurse, and as for falling asleep, I assure you, Doctor Sherfield, I believe I could keep awake for ever."

And she made one of her sweeping little courtesies to the physician, who froze up on the instant, and observing that he thought it must be considered a talent wasted, looked first at Mrs. Gainswoode, and then at Olivine, and then at Mrs. Gainswoode again, critically.

"I will take another look at our patient now," he volunteered, rather to Percy's astonishment, and with a bow to Mrs. Gainswoode, and a kindly good-bye to Olivine, he left the room.

"Is that another niece?" he inquired, as he and Percy ascended the stairs together.

"No, she is not any relation; she is a lady who has been staying on a visit with Mrs. Barbour."

"Stylish-looking person," remarked Dr. Sherfield.

"Yes," answered Percy; and that was all the physician made out of his last move.

"You will recollect what I said about his worldly affairs," he said, while he stood, buttoning his coat in the hall, and putting on his gloves, and looking into his hat, as though there were some mystery concealed in it.

"I shall not forget," Percy answered.

"And I need not come down again; but you can let me know how he is; and if, at any time, it would be a satisfaction, I will just take a look at him."

With which concession Dr. Sherfield departed, but not before he had quite decided there was more in that household than met the eye; and he would have been still further confirmed in this opinion had he overheard a short dialogue which took place between Lawrence Barbour and Percy Forbes, before his carriage had reached the West India Dock gates and was dashing back along the Commercial Road to London.

"Will you let bygones be bygones, Forbes?" Lawrence began. "I am sorry for all I said the other day. I did not mean the half of it; but I was put out, and you chose the wrong time for giving me so much advice."

"A man always does, when he tells his neighbour he has too many irons in the fire," was the quiet reply.

"Well, perhaps so," answered Lawrence; "but in any case let us cry quits. You are a thorough good fellow, and I will not quarrel again with you, if I can help it."

"Nor I with you," Percy agreed; but there was a second feeling in the minds of both men as they clasped hands.

"I must keep fair with him at all hazards," Lawrence mentally decided; while Percy, occupying the same spot on the hearthrug

where Dr. Sherfield had stood, came to the conclusion that Barbour was making too sure of Mr. Sondes' property before that gentleman departed to that land where a large money capital is not supposed to be needed in order to secure strict consideration, profound respect, and unutterable happiness!

(To be continued.)

"GERMANIA."

SUGGESTED BY A PICTURE.

On her Rhine-rock stands Germania, stands on guard
with ardent glance,
In her right the pointed broadsword, frowning back the
threats of France;
On her shield the coal-black eagle, double-headed, lies
displayed,
Locks and vesture boldly floating, stands the mythologic
maid.
Blame we not the patriot-painter, if a dream his fancy
caught,
If the high hope of his bosom was the mother of his
thought.
Blame we not the patriot-sculptor, if beneath his plastic
might
Soon Arminius mounts colossal on the Teutoberger
height,—
Stout Arminius, northern Ares, who the Roman Mars
withstood,
Sweeping clear of Caesar's legions all the dusk Hercy-
nian wood.
Painted thus the mail-clad virgin peace and glory doth
forecast,
While that helmet mid the lightnings telleth of a glo-
rious past.

Other were the tale, Arminius, could Thorvaldsen's
spirit bright
Spring to life, or Daniah limner paint thee to the life
aright;
Thou would'st lie a helpless giant, tangled in a maze of
chains,
Pestered by a host of pigmies, bleeding from a hundred
veins;
Even as o'er prostrate Ares, in the old Homeric lay,
Otus stood with Ephialtes, shutting out Olympian day,
Overhead two monstrous warders brooding make thy
sleep afraid,
Curdling up the heart within thee with a dank ill-
favour'd shade,
Sworn alike to guard thy durance, sworn to thy eternal
woe,
Though in hate to thee as brothers, each the other's
bitter foe;
Never stir the arm, Arminius, never rise upon the knee,
Hapsburg leagued with Hohenzollern still forbids thee
to be free.

Thou art great in soul, Germania, boundless is thy
wealth of thought—
Great in Art, and great in Science—wonders hath thy
spirit wrought,
Since the Friar found the powder that the towers in
ruin hurl'd,
Since the printing-engine's father made the lever of
the world.
Schiller taught how Tell and Orange broke an alien
despot's rod;
Goethe sang and walked in beauty, noble as a Phidian
god;

Mario thundered with Beethoven, laugh'd and ha-
guish'd with Mozart,
Till Italia owned thee sister—heiress of her realm of
Art.
Then the subtle Greek surpassing, Hegel, sage of wintry
skies,
Stripped the fateful tree of knowledge of the fruit that
never dies,
Gazing into Truth's bright essence till his mortal eye
grew blind,
Melting Time and Space and Being in the crucible of
Mind:
Him hath Nature's patient searcher in the race of
Fame outdone,
Reading off in flames prismatic half the secrets of the
sun.

Freedom hath a life, Germania, higher than the life of
Mind,—
Freedom changes men to brothers, gives them eyes to
see their kind;
Freedom thou would'st have—a glimmer, just to light
thy lamp at home,
Not a sun to gild with glory distant Poland, Venice,
Rome:
So in life-long trance thou liest, daring naught, yet
knowing all,
Laughing-stock of all the tyrants, Europe's longest-
suffering thrall;
Still on broken reeds relying, trusting in a Hapsburg's
word,
Hailing as the glaive of Justice Hohenzollern's felen
sword;
Never, never thorns of Hapsburg grapes of Faith and
Freedom bore,
Figs from Hohenzollern's thistles thou shalt gather
never more.

G. C. SWATKE.

A PIC-NIC ON THE LONGMYND.

I BELIEVE there is not a lovelier bit of rail-
way in the British Islands than that between
Ludlow and Shrewsbury. We start from the
former town amid beautiful scenery, though
not so bold as that which we shall soon ap-
proach. As we leave Ludlow, we have to the
right, at a little distance, the commanding
mass of the Titterstone Clive Hill; to the left, the
lower, but exceedingly picturesquely wooded
elevations which gradually wind away from
the immediate proximity of the town, and
beyond these the sylvan glades of Oakley
Park, and the pretty village of Bromfield.
Here we stop at the first railway-station, which
stands upon the edge of the Ludlow race-course,
called the Old Field, probably from the an-
cient sepulchral tumuli which are scattered
over it. Beyond it, shrouded in trees, and
backed with picturesque hills, appear the
village of Stanton Lacy and the beginning
of Corve Dale. These picturesque hills gather
round us, after we pass the village of Onibury,
where there is another station. On the right
they rise gradually, until they terminate in a
rather bold point, crowned with ancient en-

trenchments of considerable extent, from which it has received the name of Norton Camp. The hills on the other side of the valley ter-

minate in a point, on which there are also traces of ancient works, and which is called the Yeo, or (as it is pronounced) View, Edge.



Church Stretton, from Ragleth. (See page 709.)

According to a local tradition, Norton Camp and the Yeo Edge were, in primeval times, the residences of two giants, who held in common the valley beneath. Below Norton Camp we pass close on our right the half-ruin of the beautiful and interesting fortified medieval mansion of Stokesay Castle, and soon after arrive at the Craven Arms station, so named from an inn which was famous in the old coaching days, and which is still a favourite rendezvous for hunters and sportsmen. Here the country becomes more open, and, with the exception of the lower spurs of the Wenlock Edge to the right, remains so until we reach the Marsh Brook station, about four miles further. Here we enter a lovely valley, closely bordered on each side by picturesque hills rising into mountains, here clothed with rich foliage, and there rising in barren masses, and down the sides of which trickle innumerable streams of water, filled with trout and other fish. Soon after we passed Onibury we came into the line of the ancient Roman road, which proceeded northward from Isca (Caerleon), through Magna (Kenchester), and Bravinium (supposed to be Brandon Camp), to the great city of Uriconium (Wroxeter), and

thence through the valley at which we have just arrived; the rail passes close by the line of the Roman road, along this valley, until it leaves it at its northern extremity.

In the later period of the Roman rule in our island, the usual name for a road appears to have been *strata* (*via strata*), on account of the manner in which these roads were laid or constructed, and of this word the Anglo-Saxons made *street*, which is our modern *street*. The Roman road of which I am speaking was called by the Saxon borderers, the Watling Street—it was not, of course, the great Watling Street. This street ran up the valley in which we are now arrived, and a settlement, apparently of some importance at an early period, was formed upon it, which received the name of *strate-tun*, now corrupted into Stretton, the town on the street, from which the valley itself is called the Stretton valley. As this little town appears to have been the first place in the immediate neighbourhood at which a church was built, it became distinguished as Church Stretton. In the direction in which we are proceeding, that is from Ludlow, this lovely valley is bounded on the right by a succession of rounded hills, which become

more and more elevated, until they end in the lofty peak of Caer Caradoc, which stands like a giant sentinel upon the entrance to the valley from the north. The other side of the valley is bordered by a more massive mountain range, which is called the Longmynd. *Mynd*, a word rather common among the names of the Shropshire hills, is no doubt a form of the Anglo-Saxon *Munt*, a mountain, and Longmynd means the long mountain; in fact, it is a solid mass of, at most, three to four miles broad, by about fourteen miles in length.

The mountains on both sides of this valley are exceedingly interesting in a geological point of view, and this is especially the case with the Longmynd. It is composed of a mass of slaty rock, and conglomerates of what has been named the Cambrian system, which, as is the case generally among the mountains on this side of the island, dips at a very high angle on the eastern side, and is almost vertical towards the west. There are hardly any fossils—any traces of organic life—in these slaty rocks; but their cleavages present surfaces on which are marked very decidedly ripples, evidently made by water gently and continually advancing and retiring—the first tides in our world; other marks which appear to have been made by primeval showers of rain, and, in some cases, sun-cracks. In some of the cleavages are found small worms, burrowing always with two entrances to their holes, which, from living in the sand, have been termed by geologists, *arenicolæ*—the oldest worms in the world. All these seem to show that these strata must have been originally a vast expanse of flat shore, gradually sinking beneath the waters of a primeval sea, and formed by materials which were supplied from the disintegration of some more elevated rocks. We thus become conscious that we are walking on the first surface—or nearly the first—which our globe presented to the sun countless ages ago. More recently, reasons have been found for thinking that these are not the oldest water-formations found in this country, as it would seem that in Sutherland they repose “unconformably” on far older stratified rocks. The thickness of the stratum of the Longmynd has been estimated at 26,000 feet, a thickness so enormous that it has been suggested that there may have been a doubling up of the strata in places where no sections are to be seen. The force of the convulsion which caused their upheaval may be imagined by the fact that the strata, in their present position, are all either quite or very nearly vertical. This may be seen especially in some of the rocks near Church Stretton, where also the contortions which they have undergone in the process of upheaval are strikingly displayed.

In the middle ages this country was covered with vast forests, and, being no doubt thinly inhabited, was exposed to the frequent attacks of the wild mountaineers from the other side of the border. In Anglo-Saxon times Stretton and much of the country around belonged to the great Earl Leofric of Mercia, the husband of the Lady Godiva so famous in Coventry legend; and afterwards to his grandson Earl Edwin. After the Norman conquest, it formed part of the royal forest, called the Long Forest, which included the three parallel mountain ranges of the Wenlock Edge, the Stretton hills, and the Longmynd. The possessors of Minton were the keepers of the western part of the Long Forest, including the Longmynd, during the Norman period, when it appears to have been extremely wild. The unsettled time which followed the Conquest exposed it to the ravages of the Welsh, and much land which had been cultivated under the Anglo-Saxons was now left waste, while the rest had almost everywhere greatly diminished in value. The insecurity of the border was, indeed, so great, that in many parts the line of the good old Roman road had to be abandoned, as being too near the boundary line of Wales, and travellers took another road farther to the east. The Roman way, or street, was still maintained through the valley, which was usually called Stretton Dale, where it was protected by the residents at Church Stretton, Minton, &c., but when it arrived at Stretford Bridge, the travellers to the south took a new road, passing by way of Ludlow, and the old continuation of this Watling Street, running in the direction of Wigmore, was abandoned. There was another Roman road, or, at all events, a road of great antiquity, the line of which is now called the Port-way, and which ran along the top of the western ridge of the Longmynd, perhaps in connection with mining operations pursued by the Romans in the northern part of these mountains; and this elevated pathway was probably chosen because it commanded a view of the vale beyond, through which the mountaineers might be expected to approach. A perambulation of this part of the forest, made in 1278, relating especially to Lydbury North, speaks of the king's highway on “Longemuned,” which means, no doubt, the Port-way. This ancient road was, however, gradually deserted.

This district has long ceased to be infested, as of old, with hostile Welshmen, and Church Stretton is becoming a favourite resort for visitors who come to wander over the beautiful scenery of the Longmynd. It is a pretty country town, beautifully situated at the foot of some of the steepest and loftiest of the hills which project from the eastern side of this

mountain-range, while nearly opposite it, on the other side of the valley, rises the still bolder mountain of *Caer Caradoc*. The Long-

mynd, as already stated, forms a mass, running nearly from S.W. to N.E., about fourteen miles, and presenting a steep and



The Light Spout. (See page 711.)

almost unbroken, though irregular, declivity to the west. Towards the east, that is on the side of the *Stretton* valley, the mountain is broken by frequent rifts, which form narrow gorges, the sides so steep that even the sheep can hardly keep their footing, generally with a stream of the clearest water at the bottom, which comes down from the mountain. Hence, probably, they are called in the language of the locality, *Gutters*. The scenery of many of these *Gutters* is exceedingly beautiful. At the mouth of one of the most picturesque and interesting of them, about a couple of miles to the northward of *Church Stretton*, stands the village of *All Stretton*, consisting of an extremely pretty group of houses and trees, with a bright shallow stream wandering among them. About half a mile along this gutter we come upon a very interesting section, which shows the *Cambrian* rocks in a vertical position, very distinctly stratified, and here and there slightly marked with copper and lead. In one of the *Gutters* which opens upon *Church Stretton* the stream is large enough to turn a carding mill. The top of the *Longmynd* presents a wide expanse of rather irregular table-land, rising to an elevation of nearly 1700 feet above the level of the sea, covered

partly with gorse and heather, but still more with immense quantities of the bilberry, or (as it is called here) the whinberry, which presents a fruitful source of profit to the peasantry of this district. In the month of August, when the bilberries are ripe, this table-land is literally covered with women and children, who assemble here from several miles round, bringing with them their provisions for the whole day. It has been stated that the sale of the bilberries gathered on the *Longmynd* in one season has amounted to no less a sum than four or five hundred pounds; and it is, I believe, quite usual among the country people of this neighbourhood to gather sufficient bilberries to pay their rents. The crowberry is also found, though rare, and the cranberry.

The *Longmynd* offers less attraction to the botanist than many other localities in this part of *Shropshire*. The usual mountain plants occur, among which may be mentioned the butter-wort, with its pale green spreading leaves and flowers like violets, and the drosera, or sun-dew; mosses of all sorts, and lichens, are to be found in abundance, and in some clefts of the rocks the phosphorescent moss illuminates the dark hollows with its pale glow-worm light. Animal life, also, presents itself

here in some of its rarer varieties, and offers attractions to the naturalist. The table-land on the summit is tolerably abundant in grouse and black game, and it is therefore frequented by sportsmen. But it is a wild and even a dangerous district, and not only have many lost themselves, but some have actually perished in it. People remember many fearful hunting accidents which have happened through fogs or snow-storms coming on suddenly. A very fine horse was thus lost not long ago, just above the carding-mill already mentioned; a fog blew up suddenly, and the rider, who was going to meet the hounds, missed his way, and soon found that he was in danger. He slipped from his horse just in time to save his own life, for a moment afterwards, his horse rolled down the precipitous bank, and was found afterwards dashed to pieces on the rocks by the stream. A farmer met with a similar misfortune still more recently, but unfortunately he could not disengage himself quickly from the saddle, and he rolled over with his horse and both were crushed together. Thus we need not wonder at finding places among the hills which bear such names as "Dead Man's Hollow," and "Dead Man's Beach." The last fair in the year held at Church Stretton is distinguished popularly by the rather significant name of "Dead Man's Fair," on account, it is said, of the number of men who, after attending that fair, have perished in the attempt to return home over the hills in the dark nights of early winter.

The south-western end of the Longmynd, at Horderly and thereabouts, presents a very picturesque and varied piece of country. And there is a part of the turnpike-road up from Marsh Brook, called the Broken Stones, where the road crosses a wild rocky ravine of great depth, passing, at the highest point, a very elegant small gothic church, perched in a most romantic situation among rocks, then descends steeply down the edge of a precipitous cliffy gorge, and enters the village of Horderly, which presents a most picturesque scene.

But the usual ascent to the table-land of the Longmynd is from Church Stretton, from whence it is approached by several different routes, but the easiest is that which begins immediately behind the town, and, though steep and rather rugged, rises gradually until we reach the summit. It was a bright hot day in the autumn of the past year, when, with a party of agreeable friends, I proceeded by this road to visit the table-land of the Longmynd. The road runs for a while along the southern edge of the "gutter" in which the carding-mill is built, and then turns from it to the left. At the bottom, patches of trees,

the stream, and the mill itself, from which this hollow is called Mill Glen, attract our attention by their picturesque appearance. As we proceed higher, we turn to enjoy the magnificent mass of mountain scenery on which we are turning our backs; in front, the higher points of the Longmynd, concealing from us the Stretton valley, and, beyond, the hills which bound the valley to the eastward, *Caer Caradoc*, *Hope Bowdler*, and the other peaks of the Stretton range; and still further in the distance the solitary mass of the *Wrekin* to the north, the long ridge of *Wenlock Edge* in front of us, and, to the right, the *Clee Hills* with their bold outlines. A little further on, the ascent ceases, and we come upon the level at a spot where the road passes through a cutting of the rock which is popularly named the *Devil's Mouth*, no doubt from some old and perhaps forgotten legend. *Arenicolæ* are found here in the shaly stone, and in still better condition in the ridge called the *Devil's Back*, which rises above the road a little to the left, and is well worth the trouble of climbing to all who love a grand view.

We now turn westward across the moorland which covers the summit of the mountain, spreading before us quite magnificent in its solitude. Here, on a more elevated spot, a zealous artist has established himself, and is actively engaged in studies of mountain scenery; yonder, still further off, a solitary wanderer, bent probably on the same errand as ourselves; and in another direction, in the distance, a figure hardly recognisable, stooping perhaps to gather a late bilberry, for the season is just over, and the crop has been diligently cleared. Onward we go, here our view out short for a moment by some slight elevation in the ground, while the road at times almost loses itself on the green turf amid its clothing of gorse, and heather, and bilberry bushes. Then we pass into other paths, strike into the mysterious *Portway*, along which we walk for a short distance, and approach the western edge of the mountain. When we reach the *Pole* or *flagstaff* set up for the purposes of the *Ordnance Survey*, a new scene presents itself to our view, astonishing us by its excessive grandeur. Right in face of us extends the bold bare mountain range of the *Stiperstones*, rich in metallic treasures; over it, a glimpse of *Corndon*, and to the south the beautifully wooded hills of *Linley*; below us, the rich and varied valley, widening out to the south-west as it opens towards *Bishop's Castle* and the *Welsh border*; immediately beneath us the pleasant villages of *Ratlinghope* and *Wentnor*.

The Longmynd is at times a favourite resort for equestrians; it is also a favourite

place for pic-nics, and we had gone fully provided for an emergency of this latter description. With an appetite sharpened by our long ramble over the beautiful moorland, we seated ourselves joyfully on the bank partly surrounding a beautifully clear spring of water, the source of one of the many streams which water the "gutters" to the south-east. The turf bank formed a pleasant seat, with the pure water just within our reach, which, however, must not be supposed to have been the only beverage at hand; while the manner in which our party were distributed, with the colours of their dresses bright in the sunshine—a majority consisted of ladies—formed a picturesque object in the middle of the landscape, the more picturesque from the vast loneliness which surrounded it. It was in every respect a most enjoyable meal. But our feast is over, and let us continue our wanderings.

When we leave "The Pole," we strike across the table-land in a rather more northerly direction, and, after walking for a considerable distance, sometimes along green paths and sometimes through the heather and gorse, we arrive near the source of another mountain stream, which is hurrying on to bear its waters along another of the "gutters." As we proceed, the bed of the stream becomes deeper, until it forms a ravine, with banks so precipitous that it requires care to keep our footing as we walk along them, and, as it develops itself, these become more irregular and broken, till at last they meet together, and form a partial barrier to the stream, which first throws itself over a small embankment, runs a short distance, and then dashes over a much higher precipice and forms a noble cascade; this is called the Light Spout. We descend with difficulty, and almost with peril, by the side of the waterfall, and again arrive on the brink of the stream, where it offers an easier path, and it has been increased in bulk by the accession of several tributaries. Just as we reach it, a party of ladies appear suddenly on the other side, climb the opposite bank with the aid of poles, and, scattered over its face, add not a little to the picturesque effect of this beautiful scene. The ravine becomes deeper and deeper, and every step reveals to us some new beauty in it, until, after we have pursued the course of the stream for some time, it suddenly opens out, and we see before us, with their solitary patch of trees, the buildings of the carding mill. In fact, we have arrived in Mill Glen, the hollow into which we looked as we first ascended the mountain. The valley is here very fine; the cliff forming its northern side rising to a great height, and exceedingly steep. On its highest point is an ancient inclosure, containing about

half-an-acre, surrounded with a circular embankment. It is called Bodbury (sometimes, I am told, Rodbury) Ring. The view from this spot is very grand and beautiful; and at the back of it there is a little secluded nook, with a spring, and some neat little low cottages, with nicely-kept gardens. But, on the present occasion, we leave Bodbury Ring unvisited, and soon re-enter Church Stretton, after passing a day of happiness on the wild table-land of the Longmynd.

From what we have seen of this mountain tract in the bright sunshine of an autumnal day, we may form some idea of its utter dreariness when exposed to the storms of winter, and especially when rendered entirely trackless by a coating of snow, and we can understand the stories of so many people who have perished in the attempt to cross it. A very memorable example of such accidents, though not attended with a fatal result, occurred two winters ago, when the fall of snow on the mountain had been unusually great. The Rev. Donald Carr had the pastoral care of the two parishes of Wooltaston and Ratlinghope, and to pass from one to the other, the way he usually took, as by much the shortest, lay over the northern end of the Longmynd. At the period to which I allude, on Sunday the 29th of January, 1865, Mr. Carr, after morning service at Wooltaston, proceeded on foot, and not without difficulty, to Ratlinghope, a retired and thinly inhabited parish, where it was his custom to perform service on the Sunday afternoon. When this was over, he started on his return for Wooltaston, intending to be there in time for the evening service at six o'clock. He had to face a storm of snow, borne forward by a wind which blew with such force that it frequently threw him down, but he succeeded in reaching the crest of the hill at a spot where the carcass of a dead pony, which he had remarked in the morning, served as a land-mark, and gave him the assurance that he had not lost his way. Many of these hardy little animals had perished through the severity of the season. A further struggle across the level summit of the hill brought Mr. Carr to a second land-mark, a well-known pool in a little hollow, interesting to naturalists as the resort of curlews and other rare birds. After a short rest he started again. His road now lay up a steep ascent for rather less than half-a-mile, and then across a level flat for some two or three hundred yards, which would have brought him to a fir plantation at the edge of the inclosed grounds, after which he would experience no difficulty in finding his way home. The snow-storm, however, had now increased in fury to such a degree that it was

impossible to look up or see a yard around, and at the same time the wind had veered round a little, and deceived him as to the direction he was pursuing, so that he unknowingly turned off almost at a right angle from his proper course. After proceeding some distance, he became aware of an alteration in the form of the ground on which he was walking; but, thinking that he had only turned a little to the south, and that the only inconvenience would be a somewhat longer walk, he proceeded onwards, when, suddenly, his feet flew from under him, and he found himself shooting at a fearful pace down the side of one of the steep ravines which he imagined were far away to the right. In the attempt to stop himself, he was turned over, and continued his rapid course with his head downward, until, at last, by using one leg as a hook, he succeeded in getting himself the right way up. He now descended, with great care, to the bottom of the ravine, thinking to walk along the course of the stream, but he found this impossible, on account of the deep snow-drifts which choked it up.

It was now dark, and Mr. Carr was quite ignorant which of the numerous ravines intersecting this part of the mountain it was into which he had fallen. Having extricated himself from the drift at the bottom, he mounted with difficulty the opposite bank, struggling with the snow, which was always up to his knees, and more often up to his waist, and, having reached the top, walked for some distance along its crest, until suddenly he again lost his footing, and was evidently shooting down the opposite side into another ravine. "This," he says, for I will here let him tell his own story, "was, if possible, a more fearful glissade than my previous one; it was a very precipitous place, and I was whirled round and round in my descent, sometimes head first, sometimes feet first, and again sideways, rolling over and over, till at last, by clutching at the gorse bushes, and digging my feet into the snow as before, I once more managed to check my wild career, and bring myself to a stand; but I had lost my hat and a pair of warm fur gloves, which I had on over a pair of old dog-skins. The loss of these fur gloves proved very serious to me, as my hands soon began to get so numbed with the cold that they were comparatively useless. At the bottom of the ravine into which I had now fallen, I found myself again involved in snow-drifts, and had still more difficulty than before in getting out of them. I had tumbled into a very soft one, far over my head, and had to fight, and scratch, and burrow for a long time before I could extricate myself, and became more exhausted than at any other time during the night."

Struggling in this manner, Mr. Carr passed the whole night among the ravines of the mountains. Fortunately, he had taken a small quantity of brandy with him, which he took sparingly, and which thus helped to warm him. When at length morning came it brought with it a thick mist, and at the same time he began to feel the effects of snow blindness. His falls became more frequent, and often from very great heights. At length, after daylight, finding himself on the side of a ravine of great depth, he descended it with much labour, and heard the sound of running water at the bottom. It proved to be the valley just above the Light Spout waterfall. Unaware of this, Mr. Carr fell over the first or upper fall, and narrowly escaped falling over the other, the result of which must have been most disastrous. He seems to have gone more than once round the upper fall, attracted by the noise of the water, and supposing that he was walking by the side of a stream. Soon afterwards he lost his boots, and he had become so helpless that, when his coat was torn open, he was unable to button it again. Still he struggled through the snow, until, when he seemed to have reached the utmost degree of exhaustion, his ears were gladdened by the sound of children's voices. They belonged to one of the cottagers attached to the carding mill, and thither he was immediately carried, and received all necessary attention. As soon as he was a little recovered, he went into Church Stretton, and entered the Crown Hotel exactly at two o'clock in the afternoon, having been out on the mountain ever since four o'clock in the afternoon of the preceding day. Many probably have met with similar accidents before, but none have survived or possessed the ability to leave an account of their sufferings like Mr. Carr, who has published a narrative of his adventure, in a little book, entitled, "A Night in the Snow; or a Struggle for Life."

THOMAS WRIGHT.

THE FIGHT ON RHU-CARN.

[Rhu-Carn is the name of a mountain road connecting the upper parts of Monmouthshire with Breconshire. Pen—i.e., the head or top—is the highest point in the line which takes its name from the numerous carns or heaps of sepulchral stones scattered near its course.]

ARTHUR, one sunny morn, our legends say,
Sat, playing dice,* on Pen-Rhu-Carn with Kay
And Bedgar, his two knights, resting awhile
On one of those excursions through our Isle,
Taken at times to see with his own eyes
And hear with his own ears if that great prize,

* "Arthurius cum duobus equitibus suis, Kay videlicet et Bedgar, super cacumen collis cum alio ludente condescendit."
Vita S. Cadoci. MS. Cott. Lib. Brit. Mus.



So coveted by monarchs, his acclaim
 For equal justice stood aright with Fame;
 When looking down the pass, that led away
 To the hill-tracts where Braganus held away,
 Now Brecon called, he saw up the hill-side
 A single horseman, hotly spurring, ride,
 Who, by her slender waist held safe before,
 A lovely damsel, pale and anxious, bore;

Followed at a short space by his own men,
 And farther down and farther yet again
 Bands of pursuers who across the heath
 With gestures wild, rode onwards, threatening death.
 Up sprang the knights and clutched their arms with glee,
 "Now, my Lord Arthur, this concerneth thee!
 Lo! many press on few—odds most unfair,
 Speak but the word, and straight two swords are there,

Which may go far to equal odds more great."
 "Go then," cried Arthur, "but first bid them state
 The reason of this flight and sharp pursuit—
 Yet stay, the maid is fair, and ye are mute
 Save to ring out your war-cries fierce and clear,
 And she, methinks, wants nothing *more* to fear."
 So strode they towards the riders, laughingly,
 Who slower came, in wonder there to see
 Figures of such proud bearing, and the king
 With a grim smile beheld the damsel cling
 More closely to her lover. With command
 Spoke Arthur, bade them tell upon whose land,
 Within whose territorial bounds they stood,
 And why their quarrel seemed a thing of blood.
 "Gunleus am I, son of a king, and heir
 Of this his realm; and in my arms I bear
 My wife of one hour old, but still my wife,
 Won by true love from faction, hate, and strife,
 Daughter of Brychan, who, misled by spite,
 Refus'd by day what we ne'er ask'd by night.
 To Talgarth, to his Court, my father sent,
 As king to king, and oftentimes, too, I went;
 But all in vain, he still refus'd consent.
 What could two lovers do? She fled with me;
 Her father vowed deadly enmity,
 And yonder comes his powers."

"Ride on secure,
 We three will stay to make your nuptials sure."
 And so they parted.—On a rising ground
 Gunleus and his fair bride look'd safely round
 And saw amaz'd three leaders stay his men,
 Range them in quick array, and back again;
 With vantage of the ground, charge the thick host,
 That late pursued,—drive them from post to post
 Until they broke and fled in wild dismay,
 To cry in terror, "What gods fought that day!"
 Then Gunleus to his palace on the hill—
 From him Alt-Gunlieu called—rode fast to fill
 His hall for feasting; but the visor'd king
 Rode by and would not stay, but gave a ring
 To Gladys the fair bride; and years had gone
 Ere Gunleus knew—shewing the graven stone
 To an old trusted courtier, who amaz'd
 Long at the gem on Gladys' finger gaz'd—
 And learnt its tale, that Bedgar and Sir Kay,
 And Arthur's self, fought on Rhu-Carn that day.

C. H. WILLIAMS.

MADAME DE LA GUETTE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MARGARET BEAUFORT,"
 "MADAME COTTIN," "MY AUNT KATE'S
 MANUSCRIPT," &c., &c.

IN NINE CHAPTERS.

CHAPTER V.

M. DE LA GUETTE and his son Louis, now
 "beginning to be quite a gallant soldier, though
 so young," returned to Catalonia with General
 and Madame de Marchin. The news soon
 came that Marchin had left Catalonia and
 gone into Guyenne with 3000 men to the aid
 of Condé. As a matter of course La Guette
 followed him, "unhappily," says his wife,
 "for none should ever quit the service of the
 King, whatever happens, nor upon any pre-
 text." The causes and circumstances of

Condé's secession from the King are too well
 known to be here noticed; suffice to say that
 the effects of it upon the La Guette family
 were disastrous, and that the fact of her hus-
 band attaching himself to a faction inimical
 to the King was an abiding grief with Catherine,
 and for which her own devoted loyalty
 was evidently meant in some way to atone.

We now find Catherine de la Guette once
 more recommencing her life of danger and
 adventure; ever cool, thoughtful, and cou-
 rageous; ever ready to act with precision and
 good sense on any emergency. Single-minded,
 upright, and sincere, with but one thought
 before her,—her duty to her family, her coun-
 try, and her God,—with her kindly face, and
 her frank, genial tones,—she won respect and
 love from all parties, and there was no burly
 trooper in the King's army, or dissolute *Lorrain*
 following the fortunes of Condé, who was not
 ready to serve Madame de la Guette, the St.
 Balmont * of la Brie, as the soldiers called her.
 During the civil wars the château of Gros-
 bois was kept neutral, and a mixed garrison,
 composed of soldiers from the royal army,
 Condé's forces and the Spanish troops serving
 under the Duc de Lorraine, was stationed
 there for its protection. It was the only safe
 place of refuge for the surrounding country,
 and more than 6000 of the peasantry were
 gathered there, besides many noblemen and
 gentry. Thither, likewise, Madame de la
 Guette with her children retreated, having,
 with her usual unselfishness, first seen that
 those who had sought an asylum at her house
 were conveyed to Grosbois in safety.† The
 first sight which greeted her on arriving was
 the housekeeper at a farm which she possessed
 near Sussy, who had been brought in wounded
 and dying. The *Lorrains* had pillaged her
 house and farm, and carried off everything.
 She says she lost more than 60,000 francs by
 that war, but she adds "it did not affect me,
 for I never cared for wealth all my life; virtue
 is the only thing I value wherever it is to be
 found, and whoever possesses that possesses
 everything."

And now we come to one of the principal
 incidents in her eventful life; one which has

* Madame de St. Balmont, Alberte Barbe d'Ernecourt, wife of the Seigneur de St. Balmont, belonged to one of the most illustrious families in Lorraine; she was likewise an authoress. Amidst all the adventures of war, she lived a life of great devotion and piety. Amongst other things told of her we learn that, having once received some insult from an officer, whilst her husband was following the fortunes of the Duc de Lorraine, she sent him a challenge signed "the Chevalier de St. Balmont," saying he wished to revenge the insult offered to his sister-in-law. The officer accepted the challenge; they met, and she disarmed her opponent. Presenting him his sword she said, "Mon-sieur, it is a woman who gives it back to you, and not a chevalier. In future have more respect for ladies."

† When urged to fly sooner she replied: "If any one perishes, let it be me, but I will not stir till all these people who are in my house are in a safe asylum."

associated her with a most important epoch in this civil war by the clever and devoted manner in which she served the royal cause. And this was the manner of it. The day after her flight to Grosbois the two armies were advancing towards each other in battle array, or rather the Lorraine army was approaching that of Turenne, blocked up on a small point of land between the river Yerre and the Seine, above Villeneuve St. Georges. The only hope for the Royalist general lay in throwing bridges over the Seine, and for this purpose all the boats that came down the river were stopped. These were speedily converted into a means of communication with the opposite bank of the Seine, and the fear of famine which had threatened them was removed, plenty reigned in the camp, and Turenne resolved to hold out as long as he possibly could without fighting, his army being, as we shall presently learn, less than two-fifths equal to Condé's. The latter knew this well, and his object was to force Turenne to sally out of his entrenchments, and descend into the plain below. Duke Charles of Lorraine was leading the army to attack the Royalist camp with this purpose, when an officer at Grosbois asked Madame de la Guette if she would like to go with him into the park to see Condé's army marching past across the plains of La Brie to attack Turenne. This officer was a major in the service of Condé, and he predicted that not one of the royal troops would escape. To continue the narrative in her own words: "Judging from appearances they might pretend anything, because the King's army only numbered about 6000 or 7000, with Paris behind them, the Seine to cross, and 18,000 *Lorrains* in front. I reflected on what he said, and lifting up my heart to God, I prayed, 'O Lord, preserve the glory of my King untarnished, save my country, and give me the grace to prove myself a true Frenchwoman.' Then I said to the Major, 'Let us go and see your army.' He conducted me, accompanied by some young ladies who were at the château, to a small pavilion which stood in the park. I said to myself as we went along, 'Almighty God, Joan of Arc helped Charles VII., grant that I may be the instrument in serving Louis XIV.' When we arrived at the pavilion, I and the Major mounted on a lime kiln, to get a view of the troops, and we stood there together very silent and very thoughtful, he full of his master's interests, and I of those of mine. After having gazed on the sight a little while, I said to him: 'You think your people are going to beat the King's army, but you are mistaken. It is yours that will be beaten right and left. I happen to know a

few particulars, which I will communicate to you. The King's artillery is placed in a manner which renders your approach difficult; moreover, in the woods of La Grange du Milieu, there are troops of infantry who will pour a deadly fire upon you; the walls of the park are, as you see, in your flank, whilst M. de Montbas is on the move ready to charge you in the rear. In the park there are above 10,000 peasants well armed and fully resolved to fall upon your people as soon as the opportunity offers. I am well assured of the truth of this. Now make use of what I tell you, and go and inform your Duke as fast as possible.' He jumped on the horse of a trooper who happened to be passing, and galloped off to seek the Duke, who was in the rearguard of the army. His Highness fully believed all he told him, and half an hour afterwards I had the happiness of knowing it, and I thanked God with all my heart."

The *ruse*, it must be confessed, was not a bad one; appearances were all in favour of Madame de la Guette's statements being received as true. The woods of La Grange du Milieu lay between Villeneuve St. Georges, and Grosbois, and extended nearly to the river Yerre, on the opposite bank of which Turenne was entrenched, and the *Lorraines*, marching from Cheval-Griffon to attack the *Maréchal*, must of necessity defile between the river and the woods, leaving Grosbois behind them. The hatred of the peasantry for the *Lorrains* was too well-known to be doubted, and the number who were armed, though greatly exaggerated probably by Madame de la Guette in her zeal, were yet in sufficient force to cause an attack from them in the rear to be feared. And yet we may almost wonder at the implicit credence which was given to her communications, till we remember that both her husband and son were attached to Condé's party, although still absent in Catalonia, and that she had not as yet come out publicly in the Joan of Arc character which seems on this day to have been born in her.

The Major gone, Madame de la Guette went upstairs into the pavilion, and stood watching from the window. Presently she heard cries of "Vibrac! Vibrac!" and looking out she saw the Prince de Condé and several other noblemen standing below. They had called for refreshment, which was speedily brought; and whilst Madame de la Guette was having the honour of handing the Prince and his comrades "a beautiful dish of nectarines," and thinking within herself how nicely she had sold their Highnesses, there arrived M. de Fauge, lieutenant-general of Lorraine's army, with a message to say that the Duke would not

give Turenne battle that day, having several reasons for not doing so, and that he should therefore encamp between Mandres and Sercey. Madame "Joan" hugged herself, curtsied yet lower, and smiled more sweetly still as she presented her fruit, for her *ruse* had succeeded to perfection.

Late the same evening Major de Grosbois sought her again, with many flattering words from the Duc de Lorraine, for her good advice!

"One more service, madame, his Highness requests from you."

"I am his humble servant."

"Madame, no one would refuse you anything here. We want a trusty man to reconnoitre the King's army, and bring us word of all that passes there."

"I can procure you such a person."

A certain trooper was sent for, primed by Catherine, and presented to the Major. A lieutenancy, besides other bribes, was promised him if he spied well. The man was a "faithful servant of his Majesty," and feigned to depart for Turenne's camp, whilst, in reality, he only lurked for a day round the park of Grosbois. In the evening he reappeared, said he had done nothing, and declared he was not going to run the risk of getting himself hanged. The Major committed him to everlasting smashation, and declared himself a lost man.

"What shall I say to his Highness?" he asked, in despair.

"You will say your envoy has never returned, and is doubtless put to death," was Madame's prompt answer.

Her object was accomplished: time had been gained to enable Turenne to fortify himself yet more strongly behind his entrenchments before any attack could be made. None ever was made, as we know; and the Parisians began to whisper grave doubts of the Duc de Lorraine, because he had held back at the very moment when it was expected he would crush this last remnant of the royal army. The truth was, that although the *ruse* of Madame de la Guette had stopped any immediate engagement, the real reasons of Lorraine's subsequent return to Paris without fighting were certain fresh negotiations which recalled him.

CHAPTER VI.

WHILST the *Lorrains* continued in the neighbourhood, plundering and pillaging, it was thought unsafe for those who had taken refuge at Grosbois to return to their homes. Madame de la Guette and her family therefore remained at the château, she riding over from time to time to look after her houses and property, and endeavouring to the utmost that lay in her power to preserve them

from being burnt to the ground. But before the unhappy war had ended, only four walls remained standing. It must have been a hard thought for her to know that they who plundered her and hers were men belonging to the same faction in which her husband and her son were risking their lives and shedding their blood—their friends and brother comrades in arms. But such is war, at least civil war, in which men seem to vie with each other in doing uncivil things. Madame de la Guette's *rencontres* with the *Lorrains* on some of her expeditions were amusing. Once, when returning to Grosbois from Sussy, guarded by a few soldiers, she met a party of officers on the road, reckless, daring adventurers, in whose eyes no woman was sacred.

"Hallo! guards! where are you taking that lady?" cried they, catching sight of her riding-habit.

"To where she came from," was the surly reply. "It's no business of yours."

High words were immediately exchanged, and blows seemed ready to follow, when Madame interposed, in her clear, ringing tones—

"Gentlemen, my guards are right. Why do you trouble yourselves? We go our way, and you go yours."

"True, Madame; but unless you are Madame de la Guette, there is not another lady who would dare to trust herself on the roads without running great risk of being insulted."

"Right," replied the brave woman, unmasking herself. "I am she. Now, what have you got to say?"

"Nothing, saying that we are yours and M. de la Guette's very humble servants;" and they signified their intention of escorting her to Grosbois. Conversing gaily and amicably on the way, she asked them why they had said that no other woman except herself could have ventured thus far abroad?

"You are considered, Madame, amongst our troops as the noblest of women. Not one man would dream of insulting you; and in Lorraine's army you are called the St. Balmont of la Brie."

"Then," replied she, "I ought to think myself the proudest woman alive, if they compare me to Saint Balmont, for she is the wonder of the age for valour and noble conduct. You pay me a compliment I do not deserve."

A few days after one of these officers called, and asked if he could be of any service to her; but she received him coldly, and said it was too late now that her houses had been plundered and dismantled; that, considering her husband was serving on Condé's side, they ought to have sent a sufficient guard to Sussy. Hating the "*misérables Lorrains*" as she did, she doubly felt all the evils that had come

upon her through them; the defection of her husband from the cause she so sincerely believed to be the only just one, and the consequent losses her family had sustained. For herself, as she repeatedly declares, she cared not "for riches or honour, but only for what was good and virtuous."

The loss of her third son, "a beautiful boy and of fair promise," tended yet more to increase her dislike to the faction in which her husband served, since the child's death was caused by "a wretch of a Lorrain." The little fellow was eating a remarkably fine apple one day, when he happened to meet one of Lorraine's soldiers. This man, who partook of the common nature of his race to take "what isn't his'n," snatched the fruit away from the child with horrible threats and imprecations. The fright brought on a severe illness, and in a few days he was a corpse in his mother's arms. She buried him at Sussey in sadness and bitter sorrow of heart "without ceremony," for the clergy had fled the country and it was with difficulty she could get a man to dig the grave or a priest to perform the sacred rite in the ruined and dismantled church, where they walked "ankle deep in dust and dirt."

On Sept. 26th, 1652, *Maréchal Turenne* passed the Yerre under the noses of the Lorraine army, and proceeded towards Paris. Thither likewise went Madame de la Guette, cordially welcomed by her friends.

Guyenne was not the only place where the flame of faction might be said to rage. Bourdeaux was the principal town in possession of the Princes, and the furious contention of eight or nine different parties was hastening the ruin of Condé's faction. *Conti*, *Marchin*, *Madame de Longueville*, &c., were all at loggerheads, each trying to outwit the other, whilst to add to the hopeless confusion which reigned, a fierce and virulent party sprang up, "composed of the dregs of the people," and headed by a common artizan, nick-named *Dureteste*.* This faction was called the "*Ormée*," from the place where they usually assembled being planted with young elm trees. The "*Ormée*" was again opposed by one consisting of the principal citizens, and was named the "*Chapeau-Rouge*," from the street where the wealthier inhabitants resided. *Mazarin's* game was to pursue the same policy as that which had proved so successful in crushing Condé's faction in Paris; "he heard all, gave hopes to all, and left the selfish and interested men to destroy each other." But he neglected not more active measures; his secret agents were despatched into every town where the faction prevailed, charged with private negotia-

tions to each chief. The advantage of regaining General *Marchin*, through whom Catalonia had been lost to France with 3,000 men, was fully acknowledged by the minister.

Further, it was easier for the Italian Cardinal to make overtures to the Belgian commander than to the haughty Princes who had sought every occasion to trample and humble him to the dust. With the former, therefore, he resolved to treat. At this juncture *M. Philippe*, *maitre d'hôtel* to the King and a man possessing much influence with the Cardinal, and consequently with the Court, happened to call on Madame de la Guette. In the course of conversation she related to him the full particulars of the *ruse* she had practised upon the Duc de Lorraine, and the service she thereby had rendered the King. "It is too important," said he, "not to be made known. I shall inform the Queen." Her Majesty was enchanted. The escape from attack and defeat of *Turenne's* troops had been to them a mystery and a miracle. "Let me see this lady," said Anne of Austria, "to whom we owe so much." Philippe was acquainted with the designs entertained for negotiating with *Marchin*. Where could be found a better ambassador to send to him than Madame de la Guette?—she who had already proved her devotion to the King, who was the esteemed friend of *Marchin*, and whose husband enjoyed the General's full confidence. *M. Philippe* spoke out his thoughts to the Queen. "I will consider the matter and see the lady," was the answer. In three days' time Philippe conducted Catherine to the royal presence.* "Her Majesty told me," she relates, "that I had acted like a loyal and true Frenchwoman, and that my services should be recompensed."

That recompense never went further than scanty thanks: it would have been easier for Anne to chop off her right hand than to fulfil a promise of reward involving any cost, such was the influence and power of the niggardly *Mazarin*. And then the journey to Bordeaux where *Marchin* was stationed was broached. In all and everything Madame de la Guette expressed her willingness to serve the King. She received her instructions, and bade the Queen adieu. What terms she was bidden to offer General *Marchin*, like a prudent and trusty diplomatist, she does not reveal; but we know from other sources that a few years later *Mazarin* held out a Field-Marshalship with a pension of 100,000 crowns a year as an inducement to the General to leave Condé and attach himself to the King with all the troops he could command.

(To be continued.)

* The interview took place at Val-de-Grâce, a favourite convent with the Queen, of which *M. Philippe's* sister was superiora.

* Hardhead.

A "TANGI" IN NEW ZEALAND.

LADIES, when making a great merit of offering their tears as a precious gift to man, accompanied or not by other indications of sympathy and emotion as the case may be, forget to draw attention to the luxury which is to be found in a "good cry," and the readiness with which the charming sex has invariably indulged in its favourite enjoyment in every age, and in all parts of the world. As it was in the days of the Old Testament writers, and of *Æschylus*, *Sophocles*, and *Euripides*, who all make mention not only of emotion publicly expressed, but of professional "howlers," ready to provide tears, sighs, groans, and shrieks wholesale, retail, and for exportation; so, happily for all of us,—(for a woman without sympathy is a garden without flowers,)—it is in many parts of the world to this very day. We need not stir out of the enlightened kingdom of Great Britain for instances of professional cryings by the side of tears of a warmer nature; and if we take the trouble to survey mankind "from China to Peru," or from the London Docks to our Antipodes, which will, perhaps, answer our purpose as well, we shall find, that woman relies on her "good cry" as keenly, and cultivates it just as assiduously in a settlement of savages when squatting, wrapped in a dirty blanket, over the smoke of a wood fire kindled in a hole in the ground, as in a delicious boudoir in London or Paris, with eau de cologne and sal volatile ad libitum. When, therefore, one sweet summer's afternoon I rode into a peaceful little native village in New Zealand, and found all the female inhabitants engaged in a "Tangi," or weeping concert, preparatory to a grand banquet of ceremony, I need have discovered nothing singular therein, though it seemed at once to carry the spirit back for nearly four thousand years, to the days of the patriarchs, when Jacob "kissed Rachel and lifted up his voice and wept," as he rolled away the stone from the well's mouth to water her flock. The scenery around, and the air, like a bath of liquid gold, with the murmur of the adjacent forest, all fostered a feeling that Time had stood still, and that we were all patriarchs together, performing an every-day observance.

A chief, a fine looking fellow with aquiline features and the appearance of a ruler of men, who was a personage of rank amongst the northern tribes, having just returned from a long absence, was being welcomed on his arrival by the customary "Tangi," indicative of affectionate joy, performed by the ladies of his settlement, while the gentlemen expressed their sentiments by rubbing their noses against his.

The ceremony may be described as follows. Upon the death of a relative or friend, or his serious illness or misfortune; or upon any occasion of rejoicing similar to the one in question, the old women of a tribe assemble for an affectionate "Tangi," or cry together. What a cup of tea is to some ladies, or what a friendly glass of gin is to others in different circumstances, and what a "good cry" is to all the sex, is the "Tangi" to elderly Maoris of the feminine gender, soothing to the spirits, a cure for spasms or little tempers, and, in fact, a general clearer of the air. One may see on entering a settlement a number of women sitting on the ground in a circle, some with their face wrapped in the blanket with which they are draped shawl-fashion, some carefully exhibiting with ostentatious vanity great circular head-dresses of turkey's feathers or dog's hair. They appear to be bowing their brows together at intervals, at the same time raising their hands and dropping them on their laps with gestures of hopelessness, great grief, or weariness. On a nearer approach they are heard to be keeping up a kind of wailing chant of a dreary repetition of three notes in a minor key, sung in chorus. Every now and then, at a particularly affecting part of the impromptu recitation, they will bring all their faces together, and pressing nose to nose, maintain that attitude for nearly ten minutes, while they continue the wailing in a murmur. One old woman may generally be perceived taking the lead, who is evidently the most experienced "blubberer," knowing exactly where to bring in the nose business with the greatest effect, and able to keep it up longer than anyone else; she will be making the most tremendous and fearful contortions of the face that can be imagined, as an accompaniment to the act of weeping, if that be not a word suggesting too deep a feeling to be used here. With her head raised, her mouth drawn from ear to ear, and her eyes squeezed up and swollen with tears, she lets out a howl that would discomfit a dog at the full of the moon, only stopping to—in point of fact "se moucher," in the primitive manner of patriarchal times—wipe her eyes with her blanket, and expectorate freely and noisily previous to beginning over again with renewed vigour, the whole party seeming to think it a point of honour to produce the most disgusting amount of grimacing ever witnessed out of a nightmare. At another moment one woman perhaps may be sitting with her head bent forward and inclined to one side, her eyes cast down, and her hands clasped over her knees, silently sighing, the very picture of quiet, absorbed, heart-broken misery; while next to

her an old lady will be nodding, winking, and exchanging facetious remarks with a friend for a minute's interval, after which she will take up her crying again with tenfold violence.

The "Tangi" never interferes with business; any of the party will at any time leave off the work to sell a basket of peaches, or take a turn at peeling and boiling the potatoes for her lord's dinner, afterwards rejoin her circle of friends, and will screw up her features into their former grimace and continue her performance precisely where she left off. Real grief or feeling, of course, should be respected and sympathised with, but the "Tangi" is no more real than the polite condolence of the world of London. It is only a ceremony, a required indulgence in the luxury of sham, and it can no more be relied upon as an evidence of the warm or affectionate nature of the Maoris than the first funeral met with in London can be accepted as a proof of the ardent tenderness of English undertakers. In fact a Maori would no more hesitate to knock out the brains of a man with whom he had previously rubbed noses and wept in a "Tangi," than, in former times, he would have felt compunction about serving up a fricassee of his grandmother as a choice dinner for a favoured guest. And so, on the present occasion dinner and business both being pressing, the "Tangi" was not allowed to occupy too much time. Enough having been done to satisfy the most accomplished and punctilious of formalists, the ostensible cause of the meeting was introduced, the head-dresses laid aside, the countenances of the ladies smoothed and composed into their customary beauty, and decorated each with a short pipe, the sorrow of all the world was assuaged and the tears dried, till they should be again ordered and paid for.

J. J. P.

THE ANCIENT FAMILY OF FLINT.

OF the various rocks which compose the crust of the earth, there are few formations more venerable or more interesting than the ancient family of Flint; and yet there are few whose properties are so little known, or whose usefulness is so little appreciated.

By the inhabitants of Norfolk (the North-folk of the Saxon age) flint ought more especially to be held in high estimation; for it gives firmness to their highways, forms a durable and handsome building stone for their walls, their houses, and their churches; and in days, which many of the present generation can call to their remembrance, every household had its flint and steel, wherewith the tinder was made available for the kindling

of the kitchen fire. But alas! such is the ingratitude of the age, that by the majority of the North-folk flint is regarded as mere



Ventriculites.

refuse and rubbish, unfit for the society of ladies and gentlemen. Poor ill-used friend! let it be my endeavour so to speak of your estimable qualities and general usefulness, that henceforth you may take your right position in genteel society.

To begin with the beginning,—what is flint? A useful thing to strike a light with, says the old-fashioned housemaid; a capital thing to shy at a sparrow, says the school-boy; a most excellent material for roads, says the surveyor; a durable building-stone, and the basis of cement, says the builder; an indispensable article in the manufacture of earthenware and china, says the potterer and porcelain manufacturer; an essential substance in the majority of precious stones, says the lapidary; a capital thing (in the form of sand) to sprinkle on brick-floors and to scour pots and pans, says the Norfolk "bakkus," or back-house, girl; a refuse heap, to be pounded at the pleasure of the pariah surveyor, exclaims the labourer. Well, our pounded and ill-used friend answers to all these particulars, and yet his true nature remains unknown. The analytical chemist tells us that flint is composed of siliceous, lime, alumine, iron, and water, in the following proportions: viz.,

ninety-eight parts of silice, one of water (that is, water as far as its constituent elements are concerned, but not obtainable from the mass in a separate state), and one of lime, alumine, and iron. The commonest form in which flint is found is that of quartz or sand.

What hard nuts for tender teeth to crack! some of my readers may exclaim. What are we to understand by such terms as quartz, silice, and alumine? I will explain the matter as briefly and simply as possible.

Quartz, or flint, is crystallised silica: that is, the earth silica, crystallised by nature. In like manner the beautiful crystal known as "Dog's-tooth Spar," is the earth lime crystallised; and the precious diamond is crystallised carbon. The form which the crystals of quartz assume is that of a six-sided prism, terminating in a six-sided pyramid. The earth silica can be resolved by the chemist into silicon and oxygen; hence our friend Flint is a very scientific gentleman, although he is too generally looked upon as a very ordinary member of society.

But what is the colour of his garment? my readers may inquire.

Flint varies in colour according to locality and atmospherical influences. Sometimes it is white, at other times whitish-grey, grey, bluish-grey, blue, azure-blue, (as at Thorpe, near Norwich,) black, and, when found in gravel-pits, yellow. Thus the outward appearances of our friend are variable: chameleon-like, he is susceptible to the influences of light, air, and heat.

What a changeable fellow he must be, you will say. I fear I should not recognise him in a crowd. Oh yes, you would; he is easily known, and may be readily distinguished from his neighbours. Once seen, he is never forgotten.

Can you introduce us to this variegated individual, my readers may ask. Where does he live? Does he spring from an ancient or a modern family? From an ancient family, I reply, and one which from time immemorial has had many places of residence; thus the Flints have their country residence, their town residence, and their seaside residence; and, strange to say, go when you may, you will always find the family "at home," at one and all of their places of resort.

In their abode upon the sea-shore they are found in the form of sand, also as blue quartz pebbles, and as fire-stones. Here they have patiently submitted to be belaboured, worn down, and crushed by the force of the rolling billows at the ebb and flow of the tide. In these particular forms their presence is recognised in almost every portion of the globe.

In other marine residences, especially where chalk composes the bed of the sea, they are seen in the full pride of their power, reposing in circular masses upon couches of snowy whiteness; and so imposing do they now appear, that six or seven nodules or boulders of flint suffice to complete a circle, the diameter of which exceeds five feet.

The visitor will find them "at home" in these residences, if he will call at the time of low-water at Runton, Beeston, Sherringham, and Weybourne, on the sea-board of the eastern coast of Norfolk. It is as well to add that in these retired spots, visitors paying their respects are advised to wear a stout pair of shoes.

In the same neighbourhood also, and in truth from Weybourne to Yarmouth, offshoots of this ancient family are found strewn upon the beach, in the shape of water-rolled boulders, varying in size from a swan's egg to that of a thirty-two pound cannon-ball. Poor tidal-worn boulders! your groans, like the dirge of a foundered crew, may be heard on a stormy night amongst the hills of the eastern coast, protesting against the tyranny of the savage sea.

Again, this ancient family have residences in many a romantic spot in the nooks of the sea-bound cliffs; residences whose foundations are laved, now by the freshest of the land, now by the flow of the briny tides.

In these secluded dells, far away from the hum of traffic, the family lay aside their accustomed restraint, seemingly to indulge in the pleasures of the dance. Yes! here they may be found, drawn up in double rows, as if awaiting from the master of the ceremonies the signal to enter with spirit upon the mazes of the old-fashioned English country dance. To those of my readers who are desirous of witnessing the figurations of these happy couples, I would say, go and visit them in their sea-side homes at Trimmingham, Runton, Beeston, and Weybourne; or in their inland chalky grottoes at Whitlingham, Swaffham, and Postwick, in the county of Norfolk.

In other localities, as at Wells, in Norfolk, Henley in Oxfordshire, and Rottingdean in Sussex, they are found in very thin seams, traversing the chalk-pits both in a horizontal and oblique direction. And, as though they loved to puzzle the learned respecting their original deposition, they occasionally take the form of large hollow cylinders, about four feet in length and eighteen inches in diameter. These cylindrical flints are named paramoudra by the scientific, and may be seen "traversing the chalk-quarries from bottom to top, one upon another lengthwise; occupying the

full space between each horizontal layer of flints."^{*}

The family may be found "at home" in this interesting formation, in the chalk-pits at Thorpe, Horstead, and Coltishall, in the county of Norfolk. At Weybourne this ancient family also dwell, piled up in rounded boulders under the chalk strata, like terraces or sea-beaches; and in every gravel-pit numerous scions of flint may be found, handsomely appareled in cloth-of-yellow, slightly tinged with buff. But not to weary my readers with too profuse a description of the residences of this ancient family, let it suffice to say that they are not confined to the cretaceous system, but are also found in the oolitic and carboniferous systems, as evidenced by the spongiferous cherts of Portland, and the black flint nodules of Derbyshire. And further, what will probably call forth a contemptuous smile on sundry fastidious faces, flints are found also in horses' tails.

In the tail of a horse? Yes, just so; the horse-tails in which some members of the Flint family reside, are herbaceous plants, called *equisetum*, of which there are several varieties. In one of these (the *equisetum hyemale*, or rough horse-tail) *silex* or flint so largely abounds that it is continually used to polish hard woods and brass, and to clean and scour milk-pails. The plant is found in muddy lakes and watery places, and it is owing to the presence of *silex* in reeds and marshy plants that the fisherman frequently cuts his fingers in disentangling his line from the tufted reed. Another property peculiar to these minute crystals of *silex* is, that each particle of flint possesses an axis of double refraction; that is, to speak learnedly, if a ray of light is transmitted through a crystal of *silex* or Iceland spar, on emergence it is split into two rays, one of which continues in the same plane as the incident ray, and is refracted according to the usual law of refraction which belongs to glass, water, &c., while the other ray is refracted according to a very different law from that of ordinary refraction. Hence, if a crystal of *silex*, or of Iceland spar, be held over any small object, such as a pin or bead, it doubles the image.

The transmission of light through crystals is, in these very scientific days, a subject of paramount importance; for if, as Mr. Glaisher assures us, the atmosphere which surrounds our globe is at certain heights (however clear and serene it may be to mortals below) full of nebulous mists, aqueous vapour, and crystals of ice, then it follows that every ray of light which comes to us from the sun has been

transmitted through prisms, and is subject, on emergence, to various modifications, dependent on the incidence of the ray, and the particular form of the crystal, &c. But hold, enough! I must not further diverge from my subject, lest, like the rays of light which possibly miss our globe, I wander—goodness knows where! It baffles my ken. The texture or internal appearance of flint demands a word or two of consideration. In texture our friend is crystalline and hard; and if struck with the hammer he rings out sharp, sonorous, and true, as may be proved by striking together two of the cylindrical flints which are so frequently found in marl-pits. But I must hasten to a more interesting question, viz., that of genealogy or origin.

Every great family has its head or founder, so also has the family of the Flints, although, in common with the generality of great families, this origin is somewhat obscure. Some learned genealogists contend that our friend Flint owes his origin to animal matter—to a low order of a spongiform nature. Others, equally learned, assert that we must look to the vegetable world for his paternity; while a third conclave of equally learned and equally confident disputants affirm that the origin of the Flint family is strictly chemical. Alas, poor Flint! We fear the annals of thy worthy founder are wrapt in the obscurity and doubt of pre-historic times. As, however, the majority of ingenious disputants of the present age incline to believe thee of chemical origin, I will treat of thee in that light, leaving it to the vegetable and animal genealogists to plead their respective theories as best they may.

In this chemical point of view the family may be regarded as clothiers and outfitters; rivalling, in the nature and variety of their garments, even the renowned "Moses and Sons," of tailoring fame.

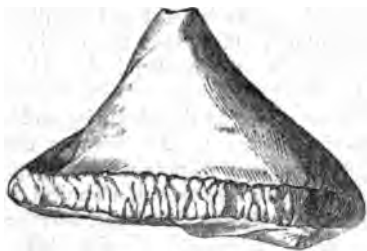
During the deposition of the carboniferous, oolitic, and more especially the cretaceous systems, our friends the Flints are supposed to have been held in solution, as a sort of glue or thick gum, by the waters of deposit of those early days; and then collecting around any organism which they lighted upon, (such as a shell, a plant, a coral, a sponge, &c.) they covered and clothed it with a coat of *silex*.

Let us suppose that an unfortunate sea-urchin or thorny-oyster, was the victim seized upon in one of the foraging expeditions of the retainers of the house of Flint. Forthwith the urchin or oyster was surrounded and enveloped in a case of flinty *silex*; then the petrifying powers of the family were brought into exercise; they thoroughly pervaded and replaced, particle for particle, the structure of the organism, without disturbing the arrange-

* See "Woodward's Geology of Norfolk," page 26.

ment of those parts on which its characteristic form depends.* And so elaborately was the work executed, that the fine sharp points of the spondylus or thorny-oyster were accurately preserved, to the intense delight of the members of the Palæontological Society. Occasionally, in the grey and black flints, the shell itself is preserved; but in the yellow flints the casts or impressions only remain, the shell having been destroyed by the action of iron in the solution, which iron also, it is generally believed, imparted the peculiar colour to the Flints in gravel-pits.

To attempt to particularise every description of booty thus acquired by the family of Flint in their ancient raids, would be an undertaking incompatible with the limits of these pages. I will merely mention a few of them. Of amorphozoa or spongiform bodies, a great variety became an easy prey. Of these I may mention *siphonia*, *spongia*, and *ventriculites*. As I am fortunate enough to possess a very perfect specimen of a ventriculite, I have given a sketch of it at the heading of this article; and also here a sketch of another flint fossil in



Siliceous Agaricus.

my possession, which, from its resemblance to a mushroom, I venture to name siliceous agaricus. It was found at Mattishall, in Norfolk.

The curious fossil bodies, known by the name of paramoudra (of which I have already spoken), are supposed by many geologists to have been sponges, which originally grew at the bottom of the sea, ere they were encased with flint; and to strengthen this supposition, a comparison has been made between the sponge called Neptune's cup (which is now found in the Indian seas) and the so-called paramoudra of the cretaceous period. I must, however, leave this knotty point to Sir Roderick Murchison and Sir C. Lyell, merely observing that it has lately been ascertained that when the materials of which porcelain is made (viz., flint and clay) are pounded very fine, and carefully mixed with water, if the mixture be left for a long time quite tranquil, the flint

separates from the clay, and collects in small masses, in a manner analogous to that in which the natural masses of flint occur in the chalk.

Of echinoderms or sea-urchins there are many species, such as *cidaris*, *spatangus*, *ananchytes*, (of which I have a good specimen in grey flint with the shell perfect,) and *gale-rites*. These members of the family of Flint are invariably called "fairy-stones" by the Norfolk folk.

There are also handed down to us as hair-loom, many genera of foraminiferous organisms, such as *textularia*, *liuola*, and *orbitoides*, as well as corals and coralline zoophytes, and a great variety of worm-like impressions, the true nature of which has not yet been ascertained. Many eminent geologists are of opinion that the so-called *serpulites* are only impressions of the primeval burrows of ancient mollusca.

Of the mollusca (that is animals like the snail, cockle and oyster, whose soft bodies are protected by an external shell) a great variety were caught napping in the excursions of the Flint family during the period of the cretaceous deposits, and carefully preserved for the admiration of future conchologists. Of these remains it must suffice that I mention some of the most common, viz., *terebratula*, *rhynchonella*, *pecten*, *ostrea*, *inoceramus*, &c. But stay, my readers will exclaim, these dreadfully scientific names make us feel bewildered! Well, not to bore you too much, I will pass on to notice two or three peculiarities of the Flint family, which ought to be known by those who seek their acquaintance. In the first place, they often appear otherwise than they really are—that is, like some of the great folks of the present day, they frequently get credit for more than they are worth, by mere outward display. Thus, sometimes when they are broken and upon the point of being discarded, they unexpectedly present a beautiful appearance, which may altogether deceive and mislead the uninitiated; displaying to view the form of a shell, &c. This dodge, to the "savans," is known by the name of conchoidal fracture.

Again, in the same way as the directors of some El Dorado Mining Association, or a new Joint-Stock Cent-upon-Cent-paying Bank, or a Mount Vesuvius Wine Company Limited (that is, to the uttermost farthing of the dupes),—as these companies send circulars, with charming pictures of stalwart miners crushing the auriferous quartz,—of Joint-Stock Banks, with smiling cashiers shovelling out the gold, and jolly John Bulls laden with well-filled purses,—of luscious grapes growing upon hill sides, with the foreign agent leisurely

* See Page's "Advanced Text-Book of Geology," pp. 141-142.

smoking a cigar in a palanquin, borne by men of swarthy countenance,—so the family of Flint often delight the eyes of the credulous public with pictures of landscapes, trees, plants, ferns, mosses, sea-weeds, &c.; apparently as a sign of their claim to the title of landed proprietors; when, in reality, these picturesque appearances of meads and woods are all a mere sham. This dodge is known to the experienced as the landscape dodge. The “landscape marble,” so common in the neighbourhood of Bristol, also exhibits the same arborescent outlines of trees, figures, and sunny landscapes, as well as the mocha-stone or moss agate. The true cause of these dendritical configurations possibly may never be known; but it is probable that the arborisations are mainly owing to the handiwork of another well-known scion of antiquity, viz., iron; which, in the form of solution or vapour, imparted this deceptive appearance to the houses of both flint and lime.

There are other peculiarities of the family upon which I might enlarge, did time and space allow, such as the distinct lines of fortification marked upon their surface, similar to those seen in fortification agate; and also the elegant crystallised quartz which fills the cavities of various flints, as exemplified in what is commonly called potato-stone; but I must bring my paper to a close, with a



Anglo-Saxon.

Canadian.

few observations upon the *usefulness* of the ancient house of Flint.

In the earliest ages of the history of man, whether that history be traced to the Saxon,

the Goth, the Kelt, or Cynetian, the family of Flint were especially serviceable. Yes, in the stone age, when the use of copper, bronze, and iron was unknown, our friends the Flints reigned supreme.

Armed with flint axes, flint spears, flint arrow-heads, and flint knives, the warriors of high antiquity sallied forth to combat with the mammoth and the mastodon, the rhinoceros and the lion, the terrible deinotherium, and the colossal iguanodon. Brave fellows! We of the iron age admire your undaunted courage, and give you the due meed of praise accordingly.

In order that the general reader may form a livelier impression of the great utility of our friends the Flints in these early days, the accompanying sketch is given of two flint arrow-heads. The former was found at Great Dunham in Norfolk, and the latter at Gwelph in Upper Canada, the ancient hunting-ground of the Indians.*

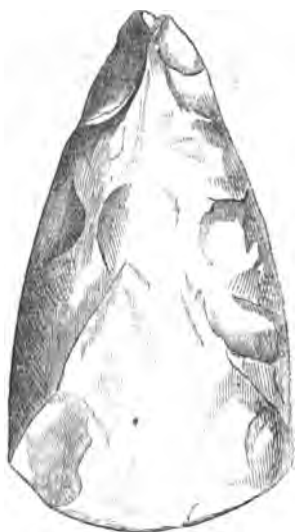
Flint axes and spear-heads are also frequently found in the ancient tombs or barrows of many nations. And to those of my readers who may have any such ancient tombs on their estates, whether they be little hillocks or lofty mounds, I will take the liberty of suggesting that great caution ought to be used in opening such tumuli, for it sometimes happens that three generations of warriors are buried in one mound. At the top of the barrow the skeleton has been found stretched out horizontally, with remains of iron instruments: in the centre, cinerary urns filled with calcined bones, and bronze neck-rings, hair-pins and knives; and at the bottom, the body bent up, with the knees joining the chin, together with stone implements, and coarse pottery.†

The backwoodsmen and carpenters of pre-historic times had recourse to the family of Flint for assistance. Equipped with flint axes, wedges, hammers, awls, and knives, the hardy woodsman felled the giant oak or marshy willow, while the carpenter prepared them for the service of man. In proof of this statement another sketch is given of an ancient flint celt or axe, found in the parish of Great Dunham, and now in the possession of G. A. Carthew, Esq. of East Dereham. The “braves” also of historic times have not been unmindful of the services of the house

* These valuable specimens of ancient warfare are in the possession of G. A. Carthew, Esq. of East Dereham, Norfolk; who has kindly lent them to be sketched for this essay. The Canadian arrow-head was found in the garden of Edward Carthew, Esq. of Gwelph, Upper Canada. An ancient flint spear-head, remarkable for its angular base, was also found at the same place.

† For further information upon this subject, I beg to refer to two most admirable papers by M. Mariet, on the “Study of High Antiquity,” in the Reader of Dec. 24, and 31, 1864.

of Flint; for up to a very recent period flint axes, arrow-heads, and knives, were used by the natives of the Pacific Ocean and Carrib-



Anglo-Saxon Celt.

bean Sea; and as these stone instruments differ in no marked character from those of pre-historic times,—I for one, cannot believe that the argument for immeasurable ages, derived from the difference between such stone instruments, is based upon sure and unquestionable premises.

In bringing my essay to a conclusion, I will briefly mention the services of the house of Flint to the present race of mortals.

The glass and porcelain manufacturers set great store upon the services of the family. Blue quartz or flints are gathered from the beach at Yarmouth, shipped to Newcastle-on-Tyne, South Shields, and other ports, and forthwith operated upon by cunning workmen. First they are ground down very fine, then mixed with potash or soda, then exposed to the heat of a furnace, and forthwith converted into glass of every description and variety.

The potterer also knows the value of our friend Flint. Again (poor ill-used creature) he is pounded extremely fine and mixed with

clay, then boiled and placed on the wheel, then exposed to the insufferable heat of a kiln, to be afterwards glazed or painted, and lo! he takes the form either of common earthenware, or Wedgwood ware, or even of Sévres vases, and Chinese cups and saucers.

The road-surveyor, the builder, the brick-layer, and the "bakkus" girl, (as already mentioned,) make free use of the services of Flint; and that cunning man, the glass-engraver, profiting by the strong attachment which exists between the house of Flint and the family of Fluoric Acid, makes use of the latter to break the affinity between flint and glass, by a peculiar process known to the engraver.

Lastly, like valiant, chivalrous knights, the members of the family of Flint do service for the ladies of the land. To please the ladies, the most renowned esquires of this hardy race break many a lance and endure many a blow. In *their* cause, the knights of Agate, of Jasper, of Amethyst, Ruby, Carnelian, Topaz, Opal, Garnet, and Onyx, quietly submit to the assaults of the lapidary. Yes, in order to contribute to the adornment of many a lovely belle, they leave their native home to be ground on the cruel grindstone, polished, and engraved, and fitted for the ladies' use. And sure I am that, at the hands of the ladies, this oft-despised family will receive the justice due to them: their sterling worth will be appreciated, and their various good qualities discerned and gratefully acknowledged. H. WRIGHT.

FROM VICTOR HUGO.

"SWEET flower of Love, garden and field adorning,
What mak'st thou of those dewy tears of morning
That on thy glistening leaves repose?"
So spake the Tomb, and thus replied the Rose:
"What makest thou, oh ever-yawning Tomb!
Of all that falls into thy gulph of gloom?
I of those tears can fabricate a scent
Of sweetest odours all together blent,
But *thou*!"—"Reproach me not, oh plaintive Flower!
But learn that, by a deep mysterious power,
The forms which hastening to my charge are given,
I change to glorious angels, meet for Heaven."

C. K. B.

END OF VOLUME THE FIRST, NEW SERIES.

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Figure 410

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